THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1869.

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

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

For the fifth time we offer you a complete volume of our magazine, which we trust may retain sufficient interest to be worthy of perusal in future years. Accept it with our most hearty good wishes, and we may add with our cordial congratulations that you find yourself a member of this present generation, for no age was ever more propitious. Amid much of evil, this present era is certainly the nursing mother of much that is good. Although it seems but yesterday since the first number of our serial was issued, we are less impressed with the rapid flight of time than with the mighty rush of events which have crowded these last five years with gratifying incident. We are most of all amazed with the world's progress. What changes have been wrought within this year 1869! Struggling principles have leaped to victory, truths despised have been enshrined, and landmarks supposed to have been far ahead have been left behind. Our fathers and their sires through a long succession battled for the eternal principles of right, but there seemed to be an impenetrable barrier in their way; to us also the inherited conflict was hopeless to every eye but that of our faith. We were content to fight on, for it had grown to be our normal condition, to fight in a minority, and wait. But to our surprise all was changed; new succours arose from unexpected quarters, circumstances combined to enlighten those whom truth had not aforetime reached, folly in the camp of our foes befriended us by stultifying all their opposition, and victories were achieved for us as splendid as they were sudden. Nor is this all, the impetus which has already shaken the ramparts of time-honoured errors, is at work with undiminished energy, testing all things, and dooming to destruction all that is not founded on the rock of truth and righteousness. No circumstances could be more encouraging to the champion of truth, than those which now surround us. The stars in their courses are contending for the cause of God. The great current of events sets towards the end desired. How soon the most gigantic falsehood may fall, or the most ancient abuse may be abrogated, we can hardly guess, but the overturning of things which may be shaken is clearly inevitable. The Judge of all the earth is now bestirring himself. He bids time, the great Iconoclast, beat in pieces the images of the world's idolatry, and he slowly and surely establishes the throne of Jesus above the hills.

While time thus appears to have accelerated his pace, there is a loud demand upon each of us to redouble our exertions to make the pulse of our being keep pace with the pulse of time. When providence makes forced marches, we must not be laggards. To crawl, in an age of lightning, cannot be excused. God's servants must keep time in their praises with the music of events. Hear ye not the mighty songster of providence? let not your notes drag behind, while his voice leaps on from bar to bar. If ever a man might wish to be ten men, and each of those men a legion, it is now, when men's minds are awake, and things are on their trial. To idle now, is treason to God and man. The church of God expects every man to do his duty, and woe unto him by whom that duty shall be neglected.

Our magazine has maintained and even improved its circulation during this year, for which we thank God, and are grateful to our readers. We have not borne the sword in vain, for with all our might we have waged war with spiritual wickedness, and have not spared the errors of the times. Yet we hope we have not neglected the trowel, but have laid ourselves out to promote every enterprise by which the church of God may be built up. By means of these pages, the Pastors' College and the Stockwell Orphanage have derived a measure of help, so that our work has produced tangible practical result. Other good works we are happy to say have derived pecuniary assistance from our articles, and in this we greatly rejoice.

During the next year we hope to continue the Exposition of the Psalms; we have also reason to believe that a relative of John Ploughman will send us contributions of the proverbial character, and we have other good things in store. Upon our work during another year may our Lord condescend to smile.

Meanwhile, one word with the courteous reader, and we have done. We often commune together on other matters, reader, permit the question, *Is your heart right with God?* Have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you a regenerate soul? If not, dear reader, be not at rest till in secret earnest prayer, you have sought and found a Saviour. Conscience compels the asking of this question by us, may your conscience constrain you to answer it.

Yours, in this matter, anxiously,

C. H. Spurgeon

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1869.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE Orphanage at Stockwell was not of our designing, but a work given us by our Great Taskmaster, whom it is joy to serve. Entering upon the work at his bidding, we felt sure of his help; we prayed for it, and at once received delightful earnests of what the Lord intended to bestow. Month by month the hand of the All-sufficient God has sent a goodly portion of the sum required to erect the buildings, until on this first month of 1869, we are able to record that when the students have paid all their amount, and Messrs. WIGNER & GOODALL have finished the two houses given by the Baptist churches (and both these amounts are sure to be made up ere long), the whole of the Orphanage buildings will be paid for. *In fact, the whole amount needed may be said to be raised.* Blessed, for ever blessed be the name of the Lord.

In the month of December there still remained £1,500 to be raised, and much prayer was offered by me both day and night distinctly for this amount. The Lord began to answer, and stayed not his hand till he had given all. A beloved sister in the Lord called with £100, half of which she gave to the College, and the other £50 to the Orphanage. Here was a commencement. A day or two afterwards, a legacy left by Mr. DODWELL, of Long Crendon, which amounted nett to £225, was paid. Two days after, our dear brother and deacon, MR. HIGGS, volunteered £200 to furnish the house which he had already given, and then to crown all, we received by post from some generous friend unknown to us, two Bank of England notes for £500 each: we believe it to be from the same hand which sent large sums before. The Lord abundantly bless all these donors, and especially that unknown steward of his house who so bounteously and secretly helps the orphan's cause. We sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" with the family in which we reside, and then retired to rest with a heart full of gratitude, magnifying the faithfulness of the Lord. On the next service night we held a special meeting to bless the Lord that heareth prayer, and thus we set up our Ebenezer to his name.

Under our heavy domestic trial, which is now we trust much alleviated,

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the Lord in infinite pity has spared us all anxiety about the Orphanage and College. "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind." Blessed be his name!

To all donors, great and small, to all who helped the Bazaar, whether as sellers or buyers, to all collectors, to all who have prayed for us, we tender loving acknowledgments, and ask them to join with us in praise.

Thus encouraged, we set forward to the daily task of managing the Orphanage, and seeking from our heavenly Father the needed supplies. According to the amount of funds sent will be the number which the houses will contain. We shall begin with fifty, and proceed to receive fresh accessions as the houses are finished and fit for occupation, by which time we shall hope to have two hundred and fifty boys under our care. "The Lord will provide" is the motto which we have engraved upon the pillars of the entrance arch, and in confidence in that truth, we already rejoice with exceeding great joy at the misery which will be relieved, and the benefit which will be bestowed, by THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Don't throw Orange Peel on the Pavement!

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

I LIKE oranges when they are sweet, in fact, I like most sweet things. I have no doubt, my dear reader, that your taste and mine are very much alike: I prefer the best of everything and plenty of it. There are two sides, however, to every question, and also to an orange; and it happens that most people throw away the side they don't like. I am not going to endeavour to stop this habit; I am afraid I should have too much to do if I were to try, and most probably only get well pelted for my pains. The practice is likely, however, to lead to falls, which are none the less painful because they might have been avoided. Of course, you and I never set a trap to throw down any fellow creature, but I am afraid we may have dropped orange peel, and some persons have possibly slipped over it and been injured by their fall. Ever since I saw an old man leaning on his staff, for very age, day after day, in the East end of London, most carefully occupying his time in removing with much exertion every remnant of orange peel from the pavement, I made up my mind to do the same as often as it was in my power.

There are, however, other falls than bodily ones, and there is orange peel to correspond to every case; so we will have a chat on the whole matter, and speak in the joint name of "We."

What do we think about dancing parties? Orange peel on the carpet, we say! and if the children should fall (mind, we don't assert that they will), but if they do, who put it there? We believe that there are some "Spurgeon Quadrilles" published, and unless we are misinformed, they have been danced, and notably so, last summer, not far from Leeds, when one gentleman (?) pushed another in the dance, who returned a blow, which was repeated, and the whole led to a fight, and ultimately to the police court. We certainly can only say, "Serve them right." If a man tries to walk on orange peel and falls, on his own head be the penalty; we can only hope that it may raise the bump of caution for the future. But to expose the little ones to this and all

that it may lead to, is more than we should like to answer for before God, whatever may be the opinions of others on the subject.

What do we think about theatre going? Orange peel on ice, we say! sure to make you slip, and almost certain to produce a fall. We have noticed that some who could not find time for the week-day services, could arrange for these times of so-called amusement, and we have never doubted the result. What are the general surroundings and atmosphere of the playhouse, are they not opposed to everything like godliness and true piety of heart? We don't challenge the Christianity of those who go there; we can only say that a man who tries to run on ice, strewn with orange peel, will never run so as to obtain a prize. A Christian who thus acts is not adorning the doctrine of the Lord Jesus; he is not avoiding the appearance of evil, and is scarcely a meet spectacle for the "cloud of witnesses" who watch our Christian career. To take children there is, to our mind, nothing short of sending them to play on the railroad and run the hazard of their not getting out of the way of the express trains; and the only assignable reason is, not that there are no other places to amuse them in, but if they look at the trains whirling by "they will see life." Yes, perhaps death also, and who is to blame?

What do we think about novel reading? We are once more reminded of our orange peel, and its tendencies to upset the balance of rectitude when it is in the pathway. You tell me there are many sorts of novels. Certainly, we never said that pieces of orange peel were all of the same size. There are small and large portions, but the principle is the same, and differs only in proportion, according to position and circumstances. We are sure that this is a growing evil, and the whole effect of this absurd rage for works of fiction is to beget an unnatural course of thought, and full often of conduct also. We see it clearly in the lads who read the cheap tales of robbery, etc., so largely disseminated amongst some classes; and magistrates on the bench have to call attention to it frequently; even as we have known the hospital authorities speak out when their patients are brought in with broken legs from tripping on the slippery peel. Loudly did the coroner complain the other day, when an old lady met with her death from a fall on the pavement, caused in the way I have already alluded to again and again. Well may doctors, magistrates, and coroners, cry out against the source of the evils which come under their notice, and we also are driven to speak out when we see painful facts all around us proving that none the less surely, because more secretly, is the dangerous influence of novel reading at work in many families even of church members. We must enter our solemn protest against allowing the young people the run of a lending library without any restrictions. We should as soon permit a school of children to empty a chemist's shop of all the drugs and poisons contained in it. Harm must result and certain injury is before them. If you are thoughtful about the food for the body, be even more careful about the sustenance for the higher faculties of the mind and soul. If you desire modest daughters and steady sons, guard them from the sensational novel literature of the day, or you will bitterly rue the mistake when it will be too late to repair the injury sustained.

What do we think about the sending of children to Church of England Schools? Why, as we should about having them taught to walk on orange peel, when you really want them never to set foot on it. Send a bird into the water to teach it to fly, and put a fish into the frying-pan to learn to swim, and then send your children to be taught what you wish them to be, in the very place where it is next door to impossible that they should learn it, and where they will see the very opposite in full power and action. Better make any present sacrifice than run the risk of a life's bias to the wrong. With equal force this applies to attendance upon the service of the church itself. If you would not have your children believe in the semi-papacy of the Church of England, its priestly pretensions, its dogmas of baptismal regeneration and of apostolic succession; if you would have them rejoice in the freedom of the church, and maintain the kingship of Christ as the sole head of it, then keep them clear of the place where rank heresies on these and other subjects are taught as the truth of God. The usual effect of going into the water is to get wet: no sane man would plunge into a bath to dry himself, and no one with common sense will train up a child in the way he should *not* go, in the hope that when he is old he will depart from it.

What do we think about our church members marrying non-professors? Why, that they secure a perpetual shower of orange peel in the front of their feet, and on every side as long as they live. They may not fall, but nothing short of a miracle of grace can prevent it. The union itself is a fall, and a very injurious one. More mischief arises from this than from anything else in connection with many of our churches. Soon after such a marriage, the old place of worship is not fashionable enough, a more tasteful and ornate style of thing is desired to minister to the taste of unrenewed nature, and when that palls, neglect of the means of grace altogether follows, and at last coldness and all but death itself ensues. We would cry out against this as we would against your endeavouring to walk on a tight rope, carrying a corpse with your hands tied to it. Willingly to choose this is a madness, for which there is no other name than SIN. Many of our fathers would have at once cut off the offending member from the church for this, and said of such a one, "Gone over to Babylon;" we must certainly rebuke, and occasionally in some cases even expel those who thus offend, so as to honour him who said, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

We have no more time to enlarge, but before we part let us ask if there are no habits of speech, no actions of our lives, no engagements in business, nor modes of pleasure, whereby our brother may be made to fall? Do we by thoughtlessness and want of care trip up any, or expose ourselves to peril? It is so easy to cast down, for there is a power, mighty as the attraction of the earth, whose tendency is to help all men in this direction. We need much to pray daily, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

May our determination be, with the apostle Paul, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. XI.—HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

WHAT would become of London were it suddenly bereft of its street boys? Where would our country cousins find their amusements, and obtain their captivating stories, were we to lose those volatile creatures of the street? We have recently been laughing at Mr. D'Israeli's epigrammatic description of the discontented imaginative Irishman who lives next to a melancholy ocean. But how often have we had to enjoy the merry pranks of the imaginative boy who lives mostly in the streets! There is no mistaking him. He has become a regular institution. The metropolis would be intolerably dull without him. Were he banished into the country, city men would find trudging through the main thoroughfares that lead to their business, grievous work. No man in his senses would walk down the seedy, melancholy City Road or Goswell Road twice a-day, were there no boys to amuse him. Were he to try it for any lengthened period, he might be driven to lunacy. The dullest street, and the most antiquated, is lively and cheery when infested by street boys. Muddy roads, tortuous crossings, the discomforts of jolting and squeezing, and elbowing, and the rudeness of men bent on seeking the interests of that selfish person known as Number One, the shoutings of costermongers, the screamings of railway whistles, the terrors of brass bands, and the aggravations of barrel organs, combine to make men as morose as a prisoner under solitary confinement. Talk of the discomforts of the imaginative being living next to a melancholy ocean, what are they compared to the life of suffering and misery endured by the pedestrian in London? He is doomed to submit to his grievances. And he soon learns to resign himself to the inevitable. He knows what awaits him as he turns good temperedly out of his house in the morning. He predicts what his annoyances will be, and he receives more than he predicts. Yet he is compensated for his adversities. All is not bitter experience with him. His moroseness—the true city type is only to be found in the city—may be suddenly exchanged for mirth. He has only to keep his eyes open. One unfailing source of pleasantry is free to him. He has but to study the nature and doings of that rare type of reckless gaiety—the street *gamin*—to get dispossessed of his dulness and to forget his vexations. About these boys there is something I like. If I am a Puritan, I can laugh at their unconquerable love for mischief, while I mourn over their cruelty. For, after all, in these days of stiffness and pretentiousness, there is a charm about these frank open-hearted little fellows. The street boy makes no show of being what he is not. His fellows soon extract all the starch that may be wrung out of him. Has he a fine cap? Some one will be sure to relieve him of it, and make him run half way down the street to regain its possession. Has he a small beaver hat? He must submit to the dignity of its being crowned. Has he new clothes? There is the customary and historical nip for

him. For the street boy is a rank Tory. He is true to his traditions. He believes in the good old days. Every act of mischief that savours of antiquity, every bit of rioting peculiar to the season, has in him a true conservator. He cherishes in his memory all he has read of the rowdyism of the city apprentices. He has a marked veneration for Guy Fawkes, and blesses the day when "gunpowder treason" *does* "come once in a season." He is loyal to the throne, but he is chiefly loyal to himself. He obeys no law but the law of his own will. He has no special reverence for the policeman. Indeed, his delight is to provoke him. He is a terror to that functionary by night, and a source of discomfort to him by day. He has a peculiar gift of chaffing; and drunken men are his victims, and ill tempered companions the subjects of his practical jokes. No costermonger that dares to leave his truck standing in the street, would run after him; and no costermonger's truck that comes to grief by being overturned finds its perpendicular, or is again laden with its treasures, without the voluntary and kind assistance of the street boy. There is no fire in the district which he has not scented out. There is no procession the date of which he is unacquainted. His knowledge is wonderful. He can direct you to any street or obscure lane. He knows the hotels, the colour of the omnibuses, the path they should take, and the hour of their taking it. He is fond of all the music he hears. No barrel organ plays a tune without the accompaniment which whistling affords. He knows all the street cries, and he deems it his duty to imitate them. He is overjoyed when he can startle quiet people out of their propriety, and make girls scream out in terror. He has no respect of persons. With wondrous assurance he ridicules every swell: and with striking discernment he discovers every fashionable snob. His great fault is that he is too knowing. He has learnt too much. He has a capacity for evil, and too little regard for the good. He is an expert in the one, and an ignoramus in the other. He has flashes of intelligence when in the presence of those who can talk in the language which he has mastered; he is but a dullard when conversed with on higher themes.

Of course, I have been describing the true street boy, whose characteristics are too numerous and varied for further detail. Thousands of these lads live in the streets year after year. Many of them—the errand boys and junior clerks—have homes; a very large number—those engaged in the streets—have none. Some dwell with their parents, cooped up in a pigeon-hole sort of garret, with perhaps half-a-dozen brothers and sisters. Such houses are to be found in those back slums which are never visited by respectability, or in those tumble-down courts which have long been threatened by railway companies, or by schemes for street improvement. Others find their nightly home in some cheap lodging-house, for which they pay from threepence to fivepence a night. Others roam about the streets all day, enjoying what they deem to be a luxurious liberty, searching out some soup kitchen where they may have what they mysteriously and inaccurately term "a blow out," and adjourning in the evening to the casual wards where bread and skilly, a wash and a bed, are provided for them. It is sad to think that so many consider this to be living the life of a gentleman. They have no sense of the degradation which belongs to their vagrant condition.

They look upon society as their enemy. They consider all lovers of law and order to be meddlers with their liberty, and to have a grudge against them. They dread control, not because of the hardship so much as the bare thought of being curbed. Many of them look upon societies instituted for their benefit as "a sell." They may take the relief offered them with a generous hand, but they half suspect the intentions of the givers. Other boys—and these are characterised by a grimy tint, by a hungry savageness, and by an animal appearance that sends sadness to the heart—live in the gutters by day, and seek refuge in some hidden corner in a stable-yard, or under some arch, or in a retired doorway, at night. Many prefer this method of living to seeking the shelter of the casual ward; and it is certain that they soon learn to be contented with their lot, and think themselves fortunate they are no worse off. These are of the vagrant class—the sons of those who have been styled, "the curs of humanity," those who people our gaols and add to our madhouses.

Out of the thousands of boys who may be said to live in the streets of London, upwards of ten thousand, it is believed, are homeless. The question naturally arises—Where do they all come from? Many, of course, are born in London, and are the offspring of those who are paupers and criminals. But, it is to be feared, a large majority of those who make social shipwreck, when boys, are from the provinces. Young lads, by the hundred, are coming up from all towns and villages in England, with the hope of improving their position. It is with most of them a mere illusion. Those who have parents that are glad to get them out of hand, or whose cruelty or carelessness drove them from home, never venture to return to their native place. It is a serious thing—this influx of lads into an overcrowded city. The visions of hope that are turned into the unexpected experience of poverty and ruthless disappointment, are everywhere being indulged in; and the small percentage of success ought to deter youths from venturing where they are almost certain to meet with pitiless toil and bitter sorrow. London is overstocked. I have known gentlemen receiving three hundred letters in response to one advertisement for an ordinary clerk. Country boys come up to town with the hope of getting a clerkship. How can they compete with the hundreds of hungry applicants who are lying in wait, and whose acquaintance with town life renders their chances more probable? The same complaints come to us from America. There, labourers in the country villages are wanted; but hundreds of stalwart fellows are begging in the cities. One American paper hopes that some "tidal wave" of common sense will sweep over the city-struck simpletons who crowd and jostle each other in the towns, and bear them back to their proper and nobler sphere of duty. Henry Ward Beecher's quaint yet sensible and serious advice deserves attention in this country. "Let the city," he says in a sermon to young men, "if it needs you, come and find you. Let the city seek you, and not you the city. Dispel the illusion, and its glory, and its power, and the lying hopes with which it beguiles you. Blessed are they that, being born in the country, know enough to stay there."

A plain matter-of-fact view of the present condition of the homeless boys of London is perhaps the best that could be taken. These boys

should not be constant drains upon the purses of the charitable. They should not be relieved by every little society, or every small mission that pauperises those whom it aids. The truest philanthropy is preventitive and remedial. Here is an immense waste of human life and energy. What is to become of these lads if they are permitted to seek their livelihood in the crowded streets, and are helped by those who only partly relieve them? Night refuges are invaluable, no doubt; but one fears that they encourage the evil rather than retard it. At least, they must do so of necessity in some cases. There are numbers of boys, observes the *Times*, "tossed loose on the world to be maimed, crippled, diseased, and killed off before their time, and, instead of being made into intelligent men, to be crushed into troublesome animals." Something more, then, than mere temporary help is required. The raw material should not be left to polish itself. There is no chance of such a boy becoming a useful and respected member of society unless he be taken in hand and cared for. The providing of sleeping accommodation will, undoubtedly, be the means of keeping him from those contaminating influences which the "Amateur Casual" described so painfully a few years ago. But more than this is wanted. Who is to do it, and how is it to be done?

These two questions occupied the thoughtful attention of a gentleman whose life has been devoted, with an earnestness and true-heartedness perhaps unparalleled in modern philanthropy, to the social and religious improvement of the juvenile waifs and strays of the metropolis. It is to Mr. William Williams, the secretary of the Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, that the success of the movement now in so flourishing a condition, is mainly due. His name will ever be honourably remembered as the founder of one of the most beneficent enterprises ever conceived for the rescue of neglected and wretched children. We have no great sympathy with those who refuse to give a fair meed of praise to honoured men who have richly deserved it. And since Lord Shaftesbury has publicly recognised the invaluable services of Mr. Williams, and his intelligence, zeal, and activity, for the public good, we need not be abstemious in the choice of congratulatory words with reference to his services. The highest praise, however, which a Christian man can have is not in the plaudits of an approving public, but in the blessing which the Master gives, and gives, too, in the success of the labours undertaken. Mr. Williams and his fellow helpers have the satisfaction of witnessing results which probably they little anticipated when first commencing their humble efforts for the reclamation of the wretched boys and girls of London.

A few working men, having been converted to God, became anxious to enter into some Christian effort on behalf of the ungodly. Here we have another instance of what may be done by a recognition of the truth of our individual responsibility to God. These poor men met together in a room in which one of them lodged, and supplicated the Divine help and direction. After much consideration, they came to the conclusion that they might establish a Working Man's Association as an auxiliary to the London City Mission, with the view of raising funds to secure the services of a missionary. They subscribed a sum of money, obtained pecuniary help, formed the association, and obtained

the missionary. They chose the well-known "Rookery" as the scene of their labours. A more unpromising sphere could not be conceived; a more neglected one, or a more vicious and degraded district could not be chosen. It has now been pulled down, with the exception of a small portion which the writer described when noticing Mr. M'Cree's labours. It would be impossible to picture the utterly wretched and lost condition of the inhabitants of this district. That which attracted most attention, however, and called forth the profoundest feelings of regret and compassion, was the condition of the children. There was no school for them. A hay-loft over a cow-shed was secured, and fitted up as a school-room. This room was opened in 1843, and was the first Ragged School movement in St. Giles'. Not much help was afforded at first, but the seeds were sown for a large and abundant harvest. The origin of the work was therefore very humble, and the appliances more than usually simple. The history of the growth of the movement would be very interesting, could it be given in full. But this is impossible in our pages. "The effort," Mr. Williams states in one of his reports, "may be compared to a young tree, having been planted by a few of God's servants, in faith and hope; it soon became manifest that it had taken deep root, and year after year it was evident, the dew of heaven was not only nourishing the parent stem, but all the branches thereof." And now that other branches have been added to the old trunk, the desire of the committee is realised, since they believe the tree has "attained those dimensions which can be properly superintended so as still to keep it healthy, and its branches flourishing.

The good old trunk has two large and distinct branches, with a number of smaller twigs on each. There is first the Refuge work, and secondly the Ragged School operations. We shall content ourselves in this article with merely giving a general and brief survey of the work of the Society, leaving for a second paper a detailed account of what we have seen of the operations carried on in the several Refuges.

The Refuge work is conducted in various places, and is the largest in London. One hundred boys are housed in Great Queen-street; two hundred are located in the training ship *Chichester*, lying off Greenhithe, and another hundred can be accommodated in the Farm and Industrial School at Bisley, near Woking. In addition to these, there are two homes for girls, which have been exceedingly useful in training them up for service, and in preventing them taking that downward course which leads to the ruin of body and soul. The work of the Society may be fittingly described by one word—it is "thorough." The boys in the Refuge are clothed, lodged, and fed. They are taught the three "r's," and taught also how to spell those "r's" properly. All the inmates are present morning and evening at family worship. They also attend Sunday school and Divine worship once on a Sunday. The desire of the promoters of the Society is mainly religious; and no effort is spared to bring them under the sound of the gospel. Mr. Williams is himself one of the deacons of John-street Chapel, where the honoured Mr. Baptist Noel has laboured so long and so ably; and he is not likely to overlook so essential a department of this Christian work. That many of the lads are lamentably ignorant of all Scripture knowledge is not to be wondered at. Some have no sort

of reverence for sacred things. A story is told of a city Arab who was evidently an ardent admirer of what he considered to be heroism, and well acquainted with the language of prize-fighters. The ragged-school teacher was interrupted constantly whenever the stories of patriarchal heroes were related to him, by disparaging comparisons with Tom Sayers. "Moses and Joshua was all very well," he is recorded to have said, "but what was they to that little chap a-standing up as game as a bantam cock before that great, thunderin' Yankee, and a knocking of him down like a ninepin? Bless you, Noah and all that lot weren't fit to hold a candle to him. He war a hero, he war." Another lad at an examination, on reading of the "wheat and chaff," referred to in Matthew, defined the chaff as "impidence." But it is unnecessary to quote instances to prove what is so sadly notorious a fact. It will be seen that with the ignorance these poor lads manifest, they display no ordinary acuteness, which, under proper management, may be made to bear useful results.

It should be stated, lest our readers labour under a not unnatural misconception, that the Industrial Schools' Act—a truly beneficent measure, which has worked admirably—does not meet the cases of the poor boys and girls of London. We believe there are only two such schools, certified under that Act, for the whole of the metropolis. "These schools," we are told, "receive about forty boys each, and have been full for some time with cases sent by magistrates: and as the managers of two of those schools, receive six shillings per week per head from the Government for every boy received under a magistrate's warrant, it follows that a poor boy voluntarily seeking a home in these Government Certified Schools, has very little chance of gaining admission. Moreover, the Act makes no provision for a boy if he is over fourteen years of age. Now, it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that there are in this city from all parts of the country, a very large number of boys without home or friends, over the age of fourteen years, and for whose welfare no provision is made by the Government, unless they steal and are taken before the magistrates for the offence, and then they may be sent by the magistrate for three or four years to a certified reformatory, and maintained at the expense of the State." Our stipendiary magistrates are, however, exceedingly loth to send a boy to a reformatory, and seem to prefer sending him to a gaol. And to do this, is practically to ruin the lad for life. Of course, this does not hold good in the country, where magistrates send lads to the reformatories more frequently, and for the most trivial offences. This not being the case in the metropolis, what is to become of a boy who finds himself homeless and destitute in the great world of London? There is no Government help by which he may be prevented from falling into crime. The State only assists criminals. A boy unconvicted of crime, is, however, admitted into the Refuge on his own application. He goes to the secretary, who never turns a lad away from the doors of the institution, however full the house may be. The lad, Mr. Williams tells me, would lose all heart, were he held in suspense; and delay would be dangerous. It is presumed that it requires some courage for the applicant to make up his mind to leave his vagrant life. He is, therefore, taken while he is in the humour. The secretary receives him, and then

makes all needful enquiries, rather, as he says, than keep him out of the Refuge, exposed to starvation, until the enquiries have been made. Nor can there be two opinions as to the urbanity and wisdom of this course of procedure. Upwards of 216 boys sought and found a home in the Refuge last year, while 117 had remained from the previous year. A society that can thus rescue and educate, clothe, and provide a trade for 363 boys in one year, and afterwards procure for them a situation, is one that is doing our Divine Master's work. It should be added that the boys are admitted either on their own application, or on the application of those who are interested in their welfare. The Society is in communication with all the casual wards and night asylums of the metropolis, and from these a large percentage of the inmates are derived. The secretary himself last year found twenty-seven boys in the streets and sent them into the home.

What may be regarded as the crowning act of the committee occurred in the year 1866. Early in January Mr. Greenwood's vivid and touching picture of a night spent in the casual ward of Lambeth workhouse, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and from thence copied into nearly every paper in the kingdom, sent a shock of horror through the country. It may be said that scarcely any article, or series of articles, ever produced so great an impression as those of the "Amateur Casual." One of the members of the committee considered what might be done to rescue the boys who were found in such resorts. As the result of his deliberation, a supper was announced, for the 14th of February. Two hundred ragged urchins came. We have several reports of the event, which we have preserved, and from these we cull a few items that will be read with interest. It appears there would have been a much larger attendance had not the lads mistrusted the promoters of the banquet. Some refused to go on the ground that there would be "lots of jaw and nothing to eat—only skilly." The average age of the lads was about nine or ten years. They were deplorably wretched in appearance: clothed in rags barely sufficient to answer the purposes of decency; they had skin diseases in the head, some were cripples, others were suffering from illness, or were half-recovered from fever. One account says:—

"All degrees of destitution were represented. A few had homes, but 'father' was blind or out of work, and they were left to pick up a living as best they could. But, 'father and mother both dead' was the common story, with now and then, as a variation, 'Don't know nothin' on 'em; haven't seen 'em for ever so long;' or, perhaps, 'Don't never reck'lect seeing 'em.' One little fellow, when asked how long he had been without a home, made answer simply, with evidently no suspicion of its pathos, 'Always.' He had been born in a workhouse, and his mother (his father he had never known even by name) disappeared before he was well weaned. Many of the boys—almost all under sixteen years of age, the average being about twelve or thirteen—had slept the night before in one or other of the casual wards, or in a cheap lodging-house; but not a few had spent the night in the streets. Four came in together—a wretched, unkempt group—who had slept under the piazza at Covent Garden. Two had crouched together in a half-finished sewer. The 'shutter-box' at Drury Lane Theatre had been the bed on which another slept. Of costume, there was every variety. Some were in tatters from head to foot, so that it was a marvel how the 'looped and windowed raggedness' was held together." Plainly there was a great effort made to keep up the appearance of

the regular number of garments— at least, to have some sort of coat, if only as much of one as a collar, with a slit back and part of a sleeve. One wore a robe of sacking like a poncho. But in one or two instances, a poor child might be seen shivering in only a ragged shirt. Shoes, too, were quite *de rigueur*, but such shoes! the soles loose, the sides gaping—the whole ruin bound together with pieces of cord lest it should drop to pieces. Of the supper itself much might be said. Half a pound of good cold roast beef, with a large piece of bread (about twice the size of the casual 'toke'), washed down with a cup of coffee, was a meal so lavish and luxurious, that at first it almost awed them by its magnificence. Indeed, for awhile, except for the clatter of knives and forks, and the conversation of the visitors, there was comparative quiet. Even when the shyness had worn off, the business on hand was too solemn and important to admit of idle talk, which, besides, was a waste of time. As the plates were cleared, tongues began to loosen, and when large dishes of smoking plum pudding (a pound to each allowance) appeared, there was a tremendous cheer. They had come for gruel, and had got beef and pudding. It was a sad sign that many of these poor boys did not yield to their appetites, but saved the greater part of the pudding for another meal. Except a few of the regular tramp order, who had pouches knowingly contrived in their tattered raiment, most of the lads were puzzled to know how to carry away their surplus, and bits of newspaper were gradually received. Nothing could be better than the behaviour of the company. There was no quarrelling among each other as to who should be helped first, no invasion of each other's dishes, and they showed considerable conscientiousness in passing up the shares first to those who sat near the wall and distant from the waiters. They were quiet and attentive when addressed by Lord Shaftesbury and other speakers, and joined in the singing of a hymn decorously, and with evident enjoyment of the music. At the end, fourpence a-piece was given them to pay for lodgings."

In less than a week after the supper had been given, sixty lads presented themselves, begging for admission into the Refuge, and were not denied. This was all the committee could do; and yet applications came in so painfully fast that no alternative was left but to make one strong, determined, extraordinary effort to provide for four hundred of these homeless and destitute creatures. This led to an application by the Earl of Shaftesbury for a ship to be used as a training school. The hull of the *Chichester*, a fifty-gun frigate, was handed over to the committee, they being allowed to draw from the dockyard masts, sails, and other stores required for the completing and fitting up the ship to the value of £2,129 15s. 8d., on undertaking to pay that amount in nine months' time. This was the only arrangement which could be made. It was however completed, and from the day of the inauguration of the training ship the society became a truly national undertaking. But our space has run out, and we are compelled to close with the well-known line—

(*To be continued.*)

To be Continued.

WHAT a comfort to remember that the Lord's mercy and lovingkindness is *to be continued*. Much as we have experienced in the long years of our pilgrimage, we have by no means outlived eternal love. Providential goodness is an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim, a wheel perpetually revolving, a star for ever shining, and leading us to the place where he is who was once a babe in Bethlehem. All the volumes which record the doings of divine grace are but part of a series *to be continued*. C. H. S.

John Noughman's Talk.

A GOOD WORD FOR WIVES.

IT is astonishing how many old sayings there are against wives, you may find nineteen to the dozen of them. The men years ago showed the rough side of their tongues whenever they spoke of their spouses. Some of these sayings are downright shocking; as, for instance, that very wicked one, "Every man has two good days with his wife—the day he marries her, and the day he buries her."

It is much to the women's credit that there are very few old sayings against husbands, although in this case, sauce for the goose would make capital sauce for the gander. They must be very forbearing, or they would have given the men a Roland for every Oliver. They cannot be so very bad after all, or they would have had their revenge for the many cruel things which are said against them.

A true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. He says to her, "I shall in thee most happy be. In thee, my choice, I do rejoice. In thee I find content of mind. God's appointment is my contentment." In her company he finds his earthly heaven; she is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul and (for this world), the soul of his comfort. Whatever fortune God may send him, he is rich so long as she lives. His rib is the best bone in his body.

The man who weds a loving wife,
Whate'er betideth him in life,
  Shall bear up under all;
But he that finds an evil mate
No good can come within his gate,
  His cup is fill'd with gall.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them: this is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together; and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labour.

When a couple fall out there are always faults on both sides, and generally there is a pound on one and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour. Want of bread makes want of love; lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back, for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our

parts gave his wife a ring with this on it, "If thee don't work, thee shan't eat." He was a brute. It is no business of hers to bring in the grist—she is to see it is well used and not wasted; therefore, I say-short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread-winner, but the bread-maker. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at the "Brown Bear," or the "Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is the man who comes home tipsy, and abuses the children—the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass, but that is not so bad a glass as men drown their senses in. The wives do not sit boozing over the tap-room fire; they, poor souls, are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one), wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children, while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spent so much in worshipping Sir John Barleycorn? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not worth their salt money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their backs for not having more to give them. Don't tell me, I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed when with all her mending and striving she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the oven when she has neither meal nor dough? Bad husbands, are great sinners, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold, but I cannot swallow it; a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband there's generally gentleness in the wife, and between them the old wedding wish is worked out: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say *marriage* is not often *merry-age*, but very commonly *mar-age;* well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon need not come to an end; and when it does it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine: when they both agree that whatever becomes of the moon they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merry living. When a man lives under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces

got scratched, either his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. If a man cannot take care of himself, his wit must be as scant as the wool of a blue dog. I don't pity most of the men martyrs, I save my pity for the women. When the Dunmow flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is the most likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home quarrels, but John Ploughman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broke, the cat did it, and whenever there is mischief, there's a woman at the bottom of it: here are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every wherefore, but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I know some women have long tongues, then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going; but for the matter of talk, just look into a bar-parlour when the men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any women living can talk faster or be more stupid than the men, my name is not John Ploughman.

When I had got about as far as this, in stepped our minister, and he said, "John, you've got a tough subject, a cut above you; I'll lend you a rare old book to help you over the stile." "Well, Sir," said I, "a little help is worth a great deal of faultfinding, and I shall be uncommonly obliged to you." He sent me down "Archbishop Secker's Wedding Ring;" and a real arch-fellow that bishop was. I could not do any other than pick out some of his pithy bits; they are very flavoury, and such as are likely to glue themselves to the memory. He says, "Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favour in God's eyes find favour in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love, and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for her that wants one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

To come down from the archbishop's roast beef to my own pot herbs, or, as they say, to put Jack after gentleman, I will tell my own experience, and have done.

My experience of my first wife, who will I hope live to be my last, is much as follows: matrimony came from paradise and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married your bliss begins. I have no doubt that where there is much love there will be much to love, and where love

is scant faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger, and long may she wear it. God bless the dear soul, if she can put up *with* me, she shall never be put down *by* me.

If I were not married to-day, and saw a suitable partner, I would be married to-morrow morning before breakfast. What think you of that? "Why," says one, "I think John would get a new wife if he were left a widower." Well, and what if he did, how could he better show that he was happy with his first? I declare I would not say as some do, that they married to have some one to look after the children; I should marry to have some one to look after myself. John Ploughman is a sociable soul, and could not do in a house by himself. One man, when he married his fourth wife, put on the ring—

"If I survive, I'll make it five."

What an old Blue-beard!! Marriages are made in heaven: matrimony in itself is good, but there are fools who turn meat into poison, and make a blessing into a curse. "This is a good rope," said Pedley, "I'll hang myself with it." A man who has sought his wife from God, and married her for her character, and not merely for her figure-head, may look for a blessing on his choice. They who join their love in God above, who pray to love, and love to pray, will find that love and joy will never cloy.

He who respects his wife will find that she respects him. With what measure he metes it shall be measured to him again, good measure, pressed down, and running over. He who consults his spouse will have a good counsellor. I have heard our minister say, "Women's instincts are often truer than man's reason;" they jump at a thing at once, and are wise offhand. Say what you will of your wife's advice, it's as likely as not you will be sorry you did not take it. He who speaks ill of women should remember the breast he was nursed at, and be ashamed of himself. He who illtreats his wife ought to be whipped at the cart tail, and would not I like a cut at him! I would just brush a fly or two off, trust me for that. So no more at present, as the thatcher said when he had *cleared* every dish on the table.

"The Joy of the Lord our Strength."

BY G. F. MARCHANT.

A PAPER READ AT A CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS AND STUDENTS, BY G. F. MARCHANT, OF BIRMINGHAM.

THIS subject on which I am to address you is given to us in the words of an ancient Scripture, and it may help us to understand and catch the spirit of their theme if we look, at once, at the circumstances under which they were spoken.

The Jews had returned from Babylon, and had built the second temple. Nehemiah had joined his liberated countrymen, and after much difficulty and hindrance the wall around Jerusalem had been finished. The long, weary, dangerous work was at last over. They

were just breathing before starting anew. At the request of all the people, gathered as one man before the water-gate, Ezra had been reading to them the words of the law. They were affected even to tears. Their harps had long hung on the willows, and, like many another captive before that day and since, they had learned in bondage what was overlooked and forgotten in liberty. Free, and in their own land, they had mingled the service of Jehovah with the worship of idols—fearing the Lord, and serving their own gods; but banished as slaves they had felt that the name and praise of Jehovah were things by far too sacred for the ears of the mocking heathen. In the liberty of Judea they had infused the abominations of heathen idolatry into their very worship; in the bondage of Babylon they had straightway learned to cry, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" And now, back home again, as Ezra read, and the Levites expounded, and caused them to understand the words of the law, the people wept. Their old privileges were being restored. God, who in justice had taken them away, was now in mercy giving them back. There was much to overpower in the mere thought of re-possession; there was still more in the consciousness that the re-possession was of God. To touch again the strings of the long-unused harps was sweet; to feel that the hand which had once in wrath made them mute, was now in love giving them back, tuned to his praise, was sweeter still. Then, old associations were gushing up. Some had seen the first temple and the earlier state of the city; while those who had not seen, had heard of them with pride from the lips of their fathers. But above all this, old memories of sin were flooding back. The words of the law were opening out the channels of conscience, and the sense of guilt, so long dammed back, was flowing in. It was *sin* which had made all this havoc. It was sin which had brought Nebuchadnezzar, sin which had burned the temple and spoiled their city, sin which had forged their fetters and carried them bound to Babylon. The words of the law made them think of their long-hidden guilt, and now possessing their lost mercies once more, they felt that their guilt was forgiven. There was a double source of tears, and the last not less than the first—sin realised and pardon manifest.

But there is a time when even tears of repentance should make way for songs of praise. True as it is that holiness must know repentance, it is equally true that a life of holiness cannot be all repentance. Ceaseless tears for sin might have been the highest attainable holiness had there been no pardon of sin, but ceaseless tears *after* pardon would be to add sin to sin. No sooner does pardon become our privilege than praise becomes our duty. So felt Nehemiah, as he said, "This day is holy unto the Lord; mourn not nor weep. Go your way; eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto the Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Such is the history which gathers round this early utterance of these words, and you will probably agree with me that that history is in itself one of the best expositions of the subject on which I have been asked to write. The position is much like ours to-day, brethren, and this lesson which Nehemiah fits into it is exactly our need. You see

here men who had work to do for God; men who had come into a city made desolate by sin: men who, helped from on high, were to make that sin-ruined place the seat and city of their God again; men who in themselves had no strength to do it; men who, although they had the promised help of Jehovah, were to experience, even as others, that such help is not packed in bundles and given out of the stores of heaven to be undone when wanted by the hand of a hasty prayer, but is rather a thing which is to flow out of a life which feels it dwells in God, which realises the depth of sin and the joy of pardon, and which knows the fulness of that love which gives again so largely what is so utterly undeserved. God would help Israel; he would give power to them, but that power was to be derived through a process which, from its very nature, would lead and keep them close to him. The promise to inhabit again the waste places, was to be fulfilled, as divine promises ever are, through holiness. Holiness stopping, joy would stop; and joy stopping, strength would stop. So, as you see, Nehemiah states not only a thing which was *then* true, but a lasting principle which stands for ever a rule in the life of God's people—"The joy of the Lord is their strength."

Brethren, we feel a sacred interest in this thought. Our hearts greet this old saying of God's servant even across the broad plain of two thousand three-hundred years, and no sooner do we hear him conclude than we say, "Amen." The words *touch us*. They are spirit and they are life. Not only did they quicken Jewish souls of old, but they quicken ours to-day. Like the corpse, which, cast into the prophet's grave, and touching his dead bones, lived again, so our enervated hearts brought into sympathetic contact with these words are quickened and inspirited anew. The *words* may be dead enough to some as a bit of history, and such may see them a thing buried deep in the grave of a long past. But they are not history only. To us they are scarcely history at all. They are a living, breathing thought, sent warm and fresh from out the great heart of God, and like the life, breathed of old into the body of man, they live in his immortality. The body may die, but the soul lives on, and time may have faded into this old history, but it has not faded, and never will fade the truth which it contains.

I am speaking to ministers, and shall make this paper bear as largely and practically as I can on our own position and work. Our ministry has *hindrances*. How will this joy help us to overcome them? Our ministry needs *positive strength*. In what manner will the joy of the Lord supply us? Then, our experience teaches, too painfully, that the joy of the Lord is a thing much easier talked about than possessed. How can we get and keep this blessed means of strength? Those are the three thoughts on which I wish to speak, and principally on the first—

I. THINGS THAT ARE LIKELY TO WEAKEN OUR MINISTRY, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THE JOY OF THE LORD WILL HELP US TO OVERCOME THEM.

So far as concerns our weaknesses, like pretty much all else that comes from within, and around, and beneath, their name is legion. Some belong to us in common with all believers, while others are peculiar to us as ministers. We must not lose sight of the former, and think only on

the latter, for the simple reasons that providence gives us a heritage in each, and our ministry is open to the influence of both. *We* have our headaches and sicknesses, our domestic duties, anxieties and bereavements, and I fear it must be added for some, even times of hunger for daily bread are not wanting. Our ministry is not out of the reach of these trials. Though shared in common by our people, they touch us in the same weak nature that our people wear. Whatever wounds the man tries the Christian, and whatever tries the Christian makes the minister feel his weakness. Though in some cases it almost appears to be thought otherwise, the occupant of the pulpit is just as vulnerable to these barbed arrows of every-day life as the dweller in the pew. I have the most unaffected sympathy for worthy brethren, who, called to *some* of these sufferings by the providence of heaven, and to others of them by the selfish providence of an inconsiderate people, are not only expected to maintain a ministry of strength, but to maintain that in the midst of keen sufferings by many unregarded and by most unknown. They are not unknown to *God*, brethren, and we can add the further consolation, they are not by him unregarded. Even as of old, he still says, "I know their sorrows," and, providing for you, he helps you to respond, "The joy of the Lord is my strength." But *how* your strength? Where trial makes weakness, and where the weakness, as all this does, gets into our ministry, how is joy to prevent hindrance? The answer is not difficult.

Joy in the Lord says, "How much the affliction falls below my deserts!" No joy, and we murmur and complain, "How hard to bear; how much more tried am I than my fellows; how *full* of woe is *my* cup; my soul is weary of my life." No joy, and we talk like that. But joying in Jesus, the strain is written in another cleff, and traverses the stave the other way. Joy says, "In hell to-day but for my Saviour; in woe unutterable but for him." Like Job, we sit smitten on the ground poor and sore, and while one messenger of sorrow chases another, and pours out the vial of bitterness into the already full cup of grief, joy smiles her calm smile, and sings on her low sweet song, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Friends turn enemies; a dearer one says, "Curse God and die," but the joy that can sing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," adds yet in firmer note, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." Providence permits and men catalogue up a great bill of bitterness to the flesh, long as Paul's; but joy sits face to face with it all, repeats it over and feels the smart again in the repetition: but remembering how *much more* was deserved, cries, "These *light* afflictions! These *light* afflictions!" O brethren, if we joy in Jesus, we shall see the meed of sin, for true joy looks very close at guilt, and the damnation guilt deserves, and so looking, so feeling, sorrow such as this will not drag us down, nor make our tongue for Jesus feeble.

Joying in the Lord too, *we look at the riches we possess*, and so *lose sight* of what is painful. You cannot look at the same time on the glories of the star-covered heavens, and on the gloom of the darkened earth. Joy feeds on mercy, and love, and the treasures these send, and she cannot look on the riches and the poverty together. The jailer of Philippi is more in prison when walking on guard without than Paul and Silas, thrust into its innermost depths, with feet made fast in the stocks. *He*

hears the earthquake and is overwhelmed with fear; *they* with hearts heavenward need it not. He, frightened to madness for fear of punishment *to come* would have killed himself; they *actually in* punishment forget the stocks, and think not of the prison at all. "Stone walls" make no prison for them, and "iron bars" no cage. They are thinking of Jesus, and of how much they have in him; therefore they see not their sorrow, but sing praises to God instead. Filled with love to Jesus, brethren, we have little of our faculties left for sorrow in the flesh. The emotions that are singing in heaven cannot, at the same time be weeping on earth. Rejoicing in Jesus *we* shall cry each of himself, "A sinner pardoned, all guilt put away, remembered no more for ever, perfect in Christ Jesus, an heir of God, a joint heir with Christ, Christ himself mine, things present and to come mine, life mine, death mine, mine the cross, the grave, the skies, all things mine, and I his." *Trouble* cannot stay the tongue of a heart like that. It will preach, and must preach, and Christ will be its theme.

Joying in the Lord, we see further, *that however great our present sorrow it will not last long.* This for a little while, then heaven. Joy not only says, "These light afflictions," but goes on to add, "which are but for a moment." Ten years ago I stood in the hovel of an old Christian woman who had seen what we call better days. Her age was over eighty, and her poor wasted person looked as though she might be even more. She was in the extremest poverty. With a calm spirit she told me of her early life and present sorrows. Even her children who lived not a mile away had utterly forsaken her, and I could see that her mother's heart still felt it keenly. They had come to her, and begged of her so long as she had aught to give, and that gone, they went too. I shall not soon forget her closing words, nor the look of light which beamed from that withered face as she summed it all up in the old lines of our hymn—

> "Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
> And then, oh, how pleasant, the conqueror's song!"

The man who can look within the gates of heaven like that, will find himself strong to bear the burdens and overcome the difficulties of earth. He will be strong to rejoice in Jesus, and through rejoicing strong to preach Jesus.

I named just now difficulties *peculiar to us as ministers*, but as one of our brethren is to follow me on a similar subject, I will not say much on that.

We have a temptation to regard ourselves *as spiritually prosperous beyond our people.* Notwithstanding that we may have an average humility, and confess day by day, with a bitter sense of reality, the feebleness of our piety, there is danger of an assumption that we, of all about us, are nearest to God. We ought to be nearest, and perhaps, the consciousness of that leads us to conclude that we are so. The feeling for the most part is latent. It does not grow to words. It is one of those things which the devil never uncovers fully lest it frightens us. And, perhaps, here the most sincere are the most in danger. I need not say that a spirit of this kind, largely cherished, must blast any ministry. "Pharisee" and "Unfruitful" are synonyms in this matter. If we

about wearing even the air of "Stand aside, I am holier than thou," we must hinder success. Joy in the Lord will do much to prevent this conceit. Nothing so much tends to humility as true spiritual joy. Humility is the very life of joy, it is the air she breathes, the food she eats, and even the raiment which she wears. It is the poor in spirit who inherit the kingdom of heaven, and that not only in the future but now. Joy finds her all in Christ, and every song she raises is about him, about what he is, what he pardons, and what he gives. Nothing sooner cuts the throat of joy than self-righteousness. Spiritual pride and holy joy are the rank weed and the tender flower, and they will not grow together.

We often remind each other, and I fear still oftener remind ourselves, of the danger of *a spirit of mere routine*. The holy gospel, committed to our trust by him who "counted us faithful, putting us into the ministry," is taught coldly. We find ourselves vainly attempting to keep it before our people in its heavenly freshness, and wake again and again to the consciousness that we have embalmed it with feelings of duty, like a mummy in our hearts, instead of preserving it in the spirit of holy joy. Fair tree of life though it is from which we are to pluck fruit for the feeding, and leaves for the healing of the nations, he who gathers with the hand of duty corrupts the one and withers the other ere he gives and applies them. The joy of the Lord is not simply one of the things, but instrumentally, is perhaps the only thing which will deliver us from routine. He whose heart is full of love to Christ, and full of joy in the word of Christ, will be comparatively free from such a ministry as this. *His* soul, at least, will not drag round in the miserable seven days' circle of weekly duties, but will make him, or ever he is aware, like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.

To mention but one more of these things which occasion weakness, our ministry is in danger of being toned down to a pitiable feebleness by *the critical spirit of the age*. You have to meet with this influence not only in books, and abroad in the world, but in your congregations, in the leading spirits around you, and in your closest friends. It is bad enough when your hearers are Athenianised into a constant looking for "some new thing;" it is worse even than that when they are largely subject to that modern form of possession called the "spirit of propriety," in which the devil still, as of old, cries out at the sight of an earnestly presented Saviour; and, did it speak truthfully, would, possibly, in some cases, cry now as then, "I beseech thee, torment me not before my time." There are some in most of our congregations, and many more around us, who seem to think the sermon is successful in proportion as you succeed in saying nothing wrong. Listen to them, and they will almost make you feel that the outspoken plainness which they call vulgarity, is the blackest of all sins, and refinement the brightest of all virtues. Enthusiasm, and even common earnestness, are frightful shapes ever to be avoided. We bless God that there are not so many of these men as there were, but there are still enough to do us harm if we are wanting in the counteracting influence of holy joy. These are the men who, if we are not careful, will gradually lead us to mention even the name of Jesus coldly, and make us talk of the kingdom of heaven and all its riches in the phlegmatic spirit with which you might

discuss a problem of Euclid. Younger brethren in the College will not misunderstand me; do not be vulgar. The gospel is not successful in proportion as we are clowns, but it ever has been successful in proportion as its preachers are earnest, and, if one of two things must be chosen, my advice would be, say the whole sermon bottom upwards, rather than cultivate the great ambition which, big as it is, manages to find a resting-place in the success of saying nothing wrong. Fops never do much in the business of this world but spend money, and to say the very least thing of mere ministerial correctness and niceties, if they are our staple commodity, we must be Christless and fruitless labourers.

Though I have spoken like this, I feel this influence, and probably you feel it, whether you have discovered it or not. A spirit of this kind is like the subtle foulness which lurks in a corrupted atmosphere; you discover the cause and source as you feel the pangs of disease. Again, nothing will preserve us from contagion like the joy of the Lord. This, truly and really felt, will not only preserve us from the evil, but prevent us from rushing to an opposite extreme. Full of this joy we shall be able to look very calmly on all opinions of men, and to preach the gospel at once in tenderness and gentleness, and yet in earnestness and power.

I have spoken too long on this negative aspect of the matter to allow of time to say anything on—

II. THE WAY IN WHICH THE JOY OF THE LORD WILL SUPPLY A POSITIVE STRENGTH FOR OUR MINISTRY.

I can only indicate what I would have gladly extended. For one thing, nothing, in labour, is ever strong that has not joy. Your studies as students will be successful as they are a pleasure. John Howard was successful as he delighted in relieving the wretchedness of the prisoners he visited. And so, all the world over, joy in work means strength in work.

Joy, too, *supposes faith;* and faith, even when mistaken, is still strength: much more is it strength to us who have not only the impetus which comes through confidence in the issue, but a loving God, who directly responds to our faith, and says, "Whatsoever ye ask, believing, it shall be done unto you."

Joy also *knows* the Lord, and "the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Let us be well assured of this, brethren, that no ministry will ever be strong that wants joy in the Lord. Oh, how the Lord himself felt that when about to leave the disciples to the great work of beginning to preach his kingdom! You know the length, and tenderness, and power of that wonderful discourse in the three chapters of John. You know how the Saviour turned aside from the sufferings of his own soul, troubled even at the table, to speak thus to them. The disciples must be thought of, and these words uttered, though the Saviour had to forget his own sorrow. What does he say is the purpose of those words? Mark it well, brethren, and let the saying sink deep down into your hearts: "These things have I spoken unto you *that your joy might be full.*" Ah! Christ knew that a joyless ministry must be barren. Humanly, joy had been his own strength for he *loved* to save, and he well knew that *they* would do nothing without it. Paul felt its power and necessity, and cried aloud to his beloved Philippians, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say

rejoice." Fools, and worse than that shall we be, if we look for a powerful ministry and yet carry to the work only joyless souls.

This already too long paper may be fitly closed by a word in answer to the question—

III. How is this joy of the Lord to be obtained and nourished?

"You will tell us how to get it," said a brother whom we all love, when writing me a word on the character of this subject. It is not so easy, brethren. It is simple work enough to tell you where you may gather stones, but another thing to tell you how to find diamonds. You cannot rule two straight lines, in such a matter as this, and then, pointing up between them, say, "The joy of ths Lord lies there." Pursue the blessing singly, and for its own sake, and you will be very likely to miss it. You may even calculate a little on the erratic movement of the painted butterfly, but I think you can do but little in that way here. Joy in the Lord is the *outflow of a life* in the Lord, and not of attention to some two, or three, or more of its dietary rules. Chase it *alone*, and you will very likely pursue an *ignis-fatuus*, which recedes as you seem to near it, and fades altogether when you want it. It comes ftom a whole range of heavenly life; nowhere from without that, but everywhere from within it, for, "He giveth peace *within* thy borders." Deep joy supposes much prayer, much faith, much purity of motive, much conscious sincerity, much love to God, to his truth, and to lost souls. Lose *any one* of these largely, and we think in that proportion you lose joy. Pray coldly and you will sing feebly. Believe but little, and you will joy but little. Detect yourself in unholy motives, and in a spirit dishonest to yourself, to men, and to your God, and joy goes as self-disrespect comes. Lost joy and lost holiness ever go together. We sing occasionally—

> "Where is the *blessedness* I knew
> When first I saw the Lord,"

And the lines at such times would generally run with equal truth—

> "Where is the *holiness* I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?"

Though all this is true, do not let us make the mistake of supposing that this joy is in some high form of ascetic piety. *We* are in no danger of the hood, and the cowl, and the cell of the ancient monk, and yet it is quite possible for us to live a monastic life, and to piously congratulate ourselves that we do so. While we leave the residuum of this old faith in the crucible as too gross for our use, it is possible for us, by a process of evaporating and condensing, to retain the same thing in a rectified form. We cannot too often remember that after all it is not our life but our Lord who is our joy. "*He* is our peace." We must have the holy life to get near to him, but still it is the joy of the Lord, and not the joy of holiness which is to be our strength.

He will probably know but little of this joy who does not fully and firmly believe in its blessedness and usefulness. While it may be a mistake to pursue after joy as a distinct attainment, we have need to realise with Nehemiah that it is both a real thing and a thing of power. Some treat the whole matter of emotion as if it were a lie; they label it

"enthusiasm," and forthwith know it as a thing not to be trusted. "Reason," they want, "not feeling." "Reason," they tell us, "may be trusted, but emotion is visionary and deceptive." As if God had not made love and joy as well as our faculties of thought. Love is often truer than reason, after all. A laggard boy winds in and out, and makes a long path as he goes across the field to his home. Not so the boy who left half-a-dozen new treasures, yesterday's birthday presents, before he went to school. *He* goes *straight* across the field, like an arrow for direction, and almost like it for speed. And that is the difference between the reason of some Christians and the joy of others. Your very reasonable man goes winding up to heaven, rambling here and there across the scattered firmament of his conclusions, somewhat after the fashion of a vessel at sea, tacking to avoid head winds. Not so the man of a warm, earnest spirit—the creature of a holy joy and ardent love. He goes not to heaven that way, but flying straight up the path of communion, without ramble or wind, looks over his inheritance above, and returns strong for the labour and conflict below. Things that go fast, brethren, generally go straighter and more true than things that go slow; and because joy is a lightning-flash which leaps into heaven at a bound, that is no reason why it should be distrusted. I had rather trust a heart that goes careering into heaven on wings of love, than one that goes limping up to God on the crutches of a slow, and often deceitful logic. The conclusions of reason may be good, but the instincts of love are better; certainly they are no worse.

Let us believe in joy. That too is the work of God, and on his authority as well as on our experience, the joy of the Lord is strength. Time is fast flying. It is but little we have done yet. If there is one aspect in which the possibility of sudden death impresses me more than another it is in the light of the question, "What have I yet done for Christ?" If ever the world needed you and me to be strong, that need is now. Endless controversy, unlimited creeds, boundless speculations, and reckless godlessness make loud calls for a ministry, which, in the highest sense, shall be a ministry of strength. God gives to us here the secret of true might. Our power is not so much in disputation and argument as in earnest love and holy joy. For the sake of a needy world, and remembering God has counted us faithful, let us honour our trust. Let us shun sin, and shun the worldly spirit which has its joy in the little vanities which lie so thick about us. Unlike the Philistines with Samson, our enemy well knows wherein our great strength lieth, and would fain have us rest ourselves in the lap of a harlot world, there to be shorn of our might. God grant that it may not be thus with one of us. Mindful of the truth that our joy is connected very closely with the nazarate of our separation, and certain that no joy is no strength, let us live far from the world and near to God, looking for the time when we shall give back the sacred trust of the gospel into the hands of Christ, and hear him invite us to such a fulness of bliss that all we know here or can know shall still leave the vast estate of pleasure in Jesus so entirely unexplored, that, as though we had not even begun to walk the fair way, or so much as set foot within the portals of this great blessedness, he shall say then, "Well done, good and faithful servant, *enter* thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXVI.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician.—*He who had the leadership of the Temple service was charged with the use of this song in public worship. What is everybody's business is never done. It was well to have one person specially to attend to the service of song in the house of the Lord.* Of David the servant of the Lord. *This would seem to indicate that the Psalm peculiarly befits one who esteems it an honour to be called Jehovah's servant. It is* THE SONG OF HAPPY SERVICE; *such a one as all may join in who bear the easy yoke of Jesus. The wicked are contrasted with the righteous, and the great Lord of devout men is heartily extolled; thus obedience to so good a Master is indirectly insisted on, and rebellion against him is plainly condemned.*

DIVISIONS.—*From* 1 *to* 4 *David describes the rebellious; in* 5 *to* 9 *he extols the various attributes of the Lord; in* 10 *and* 11 *he addresses the Lord in prayer, and in the last verse his faith sees in vision the overthrow of all the workers of iniquity.*

EXPOSITION.

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, *that there is* no fear of God before his eyes.

2 For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

3 The words of his mouth *are* iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, *and* to do good.

4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way *that is* not good; he abhorreth not evil.

1. "*The transgression of the wicked.*" His daring and wanton sin; his breaking the bounds of law and justice. "*Saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.*" Men's sins have a voice to godly ears. They are the outer index of an inner evil. It is clear that men who dare to sin constantly and presumptuously cannot respect the great Judge of all. Despite the professions of unrighteous men, when we see their unhallowed actions our heart is driven to the conclusion that they have no religion whatever. Unholiness is clear evidence of ungodliness. Wickedness is the fruit of an atheistic root. This may be made clear to the candid head by cogent reasoning, but it is clear already and intuitively to the pious heart. If God be everywhere, and I fear him, how can I dare to break his laws in his very presence? He must be a desperate traitor who will rebel in the monarch's own halls. Whatever theoretical opinions bad men may avow, they can only be classed with atheists, since they are such practically. Those eyes which have no fear of God before them now, shall have the terrors of hell before them for ever.

2. "*For.*" Here is the argument to prove the proposition laid down in the former verse. David here runs over the process of reasoning by which he had become convinced that wicked men have no proper idea of God or respect for him. God-fearing men see their sins and bewail them, where the reverse is the case we may be sure there is no fear of God. "*He flattereth himself in his own eyes.*" He counts himself a fine fellow, worthy of great respect. He quiets his conscience, and so deceives his own judgment as to reckon himself a pattern of excellence; if not for morality, yet for having sense enough not to be enslaved by rules which are bonds to others. He is the free-thinker, the man of strong mind, the hater of cant, the philosopher; and the servants of God are, in his esteem, mean-spirited and narrow-minded. Of all flatteries this is the most absurd and dangerous. Even the silliest bird will not set traps for itself; the

most pettifogging attorney will not cheat himself. To smooth over one's own conduct to one's conscience (which is the meaning of the Hebrew) is to smooth one's own path to hell. The descent to eternal ruin is easy enough, without making a glissade of it, as self-flatterers do. "*Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.*" At length he is found out and detested, despite his self-conceit. Rottenness smells sooner or later too strong to be concealed. There is a time when the leprosy cannot be hidden. At last the old house can no longer be propped up, and falls about the tenant's ears: so there is a limit to a man's self-gratulation; he is found out amid general scorn, and can no longer keep up the farce which he played so well. If this happen not in this life, the hand of death will let light in upon the covered character, and expose the sinner to shame and contempt.

The self-flattering process plainly proves the atheism of sinners, since the bare reflection that God sees them would render such self-flatteries extremely difficult, if not impossible. Belief in God, like light reveals, and then our sin and evil are perceived; but wicked men are in the dark, for they cannot see what is so clearly within them and around them that it stares them in the face.

3. "*The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit.*" This pair of hell dogs generally hunt together, and what one does not catch the other will; if iniquity cannot win by oppression, deceit will gain by chicanery. When the heart is so corrupt as to flatter itself, the tongue follows suit. The open sepulchre of the throat reveals the foulness of the inner nature. God-fearing men make a conscience of their words, and if they sin through infirmity they do not invent excuses, or go about to boast of their wickedness: but because wicked men think little of evil and artful speeches, we may be clear that God rules not in their souls. The original by declaring that the words of the wicked are falsehood and deceit is peculiarly strong; as if they were not only false in quality, but actual falseness itself. "*He hath left off to be wise, and to do good.*" From the good way he has altogether gone aside. Men who fear God proceed from strength to strength in the right path, but godless men soon forsake what little good they once knew. How could men apostatise if they had respect unto the supreme Judge? Is it not because they grow more and more forgetful of God, that in due season they relinquish even that hypocritical reverence of him which in former days they maintained in order to flatter their souls?

4. "*He deviseth mischief upon his bed.*" His place of rest becomes the place for plotting. His bed is a hot-bed for poisonous weeds. God-fearing men meditate upon God and his service; but when men turn all their thoughts and inventive faculties towards evil, their godlessness is proved to a demonstration. He hath the devil for his bed-fellow who lies abed and schemes how to sin. God is far from him. "*He setteth himself in a way that is not good.*" When he gets up he resolutely and persistently pursues the mischief which he planned. The worst of ways he prefers for his walking, for he has taught his heart to love filthiness, having accustomed himself to revel in it in imagination. "*He abhorreth not evil.*" So far from having a contempt and abhorrence for evil, he even rejoices in it, and patronises it. He never hates a wrong thing because it is wrong, but he meditates on it, defends it, and practises it.

What a portrait of a graceless man these few verses afford us! His jauntiness of conscience, his licentiousness of speech, his intentness upon wrong-doing, his deliberate and continued preference of iniquity, and withal his atheistical heart, are all photographed to the life. Lord, save us from being such.

5 Thy mercy, O LORD, *is* in the heavens; *and* thy faithfulness *reacheth* unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness *is* like the great mountains; thy judgments *are* a great deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How excellent *is* thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
9 For with thee *is* the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

From the baseness of the wicked the psalmist turns his contemplation to the glory of God. Contrasts are impressive.

5. "*Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens.*" Like the ethereal blue, it encompasses the whole earth, smiling upon universal nature, acting as a canopy for all the creatures of earth, surmounting the loftiest peaks of human provocations, and rising high above the mists of mortal transgression. Clear sky is evermore above, and mercy calmly smiles above the din and smoke of this poor world. Darkness and clouds are but of earth's lower atmosphere: the heavens are evermore serene, and bright with innumerable stars. Divine mercy abides in its vastness of expanse, and matchless patience, all unaltered by the rebellions of man. When we can measure the heavens, then shall we bound the mercy of the Lord. Towards his own servants especially, in the salvation of the Lord Jesus, he has displayed grace higher than the heaven of heavens, and wider than the universe. O that the atheist could but see this, how earnestly would he long to become a servant of Jehovah! "*Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.*" Far, far above all comprehension is the truth and faithfulness of God. He never fails, nor forgets, nor falters, nor forfeits his word. Afflictions are like clouds, but the divine truthfulness is all around them. While we are under the cloud we are in the region of God's faithfulness; when we mount above it we shall not need such an assurance. To every word of threat, or promise, prophecy or covenant, the Lord has exactly adhered, for he is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent.

6. "*Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.*" Firm and unmoved, lofty and sublime. As winds and hurricanes shake not an Alp, so the righteousness of God is never in any degree affected by circumstances; he is always just. Who can bribe the Judge of all the earth, or who can, by threatening, compel him to pervert judgment? Not even to save his elect would the Lord suffer his righteousness to be set aside. No awe inspired by mountain scenery can equal that which fills the soul when it beholds the Son of God slain as a victim to vindicate the justice of the Inflexible Lawgiver. Right across the path of every unholy man who dreams of heaven stand the towering Andes of divine righteousness, which no unregenerate sinner can ever climb. Among great mountains lie slumbering avalanches, and there the young lightnings try their callow wings until the storm rushes down amain from the awful peaks; so against the great day of the Lord's wrath the Lord has laid up in the mountains of his righteousness dreadful ammunition of war with which to overwhelm his adversaries. "*Thy judgments are a great deep.*" God's dealings with men are not to be fathomed by every boaster who demands to see a why for every wherefore. The Lord is not to be questioned by us as to why this and why that. He has reasons, but he does not choose to submit them to our foolish consideration. Far and wide, terrible and irresistible like the ocean are the providential dispensations of God: at one time they appear as peaceful as the unrippled sea of glass; at another tossed with tempest and whirlwind, but evermore most glorious and full of mystery. Who shall discover the springs of the sea? He who shall do this may hope to comprehend the providence of the Eternal.

"Undiscovered sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts unfathomably deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went
And came again to tell the wonders there."

Yet as the deep mirrors the sky, so the mercy of the Lord is to be seen reflected

in all the arrangements of his government on earth, and over the profound depth the covenant rainbow casts its arch of comfort, for the Lord is faithful in all that he doeth.

"*O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.*" All the myriads of creatures, rational and irrational, are fed by Jehovah's hand. The countless beasts, the innumerable birds, the inconceivable abundance of fishes, the all but infinite armies of insects, all owe their continuance in life to the unceasing outgoings of the divine power. What a view of God this presents to us! What a debased creature must he be who sees no trace of such a God, and feels no awe of him!

7. "*How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God.*" Here we enter into the Holy of Holies. Benevolence, and mercy, and justice, are everywhere, but the excellence of that mercy only those have known whose faith has lifted the veil and passed into the brighter presence of the Lord; these behold the excellency of the Lord's mercy. The word translated *excellent* may be rendered "precious;" no gem or pearl can ever equal in value a sense of the Lord's love. This is such a brilliant as angels wear. Kings' regalia are a beggarly collection of worthless pebbles when compared with the tender mercy of Jehovah. David could not estimate it, and therefore, after putting a note of admiration, he left our hearts and imagination, and, better still, our experience, to fill up the rest. He writes *how excellent!* because he cannot tell us the half of it. "*Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.*" The best of reasons for the best of courses. The figure is very beautiful. The Lord overshadows his people as a hen protects her brood, or as an eagle covers its young; and we as the little ones run under the blessed shelter and feel at rest. To cower down under the wings of God is so sweet. Although the enemy be far too strong for us, we have no fear, for we nestle under the Lord's wing. O that more of Adam's race knew the excellency of the heavenly shelter! It made Jesus weep to see how they refused it: our tears may well lament the same evil.

8. "*They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house.*" Those who learn to put their trust in God shall be received into his house, and shall share in the provision laid up therein. The dwelling-place of the Lord is not confined to any place, and hence reside where we may, we may regard our dwelling, if we be believers, as one room in the Lord's great house; and we shall, both in providence and grace, find a soul-contenting store supplied to us as the result of living by faith in nearness to the Lord. If we regard the assembly of the saints as being peculiarly the house of God, believers shall, indeed, find in sacred worship the richest spiritual food. Happy is the soul that can drink in the sumptuous dainties of the gospel—nothing can so completely fill the soul. "*And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.*" As they have the fruits of Eden to feed on, so shall they have the river of Paradise to drink from. God's everlasting love bears to us a constant and ample comfort, of which grace makes us to drink by faith, and then our pleasure is of the richest kind. The Lord not only brings us to this river, but makes us drink: herein we see the condescension of divine love. Heaven will, in the fullest sense, fulfil these words; but they who trust in the Lord enjoy the antepast even here. The happiness given to the faithful is that of God himself; purified spirits joy with the same joy as the Lord himself. "That my joy may be in you, that your joy may be full."

9. "*For with thee is the fountain of life.*" This verse is made of simple words, but like the first chapter of John's Gospel, it is very deep. From the Lord, as from an independent self-sufficient spring, all creature life proceeds, by him it is sustained, through him alone can it be perfected. Life is in the creature, but the fountain of it is only in the Creator. Of spiritual life, this is true in the most emphatic sense; "it is the Spirit that quickeneth," "and we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God." "*In thy light shall we see light.*" Light is the glory of life. Life in the dark is misery, and rather death than life. The Lord alone can give natural, intellectual, and spiritual life; he alone can make

life bright and lustrous. In spiritual things the knowledge of God sheds a light on all other subjects. We need no candle to see the sun, we see it by its own radiance, and then see everything else by the same lustre. We never see Jesus by the light of self, but self in the light of Jesus. No inward intelligence of ours leads us to receive the Spirit's light, but the rather, it often helps to quench the sacred beam; purely and only by his own illumination, the Holy Ghost lights up the dark recesses of our heart's ungodliness. Vain are they who look to learning and human wit, one ray from the throne of God is better than the noonday splendour of created wisdom. Lord, give me the sun, and let those who will delight in the wax candles of superstition and the phosphorescence of corrupt philosophy. Faith derives both light and life from God, and hence she neither dies nor darkens.

10 O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

11 Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked remove me.

10. "*O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee.*" We ask no more than a continuance of the past mercy. Lord, extend this grace of thine to all the days of all who have been taught to know thy faithful love, thy tenderness, thine immutability and omnipotence. As they have been taught of the Lord to know the Lord, so go on to instruct them and perfect them. This prayer is the heart of the believer asking precisely that which the heart of his God is prepared to grant. It is well when the petition is but the reflection of the promise. "*And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.*" As thou hast never failed the righteous, so abide thou in the same manner their defender and avenger. The worst thing to be feared by the man of God is to be forsaken of heaven, hence this prayer; but the fear is groundless, hence the peace which faith brings to us. Learn from this verse, that although a continuance of mercy is guaranteed in the covenant, we are yet to make it a matter of prayer. For this good thing will the Lord be enquired of.

11. "*Let not the foot of pride come against me.*" The general prayer is here turned into a particular and personal one for himself. Pride is the devil's sin. Good men may well be afraid of proud men, for the serpent's seed will never cease to bite the heel of the godly. Fain would proud scoffers spurn the saints or trample them under foot: against their malice prayer lifts up her voice. No foot shall come upon us, no hand shall prevail against us, while Jehovah is on our side. "*Let not the hand of the wicked remove me.*" Suffer me not to be driven about as a fugitive, nor torn from my place like an uprooted tree. Violence with both hand and foot, with means fair and means foul, strove to overthrow the psalmist, but he resorts to his great Patron, and sings a song of triumph in anticipation of the defeat of his foes.

12 There are the workers of iniquity fallen: they are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

12. "*There are the workers of iniquity fallen.*" Faith sees them scattered on the plain. There! before our very eyes sin, death, and hell, lie prostrate. Behold the vanquished foes! "*They are cast down.*" Providence and grace have dashed them from their vantage ground. Jesus has already thrown all the foes of his people upon their faces, and in due time all sinners shall find it so. "*And shall not be able to rise.*" The defeat of the ungodly and of the powers of evil is final, total, irretrievable. Glory be to God, however high the powers of darkness may carry it at this present, the time hastens on when God shall defend the right, and give to evil such a fall as shall for ever crush the hopes of hell; while those who trust in the Lord shall eternally praise him and rejoice in his holy name.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 6.—"*Thy judgments are a great deep.*" Men's sins are a great deep, and Satan's ways are called a depth; but God's judgments, his ways in the wheels, are the greatest deep of all, they are unsearchable.—*Greenhill.*

Verse 7.—"*Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.*" The word signifies to fly, to betake one's self to a place of safety; as the chickens in danger to be seized on, fly under the wings of the hen. "Under whose wings thou art come to trust." Ruth ii. 12. The helpless bird pursued by the kite, in danger to be devoured, runs under the shadow of the dam. Thus it is with a sinner at the first working of faith, he apprehends himself pursued by wrath and judgment; he knows if they seize on him he must perish without remedy Oh, the sad condition of such a soul! Oh, but he sees Christ spreading his wings ready to secure perishing sinners; he hears him inviting in the gospel to come under his shadow! Oh, how sweet is that voice to him (however, while senseless he rejected it)! He hears, obeys, and runs to Christ for shelter, and so he is safe. "*How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.*"—*D. Clarkson.*

Verse 8.—"*They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.*" Mark, first, the excellency of the provision, "*fatness of thy house,*" the "*river of thy pleasures.*" The fattest is esteemed the fairest and the most excellent food; therefore the saint was enjoined to offer the fat in sacrifice under the law. As God expects the best from us, so he gives the best to us. This made David, when he had feasted so curiously, to sing so cheerfully. Fatness here is the top, the cream of all spiritual delicacies. "My soul is filled as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips." Psalm lxiii. 5. But, though God keeps so noble a house to satisfy his people's hunger, what special care doth he take to quench their thirst! "*Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures*" Oh, he drinks to them, and they pledge him in his own cup! Hath the child, then, any cause, when his Father keeps so rare and costly a table, to leave such dainties and go a-begging up and down the country for scraps and fragments? Oh, how much do these disgrace their Parent's provision and their own discretion! But mark, reader, secondly, the plenty as well as the excellency of this provision. Here is fatness in the abstract, a "*river of pleasure;*" and so much as that they who enjoy it shall be *satisfied*, and *abundantly* satisfied. A river is overflowing and ever flowing; it communicates its water, and yet is never empty. It is fed with springs and fountains, and therefore it is no wonder if it always be full. They that are at such a well need not complain of want; but here are not only rivers and fatness, but of God's people it is said, "*they shall be abundantly satisfied.*" In the original it is *inebriated.* They shall have not only a sufficiency, but a redundancy of spiritual delights. The vessels of their souls shall be filled to the brim out of that river whose streams make glad the city of God. Surely, then, they who may have bread in such abundance, enough and to spare, in their Father's house, made of the kidneys of the wheat, of the finest flour, need not hanker after the world's homely fare. Our heavenly Father doth not keep so starveling a house that the world's scraps should go down with us.—*Swinnock.*

Verse 8.—And, saith one of the fathers, do you ask me what heaven is? Saith one, When I meet you there I will tell you. The world to come, say the Rabbins, is the world where all is well. I have read of one that would willingly swim through a sea of brimstone to get to heaven, for there, and only there, is perfection of happiness. What are the silks of Persia, the spices of Egypt, the gold of Ophir, and the treasures of both Indies, to the glory of another world? Augustine tells us that one day, when he was about to write something upon the eighth verse of the thirty-sixth Psalm, "*Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures,*" and being almost swallowed up with the contemplation of heavenly joys, one called unto him very loud by his name; and, enquiring who it was, he answered, I am Jerome, with whom in my lifetime thou hadst so much conference concerning doubts in Scripture, and am now best experienced to resolve thee of any doubts concerning the joys of heaven; but only let me first ask thee this question—Art thou able to put the whole earth, and all the waters of the sea, into a little pot? Canst thou measure the waters in thy fist, and mete out heaven with thy span, or weigh the mountains in scales, or the hills in a balance? If not, no more is it possible that thy understanding should comprehend the least of the

joys of heaven; and certainly the least of the joys of heaven are inconceivable and unexpressible.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Verse 10.—"*Continue thy lovingkindness.*" When God beginneth once to let out mercy to his servants, he stints not presently, but proceeds. . . . . When Rachel had her first son, she called his name Joseph, which signifieth adding, or increase; for she said, "The Lord shall add to me another son." Gen. xxx. 24. Now God hath begun to show kindness, he shall not only give me this, but he shall give me another son also. When the Lord hath bestowed one mercy on you, you may name it Joseph, increase, addition, for God will bestow another upon you. Abraham had many mercies from God, one after another; and Moses, a multitude of mercies; he converseth with God face to face; he heareth God speak; he hath God's presence to go along with him; yea, he seeth all God's goodness and glory to pass before him. When mercies come forth, God will not presently shut the door of mercy again. "*Continue thy lovingkindness.*" The Hebrew is, draw forth, or draw out thy lovingkindness: a metaphor either taken from vessels of wine, which being set abroach once, yield not only one cup, but many cups; so when God setteth abroach the wine of his mercy, he will not fill your cup once, but twice and seven times; or, taken from a mother, who hath her breasts full of milk, draws them out for her child, not once, but often; the child shall have the breast many times in the day, and many times in the night, so when God beginneth to show mercy to you, he will draw out his breasts of consolation, and will bestow mercy after mercy upon you; or, from a line which is extended, for so God being in a way of mercy, will extend the line of mercy, and measure out mercy after mercy for you.—*Greenhill.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—What is the fear of God? How does it operate? What is the effect of its absence? What should we learn from seeing such evil results?

Or the atheism underlying transgression.

Verse 2.—The arts, motives, assistances, results, and punishments of self-flattery, and the discovery which concludes it.

Verse 3.—*Bad words.* Two out of many kinds.

Second Clause.—The relation between true wisdom and practical goodness.

Verse 4.—The sinner on his bed, in his conduct, in his heart; add to this in his death, and in his doom.

Second Clause.—Ways which are not good.

Last Clause.—Neutrality condemned.

Verses 5 *and* 6.—Four glorious similes of the mercy, faithfulness, and providence of God. The preacher has here a wealth of poetic imagery never surpassed.

Verse 6 *(last clause).*—Kindness of God to the lower animals, as well as man.

Verses 7 and 8.—Admiration! Confidence! Expectation! Realisation!

Verse 7.—The object, reasons, nature, and experience of faith.

Verse 8 *(first clause).*—*The provisions of the Lord's house.* What they are, their excellence and abundance, and for whom provided.

Verse 8 *(second clause).*—*The heavenly Hiddekel.* Its source, its flood, the happy drinkers. How they came to be such.

Verse 9 (*clause* 1).—LIFE, natural, mental, spiritual, proceed from God, are sustained, restored, purified, and perfected by him. In him it dwells with permanency, from him it flows freely, with freshness, abundance, and purity; to him it should be consecrated.

Clause Second.—LIGHT, what it is to see it. *Divine* light, what it is; how it is the medium by which we see other light. The experience here described, and the duty here hinted at.

Verse 10.—I. *The character of the righteous.* He knows God, and is upright in heart II. *His privilege*, lovingkindness and righteousness. III. *His prayer*, continue &c.

Verse 10.—The need of daily supplies of grace.

Verse 12.—A view of the overthrow of evil powers, principles, and men.

The Apostolic Work in China.

NO mission now existing has so fully our confidence and good wishes as the work of Mr. Hudson Taylor in China. It is conducted on those principles of faith in God which most dearly commend themselves to our innermost soul. The man at the head is "a vessel fit for the Master's use." His methods of procedure command our veneration—by which we mean more than our judgment or our admiration; and the success attending the whole is such as cheers our heart and reveals the divine seal upon the entire enterprise. Now comes lastly, the only thing wanted, the growl of the devil, the surest mark that his kingdom is in danger. At the risk, which we hope is a great one, that the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* have read "*China Inland Mission, Occasional Paper, Number XV.*," we give lengthy extracts from the narrative of the great trial and peril of Mr. Taylor, and the brethren in the city of Yang-chan; upon which we take leave to say, that only weak-minded believers will be moved by the criticisms of newspapers, who revile, firstly, all evangelisation, and secondly, the method adopted by Mr. Taylor of naturalising his fellow-labourers and himself by the adoption of the Chinese dress and habits. *This is the right if not the only way.* Let these devoted men and women persevere in it. As to these missionaries causing strife, is it not always so where the true faith is in active exercise? Did not our Lord foretell that it should be so? A gun-boat has been sent, but Mr. Taylor never asked for it; if it be needed, it is not of his seeking. He has not resisted evil, but suffered it like the lowly Lamb who was dumb before his shearers. As an Englishman, he has a right to protection; as a Christian, he has not clamoured for it. We question if a more wonderful instance of the patience of the saints has been exhibited since the days of Stephen. The whole matter is a loud call in providence to the Christian church in England. Friends must help who never helped before, and all must pray, and good will come out of evil.

"Yang-chau is a city of 360,000 inhabitants, some fifteen miles up the northern branch of the Grand Canal. We arrived there in our boats on the 1st of June, and went ashore to an hotel in the city on the 8th. After a tedious battle with difficulties, the narration of which within reasonable limits is impossible, and after fruitless negotiations for, perhaps, thirty different houses, we succeeded in renting one on the 17th of July, the Prefect having given us a proclamation; and some of my family moved into the house on the 20th. When the fact of our having been baffled in Chin-kiang became noised abroad at Yang-chau, it suggested the idea that it would not be very difficult to eject us from that city; and, while the mass of the people were quite friendly, the literary classes were looking on our arrival with great jealousy, and commencing those efforts which resulted in the attacks on us on the 22nd and 23rd of August.

"More than a fortnight before the attack on us I was informed that there had been a meeting of some of the literary and military Bachelors, at which it was determined to stir up the people by 'agitating reports,' and thus to eject us from Yang-chau. I endeavoured to quiet the fears of my informant, one of the agents who had assisted us in renting the house there; but from that time we were frequently annoyed, and sometimes endangered, by the throwing of stones at and into our windows.

"Ere long small anonymous handbills in manuscript were posted up, containing

absurd charges against us, and threatening us, the landlord, and the house-agents; and the people began to be very troublesome; but by patiently endeavouring to pacify them then we succeeded in avoiding any outbreak. These handbills proving insufficient to effect the malignant purpose of their authors, larger ones, nearly a yard long, were posted up, calling us 'Brigands of the Religion of Jesus,' stating that we scooped out the eyes of the dying, opened foundling hospitals to eat the children, &c., &c. This roused the people so much, that though we were able to prevent a riot by taking our stand at the door of the premises, and arguing all day with them as they assembled, I felt it incumbent on me to write to the Prefect, and request him to take such steps as should appear to him requisite. This I did on Friday, August 14th, but on the following day I only received an evasive reply from him.

"On Saturday, August 15th, some of the better disposed people forewarned us that a riot might be expected on the morrow, and advised our adopting every precaution to avoid collision with the people. We at once built up as many entrances to the house as possible, and on Saturday afternoon, placing two large chairs across the narrow passage which leads from the street to the house, two of us seated ourselves in them, and so closed the way. A crowd of from one hundred to two hundred persons were assembled, and from time to time we addressed them, with the effect of preventing any actual breach of the peace.

"On Sunday, August 16th, a new placard was freely posted about, more vile and irritating than the previous ones. It concluded with a notification that on the examination day the graduates and the people would come to our house and burn it down; when all, natives and foreigners, would be destroyed indiscriminately.

"On Saturday, August 22nd, I first became aware of imminent danger about four p.m., when one of the servants came running into the house and asked me to come out at once, as both the inner and outer gates had been burst open, and a crowd was already on the premises. Losing no time, I went and found it was indeed so, but succeeded in getting them out, and in stationing two of our number at the end of the entrance lane, as before, while the gates were repaired by the carpenters then working on the premises. A little later the people began to pelt those sitting at the door—a thing not attempted before; and at dark, instead of going home, the rioters only became more uproarious. We sent messengers at intervals to the Prefect; but they neither returned themselves nor did any help come. The attack became general; some of the shutters of the upstairs rooms of the house were dashed in from behind, part of the garden wall was being pulled down, and it was evident that without help we could not long keep the people out. Mr. Duncan and I, therefore, determined to endeavour to make our way through the mob to the Prefect, as there was now no hope of Chinese messengers reaching him. Commending ourselves to the care of our Father, and asking the needed grace if a violent death were awaiting us (we had previously in the house commended those we were leaving behind to God's care), we assayed to set out. We saw at once that it was impossible to pass through the mob in front of the house, who now also occupied the rooms at the entrance and the end of the passage; but by passing through a neighbour's house we succeeded in eluding the rioters immediately about the door. We had not proceeded far, however, when we were recognised, and the cry was raised, 'the foreign devils are fleeing.' Happily I knew a by-way leading through some fields, by taking which we eluded most of those following us, while our rapid pace soon distanced those who still pursued us, and the thick darkness favoured us much. Moreover, the path we had taken misled many of the people, who thought we were fleeing to the East-Gate to escape from the city; and, consequently, many persons ran off by a short cut, expecting to meet us there. All this was providential, as it gave us a few minutes at a time when every moment was precious. But when we turned into the main street we were assaulted with stones, and a mob gathered behind us, increasing at every step. Our rapid strides still kept a clear space between us and them, but we were nearly

exhausted, and our legs so hurt with the stones and bricks thrown at us that we were almost failing, when we reached the door of the Ya-mun. But for the protection afforded us by the darkness, we should have scarcely reached it alive. The gate-keepers were just closing the doors as we approached, alarmed by the yells of the people behind us; but the momentary delay gave time for the crowd to come up and close upon us; the as yet unbarred gates gave way to the pressure, and we were precipitated into the entrance-hall. I am convinced that had the gates been barred they would not have been opened for us, and we should have been torn to pieces by the enraged mob. We rushed into the judgment-hall and cried, 'Save life, save life,' a cry which a Chinese mandarin is bound to attend to at any hour of day or night. We were taken to the room of the secretary and kept waiting for about three-quarters of an hour before we had an audience with the Prefect, all the time hearing the yells of the mob, destroying, for aught we knew, not only the property, but possibly the lives, of those so dear to us. And at last, when we did get an audience, it was almost more than we could bear with composure, to be asked as to what we really did with the babies? Whether it was true we had bought them, and how many? What was really the cause of all this rioting? &c., &c. At last I told his Excellency that the real cause of all this trouble was his own neglect in not taking measures when the matter was small and manageable; that I must now request him first to take steps to repress the riot, and save any of our friends who might still be alive, and afterwards make such enquiries as he might wish, or I would not answer for the result. 'Ah,' said he, 'very true, very true; first quiet the people, and then enquire. Sit still, and I will go to see what can be done.'

"He went out, telling us to remain, as the only chance of his effecting anything depended on our keeping out of sight; for by this time the number of rioters amounted to eight or ten thousand. (The natives estimated them at twenty thousand.)

"We were kept in the torture of suspense for two hours, when the Prefect returned with the governor of the military forces of the city—some 3,000 men, and told us that all was quiet now; that they had seized several of those who were plundering the premises, and would have them punished. We returned under escort. On the way back we were told that *all* the foreigners we had left in the house were killed. We had to cry to God to support us, though we hoped this might prove exaggerated or untrue.

"When we reached the house, the scene was such as baffles all description. Here, a pile of half-burned reeds showed where one of the attempts to set the house on fire had been made; there, *debris* of a broken-down wall was to be seen; and strewn about everywhere were the remains of boxes and furniture, scattered papers and letters, broken work-boxes, writing-desks, dressing-cases, and surgical-instrument cases; smouldering remains of valuable books, &c., &c.; but no trace of inhabitants within.

"It was sometime ere I was able to learn that they had escaped, and then it was not easy to ascertain where they were. At last I found them in the house of one of the neighbours, under the care of an officer. On learning from him that he considered it safe to remove them into the house, I took them back again, and was then informed of what transpired during our absence.

"After we left, Messrs. Reid and Rudland kept the doors and entrance as long as possible, determined only to retire from point to point as actually compelled, and hoping to retard the progress of the rioters until help arrived. While they were keeping the people out at the front door, a wall that had been built close up to a side door was pulled down, and they had to retire to a nearer point. Now all the teachers and servants' things were at the mercy of the mob, by whom they were all removed or destroyed, save a few which one or two had previously managed to secrete elsewhere. In the meantime the windows in the main building continued to be assailed with showers of stones: and the walls at the back were broken through. Mr. Rudland therefore went

to try and keep the people at bay there. The hope of plunder being evidently more promising behind the house, and the means of defence being absent there, the mob concentrated their efforts in that direction, and the front of the premises was left comparatively open. When Mr. Reid became aware of this, he left the servants in charge at the front, and joined Mr. Rudland in the main building: the latter going upstairs while Mr. Reid remained below.

"Instead of attempting to describe what followed, I will simply transcribe an account written by Miss Blatchley. It commences with the departure of Mr. Duncan and myself to the Prefect's:—

"'The next four or five terrible hours it is difficult to describe. We were separated now; and to personal danger was added the tenfold more painful suspense as to the fate of those away from us. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan were out in the streets, exposed to the fury of the mob; Messrs. Reid and Rudland, with the servants, were endeavouring still to guard the entrance; and we, ladies and children, were alone in the upper story of the house. It was unsafe to remain in any of the back rooms, on account of the stones and bricks which were being showered in at the windows; so we brought the children into Mrs. Taylor's room—the middle of the three front apartments—and gathered there ourselves to plead with God to protect and save us, and especially to take care of our brothers, who were in the fore-front of the danger. Sometimes a fresh outburst among the rioters made our hearts chill for a moment, but we preserved our calmness and sustained our courage by wrestling in prayer.

"'Presently Mr. Rudland came up so exhausted that he couldd hardly stand, and with his clothes all stained with mud. He said that the people had already broken through, and were in the premises.

"'We could hear that the rioters were already in the house, and were expecting every moment to see them come up the stairs, when Mr. Reid called out from the court below, in a hollow, hoarse voice, as if utterly exhausted, "Mrs. Taylor! come down if you can. They're setting the house on fire, and I can't help you." We dragged the sheets and blankets off the bed, and Mr. Rudland got out upon the projecting roof under the window, and let down Mrs. Rudland, our head printer's young wife, and Bertie. Mr. Reid hurried them away, and concealed them in the well-house, and then returned for others. But, in the meantime, a tall, strong man, naked to the waist, came into the room: and we could see others carrying off boxes from the adjoining rooms. Mrs. Taylor kept him parleying for a few minutes; but he soon began to lay hands upon us, and search our persons for money, etc. Mrs. Taylor had advised me to get a few dollars, in case we should need to escape by boat from the city, and I had tied a small bag with seven or eight dollars in it upon the side-fastening of my dress. The man snatched this from me, and asked for more, threatening to cut my head off if I did not comply; but the threat was a very vain one, as he had no weapon to carry it into execution. (We heard afterwards that the men downstairs were armed with clubs, spears, knives, etc.) He next tore off Miss Desgraz's pocket, and took away her hair-ornament; and then being soon satisfied that nothing was concealed about the thin summer clothing we wore, he turned to the boxes and drawers.

"'Somewhere about this time nurse escaped with baby by going downstairs after a man who was carrying off a box, behind which she screened baby from the stones and brickbats. She rushed through the fire at the bottom of the stairs, and so got to the front, and took refuge in the well-house. At the same time, Mr. Rudland was letting down by the blankets Freddy and Samuel, and the little Chinese girl whom Miss Desgraz had adopted, while the man in our room was still busy searching for money and other small valuables, which he could conceal in his waistband. Mrs. Taylor was speaking to him, with her hand raised, when he caught sight of her wedding-ring shining in the candle-light, and tore it from her finger: remonstrance was, of course, vain.

"'Mr. Reid was again calling to us to hasten, and the smoke was by this time becoming oppressive; while the noise of falling walls, and the almost

fiendish yelling of the mob, warned us that no time must be lost. Miss Desgraz was just safely down when the men below cast a heap of burning materials immediately under the window, and cut off escape for us who remained—that is, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Rudland, and myself. But just then our attention was directed, not to the means of escape, but to the immediate safety of Mr. Rudland. The man who searched us had now turned to him as he stood upon the roof, and reaching over the low wall caught him by the tail, and dragged him down upon the tiles. He felt about his person and discovered his watch, and struggled to get possession of it. But Mr. Rudland, determined that he should not have it, took it himself from his bosom and threw it out into the darkness, thinking it just possible that the man might leave us to seek it. This so enraged his assailant that he attempted to thrust Mr. Rudland off the roof, but Mrs. Taylor and I together caught hold of him and dragged him into the room. The man was becoming more and more exasperated; he snatched an immense brick from the wall, which had been partly broken down in the scuffle, and lifted his arm to dash it at Mr. Rudland's head. Again we saw his intention, and caught hold of the raised arm in time to prevent what must have been a death-blow. Why the man did not attempt to resist or do *us* violence, I cannot tell, except that God restrained him.

"'Seeing Mr. Rudland on an equal footing with himself (for he was now inside the room), and in a position for fair play, the man, like a true Chinaman, preferred not to face his opponent under these circumstances, and with all haste climbing over the wall, made his way across the tiles into the adjoining room, crying to his fellows below, "Come up, come up!" We were anxious now to make our own escape. One of us proposed trying the windows of the side rooms, but if we got out of these we should be outside our own premises, and, moreover, separated from those who had got out at the front. To go down by the staircase was out of the question; at the bottom was a large fire, by the light of which several men were breaking open and ransacking boxes. Not knowing what to do, we returned to the front room, and found that the fire below had been dragged away by Mr. Reid, who had by this time returned, after being many times obliged to hide among the rockery from his assailants. He said there was not a moment to loose; we must jump down and he would catch us. Mrs. Taylor went to the edge of the roof, and jumped from it—a height of from twelve to fifteen feet. I saw her fall upon her side, partially caught by Mr. Reid; and saw that Mr. Reid was ready to receive me. I left myself fall from the edge, but at the same time a brickbat struck Mr. Reid in the eye, and rendered him blind and almost insensible. Consequently, I fell upon the stones upon my back. For the instant I felt that I was either dying or stunned; but to lie there was certain death. Somehow I got upon my feet and then fell again: I got up and fell three or four times before I was able to keep up. Then I saw that Mr. Rudland, who had dropped himself from the roof uninjured, was assisting Mrs. Taylor: she could hardly stand. He had been attacked by a man with a club, but had escaped with a slight bruise. Mr. Reid, who was almost stunned by the blow he had received, and nearly fainting with pain, entreated that some one would lead him away: and the showers of bricks which were flying about us made us exert to the utmost what little strength we had remaining. The night was very dark, and the glare of the fire we were leaving made the darkness seem still more dense. With what haste we could we stumbled over the broken rocks towards the entrance, but finding one of the doors by which we must pass closed and barred, we were brought to a standstill. We waited here while Mr. Rudland went to fetch those who were in the well-house, and when we were altogether—the poor children only half dressed and with bare feet, for they had been taken out of bed—we made our way as quietly as possible round by an opening where the rioters had knocked down the wall, and so got into one of our neighbour's houses by a doorway. We were conducted first to one room, then to another, for concealment, as the danger of discovery seemed to increase; and were finally taken to the

innermost apartments of the house. We sat there in the darkness—such a long, long time it seemed—hoping and fearing as to what had become of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan. Mr. Reid lay groaning with pain; the poor tired children wanted to sleep, and we dared not let them, as we might have to flee again at any moment. Mrs. Taylor was almost fainting from loss of blood; and I now found out that my arm was bleeding from a bad cut, and was so painful I could not move it: while many of us were stiff and sore with bruises.

"'One of our teachers had joined us in our place of refuge, and from time to time he acquainted us with what was going on outside. From him we learned that the Prefect had come with his soldiers, and was driving away the rioters; and was guarding the house in which we were concealed. But still no word of Mr Taylor.

"'At last, after the sounds of yelling and fighting had subsided, we received the joyful tidings that he and Mr. Duncan had come; and soon Mr. Taylor's own voice confirmed the report. He was not even wounded seriously, only somewhat lamed by a severe blow from a stone which had struck him in the hollow of the knee, on his way to the Ya-mun.

"'We were now once more all together, and all living; and our first thought was to lift our hearts to God in thanksgiving. At that moment we thought little of the destruction of our property, the loss amounting, as we have since estimated, to above £500. Moreover, we found that our house had not been burnt down, as had been reported to us, for the neighbours had interfered and helped to put the fires out, for fear their own dwellings should be consumed. Mr. Taylor having called in the Che-hain to see Mr. Reid's condition, and having previously ascertained from him that it was safe to return to our own quarters, the wounded were removed as soon as possible, and we once more entered the house.' [Here Mr. Taylor resumes.]

"It was past midnight when we returned to the house. A guard of soldiers and some men from the Mandarin's kept watch till dawn; then they left us, and it appeared that none were appointed to take their place. The people soon began to re-collect; and again commenced four or five long and anxious hours. After a short but ineffectual attempt to keep them out, they were able to make their way into the open ground, and it was evident that the plunder of the preceding evening had whetted the appetite of the people. Once more commending all to the care of our covenant-keeping God, who had so mercifully preserved us through the preceding night, I left them and went to the Prefect's for aid.

"Another long and anxious delay here awaited me. The Prefect had not risen, had not bathed, had not breakfasted. I sent a message in that I did not wish for an interview, but that the riotous proceedings had again commenced, and that there was no one there to repress the mob. After a time I was told that the Prefect had dispersed the mob.

"To those I had left behind, the time had been one of peculiarly painful suspense; indeed, it had seemed a climax to the anxieties and dangers of the night. As I have beford remarked, many were already injured. Now, there was no darkness to favour an escape, and the front of the house was surrounded as well as the back. When the wall had been broken through, Messrs. Duncan and Rudland took their seats at the entrance, the front garden and rockery being covered by a crowd which every moment increased. A few stones were thrown in at the open front of the upstairs rooms, but the Lord graciously restrained the crowd from doing much in this way: and just as anxiety was at its acme, and the impossibility of much longer keeping back the crowd from before and behind was evident, God sent help, the soldiers began to disperse the people, and the grounds were gradually cleared; and ere long the soldiers had the undivided privilege of looting to themselves—a privilege they did not fail to improve.

"In the afternoon, the magistrate engaged four boats, and procured sedan-chairs, and coolies for the luggage, and sent us to the South Gate. Next

morning we were escorted as far as Kwa-chau—the point of juncture of the northern branch of the Grand Canal with the Yang-tse-kiang—and proceeded to Chin-kiang.

"On our arrival at Chin-kiang, we were received by the foreign residents with the utmost sympathy, and all seemed to vie with each other in their kindness and hospitality. Though most of us were perfect strangers to them, they opened their houses to us, and did everything in their power to assist us. Their kindness we can never forget."

Our Scriptures.

DEAR SIR,—A paper of mine, containing some statements respecting foreign versions of the Bible, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, entitled "Our Scriptures," appeared in the November *Sword and Trowel*, and is replied to in the December number by a letter from Mr. Ehrenzeller, who says, "Whatever may have been Mr. Marshall's authority for these statements, he has been grievously misled, for they are all of them absolutely untrue." The following are the statements made in my paper; for the sake of accuracy I give the very words. I said, *First*, that "Books, purporting to be translations of the Scriptures, are now being circulated in the different countries of Europe, which are altered, so as to hide the word of Christ and support the worst errors of popery; and this is done at the expense of Protestant Christians." After commenting on the sin of this, I said, *Secondly*, "Foremost in this pernicious practice stands the British and Foreign Bible Society." And, I added, *Thirdly*, "I fear it is utterly hopeless to expect them to abandon it, as they have for years steadily resisted every remonstrance and appeal." Then, I said, as a reason for this fear, "This year they have refused to listen to the entreaties of Polish Christians, that they would rectify the gross errors in their version of the Polish Bible, and they are now publishing a new edition of the Romish version in Portuguese."

I do not know whether your correspondent has any authority from the British and Foreign Bible Society to say that these statements are "absolutely untrue," but I should think and hope not, for the *First* statement is certainly and undeniably true, that the Romish falsified versions of the Scriptures are circulated in the different countries of Europe, at the expense of the Protestant Christians. The British and Foreign Bible Society has long been committed to this practice, and has both owned and defended it. That these versions are "altered, so as to hide the word of Christ and support the worst errors of popery," the instances given in my paper alone, are abundantly sufficient to prove; let any who have a doubt upon that subject read the pamphlet mentioned at the close of this letter. My paper does not conceal the fact that the Romanists, and not the British and Foreign Bible Society, are the *original* corrupters of these versions, and that the Society simply prints and circulates them after they are corrupted.

Secondly. So far from it being untrue that the British and Foreign Bible Society "stands foremost," I believe I might have said it stands *alone* among Bible societies in the practice of printing and circulating the Romish versions. I have never heard of any other society being even suspected of it.

Thirdly. As to the fear I expressed that "it is utterly hopeless to expect them to abandon" the practice, I can only say that great will be my joy, and the joy of many, if the society declares that it will renounce the corrupted versions, and thus prove this fear to be a groundless one. That it has "for years steadily resisted every remonstrance and appeal," a host of witnesses, godly men and ministers of Christ, are able to testify if you can give space in your columns for their testimony. Then with respect to the action of the society in connection

with the Polish and Portuguese versions. I know not on what authority your correspondent says, "Polish Christians have made no application, direct or indirect, to rectify their Bible." Count Wengierski, as a member of a committee formed for the spread of the gospel in Poland, made the unsuccessful applications to which I referred, and letters to that gentleman on the subject, from the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, and the Rev. S. B. Bergne, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, were printed this year in number 32 of the *Quarterly Record* of the Trinitarian Bible Society (29, Red Lion Square). I have also seen a copy of a letter from the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone (who is superintendent of the translating department of the British and Foreign Bible Society), dated March 25, 1868, written in reply to a second application of the Count's, in which he is told that he "simply asks for that which has already been refused for very good reasons." This correspondence will, I hope, shortly be published, as the former has been, and will sufficiently prove that applications to rectify the Polish Bible have been made and refused. As to the Portuguese Scriptures, I shall be glad indeed to find that the Society is not this year publishing the Romish version, and that I have been incorrectly informed on that point; yet, even if this should be so, it will not in the slightest degree affect the points at issue. If the Society is not now publishing the Portuguese Romish version, it has published it, and has it now for circulation, as may readily be seen by reference to page 22 of the catalogue prefixed to the Report for the current year, where five editions of the Romish version of *Pereira*, including the Old Testament, and only two of the Protestant *D'Almeida* (New Testament only), are advertised.

In conclusion, I cannot but express my regret that in his attempt to defend the conduct of the British and Foreign Bible Society, your correspondent should have been led to speak lightly of the errors of the corrupted versions. However great may have been the merits of the Latin Vulgate as it came from the hands of Jerome, it is quite certain that the versions which now profess to be made from it are exceedingly faulty and corrupt. For a brief but lucid history of the Vulgate, and for a reply to the assertion, that "These translations from the Vulgate are printed *without notes and comments*" by the Bible Society, I again refer the reader to the very important and admirable pamphlet, entitled "*The Circulation of the Roman Catholic Versions of the Bible by the British and Foreign Bible Society: the Defence of the Practice examined. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Published by William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row. Price Sixpence.*" Hoping that you will kindly insert this reply to Mr. Ehrenzeller's letter, in the next number of the "*Sword and Trowel*,"

I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

Oxford Street. THOMAS D. MARSHALL.

A correspondent, who feels some surprise at certain statements contained in the letter of Mr. Ehrenzeller, in our last, sends us the following extract from Dr. Underhill's pamphlet, "The Baptists and the Bible Society":—

"No doubt the same 'prudential' considerations have constrained the Bible Society to continue to circulate in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, the unfaithful and erroneous versions of Romish translators. For some years past the most urgent entreaties have been addressed to the Bible Society to discontinue their circulation. It is not a mere question of rite. These versions are held, by valued supporters of the Bible Society, to teach positive error of the most pernicious kind. The Catholic priest, it is said, is able to prove from them that penance is necessary to salvation; that auricular confession is ordained of God; that purgatory is a reality; that the worship of saints and their images is justifiable; and that by works, not by faith, men are saved.* These statements are not denied by the Bible Society Committee. It can, therefore, create no surprise that the friends of the Bible Society

* "The Bible and the Bible Society." By the Rev. J. D. Hales, M.A. "The Bible and the Version of Lemaistre de Saci." By B. Bozzy, Pastor. "Modern Translation of the Vulgate and the Bible Society." By C. E. Stuart, A.M. "A Protest against the Circulation of the Papal Latin Vulgate and its Versions by the British and Foreign Bible Society." By the Rev. J. D. Hales, A.M., and C. E. Stuart, A.M.

should desire its Committee to withhold both their sanction and pecuniary support from such versions. Apart from the numerous pamphlets that have issued from the press on this subject, a petition, most influentially signed, was presented in 1863, urging the Committee to withdraw these unfaithful translations from circulation. The petitioners say that they had indulged the hope 'that the printing or circulation by the Society of any versions of the Sacred Scriptures which could justly be condemned as in any degree perverting the sacred text would be altogether discontinued.' They are grieved to find that these objectionable translations are still issued, and they entreat the Committee to give up the printing and circulation of every unfaithful version. As the reply of the Bible Society Committee is the latest expression of the principles on which the Society adopts and distributes foreign versions of the Word of God, it is due to the Committee to give their Resolution in full:—"Resolved unanimously, that while this Committee earnestly desire to discontinue the circulation of versions from the Latin Vulgate, and are using every effort to attain this object, they cannot pledge themselves to relinquish their use where it is found impracticable to induce Roman Catholics to receive any other, especially as they possess abundant proof that the blessing of God has accompanied their circulation and perusal."

Reviews.

Our Reviews occupy an unusually large space this month, but we were anxious not to delay the many books sent to us at this prolific season. Publishers must be content with our brevity, if we are not wearied with the multiplicity of their issues. Our shortest notices cost us as much time and care as the longest, for we always endeavour to review with conscientious impartiality.

In a few days will be ready, price One Shilling, in coloured wrapper,

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK.

The bulk of this quaint proverbial talk has appeared in the *Sword and Trowel*, but several new chapters are added, all in the same homely style. The real name of the author is given in the little volume, which we hope will be largely scattered among our working people, for whose moral benefit it was written.

Spurgeon's Almanack. One Penny.

Our circulation has always been great; we hope for equal acceptance this year.

The Illustrated Family Bible. With many hundred wood engravings; representing historical events, landscape scenes from natural history, costume, and antiquities, from the best sources. To which are added original notes by JOHN KITTO, D.D.; with a series of introductions prefixed to the various books of the Old and New Testaments: by Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A. In 2 vols. London: James Sangster & Co.

This is the cheapest edition of the Pictorial Bible, and brings it within the reach of the many. The name of Kitto is a guarantee of excellence in the department of Biblical illustration. This is an established standard work, and therefore requires no review from us: the plates from which this edition is printed are sadly worn, but if this had not been the case the two volumes would never have been issued at the very low price now asked for them.

The Great Cloud of Witnesses; or, Faith and its Victories. By W. Landels, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

We must defer our notice of our friend's elegant volume of eloquent discoursing until we have ampler space for so worthy a subject.

Old Merry's Annual. Hodder and Stoughton.

There ought to have been something in the title to inform the general public that this is a year's issue of that capital boys' magazine, Old Merry. In general the magazine is well written, and well illustrated, and it deserves to be, and we trust is, one of the most popular of juvenile books; here and there, however, it is disfigured by an execrable wood-cut. Mr. Hodder is too vigorous a publisher to remain content until in all respects this favourite juvenile periodical is beyond criticism.

Short Lectures on the Sunday Gospels, from Advent to Easter. By the Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, Rector of Pluckley. Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, and W. Macintosh.

SHORT and simple sermons for village congregations. Very elementary, but sound and earnest. They are based upon the whole of the gospel for the day, and to us as Dissenters, used to longer and deeper preaching, seem more fit for brief comments on the reading than for sermons. It is said in a certain Anglican journal that we overlook all the good in the Church of England, but so far are we from doing so, that we are perhaps as well acquainted with the good side of Anglicanism as our critic himself. We most unfeignedly rejoice to see clergymen evangelical, and wish they were all so to the fullest extent; the Evangelical party in the Establishment is the only one with which we can hold the least spiritual brotherhood; at the same time, we cannot cease from expressing our regret that enlightened ministers should remain in fellowship with a church in which rationalists and Papists find so appropriate a home, and should profess to agree with a prayer-book which teaches baptismal regeneration as plainly as words can speak. That they should think us bitter is the natural alternative if they cannot allow their consciences to admit us to be right. Our imputed malignity is no other than the power of unpalatable truth.

The City Diary, 1869. Price One Shilling. COLLINGRIDGE.

ESSENTIAL to city men. Contains all the city information, well arranged. The *Diary* is handy and cheap.

Richard Blake and his little green Bible. Johnstone and Hunter.

WHEREVER this little green Bible travelled it worked wonders. There are several imaginary narratives setting forth the power of the Word of God, and this is one of the best of them.

Public Life of Queen Victoria. By JOHN M'GILCHRIST. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

A VERY interesting sketch of the life of our Queen, which, being sold at so low a price, is sure to have many readers.

The True Nobility. Sketches of the life and character of Lord Haddo, Fifth Earl of Aberdeen, and of his son, the Hon. J. H. Gordon. By DR. DUFF. Religious Tract Society.

EXQUISITE miniatures of two of the loveliest characters which have adorned the peerage. Father and son were equally remarkable for the abundant grace manifested in their lives. Dr. Duff, who still brings forth fruit in old age, has done valuable service in sending forth this useful little volume. We wish him long life and growing power as a minister of Christ, and as the accomplished professor of evangelistic theology of the Free Church of Scotland.

Mistress Margery; a Tale of the Lollards. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw, 48, Paternoster Row.

A WELL-DRAWN picture of the times of Richard II. and Henry IV. makes the background of a most pathetic tale, in the foreground of which a young married lady follows the Lord Jesus even to the fiery trial of the stake. Instead of yelling out, "No Popery," and acting like Papists by tyrannising over the Irish, let all good Protestants disseminate such works as this. The hatred of Popery so created will be intelligent, deep, and lasting. It is one of the sweetest, most tender, and most holy books of the season. It is a page in history which young men and maidens will do well to saturate with holy tears.

Stories from Germany. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

JUST the book for a Christmas gift, and many a young gentleman, we hope, will brighten up as he takes this well bound and handsome, though not expensive, volume, to have a quiet read during the holidays.

The Private Letters of St. Paul and St. John. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Arthur Miall, 18, Bouverie Street.

A VERY respectable little book, containing three lectures, displaying rather more than average thought and power. We do not agree with the doctrine, which is too Arminian for our taste, but the book will pay for perusal.

Little Meg's Children. By the author of Jessica's First Prayer." Religious Tract Society.

A STORY equal to Jessica's first prayer in simple pathos. What encomium can be higher? We confess to having gone upstairs for a dry handkerchief after reading this tale. The writer has the key of our heart.

Tibby, the Charwoman, and her Friends. By P. E. S. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., Edinburgh.

THE story of this little book is Scotch, which will make it all the more attractive to a large body of our subscribers. Scotland holds some of our best and warmest friends. This tale beautifully illustrates the power of divine grace among the poorest. Tibby finds joy and peace in believing, and amid the wretchedness of the poorhouse spreads heavenly influences all around.

How Tom Tomkins made his Fortune. Mrs. L. E. REES. Partridge & Co.

CAPITAL. A first-rate little thing, well written, and well illustrated.

Poems and Ballads. By JANET HAMILTON. *With Introductory Papers.* By GEO. GILFILLAN and A. WALLACE, D.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose, 61; St. Vincent Street.

SWEET and clear natural notes of an untrained muse. Janet Hamilton is a true poetess. These ballads and songs are secular, and somewhat out of our line of things, but their voice is for liberty and truth, and therefore far let their notes ring forth.

A Book for Governesses. By ONE OF THEM. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

WE always hail with joy any effort to assist this most deserving class of persons, whose lives are frequently full of toil and anxiety, while their old age is, alas! too often embittered by the pangs of want. Few do more for the benefit of others, but though often highly esteemed, we fear they are as often forgotten when the need for their services has passed away. The book before us is a kind effort to advise and help; and we can heartily commend it for the commonsense suggestions and affectionate spirit found throughout the whole of its pages.

The Life of Jesus for Young People. By the Editor of "Kind Words." Henry Hale, 56, Old Bailey.

A FIRST-CLASS book for the young, full of illustrations, and printed on tone[d] paper, so as to make it as attractive as possible. A very good new-year's gift for any juvenile friend.

The Fundamental Principles of Phrenology. By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D. Houlston and Wright.

A VERY learned work, written with much force and after much research. On the principle of the book we pronounce no opinion. We fancy that we can tell a fool when we see one, and we have had opportunities of exercising our judgment; on the other hand, we think we have known some men look far wiser than any man could possibly be, and yet we knew them for very ordinary mortals. Doubtless, Dr. Carson, make practical use of his views, and if any of our readers wish to follow him, they will find a very interesting book in the one under review.

Memoir of Mrs. Sherman of Surrey Chapel. By her Husband. Thirteenth Thousand. S. W. Partridge and Co.

AN old friend in a new garb. We need utter no word of praise in the ear of those who have read it; but if any of our readers have not, we advise them to do so at once, as there is a treat in store for them such as they have seldom met with before. A very suitable present to any pastor's wife.

The Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine. Edited by Rev. ED. ELLIS, M.A. Christian Book Society, 22, King William Street. Price One Penny.

WE regularly receive this magazine for review, and, therefore, feel bound to say a word concerning it. It is, of course, a periodical for churchmen, and thoroughly church it is, but evangelic withal, and earnestly written, and in a good spirit. Surely it must be by inadvertence that a short paragraph headed, "Food Attracts," written by us and inserted in "The Sword and the Trowel," is placed in the number of "The Churchman" for October, as an "Old Writer." Was this done

avoid printing the detested name of C. H. SPURGEON? We certainly cannot be called an *Old* Writer. This must have been an error, but it is a similar one to that committed by another evangelical clergyman, Mr. G. S. Bowes, who takes a long extract from our "Saint and Saviour," and appends no name at all, though in other cases he gives the name of the author; and in a former volume of a similar character, was not so squeamish about placing our name after the extracts which he selected from our works. That it is inconvenient for our opponents to own that we ever say a thing worth quoting, we do not doubt, but to be a little more magnanimous might be commendable: let our friends try their hands at being generous to an adversary, and they will find it yields a pleasant sensation.

The Priests of the New Testament. A Sermon preached at the Triennial Meeting of the Cornwall, Devon and Western Associations of the Baptist Churches, Plymouth, June 30, 1868. By J. W. DAVIS, B.A., of Kingsbridge. Unwin Brothers, 24, Bucklersbury.

A VERY exhaustive and masterly sermon upon one of the most important topics of the day. We are delighted to find that among our ministers we have men so skilful in the use of their weapons, so sound in the faith and so resolute in spirit.

Stems and Twigs; or, Sermon Framework. R. D. DICKINSON, 92, Farringdon Street.

Two hundred back-bones for sermons some of superior quality, and all of them, so far as we can judge, likely to be of service to those who need such help. The arrangement is generally natural, and often striking. Village peachers will get many a suggestion for their work, and we heartily commend this book to the attention of those who are called to work for the Lord under circumstances which call for some such help as this book affords. No name is appended to the compilation, but the doctrine is sound, the spirit earnest and practical, and the general character of the selection above the average.

A Friendly Letter to the Christians called "Brethren," on the Subject of Ministry. By ARTHUR AUGUSTUS REES. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

VERY friendly, certainly, but very forcible too, and, as we conceive, very crushing. The arrogance of Brethrenism, as developed in some quarters, needs just such faithful rebukes as this tractate affords. We wish we had space, we would transfer the whole of it to these pages, but this month we are overcrowded with pressing matter. Mr. Rees is no partisan *against* Brethrenism; he has always rejoiced in all the good which came out of the original movement; neither is he an antiquated conservative in religion, bigoted to a certain form; his judgment upon the errors of Brethrenism is, therefore, the more weighty, and his condemnation of them the more worthy of regard. We thank the Bishop of Sunderland for so seasonable and sensible a deliverance.

The Revelation of Law of Scripture. The Third Series of the "Cunningham Lectures." By P. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THE announcement of a new volume, and on such an important topic, by the author of "The Typology of Scripture," excited great expectations. Moreover, the work was to be the third of the Series of Lectures, in which Dr. Candlish's masterly book on the *Fatherhood of God* was the first. It is very much to say, that Dr. Fairbairn has not, in any respect, fallen below the standard which his former writings and position as Cunningham Lecturer had set up. The subject of "Revelation of Law in Scripture" opened up new ground; and it has been taken up in a most able manner. We believe that Dr. Fairbairn's volume will become a standard work in theological science. The Nine Lectures, together with the Supplementary Dissertation and Exposition of passages from Paul's writings on the Law, make a volume which is invaluable to the Biblical student. We had marked several passages of peculiarly able and suggestive character for quotation; but we must content ourselves with urging all, ministers especially, to procure and study the work for themselves.

The Four Evangelists with the Distinctive Characteristics of their Gospels. By E. A. Thomson, Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The writer of this volume informs us that it is a reprint of six articles from the "Journal of Prophecy." The articles were first prepared as "Pulpit-lectures, and delivered in the ordinary course of Sabbath-morning ministration." We cannot forbear congratulating minister and people on the facts above stated. It is much to the credit of both that the contents of this ably written volume were appreciated in the "ordinary course of ministration." It is very evident that the congregation is a good deal above the ordinary level in point of intelligence and thoughtfulness. The volume has our hearty commendation as a most successful exhibition of the characteristics of each gospel—of the diversity and harmony of the gospels. Whilst the writer acknowledges his indebtedness to many authors, he has looked at the whole subject for himself, and presents us with fresh views and most valuable hints. As a handy volume on the important subjects treated of, Mr. Thomson's volume deserves all the praise we can bestow.

The Writings of Origen. Vol. I. *Irenæus and Hippolytus.* Vol. II. Anti-Nicene Christian Library. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Two more volumes, equal in style and worth to any others of this admirable series of the early Fathers. We tried to make some extracts to show the "wisdom of the Fathers," but have come to the conclusion that far better use can be made of the space. As to the worth of tradition, handed down by these venerable individuals, we rate it at a very low figure. Compared to the "Bible," their light is that of a glowworm, and at times less powerful, but more treacherous. Origen evidently believed in the final restitution of all to happiness, including even the devils, while his principle of interpreting the Scriptures is wild and dangerous in the extreme. We are indebted to him for some help in the expurgating of the Apocryphal books and interpretations, but to carry out his views would land us in something equally as opposed to the truth. We are glad to possess this issue, and deem it a boon to the Christian public, to be able to secure in such a marvellously cheap manner the opportunity of judging personally the worth of the teaching of the early writers and expounders of our faith.

Lost in Paris, and other Tales. By Edwin Hodder. Hodder and Stoughton.

One of the most neat, well printed, and well illustrated books for young folk that we have had under review for some time. How far the present generation can be distanced by the future we know not, but it is evident that there is little left for them that any reasonable person can desire in the matter of books. The letter-press of this little book is equal to its external appearance, which is saying a good deal.

Golden Hours. A Monthly Magazine. Edited by W. M. Whittemore, D.D. W. Macintosh.

A very readable Monthly Magazine, fully illustrated and possessing attractions of a superior order. The amiable and earnest editor is rector of a London parish: in this periodical he tries to be catholic, but of course the church element shows itself in the usual manner. literature, without which few periodicals but our own feel themselves able to gain the ear of the public. We deprecate the general sway of fiction, as an evil which grows daily and works perniciously. The papers on foreign places and journeys are very good. The work is evidently meant to bear comparison with the *Sunday Magazine* and *Good Words*, and certainly approaches them very closely.

The Holy Land: Past and Present. By the Rev. H. S. Osborne, M.A. Partridge and Co., 26, Ivy Lane.

A first-class book on the Holy Land for young readers, abridged from a large volume which is well known as a superior work, addressing itself to Bible scholars and men of science. The illustrations are good, and the extra chapter in this edition, on the Holy Places of Jerusalem, is an improvement.

The Awdries and their Friends, and other Tales. By Mrs. Prosser. The Religious Tract Society.

Another book of stories by an authoress who knows how to amuse her young readers. The editor deserves much credit for the handsome "get up" of the book. We commend it as a capital birthday present to any young Miss.

The Latter Rain, a Record of Christian Word and Work. Edited by C. R. H. Shaw and Co.

A little paper, published fortnightly, price one halfpenny. It breathes a very earnest spirit, is practical and catholic. It is something like "The Revival" in containing records of the whereabouts of the various travelling evangelists.

A Comment on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Robert Nelson. Morgan and Chase.

"Our understanding of all Scripture is for the most part traditional. As our forefathers thought, so think we. Seldom does a mind feel at liberty to investigate for itself." We have every reason to believe that this is a piece of the author's biography, and as such we accept it as being equal in interest to any other part of the book. Evidently the writer was suddenly aroused to think for himself, and pleased with the novelty of the exercise, was constrained to write that others might share the joy. So far this is kind, but to find announced as a new or fuller view of truth what has long been most surely believed by us, does get wearisome after the first three or four hundred pages.

The Victoria Baptist Magazine. Edited by Thomas Ness and Wm. Bryant. T. M. Buzzard, Collins Street, Melbourne.

The first number of this magazine is full of promise. We trust the circulation will be such as to encourage the projectors. The hand of Providence is clearly to be seen in the drifting of our dear friend, Mr. Ness, to the antipodes. His labours will, we trust, bring untold blessings upon the young nations on the other side of the world. God speed him and his fellow workers.

The Golden Chain and its Five Links, a New Year's Address to the Young. By E. P. Hammond. Shaw and Co. Price Twopence.

One of the nicest little addresses to children that we have ever read. Let captious persons say what they will, Mr. Hammond has a great gift in making truth acceptable to children, and this is no mean attainment.

Memoranda.

We usually, whenever we can, write a note of thanks to the contributors to the College and Orphanage, but where this is not done, we trust none will think us ungrateful. The labour is great, and we are glad to escape with as little as possible, but we thank God, and thank our friends too, for even the smallest sums. It often gives us joy to think how the offerings of his people come up before him as an odour of sweet smell through Jesus Christ our great High Priest.

A country deacon is thanked for his most kind and thoughtful letter, but we really could not insert anything so eulogistic of our work. We are not excessively bashful, but hope we are not quite devoid of modesty. *Non nobis domine.*

For some months past, a gentleman unknown to us, has been printing our sermons as advertisements, in the Australian papers. We earnestly hope that this very costly effort of Christian love may be richly blest to the tens of thousands who will now read the sermons who never, in all probability, would otherwise have seen them. The Lord send a harvest in return for the abundant seed.

If Christian men are bound more at one time than another to pray for those in authority it is now. We are favoured with honest and true men at the helm of affairs, and they have before them work of the most arduous kind, we ought, therefore, to plead earnestly that they may be guided by divine wisdom and led in a prudent yet bold course. They may be raised up of God to do far more than as yet they have any idea of attempting.

We intend to print a little monthly list of wants for the Orphanage, feeling sure that some who prefer to present their gifts in kind will be glad to be informed of things needed. At present, flour, potatoes, treacle, sugar, rice, and other edibles, would be very acceptable to stock the stores. Parcels can be directed, C. H. Spurgeon, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Friends who write us about this and that silly tale, circulated by our enemies, are very kind, but may save themselves all trouble. We have been enabled in our ministry and in our walk before the Lord, so to act through grace, that we have given no occasion for our slanderers, save only that we have kept the faith, and been very jealous for the Lord God of Israel. Many of the absurd stories, still retailed everywhere, are the very same libels which were repeated concerning Rowland Hill and others long gone to their rest.

The College has worked well through another term. We are not relaxing our evangelistic work in any degree. More prayer is asked that a larger blessing may come.

The dear friend, who sent the thousand pounds, writes us anonymously to say that he had not seen the short paragraph in last month's number. This makes us all the more to see the hand of the Lord in it. He will rejoice with us, we are sure, in the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God.

On Thursday, December 10th, a meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, East Hill, Wandsworth. Mr. William Olney, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, took the chair. At a previous meeting the friends of the cause had promised to bring in the £115 that remained on them to collect. The effort was successful, more than the amount being realised. A most cordial vote of thanks was passed to the chairman and to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, for their kind interest in the welfare of this cause. The chapel at Wandsworth was the first new place of worship erected for one of Mr. Spurgeon's students. It has been built over five years, and cost, including the ground (freehold), £3,000. Mr. J. W. Genders is the pastor. Schoolrooms are much needed, and the money will, we trust, soon be raised for their erection.

A public tea-meeting was held at Albion Hall, Albion Square, Dalston, in connection with the Baptist church worshipping there, on Tuesday, December 8th. T. G. Congreve, Esq., took the chair at seven o'clock, and delivered a telling address, in which he expressed his great esteem for the minister, Mr. J. Blake (now of the Pastors' College), and his delight in the healthy and progressing condition of the church. Earnest and affectionate addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. A. Spurgeon, W. Alderson, W. A. Blake, and G. Wyard. During the evening a purse containing £19 2s. 6d. was presented to the pastor from the church and congregation, as a token of their continued appreciation of his labours, and special sympa with him in his late illness. A vote thanks to the chairman, and to the lad who had provided an excellent tea gra tously, was duly presented, and then pra and prayer closed a very happy meeting.

December 11th. The evening classes connection with the Pastors' College h quite a gala night. Ten of their num delivered addresses, some of which show remarkable ability. The president was the chair, and received as a token of the l of the young men, a handsome purse £15 for the College. There is hope for t future when working men can benefit education as these brethren have done.

Mr. H. Buck celebrated the second ann versary of his pastorate at Alfred Pl Chapel, Old Kent Road, on Sunday, D cember 6th, when he preached two serm to good congregations. A social meeti of the members assembled on the follow Tuesday to congratulate their pastor the event, and the blessing which ha tended his labours—above sixty pers having joined the church during the t years, besides at least twelve now see ing membership. We may also menti that the forty-seventh anniversary of t church was held on Sunday, October 25t when Mr. G. Rogers preached in the mor ing, and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon in the evenin there were very good collections. Mr. W Hackett and Mr. Mills of the Tabernac successively occupied the chair at the pub meeting on the following Tuesday, wh addresses were delivered by several of t students of the College and by a neighbou ing minister.

We hope to open in Oxford some time January the chapel formerly known Adullam, a large and spacious edifice. W must have a foothold in this metropolis error. Much pecuniary help is needed but much more earnestly do we seek di vi grace to crown the effort. The church Oxford, under Mr. Patterson's pastora is consolidated and encouraged.

The opening services of the Bapt Tabernacle, Billingborough, were conduct on December the 3rd and following da This spacious and elegant chapel has be erected on freehold land for the use of t church and congregation formerly meeti in the public hall, Billingborough. Twel months since the cause was in an expiri state, but having revived and flourish under the ministry of the present past and the public hall proving inconveni as a place of meeting, it was thought d rable to erect a "Tabernacle." A suita site having been procured, at a cost of wards of £300, the work was at on

heartily entered into. In July last Mr. J. A. Spurgeon performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone; after which between 200 and 300 sat down to tea. In the evening a large concourse listened to an excellent sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon. Aided by an earnest committee of co-workers the undertaking has been brought to a successful issue; and on December 3rd the opening services were held, when Mr. J. A. Spurgeon preached to a large congregation. A bazaar was opened by the ladies in the new school-room of the chapel, and upwards of 200 sat down to tea in the public hall. On December 4th Mr. Thomas Barrass, of Peterborough, presided at a public meeting, in which Messrs. G. T. Ennels, W. H. Smith, and J. Smith, (the minister of the place), took part. On the 6th, Mr. J. Smith, the pastor, preached two special sermons; and on the 7th, Mr. D. Horscroft, of Bourne, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on the "Life and Times of Dr. Isaac Watts." The friends here may now, it is hoped, look for a prosperous future. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has furnished £100 of the cost. The proceeds of the opening services amounted to nearly £60.

Services in connection with the second anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Herbert Hill at the Baptist Chapel, Harrow, were held on the 18th and 20th of October. Mr. G. Rogers, theological tutor of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached on Lord's-day the 18th. On Tuesday, the 20th, a tea and public meeting was held. J. Chapman, Esq., took the chair. Many friends attended and listened to interesting addresses from Messrs. F. Brown, Mortlake, Independent; T. Peters, Watford: G. T. Edgley, Chalk Farm; J. O. Fellows, John-street, Edgware-road; H. French Alfreton, and the pastor. Mr. Smith, one of the deacons, read a report, from which it appeared that the united efforts of the church during the past year, for various purposes, had succeeded in raising upwards of £300. The church now numbers seventy members, with a proportionate congregation. The most cheering aspect of the report was the spiritual prosperity which has attended the ministry of the word. The pastor thanked the friends for the proceeds of the services and the tea, and also for a handsome couch, accompanied with an address from some of the friends, expressive of their affectionate esteem.

Mr. Lennie has been recognised as pastor of the newly-formed church at Leith. A meeting of neighbouring ministers, to express their sympathy, was held November 18th. We wish the young interest abundant prosperity.

Mr. Davis has accepted the unanimous call of the church in Chesterfield, and has left the College with our best wishes. As a diligent student and prize-man he stood high in the College, and as a worker for Christ he has been already useful, and will, we trust, be more abundantly so.

The friends at Lammas Hall, Battersea, are erecting an iron chapel, and working most vigorously to pay for it. They deserve every assistance.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon:—November 30th, six; December 10th, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from November 24th to December 20th 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. McBeth	1	0	0
Mrs. Colebrook	1	0	0
Mr. McBean	1	10	0
Mrs. Brake	0	10	0
A Friend at Lindfield	1	0	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. Tinker	2	10	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
Mrs. Arnold, Collecting Box	0	19	0
H. G.	0	1	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Rev. G. Blake	0	10	6
A Birthday Offering	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
Mr. W. Carter	2	2	0
Mr. W. Thomas	10	0	0
Colonel Morrison	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Conder	3	3	0
Miss Croft	0	5	0
Mrs. Edgley, Collecting Box	0	16	4
Mr. T. Crocker	2	10	0
The Evening Classes	15	9	0
Mr. H. Dowding	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cameron	1	0	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Cornwall Road, Brixton Sunday School	1	1	0
Mr. Twichell	0	2	0
Part of Collection at Drummond Road Chapel	3	0	0
Two Working Men	0	2	6
Mr. C. Bidewell	0	2	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	0	0
M. A. S.	2	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	8	0
Mrs. Webster	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Legge	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wright	2	0	0
Mr. S. Walter	0	2	6
Mr. G. Aubrey and Friends	1	3	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	21	0	0
Masters Charles and Thomas Spurgeon...	10	10	0
Collected by Master A. Nisbet	1	0	0

	£	s.
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 29	25	14
Dec. 6	33	5
" " " "	13	46
" " " "	20	31
	£242	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 24th to December 20th 1868.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Bennett	5	0	0
Mr. McKeon	1	10	0
A Friend at Lindfield	1	0	0
S. E. H.	5	0	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Tinker	2	10	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
Legacy of late R. Dodwell, per Mr. J. Dodwell, less duty	225	0	0
An Unknown Donor	1000	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mrs. Benham	1	0	0
On account Students' House	2	17	0
A Reader of Magazine	0	5	0
H. M. F.	0	6	6
H. C....	1	1	0
Mr. B. Summersby	0	2	6
A Norfolk Wesleyan	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Crocker	2	10	0
Mr. H. Dowding	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cameron	1	0	0
A Friend	0	1	6
T. E. C.	0	2	6
H. E. J.	0	2	6
J. H. D.	0	1	0
W. C....	0	1	0
J. T. L.	0	1	0
Friends per W. P.	0	7	6
W. P....	1	0	0
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T. P.	0	5
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

Discipline of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

THE *object* of this paper is to direct attention to the discipline of our churches as distinguished from their creeds and constitution, thus contributing, it may be hoped, some assistance to the discussion of the best methods for securing and maintaining purity and peace within the gates of our Zion.

The *subject* of the paper is the discipline of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. This particular example has been selected because with it the writer is more familiar than with any other. It is moreover the discipline of one of our oldest churches, and not the least successful of them, and it has been thought that there are elements of peculiar interest connected with it which it would be superfluous to enumerate.

We are anxious to disclaim, at the outset, any pretensions to perfection in our methods of action—we have found them work best for ourselves hitherto, but we are always anxious to find out a more excellent way. Our plans have been the outgrowth of necessity, not of theory; they were not sketched on paper and then carried out as an experiment, but the circumstances of the church drove us to our present methods, and we hope we have seen a line of scriptural precedent justifying our obedience to providential indications. We should regret exceedingly if for a moment it were supposed that we would recommend absolute uniformity in the methods of discipline adopted by churches; but to our minds thus much is clear, that the congregational churches both Baptist and Pædobaptist, have gone as far in the direction of diversity as possible, and weakness rather than strength has been the result. That no room should be left for the different peculiarities of pastor and people, but all be bound to one undeviating standard of action, would be to cramp, and not to benefit; but, on the other hand, that so few points

of agreement should be accepted as a common basis of action, sustaining a sense of confidence in each other's discipline, is little short of a calamity. Mutual confidence arising from known adequate, though it may be at times dissimilar courses of action, leading up to one result must be a source of blessing to any denomination; and at present we frankly admit, as the result of a somewhat wide observation of the methods of receiving, and the all but uniform want of method in removing names from our church rolls, we have but small faith in ecclesiastical statistics, and what is worse, a limited confidence in letters of commendation from our churches. That we may all find room for improvement is undoubted, and that we may at once make the discovery and act upon it, is the object and prayer of the writer of this paper.

We remark at once that at the Tabernacle *we have no written code of laws but the Book of Inspiration*, and we unhesitatingly assert that all such printed rules as some have desired, and others adopted, are only fetters at the best of times, and snares and traps in periods of dispute and difficulty. We have faith in sanctified common sense, resulting from an application to the source of all wisdom by prayer and reading of the word. If churches would only act with the prudence of any assembly of mercantile men, much evil would be averted, and more good secured. Acting in things temporal after a truly business principle, and in things spiritual as God's word and Spirit dictate, no formal system of rules, in our opinion, will ever be required. Certain recognised courses of procedure, from which, without cause assigned, no deviation shall be made, are certainly necessary for mutual co-operation and peace in any church; but for emergencies, special action should be adopted to suit the exigencies of the case, and no rules or traditions must forbid the course which wisdom suggests, even though it should be contrary to all the precedents of the previous history of the church. A general understanding of leading principles, and an elastic interpretation of them as cases may require, will be all the rule outside of the Scripture required in churches where confidence abounds between pastors, officers, and members; if this be wanting, no rules, human or divine, can make them work harmoniously together. We must have faith in each other's intentions and integrity, or we shall loosen the pins of church action, and all will lapse into confusion and conflict.

I. Church Officers.

Principles of action however clear, and methods of procedure however established by custom, will be of little avail if they be not sustained by a vigorous executive. Amongst the officers of the church, foremost stands *the pastor*, who, though its servant, is so to rule, guide, and discipline it as God shall help and direct by his Holy Spirit. In connection with the church at the Tabernacle two such officers are now labouring. It is a trite remark that if two men ride a horse one must sit behind, and he who is in the front must hold the reins and drive. Co-pastorships have been sources of discomfort or blessing as this principle has been understood. Wherever it may have been disregarded, it is not (by the grace of God) likely to be so in the case in hand. Where one of the two brothers has been so instrumental in

creating the necessity for additional help, from the very fulness of blessing resulting from his labours; and is, moreover, so superior in talent, influence, and power,* it is a privilege to follow in the order of nature and birth which God, from the first, had evidently designed. The discipline of the church thus emanates from a common centre, acting through recognised division of labour. All meetings and institutions are subject to the influence, and when required, to the action of the Pastorate. It would be, at least, unseemly to have a hydra-headed band of Christians. Sunday-school, college, orphanage, almshouses, psalmody, are all under the supervision of a common headship, so as to prevent almost inevitable confusion, if not conflict, as the result of divided action. The leader of the church should surely lead the church's work. Strife without measure has arisen from rival authorities disputing about the boundaries of their little empires. The spirit of peace has kept us from this evil, but a judicious arrangement has been helpful in producing the result. There are still Diotrephes in the present age—men loving to have the pre-eminence—but it is the duty of the minister to magnify his office, and rule even these, which is best done not by assertions of power or complaints of want of influence, but by possessing such personal weight of piety and prudence, zeal, godliness, gentleness, and forbearance, as will inevitably place him in the front in course of time. In the long run, the measure of any man's power and influence is the measure in which he deserves to possess them; and no man is entitled to expect any more. It is quite certain that no efforts to assert official dignity, when sound judgment and weight of character are wanting, will ever result in anything short of failure and contempt. We have known some whose claims for deference and respect were in the inverse ratio to their deserts; and the only outgrowth of their priestlyism was to ruin and break up every church they attempted to guide and control. How much we need the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove! How gently, as a nurse among her children, should the pastor behave himself! With what unassuming brotherly love, and paternal wisdom, should he hold intercourse with his people! True pastors must be both made and born; and day by day must they be sustained, or their office will be a shame to themselves and a burden to their flocks. From this may the Lord keep his servants evermore.

Deacons and Elders.—After the pastor, and labouring by his side, we need brethren qualified of God to be helpers of our joy. In this church, two offices distinct in main points, though often coincident in others, are recognised, and as we think, with both Scripture and common sense upon our side. It may and does often happen that the man of judgment, prudent in counsel, and skilled in money matters, is not gifted with speech so as to lead devotional exercises in the church or prayer-meeting, or beside the bed of sickness, or in the house of mourning. A good man for things temporal, in dealing with worldly matters, may not be an elder apt to teach and to exhort. On the other hand,

* We are not responsible for the affectionate prejudices of our contributor. We think he over-estimates his brother, but the error is too inveterate with him for us to hope to reason him out of it.—*Editor.*

a man may have all the qualifications of an elder, but be lacking in such abilities as are required for the serving of tables, the disposing of finances, and the securing of needed funds for the church.

Our deacons, nine in number, are elected by the church, at the suggestion of the pastor, after consultation with the previously elected deacons. It is open to any member to nominate whom he pleases at such an election, but in no case has the recommendation of the pastor and deacons been dissented from, for the brethren nominated were in every way called and qualified of the Lord. They are chosen for life; this having been the usual custom in such cases; and there being no strong reason for a change in the rule. Their duties are to care for the ministry, and help the poor of the church, to regulate the finances and take charge of the church's property, seeing to the order and comfort of all worshipping in the place. The work is divided so as to secure the services of all, and prevent the neglect of anything through uncertainty as to the person responsible for its performance. One honoured brother is general treasurer, and has been so for many years—long may he be spared to us; another takes all out-door work, repairs of the exterior, keeping the gates, appointing doorkeepers, etc.; another has all indoor repairs; while others watch over the interests of the new churches which are springing from our loins; and one brother as a good steward sees to the arrangement and provision of the weekly communion, and the elements required for the Lord's table; thus with a common council we have separate duties. At every remembrance of these brethren we thank God. Some ministers have found their trials in their deacons; it is but right to say that we find in them our greatest comfort, and we earnestly desire that every church should share in an equal blessing.

Elders.—Our eldership, now sustained by twenty-six brethren, is a source of much blessing to our church. Without the efficient and self-denying labours of the elders, we should never be able to supervise our huge church, containing at the close of the year 1868, 3,860 members; and from which, under the present pastor, about an equal number have gone to the church triumphant, or to other parts of the church militant.

The elders are re-elected annually, but usually continue for life in their office; fresh elders are proposed by the pastor to the already elected elders, and after some time has been given for thought, the subject of the propriety of their election is discussed at an elders' meeting, and if recommended with general unanimity, the names are then laid before the church by the pastor, and after opportunity given for the expression of opinion, the vote of the church is taken. We offer no opinion here as to other methods of electing church officers, but we will add that no other plan commends itself so much to our judgment; no other plan is so safe for *our* church, or so likely to procure good officers. No other plan is so helpful to the pastor, who is most concerned in the choice, having to work with those selected; and no other plan as we can see will enable him so faithfully to discharge his office of guide and shepherd, in one of the most critical periods of the church's history. Timidity here is a crime, and the affectation of modesty in not wishing to influence the church is to our mind

dereliction of duty. A church possessed of unlimited liberty of action, needs, for the sake of its junior and less instructed members, to be directed in its choice of officers—the best men to do it are the pastor and officers already tried and proved, and the fear of giving offence seems to us but the fear of man which bringeth a snare.

To the elders is committed the spiritual oversight of the church, and such of its concerns as are not assigned to the deacons nor belong to the preacher. The seeing of enquirers, the visiting of candidates for church membership, the seeking out of absentees, the caring for the sick and troubled, the conducting of prayer-meetings, catechumen and Bible-classes for the young men—these and other needed offices our brethren the elders discharge for the church. One elder is maintained by the church for the especial purpose of visiting our sick poor, and looking after the church-roll, that this may be done regularly and efficiently. As a whole we cheerfully bear our testimony to the beneficial working of the system of deaconate and eldership as distinct offices. Both works are in a few cases performed by the same person, but the existence of the two bodies of men is in a thousand ways a great assistance to good government.

Church Membership.

All persons anxious to join our church are requested to apply personally upon any Wednesday evening, between six and nine o'clock, to the elders, two or more of whom attend in rotation every week for the purpose of seeing enquirers. When satisfied, the case is entered by the elder in one of a set of books provided for the purpose, and a card is given bearing a corresponding number to the page of the book in which particulars of the candidate's experience are recorded. Once a month, or oftener when required, the junior pastor appoints a day to see the persons thus approved of by the elders. If the pastor is satisfied, he nominates an elder or church member as visitor, and at the next church meeting asks the church to send him to enquire as to the moral character and repute of the candidate. If the visitor be satisfied he requests the candidate to attend with him at the following or next convenient church meeting, to come before the church and reply to such questions as may be put from the chair, mainly with a view to elicit expressions of his trust in the Lord Jesus, and hope of salvation through his blood, and any such facts of his spiritual history as may convince the church of the genuineness of the case. We have found this a means of grace and a rich blessing. None need apprehend that modesty is outraged, or timidity appalled by the test thus applied. We have never yet found it tend to keep members out of our midst, while we have known it of service in detecting a mistake or satisfying a doubt previously entertained. We deny that it keeps away any worth having. Surely if their Christianity cannot stand before a body of believers, and speak amongst loving sympathising hearts, it is as well to ask if it be the cross-bearing public confessing faith of the Bible? This is no matter of flesh and blood, but of faith and grace, and we should be sorry to give place to the weakness and shrinking of the flesh, so as to insult the omnipotence of grace, by deeming it unable to endure so much as the telling in the gates of Zion what great things God has

done for the soul. Of course, the system may be, and has been, abused, but we decline to recognise any argument drawn from the abuse of what we use lawfully. 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. After the statement before the church, the candidate withdraws, the visitor gives in his report, and the vote of the church is taken; when the candidate has professed his faith by immersion, which is administered by the junior pastor after a week-day service, he is received by the pastor at the first monthly communion, when the right hand of fellowship is given to him in the name of the church, and his name is entered on the roll of members. A communion card is furnished, divided by perforation into twelve numbered parts, one of which is to be delivered every month at the communion, which is held every Lord's-day; the tickets are checked upon the register, and thus show the attendance of each member at the communion. If a member is absent more than three months without any known cause, the elder in whose district he resides is requested to visit him, and send in a report on a printed form which is given him; or if the residence be distant, a letter is written, a record of such visit or letter being retained. When a case for discipline presents itself, it is brought before the elders, who appoint one of their number to visit and report; if the matter demands action beyond caution and advice, we lay it before the church, and recommend the course of procedure to be adopted, whether censure or excommunication.

In dealing with such as are members of other churches, we have been by sad experience compelled to exercise more caution than at first seemed needful. The plan we adopt is to have the person seen by an elder, who enters particulars in the transfer book. If there appears to be any difficulty, an interview is arranged with one of the pastors, who investigates the case on its own merits, as alas! he has discovered that membership with some churches is not always a guarantee even of morality. Some churches retain a name upon their books for years after the person has ceased to commune; and frequently when he has passed away from all knowledge of or connection with the church, it will nevertheless grant a transfer as if all were satisfactory. We record this with mingled shame and sorrow. When the individual has thus given evidence of fitness, so far as we can judge, a dismissal is applied for in the usual way on a form prepared—the reply is laid before the church, any information necessary is added, and the vote of the church taken.

When, in the order of God's providence, any of our number are removed from us, and are not able to attend, a certificate is given for three, six, or twelve months, which must then be renewed, and a report of the reason for renewal given, or the membership will lapse, unless in special cases. We much prefer commending our brethren to the fellowship of other churches, where they may be of service, than to have them linger out a merely nominal connection with us. We have thus sent from us 166 in the course of last year, we hope to the strengthening of the churches and the spread of the truth.

On receipt of application from any church for a transfer, the letter is

read to the church, with the detailed account from our books, giving a brief but complete history of the case, when and how received, the attendance of the person while a member with us, and reasons for seeking removal. The church is then advised to authorise the usual letter of dismission to be sent.

In all our business the aim is to have everything done openly and above-board, so that no one may complain of the existence of a clique, or the suppression of the true state of affairs. We occasionally ask the unquestioning confidence of the church in its officers in cases delicate and undesirable to be published, but otherwise we consult the church in everything, and report progress as often as possible in all matters still pending and unsettled. Nothing, we are persuaded, is so sure to create suspicion and destroy confidence as attempts at secret diplomacy, or mere official action.

When details of cases under discipline are kept from the church, the fact is openly stated, and leave asked for the maintenance of such public reticence; while any member is informed, that if dissatisfied, the pastor will give him the reasons why the elders have advised the removal of the offender, and their motive in not giving details of the sin. When it would be for the injury of good morals, or expose the pastor to a suit-at-law, the officers ask the confidence of the church, and request it to adopt their verdict in the case without hearing detailed information; this is cheerfully accorded in every case, and much evil thus averted.

All money matters are audited by unofficial brethren selected by the church, and the accounts read and books produced at the annual church meeting, when all the members endeavour to be present.

All minutes of church meetings, deacons' and elders' courts, are entered, and confirmed at the following meeting. Unless notice is previously given, no business, as a rule, is entertained but what emanates from the chair, or is sent up from an elders' or deacons' session; though this custom is departed from if any manifest benefit is to be derived from so doing, and no one challenges the motion as irregular.

Work.

The discipline of service is one element of highest importance. The best officers and the wisest mode of government will only result in feebleness and discord if the church sits still with folded hands. A lazy people must, by a law of necessity, become a corrupt people. Purest water stagnating must putrify.

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

It would lengthen out our paper, already too long, beyond all reasonable bounds, if we were to enter into details concerning the work at the Tabernacle. In general terms, we remark that our Sunday-school contains 1,077 children, under the tuition of 96 teachers; besides another band, in the almshouses, containing 180 children, with 20 teachers; a third, at Manchester Hall and Richmond Street, with 320 children and 25 teachers; and many schools connected with rooms and preaching stations too numerous to be mentioned in this outline.

We have an elders' class for the children of the officers of the church;

a young woman's Bible-class, containing from 500 to 600 members, conducted by Mrs. Bartlett; and two young men's catechumen classes, averaging upwards of 100 each. We have no means of judging the amount of work done by our members in ragged schools and Sunday-schools apart from our own place, but we know of more than a dozen schools which depend mainly, and some of them entirely, upon our help.

Meetings for prayer are held every day in connection with the church; in the morning at seven, and in the evening, generally, at half-past seven. Two prayer meetings are held every Sabbath, besides some dozens of others, held in the houses of friends, both in the week and on the Lord's-day. We are constantly hearing of these, and they are a source of great strength to the church. Railway porters, letter sorters, and others who cannot get to evening meetings, meet for prayer in the middle of the day. In several large houses of business, we have Bible-classes, etc, A number of our members have connected themselves with the Rescue Society, and have for some time visited the Homes regularly, and helped in this work with great success.

Our Evangelist's Society keeps in active operation the preaching of the gospel in the streets every Lord's-day, weather permitting, and in small rooms and preaching stations.

Our Tract Society, with 69 districts, has circulated 2,336 copies of sermons every week in the last year, which, when they have gone round the districts, are given away at the workhouses which are visited.

Two brethren are maintained in connection with Mr. Oncken's work on the Continent.

Our sisters are not wanting in their efforts to do good. We have our Dorcas, our Benevolent, our Working meetings, our Maternal Society, and our Mothers' Meetings, all in full activity. Seventeen of our poor and aged sisters are maintained in our almshouses.

Nor are the young ones behind. We have a juvenile Sabbath-school Working Society, and prayer meetings amongst the scholars. A special service for the young is held every Sunday at the almshouses at 6.30. A large Band of Hope is also doing a good work.

Our College, with its heavy responsibilities and innumerable outgrowths, and the growing care of the Orphanage, we cannot dilate upon. These are well known.

Our Colportage Society employs eight colporteurs, who have visited during the year 1868, 91,528 families, and regularly visit two hundred villages every month.

Some of our brethren work amongst the police, and visit the government stores; while others call at shops open on the Lord's-day, to try and speak a word for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

Several of our elders have regular preaching stations, with all the organisations for worship and service, which are usually connected with separate churches. These will some of them develop into distinct interests in due season, to our nominal decrease, but to the increase of the general church, which is our ultimate end and object for God's glory. Among such are, our dear friend Field, at the Rosemary Branch; Friend Dunn, at Manchester Hall, with its Sunday, Day, and Ragged Schools, and many charitable societies; and Elder Perkins, at Gospel

Hall, South Street, Camberwell, where a building has been secured for home mission work; and regular preaching is carried on both during the week and on the Lord's-day.

Our evening classes are, moreover, a fruitful source of blessing. A good education is given to all young men of moral character who will attend regularly. Two singing classes on the tonic sol-fa system are held, and one for choral music of a superior class. A Bible-class for the young on Wednesdays, and a public Bible-class presided over by Mr. Rogers on Mondays at 8.30. We have also a flourishing day-school under a most efficient master. Popular and scientific lectures are given during the winter months by Professor Selway and others, to which the public are admitted on a merely nominal payment, so as to provide interesting and instructive pastime for our young people, and at the same time connect them with our work.

Many of our friends help in the raising of new churches, four of which have been formed this year.

We must not omit to mention our Loan Fund for Chapel Building, which lends out money without interest, on the principle of the Baptist Building Fund. This sum, which we hope before long to increase to £5,000, forms a reserve for the College in case of an emergency.

In conclusion, we feel bound to acknowledge that our dependence for prosperity and peace is solely upon the God who commands the dew of his grace to descend upon his church. All our springs are in him; no under shepherd's care, not the best built and guarded fold can ever keep out the wolf in sheep's clothing, nor the enemy so watchful and relentless, who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Our help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. The discipline of the closet and the prayer meeting, of close fellowship with God in secret, will bring the reward openly. Nothing in the shape of rules or customs, no, not even the devoted services of apostles themselves, can compensate for low-toned piety on the part of the members. Whence come wars and fightings—is it not because many professors are still carnal, and walk not after the Spirit? Drawing nearer and nearer to the centre and source of all grace and blessing will inevitably result in our being "one" to the glory of God the Father. We must raise our standard of individual and personal piety, and to that extent we shall destroy elements of evil. If thorns can spring up and choke the good seed, the same law may, if rightly turned upon the foe, destroy roots of bitterness which, springing up, would trouble us, by occupying the ground with the "fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—against such there is no law."

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

City Arabs.

IN a litttle pamphlet, published, for threepence, by Mr. Nisbet, of Berners Street,* Mr. W. Burns Thomson gives a most amusing and delightful account of his labours among the wild lads of Edinburgh. We envy the man of God who can do such good service, endure such discouragements, and persevere so undauntedly. Great will be the reward of those who love their Lord so well that the offscouring of men are precious in their eyes for his sake. The lower the strata the more precious the ore, in moral mining. Jesus is glorified greatly when his gospel lifts the beggars from the dunghill and sets them among princes. The Medical Mission of Edinburgh is honoured by having such a man as Dr. Thomson in connection with it: may it prosper richly. Being much pleased with the simple narrative, we take the liberty of giving our readers copious extracts, believing that our selections will not hinder, but rather suggest the purchase of the little record.

The odd experiences of those who go upon soul-hunting expeditions among the ragged city pariahs, are illustrated by the following embarrassing predicament:—

"One afternoon, when discharging the usual class duties, we found ourselves in a moment in midnight darkness. The shutter of the only window was suddenly closed and fastened outside. As some of my scholars were not quite orthodox in their views respecting the distinction between MINE and THINE, I hastily planted myself, with outstretched arms, between them and the movables, and sent them to open the door, but that was found to be fastened outside. The stronger amongst us exerted ourselves to effect deliverance, but in vain. At length we thundered at the door and attracted the attention of the people opposite, but they brought no help. It was discovered afterwards that the handle of our door was tied by a rope to the handle of that fronting us, so that the harder we pulled, striving to get out, the more effectually we shut our neighbours in, and prevented their coming to the rescue. It was a clever trick, and I longed to make the acquaintance of its author."

The hero of this practical joke was met with and subdued by love: there was found to be a tender, affectionate heart beneath the young rascal's rough exterior.

"After a free and full forgiveness, he promised to come to my Bible Class, at least for once, to see how he should like it. He came regularly afterwards, and I was sometimes able to comfort him. At the end of several months I was called to leave that district, and went one afternoon to bid good-bye to some of those with whom I had become acquainted. When passing along Downie Place on my way home, I received a gentle tap on the arm, and turning round, saw my young Arab friend. 'I hear you're gaun awa',' he said, and the tears filled his eyes. 'Yes,' I replied, as kindly as possible, and tried to cheer him; but it wouldn't do. He fairly broke down, weeping like a child, and ejaculated betwixt his sobs, 'I'll hae nae freen' noo to tak care o' me.' This exhibition was as unexpected as it was impressive. These tears have never been forgotten. This was the first real Arab I had ever encountered, and I discovered that he had not only a *human*, but a *tender* heart."

Mr. Thomson's endeavours to form a decent Ragged School were for a long time utterly baffled by the depravity of the young sinners wh

* The City Arabs. By W. BURNS THOMSON, Medical Missionary. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

gathered to his room, apparently for no earthly purpose but to plague their teacher.

"Plenty of boys came, but we could not manage them. It is difficult to imagine, and impossible to describe, the scenes we witnessed on these occasions. A boy looks you in the face as innocently as if mischief were a stranger to him, and perhaps addresses some interesting question to you, whilst his toes are drumming the front of the pew. If he detects a suspicious glance flitting across your eye, on account of the quarter whence the noise proceeds, he gives a punch to his neighbour, tells him to be quiet, and rebukes him for his wickedness in hindering him from learning the truth. In this, our first attempt, we never got the correct name and address of a single boy. 'What is your name, my man?' 'John Russell, sir.' 'Ah! that's an honourable name.' 'That it is, sir.' 'Where do you live, my boy?' 'At Moray Place, sir.'* On expressing astonishment, and hinting that his garments were scarcely in keeping with the family residence, the youth, with an inimitable air of waggery, turns to his companion, and stretching out towards him his arm, from which dangles in ribands the sleeve of his jacket, he exclaims—'Man, Jock, d'ye hear 'im; he sez I hevna on my Sunday claes!' Many, many a time our Bible Class seemed transformed into a menagerie. The singing was marred by the intermixture of every discordant sound the ingenuity of the lads could invent. The cries of animals were ever and anon issuing from some quarter of the building. The mewing of the cat was particularly in request. The *mya-a-oo* was always prolonged into a dismal wail, and wound up with an energetic '*fizz*.' 'Talk,' says Dr. Davidson, 'of the gross darkness and depravity of heathenism! I can honestly say that I have never met in heathen countries ignorance more complete, and depravity more deep and hopeless, than I have seen in this Cowgate of Edinburgh. Certainly I should a thousand times rather deal with the poor ignorant Malagasy, whose depravity, great as it is, has not grown up under the sun of Christianity and civilisation, than I would with your young Cowgate Arabs.'"

Such is the frequent lot of Ragged School teachers in London, and they deserve, and ought to have, our daily prayers that they be not faint and weary in their work. Ordinary workers know nothing of the self-denials of those who gather together the outcasts; they bear the brunt of the battle, and should have our heartiest sympathy and aid.

Undismayed by difficulties, our friend persevered, and having a considerable taste for singing, he was led to adopt a somewhat singular mode of laying hold upon his savage *protégés*.

"Whether I clung to these boys from pride or from piety—from a mere unwillingness to be beaten in my undertaking, or from an affectionate, prayerful interest in their soul's welfare, or perhaps from a blending of both—I shall not stay to inquire; certain it is, I could never live in peace whilst they wandered around me uncared for. I longed and prayed, and worked for the opportunity of telling them, *in quietness*, of the love of God in Christ, and I could not resist the conviction, that, though Satan might be allowed to thwart, perplex, and baffle me in this precious and interesting work, the Lord would give the desire of my heart. During the remainder of the session I tried to keep up as much personal friendly intercourse as possible with the lads, that I might not fall out of acquaintance with them. Next winter I began an experiment of a kind entirely different from any hitherto attempted, mainly with the view of keeping the youths in contact with me. I engaged a professional singer, with whom Miss Mercer joyfully associated herself, to teach them music and singing. They assembled twice a week in the school-room at Cowgate-head

* A fashionable part of the city.

in great numbers. I tried to prepare the teacher for rough work, but it was with him, as I doubt not it is with many of my readers—he had no conception of what I had been speaking about. Five minutes in the school-room opened his eyes, and when I entered shortly after I found him bewildered, helpless, and actually pale with fright. And little wonder—the youngsters had rushed in with feelings of jubilation as if this were the jolliest plan I had ever tried with them, when as many as pleased might come together for a rompus, which was the only idea they had of a singing class. To speak to them was out of the question, even roaring would not have been heard; but a song, beautifully sung, gained a gradually enlarging circle of attentive listeners, till the room was quiet. Oft that winter were we struck with the power of music. When the boys themselves sung, which they soon learned to do pretty well, and in parts, they were not at all subdued: the last note was frequently converted into a bray or shriek, whilst a companion got a poke in the ribs, or was toppled over the form, or received some other little courtesy of that nature; but when a duet was sung by the teachers, the pupils were fairly spell-bound by it; and even after the applause there was a season of quiet, in which they would listen to a word of advice. During the first half-hour songs were sung; and during the second, sacred melodies. In this way they became acquainted with the words and music of many of our most precious hymns, such as 'Rock of Ages,' 'There is a fountain,' etc., etc.; and truly it was not easy to survey the group and listen unmoved, whilst they poured forth with a real heartiness the glorious truths of the gospel. The behaviour improved on the whole as the session advanced; but from first to last the management of them was an arduous and exhausting duty. In addition to what might be called the normal stream of annoyance and worry, episodes of every type and complexion were introduced to diversify the proceedings. One night a youth came in with a lighted coal in his jacket pocket. As he entered late, and I knew him to be a thorough rogue, he was kept so constantly covered with my eye, that he found it impossible to carry out the glorious exploit with which he no doubt expected to dazzle his companions; and in a short time my attention was drawn to an intolerable smell of singeing, followed soon after by a pretty dense cloud of smoke, in the midst of which the culprit rushed from the room. The burning coal had set fire to his jacket."

On the occasion of a tea and treat given to these young hopefuls, their incorrigible *kleptomania* displayed itself, and was the source of an amusing anecdote:—

"One of the juveniles, true to his Ishmaelitish instincts, slipped a saucer into his pocket, and no doubt chuckled over his success, as no notice was taken at the time of what he had done, although he had been observed. But before pronouncing the benediction I made the following intimation:—'There is a boy here who imagines himself clever enough to put a saucer in his pocket without my knowing it. The joke is all spoiled, for the boy was seen. You can place the saucer on the lobby table as you go out.' To our astonishment we found *five* saucers. There were more culprits than one; but each, supposing himself the individual addressed, delivered up his article as he went out."

The plan of giving free *breakfasts* was at last hit upon, and turned out to be the right method of reaching the poor lads. The respected writer tells us—

"We have got excellent classes this winter, and a fine description of boys to labour amongst; and, if these hasty sketches have been of any use in exciting an interest in their behalf in the minds of Christian readers, we trust you will hold up our hands in the good work by your sympathy and prayers. We should rejoice were you encouraged to do a little amongst them yourselves. If you live in a district less depraved than ours, and where fewer difficulties

would beset your efforts, thank God and begin. Let me remind you the boys *must* be taught. Though we should foolishly leave them alone, still they must be taught, and taught too at our expense. It is a costly thing to pay police officers to hunt the youths from crime to crime, judges to condemn them, drunken drum-majors to flog them, governors and warders to guard them, not to mention chaplains, teachers, food, and clothing, *all paid for out of our pockets.* A little kindness, suitably administered, might at least help to make good citizens of them, and what a saving to our pockets, not to speak of the comfort to our hearts. To-day, when coming down Anderson's Close, I met one of our wildest *quondam* Arabs, well dressed and respectable looking in his appearance, with the mallet under his arm, going to his work. He is now a journeyman mason, and doing well: and this is not a solitary case."

If a gentleman incessantly engaged in medical and educational pursuits could render such service to the church of God, what might not gentlemen of leisure accomplish! Our beloved friend and brother, Mr. Orsman, is another case in point. He toils all day at the Post Office, and then begins a second day's work among the costermongers and crossing sweepers of Golden Lane, and all for love of his Lord. Such men shame us; especially do they shame the race of Christian loungers, who go from meeting to meeting in search of pious dissipation, but never buckle down to hard work. Let those who are great at religious tea-drinkings, *soirées*, and public meetings, but very little in actual service, hide their diminished heads in the presence of the apostles of the Cowgate and Seven Dials. All honour to the excavators of souls buried under accumulated mounds of ignorance and poverty. May such men be multiplied. Not to help them with funds would be an outrage upon all the instincts of our new-born nature; not to pray for them would be to prove ourselves graceless. He who pens these lines would cheerfully resign all the honours of a most popular ministry to have the singular grace of being counted worthy of the matchless glory of bringing the outcasts into the kingdom of Christ.

C. H. SPURGEON.

"Oh, you Wretch!"

A PRAYER-MEETING TALK. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I QUITE agree with the remark made by a cheerful believer, that the Christian life may be described as "good, better, best"—"the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" but close researches into our own heart lead us to apply very different adjectives to our own carnal nature, of which we feel far more inclined to say that, to our apprehension, it is bad, worse, worst. All is light in the Lord, but all is darkness in self; in the Lord Jehovah have we righteousness and strength; in ourselves nothing but sin and weakness.

"In him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws his goodness forth,
And me he loveth still."

I heard to-day from a friend an odd story, which has much amused

me and something more. He kept a parrot of loquacious habits, and next door to him there lived a minister, who called upon him one morning and asked him to be so good as to remove the talkative bird, for it worried him exceedingly. It was not its noise, but what it said, which was the cause of annoyance. It did not swear like a trooper, or scream like a termagant, but still it disturbed the divine beyond all bearing. Its voice had not vexed his ears one-tenth so much as its utterance had rent and torn his conscience. My friend was anxious to know what dreadful words those might be which had thus turned poor harmless Poll into a tormenting spirit, a very accuser of the brethren. It turned out that the bird, when he was hanging outside the window near to the preacher's study, had screamed out with all his might, "Oh, you wretch! Oh, you wretch!" "Just," said the minister, "when I am trying to prevail with God in prayer, or am endeavouring to confess my sins, a voice seems to mock me and sarcastically cry, 'Oh, you wretch!' And," said the good man, "it is so true; I feel it is so; it comes home to me; it makes me remember that I am not praying as I ought nor laying hold upon the promise as I should, and it causes me to feel deeply ashamed of myself. When I am writing my sermon, and preparing for the Sabbath, and am perhaps mourning over my cold-hearted and dilatory studies, the parrot calls out, 'Oh, you wretch!' and I think within myself, that is really just what I am. That parrot deeply distresses me by so continually bringing before my mind my shortcomings and unworthiness. It was all very well for a time, but it is now a perpetual blister to me." My friend was very fond of his parrot though he must have sadly neglected its education; but he parted with it to relieve his neighbour, hoping thus that he had given a cup of cold water to one of the Master's little ones.

I thought, when I heard the story, that I should like to have that parrot hung up in my study, but perhaps a little bird which lodges in my breast will do as well. My conscience softly moans to me like a turtle dove, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" and the note is so true that my heart repeats it again and again: the shadow of my infirmities is ever upon me. I dare not hold my head on high, for I am deeply conscious of the evil within my bosom. Nor do I desire to feel other than ashamed of myself, for I never pray better than when the mournful note of self-accusation is heard, and I never love Jesus more than when I feel my great need of his cleansing blood. So far as I can judge, I never quicken my pace so well in the spiritual pilgrimage as when my heart cries with all her might, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." They run fastest home who most fear the storm; hence "Blessed is the man that feareth always." They carry most of Christ who have least of self, hence the richness of spiritual poverty.

As once a message from God came from the mouth of an ass, I shall borrow a text from a parrot, and use the words, "Oh, you wretch!" as a peg on which to hang a brief homily.

These words might be applied to some of us at sundry times and in divers places. For instance. Our Lord has been very gracious to us, and he has answered our prayers and fulfilled his promises times beyond number; he has brought us through six troubles, and in seven there has no evil touched us; we have been through fire and through water, and

have been divinely shielded from every ill. If, in fresh trials, we grow unbelieving and desponding, what excuse can be made for us? Some of you have been preserved sixty or seventy years; others of us have been kept by allsufficient grace, and have known the Lord now these twenty years, and have proved his faithfulness every moment during that long time. Now, when we begin to distrust and suspect the goodness of our God, our conscience might well say, "Oh, you wretch! Oh, you wretch!" What wretched creatures we must be so to dishonour our God, to question his immutable love, to doubt the veracity of his word, and suppose that he can change in his affection, or forget his people! How much more saintly to sing, "Away, distrust, my God hath promised: he is just!" Nothing degrades us more than unbelief. Nor is there any sin over which we ought to grieve with deeper anguish of repentance than mistrust of God. Oh, it is a high crime and misdemeanour to impute unfaithfulness to him who cannot lie! Wretch that I am, that I should thus insult my God! What fountains of evil must be in me when the streams are so polluted with unbelief of my faithful God!

To bring to remembrance another evil, let us reflect how often during the day we wander from God in heart; our love is fixed on an earthly creature, and images of jealousy are set up in opposition to the Well-beloved of our souls. Dagon is elevated hard by the ark. If it were not for grace, we should forsake our Lord, and as it is, it almost comes to that; idolatry well nigh supplants our worship of God, and our love to the creature leads us to undervalue our Creator's goodness, and even to repine if the object of our overweening affection is removed. Then may we well chide ourselves—

> "Wretch that I am to wander thus,
> In chase of false delights!"

We have been deceived so often by the dried-up brooks of earthly joy, why fly we to them again? We have been to the broken cisterns so many times, and found no water in them, why do we leave the everlasting spring to trust the leaking creatures?

So too, dear friends, such a word as that might be spoken to us by our conscience when we have been angry under provocation, so as to have spoken rashly with our lips. That may not be the temptation with some of you, but it is the besetting sin of not a few. Some believers soon lose their balance; they speak hard and biting words, and think very unholy things. How hardly and sharply may conscience cry, "Oh, you wretch!" When Christ has forgiven you all sin, to be so easily enraged and to find it so hard to forgive your offending brother! When the Great Creditor frankly forgave you ten thousand talents, what a wretch are you to think it so difficult to let your brother go who only owes you the hundred pence! What a wretch to have your hand upon your neighbour's throat with "Pay me what thou owest." May we learn the mischief of an angry spirit, hate ourselves for ever yielding to it; and by the softening power of the Holy Ghost, be preserved in patience and meekness in imitation of our gentle Lord.

I need not mention the many, many times during the day in which such a cry as that of the poor imitating bird might be a needful

reminder to us if a tender heart would but let us feel its power. O Saviour in heaven, when we think of what we are in ourselves, we would lie in the very dust before thee. What is there in us that can recommend us to thee? How is it thou canst love us at all? It is a wonder of wonders that ever thy august and ennobling love should have been set upon us. We cannot see anything lovely in ourselves; what is there of attraction that thy far more observant eye can by any possibility discover? We are but wretched men, as the apostle saith, in ourselves, and yet for all that, such is the exceeding greatness and abounding fulness of the love and mercy of God, that we are as surely dear to Jesus as if we were perfect in the flesh, and as much beloved of him as if we had never sinned; yea, our sins have given opportunities for matchless and amazing displays of his love, which otherwise, so far as we can judge, had not been exhibited to the wondering gaze of principalities and powers. Loathsome as sin is, I am almost ready to agree with Augustine when speaking of the fall, he said, "*Oh, beata culpa!*"—"Oh, happy fault!"—because it opened such room for redeeming love and divine compassion. Disastrous as was our first parents' sin, yet inasmuch as it made room for the wonderful display of the divine love to such sinners as we are, we can only magnify the depth of the wisdom and the height of the grace, and the breadth of the love of God, in the way in which eternal mercy overcomes the evil which was permitted, doubtless, for that very end.

It is essential that we should always maintain in our inmost hearts a deep sense of the humbling truth that we are in ourselves nothing but dust and ashes, sin and defilement; wretches in the worst sense if it were not for grace. When a man begins to think, "Well, there is something praiseworthy in my flesh after all," depend upon it, there is nothing in him of any real worth. I remember a friend of mine who, one morning met in the market a deacon for whom up to that hour he had entertained the highest respect. This deacon said to my friend, "Friend So-and-So, I want you to do me a good turn." "Well," he replied, "I am sure I will if it is at all reasonable." Then said the other, "I want you to lend me a hundred pounds." My friend had it on his tongue to say, "Yes, I will write you a cheque at once," when the deacon said, "You can trust me, you know, I am perfectly safe; I am not like a young man, who may be led into doing wrong; I have been in the ways of the Lord for so many years, and have had so much experience that I am past temptation." "Past temptation!" muttered my friend. "Past temptation! I would not lend you the value of a sixpence." "Why not?" said the man with surprise. "Because I would not trust you with any money of mine." "But why not?" "Because you say you are past temptation, and man who is so confident in himself is one I have no confidence in." That deacon knew right well that he had committed himself most grossly in pecuniary matters, and when he was talking so proudly he was consciously playing the hypocrite in the vilest manner. I was gratified at the shrewd common-sense of my friend, and glad that he saved himself from losing one hundred pounds, for the boaster went to pieces and was in prison within a month of that time. Whenever we allow our hearts to dream that we are beyond the region of indwelling sin, we are

encircled by its coils. When we imagine that we are resplendent with a thousand virtues, we are besmeared and bespattered with defilement. Our congratulatory addresses to ourselves are the sure evidences of spiritual unsoundness. All trust in our own experience, or acquired wisdom, is a sandy foundation. No slippery morass, or all-devouring bog, is more treacherous than a self-flattering estimate of human nature. Quaint Herbert says:

> "Surely, if each one saw another's heart,
> There would be no commerce,
> No sale, or bargain pass; all would disperse
> And live apart."

The poet does not tell us what a man would do if he could see his own naked self in the glass of truth. It will not be an exaggeration if we say that it would be enough to drive him mad. Whenever we censoriously exclaim, "See how others behave! If I were in their position, how much better I should be than they are," we are already well nigh gone and ready to slip with our feet. Ah! we do not know ourselves, my brethren, or instead of hearing laudatory words with pleasure, we should often shiver at the sound of a still small voice crying out, "Oh, you wretch!"

If you have a bird which cries, "Good master," wring its neck; but if it shrieks, "You wretch," be thankful that if neither your own heart nor your neighbours are honest to you, there remains yet one truth-telling creature upon the earth.

The Lord keep us empty in ourselves and full of himself, so that though we may mournfully confess, as David did, "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee;" yet with him we may add, "Nevertheless I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by thy right hand."

A Chaplain to the Protector.

WHAT mighty giants in theology flourished in the grand old days of the commonwealth! There was no need *then* for such complaints as "S. G. O" has made as to the cowardice of the pulpit. The Puritan fathers feared no man, and loved the souls of all men. How bravely they withstood the heresies of their times! How sternly they condemned the hypocrisy of the professing church, and the crimes of a dissolute generation! How wooingly they besought men to be reconciled to God! How lovingly and faithfully did they deal with sinners and with saints!

Our city churches were, in those days, crowded with listeners of all ranks and conditions of life. In St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, there were large numbers of gospel-loving hearers who thronged the parish church to listen to the fervour of that famous divine, Dr. Calamy. Not less earnest, was the preacher of St. Ann's, Blackfriars—William Jenkyn, whose commentary on St. Jude, is a living epistle of the man's zeal and faithfulness. At St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, between Tower-street and Lower Thames-street, the graceful Bates laboured most devotedly, and

thither John Howe—no mean critic—was delighted to go to listen to the flowing oratory of that silver-tongued preacher. "Into what transports of admiration of the love of God," says his genial critic, "have I seen him break forth. . . . With how high flights of thought and affection was he wont to speak of the heavenly state! even like a man much more of kin to that other world than this!" Many were the Puritanic worthies who by their ministerial gifts made the city of London to abound in godliness and love to the truth, so that it was the mainstay and metropolis of the Puritanic Israel.

Not a minor lamp, but one of the major luminaries was Thomas Manton, for seven years preacher at Stoke Newington (where he wrote and preached his exposition of the epistle of James), and subsequently of Covent-garden, where he preached to large congregations, consisting of persons of notoriety and rank. Dr. Manton was born in 1620, in a village in Somersetshire, his father being a preacher. He was evidently quick at learning, for long before he had attained the age when most young men were deemed ripe for the university, he was sent to Wadham College. His labours as a student were so diligent and unwearying, that he was soon considered to be qualified for the work of the ministry. At the age of twenty he became a preacher. Subsequent experience taught him that it was much too soon—"The Lord forgive me," he once publicly remarked, "for my rash intrusion." What was too soon for him might be the fittest date for others. In this no man is a law to his fellow. The Lord calls his ministers not at the age which *we* think fit, but when *he* sees fit. Manton commenced his ministry amid troublous scenes. The conduct of King Charles was bringing upon him the sturdy, determined, vengeance of a Parliament which had borne long enough with his political crimes. Hostilities were breaking out, ploughshares were being beaten into swords. Men were ranging themselves on the side of one or other of the two contending parties. It was no favourable season for vacillation or oscillation; and even independence of action was an expensive thing, for men went the whole hog, and were Cavaliers or Roundheads to the backbone. Preachers as well as others were expected to take sides, and they were not loth to do so. Thomas Manton, as we shall see, was possessed of a bold, uncompromising spirit, and could maintain his views with a sturdy defiance of unpleasant consequences.

He was presented to the living at Stoke Newington by a colonel, to whom, as his patron, he dedicated his commentary on Jude, in an epistle unique in its outspokenness. "You own," he wrote, "the truths to which I have witnessed; and it will be sad for our account in the day of the Lord, if after such solemn professions, you and I should be found in a carnal and unregenerate state. Make it your work to honour him who has advanced you. The differences of high and low, rich and poor, are only calculated for the present world, and cannot outlive time. The grave takes away all civil differences; skulls wear no wreaths and marks of honour. The small and great are there; the servant is free from his master." This characteristic plain-spokenness was frequently manifested towards friends and foes. He was not so much a party man as to follow the leader through thick and thin; he formed his own judgment and avowed it, fearless of results. For which, even if he fell

into mistakes, we honour him. He disapproved of the execution of the King; and when he preached before Parliament he so offended the House that some talked of sending him to the Tower; "but," says his biographer, Dr. Harris, "he never flinched, and their heat abated." Another opportunity occurred for the exercise of his boldness. Among the Presbyterian ministers implicated in the plot for restoring Charles was Christopher Love—a godly man, no doubt, but an exceedingly imprudent one. At his trial he denied having written letters respecting the raising of money and arms for the Prince, but confessed that he had connived at the scheme for restoring Charles; and, though he besought forgiveness, and Matthew Hale, as his counsel, pleaded earnestly on his behalf, he was condemned to death. The circumstances which followed, up to the time of his execution, are certainly of a most affecting character. His wife's eloquent, tearful appeals, his spirit of resignation, the efforts of his brother ministers to obtain a reprieve, and the Christian fortitude with which he met his death, are so many reasons why one is disposed to question the wisdom of Cromwell in executing him. Yet the times were eminently critical; and the guilt of conspiracy at such a juncture was doubly black, since the nation had bled enough through the beheaded King's misconduct without incurring the risk of another bloody war, or the alternative of being subjected to the domination of his son, a prince whose hypocritical conduct and frivolous life were too detestable to deserve the approval of any Christian minister. Manton, whose political sympathies were identical with Love's, attended the unfortunate man on the scaffold, and boldly declared that he would preach his funeral sermon at St. Lawrence-Jewry, "where," we are quaintly told, "Mr. Love had been minister to a numerous congregation, though not graced with the pulpit cloth, or having the convenience of the cushion."

It is said that the soldiers threatened to shoot the preacher, but Manton resolved to carry out his intention. He did so; no alarming circumstances occurred, and the sermon was subsequently published. Cromwell, who knew a good preacher when he heard him, and whose skill in discerning real merit in divines was one of the marked features of his career, was disposed to be friendly with Manton; but Manton seemed to have no great liking for Cromwell. Perhaps he never understood him, or was too high-spirited to bend to his Highness. He desired to be excused from praying at Whitehall on the occasion of Cromwell's assuming the Protectorate, though Whitlock informs us that he ultimately consented, and prayed loyally enough. He was appointed one of the Protector's chaplains, and worked laboriously and assiduously as one of the committee to enquire into the cases of those who wished to enter into the ministry. He was never guilty of nepotism. He never served himself or relatives by means of his ministerial position, but was ever ready to serve those who needed and deserved his aid.

There was a fair measure of pedantry in our learned doctor. Thus we are told that on one occasion he had to preach before my Lord Mayor. The occasion was favourable for the display of his learning and acuteness. Why should he not seize it? He did; and was a fool for his pains, for upon his return to Covent Garden a poor man gently plucked him by the sleeve of his gown, and enquired whether he was addressing

the preacher before the Lord Mayor? The reply having been given, the poor man said, "Sir, I came with earnest desires after the word of God, and hopes of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed; for I could not understand a great deal of what you said; you were quite above me." The honest-hearted divine was touched by the man's relation, and confessed he had preached him a sermon he would never forget. Dr. Harris tells a capital story, not so well known as the one I have already given. "Upon a public fast at Covent Garden Church for the persecuted Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont, Dr. Manton had got Mr. Baxter, who happened to be then in London, and Dr. Wilkins, who was afterwards Bishop of Chester, to assist him. Mr. Baxter opened the day, and preached upon the words of the prophet Amos (vi. 6), 'But they are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph.' He, after his manner, took a great compass, and grasped the whole subject. Dr. Manton succeeded him, and had chosen the same text; he was obliged often to refer to the former discourse, and to say, every now and then, 'As it has been observed by my reverend brother.' Dr. Wilkins sat cruelly uneasy, and reckoned that between them both he should have nothing left to say—for he had got the same text too. He insisted upon being excused, but Dr. Manton obliged him to go up into the pulpit, and by an ingenious artifice he succeeded admirably. Before he named his text, he prepared the audience by expressing the fears of their narrow-spiritedness and little concern for the interest of God in the world: 'For,' says he, 'without any knowledge or design of our own, we have all three been directed to the same words.' Which, spoken with the majesty and authority peculiar to the presence and spirit of that excellent person, so awakened the attention and disposed the minds of the people, that he was heard with more regard, and was thought to do more good than both the former, though he had scarce a single thought throughout the sermon distinct from the other two." Such is the remarkable story of the three Puritan divines. Would any three modern divines have succeeded as well?

Manton assisted in the restoration of King Charles the Second. He was offered the deanery of Rochester, but this he declined. Lord Clarendon was thereupon displeased, and once went so far as to accuse him to the King of uttering treasonable expressions in a public sermon. Charles ordered Manton to show him his notes, and he was well satisfied. Manton was well respected among the nobility, although he condemned their vices and refused to follow the conventionalities of court life. He constantly preached in the church, and in his house, where he had two rooms thrown open into one, and, though subject to the malice of persecuting Anglicans and libertines, he persevered in his beloved work of "opening up the Scriptures." Preaching was to him—what it should be with all who undertake it—a passion that consumed all his thoughts and energies. Under the Act of Uniformity, although Dr. Manton was one of the King's chaplains, he suffered with the general persecution. We all know how the King treated the Presbyterians in return for their allegiance to him in days of adversity—how he broke solemn pledges which he was never serious enough to entertain or care for in his heart—how he wavered and expostulated with the Episcopal persecutors, and then yielded to their fanaticism. We also know with

what pious fervour the Church of England, with a due sense of gratitude for favours received, did its best to extinguish Nonconformity—how miserably it aided those who would quench the liberty of the subject, and reduce independent men into silence and submission—how it magnified in fulsome phrases the licentious King who was its distinguished "Head," and how nobly the Puritans bore the trials of the Anglican inquisition. By the way, what became of the "Head" of the Episcopal church, when Charles the First lost his?

Dr. Manton was preaching one afternoon in a meeting-house; he had concluded his sermon, and was engaged in prayer, when a justice of the peace, and his crew, came in and broke the peace he should have preserved. The preacher's name, with that of others, was taken down. He was subsequently committed to prison. Here, however, like Joseph, he found favour in the sight of the keeper, and was much more mildly treated than his less fortunate brethren. He preached in prison. He was entrusted with the keys of the jail. On one occasion he was permitted to visit a friend in Stoke Newington. After his release, when the indulgence of the King was renewed, he preached in a large room not far from his house. He was, however, fined £20, and the place £40, but these sums were paid by Lord Wharton. In 1668, he conferred with the King, in company with Richard Baxter and others, respecting toleration and comprehension, but the bishops stopped the way. We also hear of him lecturing to the merchants and citizens at Pinner's Hall. The city companies were great friends of the gospel, and frequently lent their halls for divine worship. When his end was drawing nigh, though suffering from ill-health, he could not be persuaded to cease preaching. He continued working for the Master till the last, with this hope—that he might speedily be taken home when useless. His prayer was answered. To the grief of his friends, he died October 18, 1677, and was buried in the chancel of Stoke Newington church.

Manton was undoubtedly a good writer and a great divine. He is less rugged than some others of his school. His style is thoroughly Puritanic; not always smooth and artistic, but never slovenly—*i.e.*, seventeenth century slovenliness. We prize his commentary on the 119th Psalm very highly. We know many who depreciate it: but it is, we believe, because they lack patience to plod with the interpreter and worship with the preacher. We always read him with advantage, and chiefly like him because he keeps to his text. Sibbes travels far away, while others bring in all the five points in every sermon. Manton combines doctrines with experience very sweetly. He is exceedingly practical—never flimsy; frequently terse and sententious, and often eloquent. He lacks in wit—has none of the quaint humour of Adams, nor of the metaphorical beauty of Brooks. His divisions, which (to use a long word) are multitudinous, are always pointed and telling, and sometimes exhaustive. It is a great pity we have no complete modern edition of his works. They fetch a high price in folios and quartos, and book-buyers, not many years ago, were known to give twenty guineas for a complete set. Mr. Nichol, who has so eminently served the church of Christ by the publication of the Puritan series, recently announced his intention of reprinting the whole of the commentaries and expositions

of this voluminous writer; and we hope he may yet receive sufficient encouragement to enable him to announce the speedy publication of the works of ONE OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S CHAPLAINS. We suggest, should he not be able to publish the whole of Manton's voluminous works, that he should give us those which have not as yet been re-published.—X.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. XII.—HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE.

(*Concluded.*)

BY EDWARD LEACH.

OF all the inscrutable mysteries of social life, nothing excites one's wonderment so readily as a piece of patchwork. First item of astonishment is, how came these varied-shaped, many-coloured, and colourless fragments of silk into one person's possession? On this point you may exhaust much, if not all, your native ingenuity; and so ere you reach item No. 2, you are baffled, and what John Ploughman (begging his pardon) would probably call "moonstruck." And, query the second is equally difficult of ascertainment. How came the pieces—having found their way into close association—to be fitly joined together and neatly arranged, with taste and judgment sometimes, and in violation of both generally? By what magical process were they brought together in such wondrous harmony and disharmony? Silks of all sizes, shapes, hues, qualities, thicknesses, all forming one happy family; suns, moons, stars, and stripes, diamonds, peacocks, fern leaves—every conceivable pattern, and some woefully bereft by age of all discernible pattern—here is a pretty conglomeration which no *man* can understand. Were they united in this ill-selected marriage by some ill-natured spinster fairy, who had a spite against mankind, and so with wondrous wand, called into existence these mysterious quilts, in order that when some poor wretched bachelor lay ill in bed, the pattern might present a confused jumble to his eyes, like pieces of glass in endless tortuous confusion in a kaleidoscope, and drive him fairly out of his wits, if a confirmed bachelor ever had any? Were they the invention of certain poor, money-expecting relations, who wished to drive some penurious rich uncle out of the world, when he had the misfortune to fall ill; or by the sight of these dazzling colours and absurd patterns, to send him out of his mind and thus qualify him for a lunatic asylum, and qualify themselves for participation in certain funds? I don't know; only—here is the greatest mystery of all—how any man can get well again after studying for hours in bed these fantastic exhibitions of misapplied genius and industry!

Why I should be thinking of patchwork while walking through Lincoln's Inn and certain adjacent streets, may not be very clear to the reader, and is not altogether so to the writer. But he who wanders through some of our London streets—especially in old localities where modern improvements have been made—will not have failed to be struck with their patchwork appearance. The Zebra style of Gothi

architecture is confined to churches and suburban villas that are built for cheapness and gaudy effect. The higgle-de-piggedly style of no-architecture is truly British and essentially metropolitan. Everybody has the right to build differently from everybody else, and neighbours, duly respecting their privileges as free-born Britons and thinking that variety is charming, are determined to be as opposite in their tastes and wants to the builder of the next house as they can well be. Certain dingy, parti-coloured, half-modern, half-antiquated houses near Lincoln's Inn Fields —such fields! the breath of the lawyers having withered all vegetation— are undoubted evidences of the variety of mind and taste to be found in the human species. Society is a piece of patchwork; the houses in which society dwells are in the patchwork style of building; and *in* the houses, the eye is haunted by the same proof of passionate love for innumerable bits of absurd, bungled shreds of wearing apparel denominated patchwork.

In one of these streets, which bears emphatic evidence of the decay of time and the renovation of modern times, is situated a somewhat faded-looking shop devoted to the exhibition of strong-made boots and shoes. A boot shop is never a bright spectacle; for boots are only bright in their polished state—and that is not even *skin* deep. Unusually interesting, however, is this boot shop. Over the lintel of the door you read the announcement, "Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys." You ring the bell. "Is Mr. Williams here, my little man?" you ask a pleasant-looking lad, whose hair has asserted its right to aspire as high as its length will allow it, and whose general appearance bears that semi-official character which is only gained by the performance of onerous duties. "Yes, sir," replies the juvenile porter, as he closes the door with due propriety, and struts forward with the air of a *bourgeois*, to inform the good secretary that a visitor had come.

Looking around you, you see in a large, well-ventilated room, a number of boys, seated on shoemaker's benches, with their "kits" by their side, hammering, stitching, cobbling, scraping, nailing, waxing, pasting, and rasping; all done in a workmanlike style, and in such concert that the effect can best be described as shoemaker's music, the music of lapstones, delightful to hear—but only once in your life! You are in the midst of a busy hive, in which none are drones. Every boy is a king on his throne, and though it is only a cobbler's throne, it is, to these lads, an elevation from their once lowly condition. You are struck at once with the cheerfulness and the alacrity of the lads. Had they nothing better to look at than each other, they might grow melancholy and misanthropic; but with a boot on their lap which by incessant, pleasant labour, is growing into shape and fashion, and with contentedness in their hearts, and with a foretaste of a coming dinner, the fumes of which are already filling the room, it would be strange indeed for them to be unhappy. And yet there is a sign here and there in some of the little workers of past neglect and sorrow; marked indications in old-fashioned faces and furrowed cheeks of a bygone period of misuse of youth that, thank God, is not the experience of universal boyhood. For though these boys are now housed and cared for, and nourished by comforts to which they once were strangers, yet

human philanthropy can never perfectly restore the handsome face, the blooming sweetness of youthful innocence, and the childish vivaciousness which seem to be quenched in the lives of these "old boys." Poor creatures! They have certainly lost somewhat of their once normal shagginess; their hair is no longer matted and uncombable—each hair has been brought into that condition of things in which it has to fight for growth independently of working its way through a thousand other hairs and intertwining itself with a mass of other locks in inextricable confusion. All that has been remedied. Disease and the rapid inroads of decay have been stopped; but the traces are left behind. The future alone can prove that they can ever be thoroughly erased. It requires no great discernment to be convinced that these lads would probably have been found in gaols had they not been rescued from the streets. They have not yet lost, though they are losing, that appearance of viciousness, that look of dogged sullenness indicative of early suffering and misery and hatred of society which, if permitted to ripen as years bring on to manhood, blast every moral feeling and blunt every tender and healthy susceptibility. How can these youths cherish kindly sympathies when they are left without a glimmering of that "light and sweetness" which cultured minds and sanctified hearts alone can impart to them? What parent reading these lines has not sought to turn the precocity of childhood into the highest advantage? As soon as he catches—

> "Imperfect words, with childish trips,
> Half unpronounced slide through the infant lips,
> Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
> Where he had mutely sat two years before,"

he begins to observe the growing powers of the infantile mind, and to surround that mind with all the objects and lessons and actions which shall stimulate healthy enquiry and develop the finest, tenderest feelings. But what of the child who never had this machinery of education before it? the sparks of whose natural passions were, from the first, fanned into a flame, and that flame, as years went on, blown upon till it reached a height of revengefulness, which wrapped the soul in a fiery atmosphere of evil, until it became an incipient hell! No example to check the evil passions of youth—no faithful loving hand to deal with the follies which seek to work their way into the core of the young heart!

> "Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
> By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
> Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
> The boughs in which are bred the unseemly race—
> While every worm industriously weaves
> And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;
> So numerous are the follies that annoy
> The mind and heart of every sprightly boy."

And yet there is no one to "watch his emotions and control their tide." Every evil passion is allowed to have its course unchecked; precocious evil is laughed at and admired; sin is encouraged, and the sinner patted on the back! What after-education, I ask, can bring innocence back?

Observable as all these sad traces are, there are signs of moral

improvement in these once wretched Bedouins of London. They evince no small pleasure at the kindly look of a stranger and his approving word. This is an advancement. Once they cared for no smile, and disregarded all frowns. They have lost that Ishmaelitish feeling—that capacity for unnatural hatred—that sense of extreme isolation which drives all sympathetic feeling from them. As you see them associated in groups at their work, the pleasant conversation and brotherly interest in each other's labour prove that they can be raised above the selfishness of their nature, and that viciousness is not so ingrained that it cannot be overcome.

You do not see the lads to best advantage, so far as personal appearance is concerned, while they are shoemaking. Any clothes are good enough to work in. But there they are to the very life—street boys, with the marks of street life upon them, put to interesting work, which they prefer to their old idling courses. Naturally some take more kindly to the work than others; some get a passion for the labour which elevates them, and others learn more quickly, and reach perfection sooner than those who are more dull and less receptive. So it is everywhere. The cases of failure are not, however, numerous. The lads readily learn, and if one branch of labour does not suit them another is chosen. All the boots required for the boys and girls in the Refuge are made on the premises, and all the cobbling needed is done by the boys. Thus last year 1,419 pairs of new boots and shoes were made, and 2,682 repaired. Some of these boots are sold in the shop.

Behind the large room in which these youthful cobblers are plying their trade is a carpenters' shop, a large and spacious apartment, and also a tailors' class. All the boys' clothes are made and repaired in the Refuge. There are also other occupations, such as mattrass-making and wood-chopping. In one corner is the large cistern for bathers, the water presenting a very different appearance to the "mutton broth" of the casual wards. Upstairs we are introduced to the culinary apartment. Preparations were being made on a large scale for a grand dinner to poor children, who were expected to join the inmates of the Refuge. There was a fine joint of beef—real Christmas beef (it was only a few weeks to Christmas). Such a joint deserved the hurrahs of the hungry youths. The matron was superintending the arrangements, and some of the larger boys were serving (as they always do) as cooks. And capital cooks they seem to be, having a true discernment of the nature of the attentions required to make the food presentable and eatable: they are assiduous, clean, and tidy. All the boys spend several hours of the day in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They have a schoolmaster; the reading book is the Bible, than which no better could be had; and every effort is made to instruct the lads in those things which may fit them for the duties and responsibilities of life, and lead them to that higher world of thought, where the noblest passions are enkindled and the purest motives are gained. The result of the industrial work for the year was as follows:—Goods sold, £604; value of the work done for the boys and girls' refuges, £608; 220 pairs of new boots in stock, value over £80; and errand boys' work, £96. Altogether, the sum of £1,390 5s. was realised by the labours of the inmates.

The stories of the lives of these lads present many features of painful

interest. I have been favoured with a batch of them in their own hand-writing. The first on the list was born in Homerton Union; he never knew his father: his mother died through drink, and was buried by the parish. He then lived with a brother, who turned him out of doors because he would not sell matches. He went again to the Union, and was taught in the school there a year. Then he ran away, and occupied the post of a boy who had fallen sick, in a stable-yard, until he recovered from his illness. Subsequently he was required to apprentice himself for seven years to the owner of a fishing smack; but, deeming that too long a service, he refused, and was lodged in the Boys' Refuge. This lad's writing is very creditable, and his sentences are not badly put together. Another boy lost father and mother when three years of age; another's father died some months before his birth. Another boy's story is to this effect:—His mother and father died in a workhouse. He then went to work with his uncle in the stables. He would not, however, mind what his uncle told him; and he says, "I had to leave home on account of my being so wicked to my aunt. I used to go out at night and sleep in the cabs, and I then got too dirty to obtain a place, and so ragged that I had to go to the workhouse again." Afterwards he tried to find some employment, but failing that he begged from house to house for bread. Another boy has a father still living, but he does not know where. "I have no others, no aunts nor uncles to look after me, I am sorry to say." He had to tramp in early youth on the road; then he did some market gardening in Colchester. This boy seems to have tramped a good deal, but now he thanks God, he says, for bringing him where he is cared for, and kept from the streets and starvation. And we thank God, too.

Other stories reveal the same state of things. Parents who have thrown their children upon the tender mercies of an unsympathetic world; parents who have died, in pitiless neglect, in crushing sorrow; mothers who, in bringing more children of poverty into the world, have gone out of it unwept and unlamented; mothers whose child was their shame, and whose shame urged them to forsake the inheritance of their sin; fathers whose brutal sottishness had almost quenched the light of the soul of their child, and whose neglect had forced it to starvation; relatives whose love of strong drink had dispossessed them of all tenderness and feeling, and whose crimes had divorced them from the children they should have protected—children who have been trained up for the same evil courses which they have so readily pursued, and for which they have been so severely punished. O God, what a long and miserable catalogue of the fruits of sin!

Pitiful, indeed, is the confession of some! "My mother," says one, "is in an asylum, and my father ran away *because they were not married.* They could not agree with one another, and when I was six I used to go and beg my bread." But enough!

Not far from the Boys' Refuge is the Home for Friendless and Destitute Girls. The building is an exceedingly suitable one, and is situated in Broad Street, Bloomsbury. Here 100 girls are housed, educated, and cared for. On the ground floor, a ragged school is conducted; above is the school, where the inmates are instructed in writing. The girls are decently attired, and as clean as Quakeresses. They are of various

ages, and sizes. Not a few bear the marks of hunger and want, which it takes some time to wear off. Some appear as if all childhood had been crushed; others, dull and heavy-looking, seem as if they had never known what it was to laugh. These girls have been rescued from miserable homes in filthy courts. Two lived with their father, and slept in one room with other children and with one or two married couples. Others have been taken from abodes and associations of the vilest character. It is sad to think how many thousands there are of poor, poverty-stricken girls in the metropolis in the same condition, growing up to swell the ranks of a class "sinned against" and "sinning." The efforts of the society, important as they are in this branch, are necessarily on a small scale compared with the great multitude who need aid. The committee feel that some plan ought to be carried out on a large and adequate scale to educate and train the girls of the poorest class of society. What they have done is creditable to them. They have a suitable Home at Ealing, in addition to the one in Bloomsbury; and we are told that "the girls in both refuges are provided with a plain but useful education, based upon sound Christian and evangelical principles; they are also clothed, lodged, and provided with three meals a-day. Domestic service being the ultimate object for which these girls are educated and trained, they are of course, taught to do all kinds of household work, such as washing, cooking, cleaning, &c. Their own clothes are also made and repaired by the inmates." The making of shirts for the boys, not being a part of the tailoring business conducted in the Boys' Home, is undertaken by the girls. A portion of the washing, as we saw in the washhouse below, is done at the Broad Street Refuge by the girls, but the greater part, together with the washing for the Boys' Refuge, is done at Ealing. This, of course, is a great saving to the funds of the institution—worth about £325 a-year. And as washing is, thank goodness, an exclusively feminine accomplishment, the girls are very happy and delighted with it, having mastered its mysteries, and compassed its difficulties. The dormitories are unusually comfortable and pleasant—"sweet as a nut" we believe is the right expression—the very pink of perfection. We were shown—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon—the wardrobes, where the girls stow away their Sunday clothes, with such unapproachable neatness. We observed select apartments which are intended for grown-up girls who may sleep here when out of a situation, and while they are seeking another. For our friend Mr. Williams is woudrously indefatigable. He follows up the girls, knows all their histories, peculiarities, (shall I add) little vanities, and when they are put out to service, his knowledge of them still continues. So it is with the boys. For he is no mere secretary, with a quill pen behind his ear, and bound hand and foot with red tape. The secretary of such an institution as this, should have a real, living soul—a true man, with a large heart and a tender spirit. The very smiling looks of the girls and boys, as he approaches them, indicate his popularity.

To the boys again. The other day, a new country home for the boys was opened at Bisley. A small farm of eighty-eight acres has been purchased, to which all the young and weakly boys are to be transferred from the London Refuge, so that they may be trained to look

after cows and pigs, grow vegetables, till the land, and so be fitted for work either at home or in the colonies. This is a further extension of the work of the society. We have not said anything yet of the "Chichester" training ship, on board which are 150 boys who are being brought up for the royal navy and merchant service. This branch of the society's efforts is naturally popular with the boys, most of whom are filled with grand ideas of the unknown blessings of sea-life. It has also been immensely popular with the public, who hitherto have not failed to support it. "A large number of the boys are most eager," we are told, "to enter the Queen's service, and certainly some twenty more would have gone into that service last year, but were rejected because the certificate of birth could not be produced to show the age of the boys. This was for the time a great blow to the boys, and damped their ardour to serve their Queen and country. However, the committee are informed that the lords of the admiralty intend to rescind the regulation requiring the production of this certificate, and will shortly pass an order authorising the entry of boys into the royal navy on the boy's own declaration of his age, and his willingness to serve for a definite period. The committee are therefore thankful that the door will soon be open for the admission of the 'Chichester' boys into the navy, who come up to the age and standard height required by the Admiralty regulations, because so many of the lads wish for that service, and for some it is the service above all others which is best for them." Some day we may pay a visit to the ship and describe the scene.

One of the wretched lads referred to by the amateur casual on his visit to the Lambeth night wards was known as "Punch." This lad was taken to the Refuge, and he is now apprenticed to a bootmaker in Africa, where he is doing well. Altogether upwards of 314 boys have emigrated to New Zealand, Canada, United States, Queensland, Nova Scotia, South Africa, &c.; 304 have been placed in situations at home; 153 have been restored to parents and friends; 80 have entered the merchant service, and 46 into the navy:—317 girls have been sent to service, and 222 have been restored to their friends, while others have emigrated. We conclude by giving two cases of some interest, representative of others which the society has provided for. The first is the case of a coloured boy, once a slave, who was found by a silversmith in the city, wandering about near his shop.

"The very fact of seeing a lonely little black boy sauntering about the streets was sufficient to attract any one's attention, but some how or other many of these poor outcasts seem to be passed over unnoticed, but in this instance it was not so, for the heart of the citizen was moved with compassion for the little African, and finding from the boy how matters stood with him, he sent one of his shopmen with the little fellow to the Refuge, where he at once found a home and friends. The account the boy gives of himself is this:—He says he was born near Charleston, South Carolina, United States. His father and mother, with a brother, and his father's brother, were brought from Africa and sold to the owner of a plantation not far from Charleston. There were nearly four hundred slaves on the estate, who were all freed by the war. He gave a very graphic and interesting account of the ecstacies of these poor slaves when they heard they were free. On the happening of this event, the father and mother, with this boy, another lad, and the father's brother, left the

estate and went to Charleston, where the father obtained employment. After the parents had been some time in Charleston, the father took the fever and died, and a year or so afterwards the mother was carried to her grave by the same dreadful malady, thus leaving this little one an entire orphan, and quite alone and friendless, for his brother had gone to sea, and his uncle had returned to Africa. He gave a touching account of the character of his mother, especially in teaching him to pray, and when asked what she taught him to say, he repeated in a calm, orderly, and reverential manner, the Lord's Prayer; and when asked what else his mother taught him, he said she told him to be a good boy, and 'den de great Farder would be a farder to me when she was gone,' and when asked who the great Father was, he said 'God.' Poor little fellow, who could help feeling for such a friendless boy? Finding himself alone and destitute on the death of his mother, he set out for New York in the hope of getting a ship there, and working his way out to the Cape of Good Hope, where his uncle had opened a barber's shop. He did not succeed at New York in meeting with a ship, so he went to Boston and other sea-ports with the same result; at last he managed to reach Quebec, where he induced a captain to let him work his way to Liverpool. On arriving there he was told he had better get to London, so some one put him in the 'straight road' as he called it, and in ten days he reached the great city. He fared pretty well on the road from Liverpool, but on reaching London he was again doomed to disappointment, for although he went to the docks he could induce no one to take him to the Cape. He tried to get in at the Strangers' Home and the Sailors' Home, near the docks, but both these doors were closed against him, and so he had no alternative but to wander about, and after doing so, and being utterly destitute, the great Father, whom his kind mother told him would be a father to him, inclined the heart of the gentleman before mentioned to take pity on the boy, and send him to the Refuge, and here he is a happy and contented lad. May God bless him, and make his stay here a real blessing to him. An effort will be made to send him to the Cape of Good Hope."

The second case is that of a soldier's girl:—

"The father of this child entered the army when young. After a few years' service he obtained leave to marry. He served with his regiment in Ireland and various parts of England, and on the regiment being ordered to Australia, he and his wife accompanied it. While in Australia the poor man had a slight attack of paralysis through a sun-stroke, as it was supposed, which for a time disabled him, but he recovered pretty well from this calamity, and remained well for some time, when it pleased the disposer of all events to allow him to be afflicted with a second attack of paralysis; this disabled him from duty, and shortly afterwards his mind became affected, and he was ordered home to England. When put on board the homeward-bound vessel, he was a confirmed lunatic. A great change had now come over the lot of the poor soldier's wife. When she arrived with her husband in the country she was now leaving, every thing looked lovely, but now all her hopes were blighted, and she was returning to England with a maniac husband and three dear children, to exist upon the husband's pension of tenpence per day, earned after serving his queen and country for more than twenty-one years! Could anything be more melancholy for a woman, left too as she was without any relation or friend of her own! On the voyage the poor mother lost one child, which increased her sorrow of heart. On arriving in England, the poor woman, after a good deal of trouble, found out her husband's native place; she managed to get him there, but he died shortly afterwards. After her husband's death, the mother tried to keep herself and two fatherless children by field and other work, but it was a very sad affair, for her husband's pension had ceased, and there was nothing for her and the children to exist upon. The clergyman of the parish appears to have been kind to the woman, and at length admission for the boy was obtained in the Duke of York's school. The poor woman brought up the boy to London, but

as she was an entire stranger here, the clergyman wrote to one of our city missionaries to meet her, and put her in the way to find the school at Chelsea. This he kindly did, and then finding she was here in London without a friend, or a home, or the means of procuring one, he sent her to the secretary of the Refuges, in the hope that the little girl might be received. She came very late at night to the Secretary's residence, and the result was that the child was admitted. The joy of the poor woman when she received an order for the girl's reception into the Refuge was great indeed; truly the widow's heart sang for joy. Does it not seem a cruel thing that no government provision is made for soldiers' daughters? why should there not be a school for girls, similar to the Duke of York's school for boys? The poor woman is still without a home, and has to resort to a Night Refuge for shelter; and then to walk about all day, as she is turned out every morning at eight o'clock.

Many of the poor lads grow up and obtain good positions in life. Mr. Brock once met a physician, riding in his carriage, who had been a refuge boy. Of the institution, we may say, and greater commendation could no man give—*the blessing of God is upon it!*

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXVII.

TITLE.—Of David.—*There is but this word to denote the authorship; whether it was a song or a meditation we are not told. It was written by David in his old age (verse 25), and is the more valuable as the record of so varied an experience.*

SUBJECT.—*The great riddle of the prosperity of the wicked and the affliction of the righteous, which has perplexed so many, is here dealt with in the light of the future; and fretfulness and repining are most impressively forbidden. It is a Psalm in which the Lord hushes most sweetly the too common repinings of his people, and calms their minds as to his present dealings with his own chosen flock and the wolves by whom they are surrounded. It contains eight great precepts, twice illustrated by autobiographical statements, and abounds in remarkable contrasts.*

DIVISION.—*The Psalm can scarcely be divided into considerable sections. It resembles a chapter of the book of Proverbs, most of the verses being complete in themselves. It is an alphabetical Psalm: in somewhat broken order, the first letters of the verses follow the Hebrew alphabet. This may have been not only a poetical invention, but a help to memory. The reader is requested to read the Psalm through without comment before he turns to our exposition.*

EXPOSITION.

FRET not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

1. The Psalm opens with the first precept. It is alas! too common for believers in their hours of adversity to think themselves harshly dealt with when they see persons utterly destitute of religion and honesty, rejoicing in abundant prosperity. Much needed is the command, "*Fret not thyself because of evildoers.*" To fret is to worry, to have the heart-burn, to fume, to become vexed. Nature is very apt to kindle a fire of jealousy when it sees law breakers riding on horses, and obedient subjects walking in the mire: it is a lesson learned only in the school of grace, when one comes to view the mat-

paradoxical providences with the devout complacency of one who is sure that the Lord is righteous in all his acts. It seems hard to carnal judgments that the best meat should go to the dogs, while loving children pine for want of it. "*Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.*" The same advice under another shape. When one is poor, despised, and in deep trial, our old Adam naturally becomes envious of the rich and great; and when we are conscious that we have been more righteous than they, the devil is sure to be at hand with blasphemous reasonings. Stormy weather may curdle even the cream of humanity. Evil men instead of being envied, are to be viewed with horror and aversion; yet their loaded tables, and gilded trappings, are too apt to fascinate our poor half-opened eyes. Who envies the fat bullock the ribbons and garlands which decorate him as he is led to the shambles? Yet the case is a parallel one; for ungodly rich men are but as beasts fattened for the slaughter.

2. "*For they shall soon be cut down like the grass.*" The scythe of death is sharpening. Green grows the grass, but quick comes the scythe. The destruction of the ungodly will be speedy, sudden, sure, overwhelming, irretrievable. The grass cannot resist or escape the mower. "*And wither as the green herb.*" The beauty of the herb dries up at once in the heat of the sun, and so all the glory of the wicked shall disappear at the hour of death. Death kills the ungodly man like grass, and wrath withers him like hay; he dies, and his name rots. How complete an end is made of the man whose boasts had no end! Is it worth while to waste ourselves in fretting about the insect of an hour, an ephemera which in the same day is born and dies? Within believers there is a living and incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever; why should they envy mere flesh, and the glory of it, which are but as grass, and the flower thereof?

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

3. "*Trust in the Lord.*" Here is the second precept, and one appropriate to the occasion. Faith cures fretting. Sight is cross-eyed, and views things only as they seem, hence her envy: faith has clearer optics to behold things as they really are, hence her peace. "*And do good.*" True faith is actively obedient. Doing good is a fine remedy for fretting. There is a joy in holy activity which drives away the rust of discontent. "*So shalt thou dwell in the land.*" In "the land" which floweth with milk and honey; the Canaan of the covenant. Thou shalt not wander in the wilderness of murmuring, but abide in the promised land of content and rest. "We which have believed do enter into rest." Very much of our outward depends upon the inward; where there is heaven in the heart there will be heaven in the house. "*And verily thou shalt be fed,*" *or shepherded.* To integrity and faith necessaries are guaranteed. The good shepherd will exercise his pastoral care over all believers. In truth they shall be fed, and fed on truth. The promise of God shall be their perpetual banquet; they shall neither lack in spirituals nor in temporals. Some read this as an exhortation, "*Feed on truth*;" certainly this is good cheer, and banishes for ever the hungry heart-burnings of envy.

4 Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

4. There is an ascent in this third precept. He who was first bidden not to fret, was then commanded actively to trust, and now is told with holy desire to delight in God. "*Delight thyself also in the Lord.*" Make Jehovah the joy and rejoicing of thy spirit. Bad men delight in carnal objects; do not envy them if they are allowed to take their fill in such vain idols; look thou to thy better delight, and fill thyself to the full with thy sublimer portion. In a certain sense imitate the wicked; they delight in their portion—take care to delight in

yours, and so far from envying you will pity them. There is no room for fretting if we remember that God is ours, but there is every incentive to sacred enjoyment of the most elevated and ecstatic kind. Every name, attribute, word, or deed of Jehovah, should be delightful to us, and in meditating thereon our soul should be as glad as is the epicure who feeds delicately with a profound relish for his dainties. "*And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*" A pleasant duty is here rewarded with another pleasure. Men who delight in God desire or ask for nothing but what will please God; hence it is safe to give them *carte blanche*. Their will is subdued to God's will, and now they may have what they will. Our innermost desires are here meant, not our casual wishes; there are many things which nature might desire which grace would never permit us to ask for; these deep, prayerful, *asking* desires are those to which the promise is made.

5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

5. "*Commit thy way unto the Lord.*" Roll the whole burden of life upon the Lord. Leave with Jehovah not thy present fretfulness merely, but all thy cares; in fact, submit the whole tenor of thy way to him. Cast away anxiety, resign thy will, submit thy judgment, leave all with the God of all. What a medicine is this for expelling envy! What a high attainment does this fourth precept indicate! How blessed must he be who lives every day in obedience to it! "*Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.*" Our destiny shall be joyfully accomplished if we confidently entrust all to our Lord. We may serenely sing—

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
O lead me by thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose Thou for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill."

The ploughman sows and harrows, and then leaves the harvest to God. What can he do else? He cannot cover the heavens with clouds, or command the rain, or bring forth the sun or create the dew. He does well to leave the whole matter with God; and so to all of us it is truest wisdom, having obediently trusted in God, to leave results in his hands, and expect a blessed issue.

6. "*And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light.*" In the matter of personal reputation we may especially be content to be quiet, and leave our vindication with the Judge of all the earth. The more we fret in this case the worse for us. Our strength is to sit still. The Lord will clear the slandered. If we look to his honour, he will see to ours. It is wonderful how, when faith learns to endure calumny with composure, the filth does not defile her, but falls off like snow-balls from a wall of granite. Even in the worst cases, where a good name is for awhile darkened, Providence will send a clearing like the dawning light, which shall increase until the man once censured shall be universally admired. "*And thy judgment as the noonday.*" No shade of reproach

shall remain. The man shall be in his meridian of splendour. The darkness of his sorrow and his ill-repute shall both flee away.

7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

7. "*Rest in the Lord.*" This fifth is a most divine precept, and requires much grace to carry it out. To hush the spirit, to be silent before the Lord, to wait in holy patience the time for clearing up the difficulties of Providence—this is what every gracious heart should aim at. "Aaron held his peace:" "I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." A silent tongue in many cases not only shows a wise head, but a holy heart. "*And wait patiently for him.*" Time is nothing to him; let it be nothing to thee. God is worth waiting for. "He never is before his time, he never is too late." In a story we wait for the end to clear up the plot; we ought not to prejudge the great drama of life, but stay till the closing scene, and see to what a finis the whole arrives. "*Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.*" There is no good, but much evil, in worrying your heart about the present success of graceless plotters: be not enticed into premature judgments—they dishonour God, they weary yourself. Determine, let the wicked succeed as they may, that you will treat the matter with indifference, and never allow a question to be raised as to the righteousness and goodness of the Lord. What if wicked devices succeed and your own plans are defeated! there is more of the love of God in your defeats than in the successes of the wicked.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

10 For yet a little while, and the wicked *shall* not *be:* yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it *shall* not *be.*

11 But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

8. "*Cease from anger and forsake wrath.*" Especially anger against the arrangements of Providence, and jealousies of the temporary pleasures of those who are so soon to be banished from all comfort. Anger anywhere is madness, here it is aggravated insanity. Yet since anger will try to keep us company, we must resolvedly forsake it. "*Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.*" By no reasonings and under no circumstances be led into such a course. Fretfulness lies upon the verge of great sin. Many who have indulged a murmuring disposition have at last come to sin, in order to gain their fancied rights. Beware of carping at others, study to be yourself found in the right way; and as you would dread outward sin, tremble at inward repining.

9. "*For evil doers shall be cut off.*" Their death shall be a penal judgment; not a gentle removal to a better state, but an execution in which the axe of justice shall be used. "*But those that wait upon the Lord*"—those who in patient faith expect their portion in another life—"*they shall inherit the earth.*" Even in this life they have the most of real enjoyment, and in the ages to come theirs shall be the glory and the triumph. Passion, according to Bunyan's parable, has his good things first, and they are soon over; Patience has his good things last, and they last for ever.

10. "*For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be.*" When bad men reach to greatness, the judgments of God frequently sweep them away; their riches melt, their power decays, their happiness turns to wretchedness; they themselves cease any longer to be numbered with the living. The shortness of life

makes us see that the glitter of the wicked great is not true gold. O where-fore, tried believer, dost thou envy one who in a little while will lie lower than the dust? "*Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.*" His house shall be empty, his chair of office vacant, his estate without an owner; he shall be utterly blotted out, perhaps cut off by his own debauchery or brought to a deathbed of penury by his own extravagance. Gone like a passing cloud—forgotten as a dream—where are his boastings and hectorings and where the pomp which made poor mortals think the sinner blest?

11. "*But the meek shall inherit the earth.*" Above all others they shall enjoy life. Even if they suffer, their consolations shall overtop their tribulations. By inheriting the land is meant obtaining covenant privileges and the salvation of God. Such as are truly humble shall take their lot with the rest of the heirs of grace, to whom all good things come by a sacred birthright. "*And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.*" Peace they love and peace they shall have. If they find not abundance of gold, abundance of peace will serve their turn far better. Others find joy in strife, and thence arises their misery in due time, but peace leads on to peace, and the more a man loves it the more shall it come to him. In the halcyon period of the latter days, when universal peace shall make glad the earth, the full prophetic meaning of words like these will be made plain.

12 The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

13 The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

14 The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, *and* to slay such as be of upright conversation.

15 Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

Here is the portrait of a proud oppressor armed to the teeth.

12. "*The wicked plotteth against the just.*" Why can he not let the good man alone? Because there is enmity between the serpent's seed and the seed of the woman. Why not attack him fairly? Why plot and scheme? Because it is according to the serpent's nature to be very subtle. Plain sailing does not suit those who are on board of "The Apollyon." "*And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.*" The wicked show by their gestures what they would do if they could; if they cannot gnaw they will gnash; if they may not bite they will at least bark. This is precisely what the graceless world did with "that just One," the Prince of Peace. Yet he took no vengeance upon them, but like a silent lamb received injuries in patience.

13. "*The Lord shall laugh at him.*" The godly man needs not trouble himself, but leave well-deserved vengeance to be dealt out by the Lord, who will utterly deride the malice of the good man's enemies. Let the proud scorner gnash his teeth and foam at the mouth; he has one to deal with who will look down upon him and his ravings with serene contempt. "*For he seeth that his day is coming.*" The evil man does not see how close his destruction is upon his heels; he boasts of crushing others when the foot of justice is already uplifted to trample him as the mire of the streets. Sinners, in the hand of an angry God, and yet plotting against his children! Poor souls, thus to run upon the point of Jehovah's spear.

14. "*The wicked have drawn out the sword.*" They hold their weapon out of its sheath, and watch for a time to use it. "*And have bent their bow.*" One weapon is not enough, they carry another ready for action. They carry so strong a bow that they have trodden upon it to bend it—they will lose no time for want of force or readiness. "*To cast down the poor and needy.*" The

are their game, the objects of their accursed malice. These cowards attack not their equals, but seek out those excellent ones who, from the gentleness of their spirits and the poverty of their estates, are not able to defend themselves. Note how our meek and lowly Lord was beset by cruel foes, armed with all manner of weapons to slay him. "*And to slay such as be of upright conversation.*" Nothing short of the overthrow and death of the just will content the wicked. The sincere and straightforward are hated by the crafty schemers who delight in unrighteousness. See, then, the enemies of the godly doubly armed, and learn how true were our Lord's words. "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

15. "*Their sword shall enter into their own heart.*" Like Haman they shall be hanged upon the gallows built by themselves for Mordecai. Hundreds of times has this been the case. Saul, who sought to slay David, fell on his own sword; and the bow, his favourite weapon, the use of which he taught the children of Israel, was not able to deliver him on Gilboa. "*And their bows shall be broken.*" Their inventions of evil shall be rendered useless. Malice outwits itself. It drinks the poisoned cup which it mixed for another, and burns itself in the fire which it kindled for its neighbour. Why need we fret at the prosperity of the wicked when they are so industriously ruining themselves while they fancy they are injuring the saints?

The next nine verses mainly describe the character and blessedness of the godly, and the light is brought out with a few black touches descriptive of the wicked and their doom.

16 A little that a righteous man hath *is* better than the riches of many wicked.

17 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

18 The LORD knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

19 They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

20 But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD *shall be* as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

21 The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

22 For *such as be* blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and *they that be* cursed of him shall be cut off.

23 The steps of a *good* man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth *him with* his hand.

16. "*A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.*" This is a fine proverb. The little of one good man is contrasted with the riches of many wicked, and so the expression is rendered the more forcible. There is more happiness in the godly dinner of herbs than in the stalled ox of profane rioters. In the original there is an allusion to the noise of a multitude, as if to hint at the turmoil and hurly-burly of riotous wealth, and to contrast it with the quiet of the humbler portion of the godly. We would sooner hunger with John than feast with Herod; better feed on scant fare with the prophets in Obadiah's cave than riot with the priests of

Baal. A man's happiness consists not in the heaps of gold which he has in store. Content finds *multum in parvo*, while for a wicked heart the whole world is too little.

17. "*For the arms of the wicked shall be broken.*" Their power to do mischief shall be effectually taken away, for the arms which they lifted up against God shall be crushed even to the bone. God often makes implacable men incapable men. What is a more contemptible sight than toothless malice armless malevolence! "*But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.*" Their cause and course shall be safe, for they are in good keeping. The sword of two edges smites the wicked and defends the just.

18. "*The Lord knoweth the days of the upright.*" His foreknowledge makes him laugh at the proud, but in the case of the upright he sees a brighter future, and treats them as heirs of salvation. Ever is this our comfort, that all events are known to our God, and that nothing in our future can take him at unawares. No arrow can pierce us by accident, no dagger smite us by stealth: neither in time nor in eternity can any unforeseen ill occur to us. Futurity shall be but a continual development of the good things which the Lord has laid up in store for us. "*And their inheritance shall be for ever.*" Their inheritance fades not away. It is entailed, so that none can deprive them of it, and preserved, so that none shall destroy it. Eternity is the peculiar attribute of the believer's portion: what they have on earth is safe enough, but what they shall have in heaven is theirs without end.

19. "*They shall not be ashamed in the evil time.*" Calamities will come, but deliverances will come also. As the righteous never reckoned upon immunity from trouble, they will not be disappointed when they are called to take their share of it, but the rather they will cast themselves anew upon their God, and prove again his faithfulness and love. God is not a friend in the sunshine only, he is a friend indeed and a friend in need. "*And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.*" Their barrel of meal and cruse of oil shall last out the day of distress, and if ravens do not bring them bread and meat, the supply of their needs shall come in some other way, for their bread shall be given them. Our Lord stayed himself upon this when he hungered in the wilderness, and by faith he repelled the tempter; we too may be enabled not to fret ourselves in any wise to do evil by the same consideration. If God's providence is our inheritance, we need not worry about the price of wheat. Mildew, and smut, and bent are all in the Lord's hands. Unbelief cannot save a single ear from being blasted, but faith, if it do not preserve the crop, can do what is better, namely, preserve our joy in the Lord.

20. "*But the wicked shall perish.*" Whatever phantom light may mock their present, their future is black with dark, substantial night. Judgment has been given against them, they are but reserved for execution. Let them flaunt their scarlet and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; the sword of Damocles is above their heads, and if their wits were a little more awake, their mirth would turn to misery. "*The enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs.*" As the sacrificial fat was all consumed upon the altar, so shall the ungodly utterly vanish from the place of their honour and pride. How can it be otherwise? If the stubble dares to contend with the flame, to what end can it hope to come? "*They shall consume.*" As dry wood, as heaps of leaves, as burning coals, they shall soon be gone, and gone altogether, for "*into smoke shall they consume away.*" *Sic transit gloria mundi.* A puff is the end of all their puffing. Their fuming ends in smoke. They made themselves fat, and perished in their own grease. Consumers of the good they tried to be, and consumed they shall be.

21. "*The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.*" Partly because he will not, but mainly because he cannot. Want follows upon waste, and debt remains undischarged. Often are the wicked thus impoverished in this life. Their wanton extravagance brings them down to the usurer's door and to the bankrupt's suit. "*But the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth.*" Mercy has given to him, and therefore he gives in mercy. He is generous and prosperous. He

is not a borrower, but a giver. So far as the good man can do it, he lends an ear to the requests of need, and instead of being impoverished by what he imparts, he grows richer, and is able to do more. He does not give to encourage idleness, but in real mercy, which supposes real need. The text suggests to us how much better it generally is to give than to lend. Generally, lending comes to giving in the end, and it is as well to anticipate the fact, and by a little liberality forestall the inevitable. If these two sentences describe the wicked and the righteous, the writer of these lines has reason to know that in and about the city of London the wicked are very numerous.

22. "*For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth.*" God's benediction is true wealth after all. True happiness, such as the covenant secures to all the chosen of heaven, lies wrapped up in the divine favour. "*And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.*" His frown is death; nay, more, 'tis hell.

23. "*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.*" All his course of life is graciously ordained, and in lovingkindness all is fixed, settled, and maintained. No reckless fate, no fickle chance rules us; our every step is the subject of divine decree. "*He delighteth in his way.*" As parents are pleased with the tottering footsteps of their babes. All that concerns a saint is interesting to his heavenly Father. God loves to view the holy strivings of a soul pressing forward to the skies. In the trials and the joys of the faithful, Jesus has fellowship with them, and delights to be their sympathising companion.

24. "*Though he fall.*" Disasters and reverses may lay him low: he may, like Job, be stripped of everything; like Joseph, be put in prison; like Jonah, be cast into the deep. "*He shall not be utterly cast down.*" He shall not be altogether prostrate. He shall be brought on his knees, but not on his face; or, if laid prone for a moment, he shall be up again ere long. No saint shall fall finally or fatally. Sorrow may bring us to the earth, and death may bring us to the grave, but lower we cannot sink, and out of the lowest of all we shall arise to the highest of all. "*For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.*" Condescendingly, with his own hand, God upholds his saints; he does not leave them to mere delegated agency, he affords personal assistance. Even in our falls the Lord gives a measure of sustaining. Where grace does not keep from going down, it shall save from keeping down. Job had double wealth at last, Joseph reigned over Egypt, Jonah was safely landed. It is not that the saints are strong, or wise, or meritorious, that therefore they rise after every fall, but because God is their helper, and therefore none can prevail against them.

25 I have been young, and *now* am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

26 *He is* ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed *is* blessed.

25. This was David's observation, "*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*" It is not *my* observation just as it stands, for I have relieved the children of undoubtedly good men, who have appealed to me as common mendicants. But this does not cast a doubt upon the observation of David. He lived under a dispensation more outward, and more of this world than the present rule of personal faith. Never are the righteous forsaken; that is a rule without exception. Seldom indeed do their seed beg bread; and although it does occasionally occur, through dissipation, idleness, or some such causes on the part of their sons, yet doubtless it is so rare a thing that there are many alive who never saw it. Go into the union house and see how few are the children of godly parents; enter the gaol and see how much rarer still is the case. Poor ministers' sons often become rich. I am not old, but I have seen the families of the poor godly become rich, and have seen the Lord reward the faithfulness of the father in the success of the son, so that I have often thought that the best way to endow one's seed with wealth is to become poor for Christ's sake. In the Indian mission of the "Baptist Missionary Society," this is abundantly illustrated.

26. "*He is ever merciful, and lendeth.*" The righteous are constantly under generous impulses; they do not prosper through parsimony, but through bounty. Like the bounteous giver of all good, of whom they are the beloved sons, they delight in doing good. How stingy covetous professors can hope for salvation is a marvel to those who read such verses as this in the Bible. "*And his seed is blessed.*" God pays back with interest in the next generation. Where the children of the righteous are not godly, there must be some reason for it in parental neglect, or *some* other guilty cause. The friend of the father is the friend of the family. The God of Abraham is the God of Isaac and of Jacob.

27 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

28 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

29 The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

Here we have the seventh precept, which takes a negative and positive form, and is the quintessence of the entire Psalm.

27. "*Depart from evil, and do good.*" We must not envy the doers of evil, but depart altogether from their spirit and example. As Lot left Sodom without casting a look behind, so must we leave sin. No truce or parley is to be held with sin, we must turn away from it without hesitation, and set ourselves practically to work in the opposite direction. He who neglects to do good will soon fall into evil. "*And dwell for evermore.*" Obtain an abiding and quiet inheritance. Shortlived are the gains and pleasures of evil, but eternal are the rewards of grace.

28. "*For the Lord loveth judgment.*" The awarding of honour to whom honour is due is God's delight, especially when the upright man has been traduced by his fellow men. It must be a divine pleasure to right wrongs, and to defeat the machinations of the unjust. The great Arbiter of human destinies is sure to deal out righteous measure both to rich and poor, to good and evil, for such judgment is his delight. "*And forsaketh not his saints.*" This would not be right, and, therefore, shall never be done. God is as faithful to the objects of his love as he is just towards all mankind. "*They are preserved for ever.*" By covenant engagements their security is fixed, and by suretyship fulfilments that safety is accomplished; come what may, the saints are preserved in Christ Jesus, and because he lives, they shall live also. A king will not lose his jewels, nor will Jehovah lose his people. As the manna in the golden pot, which else had melted, was preserved in the ark of the covenant beneath the mercy-seat, so shall the faithful be preserved in the covenant by the power of Jesus their propitiation. "*But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.*" Like the house of Jeroboam and Ahab, of which not a dog was left. Honour and wealth ill-gotten seldom reach the third generation; the curse grows ripe before many years have passed, and falls upon the evil house. Among the legacies of wicked men the surest entail is a judgment on their family.

29. "*The righteous shall inherit the land.*" As heirs with Jesus Christ the Canaan above, which is the antitype of "the land," shall be theirs with all covenant blessing. "*And dwell therein for ever.*" Tenures differ, but none can match the holding which believers have of heaven. Paradise is theirs for ever by inheritance, and they shall live for ever to enjoy it. Who would not be a saint on such terms? Who would fret concerning the fleeting treasures of the godless?

30 The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

31 The law of his God *is* in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

32 The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

33 The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

30. "*The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom.*" Where the whole Psalm is dedicated to a description of the different fates of the just and the wicked, it was meet to give a test by which they could be known. A man's tongue is no ill index of his character. The mouth betrays the heart. Good men, as a rule, speak that which is to edifying, sound speech, religious conversation, consistent with the divine illumination which they have received. Righteousness is wisdom in action, hence all good men are practically wise men, and well may the speech be wise. "*His tongue talketh of judgment.*" He advocates justice, gives an honest verdict on things and men, and he foretells that God's judgments will come upon the wicked, as in the former days. His talk is neither foolish nor ribald, neither vapid nor profane. Our conversation is of far more consequence than some men imagine.

31. "*The law of his God is in his heart: none of his steps shall slide.*" The best thing in the best place, producing the best results. Well might the man's talk be so admirable when his heart was so well stored. To love holiness, to have the motives and desires sanctified, to be in one's inmost nature obedient to the Lord—this is the surest method of making the whole run of our life efficient for its great ends, and even for securing the details of it, our *steps* from any serious mistake. To keep the even tenor of one's way, in such times as these, is given only to those whose hearts are sound towards God, who can, as in the text, call God their God. Policy slips and trips, it twists and tacks, and after all is worsted in the long run, but sincerity plods on its plain pathway and reaches the goal.

32. "*The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.*" If it were not for the laws of the land, we should soon see a massacre of the righteous. Jesus was watched by his enemies, who were thirsting for his blood: his disciples must not look for favour where their Master found hatred and death.

33. "*The Lord will not leave him in his hand.*" God often appears to deliver his servants, and when he does not do so in this life as to their bodies, he gives their souls such joy and peace that they triumphantly rise beyond their tormentors' power. We may be in the enemy's hand for awhile, as Job was, but we cannot be left there. "*Nor condemn him when he is judged.*" Time shall reverse the verdict of haste, or else eternity shall clear away the condemnation of time. In due season just men will be justified. Temporary injustices are tolerated, in the order of Providence, for purposes most wise; but the bitter shall not always be called sweet, nor light for ever be traduced as darkness; the right shall appear in due season; the fictitious and pretentious shall be unmasked, and the real and true shall be revealed. If we have done faithfully, we may appeal from the petty sessions of society to the solemn assize of the great day.

34 Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see *it*.

35 I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

36 Yet he passed away, and, lo, he *was* not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

37 Mark the perfect *man*, and behold the upright: for the end of *that* man *is* peace.

38 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together; the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

39 But the salvation of the righteous *is* of the LORD; *he is* their strength in the time of trouble.

40 And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

34. "*Wait on the Lord.*" We have here the eighth precept, and it is a lofty eminence to attain to. Tarry the Lord's leisure. Wait in obedience as a servant, in hope as an heir, in expectation as a believer. This little word "wait" is easy to say, but hard to carry out, yet faith must do it. "*And keep his way.*" Continue in the narrow path; let no haste for riches or ease cause unholy action. Let your motto be, "On, on, on," Never flag, or dream of turning aside. "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." "*And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land.*" Thou shalt have all of earthly good which is really good, and of heavenly good there shall be no stint. Exaltation shall be the lot of the excellent. "*When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.*" A sight how terrible and how instructive! What a rebuke for fretfulness! what an incentive to gratitude! My soul, be still, as thou foreseest the end, the awful end of the Lord's enemies.

35. A second time David turns to his diary, and this time in poetic imagery tells us of what he had observed. It were well if we too took notes of divine providences. "*I have seen the wicked in great power.*" The man was terrible to others, ruling with much authority, and carrying things with a high hand, a Cæsar in might, a Crœsus in wealth. "*And spreading himself like a green bay tree.*" Adding house to house and field to field, rising higher and higher in the state. He seemed to be ever verdant like a laurel, he grew as a tree in its own native soil, from which it had never been transplanted. No particular tree is here meant, a spreading beech or a wide expanding oak may serve us to realise the picture; it is a thing of earth, whose roots are in the clay; its honours are fading leaves; and though its shadow dwarfs the plants which are condemned to pine beneath it, yet it is itself a dying thing, as the feller's axe shall prove. In the noble tree, which claims to be king of the forest, behold the grandeur of the ungodly to-day; wait awhile and wonder at the change, as the timber is carried away, and the very root torn from the ground.

36. "*Yet he passed away.*" Tree and man both gone, the son of man as surely as the child of the forest. What clean sweeps death makes! "*And, lo, he was not.*" To the surprise of all men the great man was gone, his estates sold, his business bankrupt, his house alienated, his name forgotten, and all in a few months. "*Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.*" Moved by curiosity, if we enquire for the ungodly, they have left no trace; like birds of ill omen none desire to remember them. Some of the humblest of the godly are immortalised, their names are imperishably fragrant in the church, while of the ablest of infidels and blasphemers hardly their names are remembered beyond a few years. Men who were in everybody's mouths but yesterday are forgotten to-morrow, for only virtue is immortal.

37. "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.*" After having watched with surprise the downfall of the wicked, give your attention to the sincerely godly man, and observe the blessed contrast. Good men are men of mark, and are worth our study. Upright men are marvels of grace, and worth beholding. "*For the end of that man is peace.*" The man of peace has an end of peace. Peace without end comes in the end to the man of God. His way may be rough, but it leads home. With believers it may rain in the morning, thunder at midday, and pour in torrents in the afternoon, but it must clear up ere the sun goes down. War may last till our last hour, but then we shall hear the last of it.

38. "*But the transgressors shall be destroyed together.*" A common ruin awaits those who joined in common rebellion. "*The end of the wicked shall be cut off.*" Their time shall be shortened, their happiness shall be ended, their hopes for ever blasted, their execution hastened on. Their present is shortened by their sins; they shall not live out half their days. They have no future worth having, while the righteous count their future as their true heritage.

39. "*But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord.*" Sound doctrine this. The very marrow of the gospel of free grace. By salvation is meant deliverance of every kind; not only *the* salvation which finally lands us in glory, but all the minor rescues of the way; these are all to be ascribed unto the Lord, and to him alone. Let him have glory from those to whom he grants salvation. "*He is their strength in the time of trouble.*" While trouble overthrows the wicked, it only drives the righteous to their strong Helper, who rejoices to uphold them.

40. "*And the Lord shall help them.*" In all future time Jehovah will stand up for his chosen. Our Great Ally will bring up his forces in the heat of the battle. "*He shall deliver them from the wicked.*" As he rescued Daniel from the lions, so will he preserve his beloved from their enemies; they need not therefore fret, nor be discouraged. "*And save them, because they trust in him.*" Faith shall ensure the safety of the elect. It is the mark of the sheep by which they shall be separated from the goats. Not their merit, but their believing, shall distinguish them. Who would not try the walk of faith? Whoever truly believes in God will be no longer fretful against the apparent irregularities of this present life, but will rest assured that what is mysterious is nevertheless just, and what seems hard is, beyond a doubt, ordered in mercy. So the Psalm ends with a note which is the death-knell of the unhallowed disquietude with which the Psalm commenced. Happy they who can thus sing themselves out of ill frames into gracious conditions.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verses 1, 2.—A frequent temptation, and a double corrective—a sight of sinners in death and in hell.

Verse 3.—I. A combination descriptive of holy living. II. A combination descriptive of happy living.

Verse 3.—The believer portrayed. I. His object of trust. II. His mode of life. III. His place of abode. IV. His certainty of provision.

Last clause.—Read it in four ways. I. "Certainly fed," or the certainty of supply. II. "Fed in verity," or the sufficiency of the provision for soul and body. III. "Fed on truth," or the spirituality of the provision. IV. "Feed on truth," or the duty of choosing such provision.

Verse 4.—Explain the delight and the desire of the believer, and show the connection between them.

Verses 5 *and* 6.—The higher life. I. Based on hearty resignation. II. Sustained by faith. III. Constantly unfolded by the Lord. IV. Consummated in meridian splendour.

Verse 6.—Sweet comfort for slandered saints. Where their character now is. Who shall reveal it? The gradual yet sure manner of the revelation, and the glorious conclusion.

Verse 7.—"*Rest in the Lord.*" What? Where? When? Why? How?

Verse 7.—Peace, patience, self-possession.

Verse 8.—A SERMON FOR THE FRETFUL. I. *Cease* from present anger. It is madness, it is sin; it shuts out our prayers; it will grow into malice; it may lead to worse. II. *Forsake it* for the future. Repent of it, watch temper, discipline thy passions, etc. III. *Avoid* all kindred feelings of fretfulness, impatience, envy, etc., for they lead to evil.

Verse 9.—How the humble are the true lords of the land.

Verse 10.—I. Consider what the departed sinner has left. Possessions, joys, honours, aims, hopes, etc. II. Consider where he has gone. III. Consider whether you will share the same lot.

Verse 11.—The meek man's delight, or "the harvest of a quiet eye."

Verse 14.—*Upright conversation.* I. What it excludes. The horizontal or earthly, the crooked or crafty, the slanting or sinister. II. What it includes. Motive, object, language, action. III. What it achieves. It stands like a pillar; it supports like a column; it ascends like a tower; it adorns like a monument; it illuminates like a Pharos.

Verse 15.—The self-destructive nature of evil.

Verses 16 *and* 17.—I. The owners contrasted. II. The subjects compared. III. The preference given. IV. The reasons declared.

Verse 17 (*last clause*).—I. The favoured persons. II. Their evident need, "upholding." III. Their singular blessedness "upheld," above trial, under trial, after trial. IV. Their august Patron.

Verse 18.—The comforts derivable from a consideration of the divine knowledge. The eternity of the righteous man's possessions.

Verse 18 (*last clause*).—What it is. How they come by it. How long they hold it.

Verse 18.—Everything here requires attention. I. The persons. II. The period. III. The portion.—*William Jay.*

Verse 19.—Good words for hard times.

Verse 21.—Monetary transactions tests of character.

Verse 22.—The Divine blessing the secret of happiness. The Divine displeasure the essence of misery.

Verses 23 *and* 24.—I. The Divine predestination. II. The Divine delight. III. The Divine support.

Verse 24.—Temporary trials. I. To be expected. II. Have their limit. III. Have their results. IV. Our secret comfort under them.

What may be. What cannot be. What shall be.

Verse 25.—Memorandum of an aged observer.

Verse 26.—The righteous man's merciful disposition, generous action, and rich reward.

Verse 26.—The benediction of the good man's family: what it is, and what it is not.

Verse 27.—Negative, positive, remunerative.

Verse 28.—I. The Lord's love of right. II. His faithfulness to the righteous. III. Their sure preservation thus doubly guaranteed. IV. The doom of the wicked thus certified.

Verse 29.—Canaan as a type of the righteous man's inheritance.

Verse 30.—*Our speech* as a test of godliness.

Verse 31.—I. The best thing. II. In the best place. III. With the best of results.

Verses 32, 33.—Our enemies, their inveterate malice; our safeguard and justification.

Verse 34.—A twofold admonition and a twofold promise.—*William Jay.*

Verse 34.—Patient faith, persevering holiness, and promised exaltation.

Verse 34 (*last clause*).—Emotions caused in the godly by a sight of the sinner's doom.

Verses 35, 36, 37.—Three memorable scenes. I. The imposing spectacle. II. The astounding disappearance. III. The delightful exit.

Verses 39, 40.—I. The doctrines of grace condensed. II. The experience of the gracious epitomised. III. The promises of grace summarised. IV. The grandest evidence of grace declared, "*because they trust in him.*"

P.S.—In consequence of the great length of the Psalm, the Notes and Quaint Sayings are necessarily omitted, but will be given in the volume which is now in preparation, which will be issued, if we are spared to reach Psalm L.

Our Scriptures.

Mr. Ehrenzeller's letter in reply to Mr. Marshall, in the matter of the Bible Society and its imperfect versions of Scripture, we are reluctantly driven to postpone till next month, through the great length of the Psalm.

Memoir of Mr. John Minett,

BY MR. A. WALKER, OF WINSLOW.

WE have to record another removal by the hand of death of one of our settled students. This time it is our sad office to report the decease of Mr. J. Minett, one whose name will be long and affectionately cherished in the memories of many. We have thought that a short sketch of his career would not be out of place.

John Minett was born at Ely, in December, 1840. His parents belonged to the labouring class, but before he was eight years old death deprived him of both of them, and he was brought up by his grandparents, God-fearing people, members of the Countess of Huntingdon's connection. He worked as carter on the farm of a pious man, at Thetford, near Ely, being treated by his employer and his good wife much more as a son than as a servant. It was here that he was converted, and was led to devote himself to the Lord. A few months before his death, when revisiting these early scenes for the sake of his health, he led one of his brethren in the ministry into a broken-down barn, and said, "Many times when obliged to be up all night on the farm, I have read the precious word of God in this old shed by the dim light of a candle, until the sun has begun to peep through that window, while I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it."

His assiduity and success as a Sunday-school teacher and village preacher, led many to desire him to devote himself exclusively to the work of the ministry. Having himself a great wish to take this step, he consented. Application was made to Mr. Spurgeon for his admission into the College, and meanwhile some friends subscribed enough money to enable him to lay aside his usual avocations, and commence a preparatory course of study under Rev. J. Dring, of Stretham, near Ely.

In 1862, Mr. Minett entered the Tabernacle College, where his genial, yet holy manners and demeanour, soon won for him the friendship and esteem of all his acquaintances.

In September, 1863, a church at Stanton bury, Bucks, near the Wolverton works of the London and North Western Railway Company, applied to the College for a pastor. Mr. Minett was sent, and to use a homely phrase, the people "took to him immediately." The church was newly formed, being a branch from the cause at Stony Stratford, one of the oldest Baptist societies in the kingdom. Mr. Minett was elected its first pastor, June 1864. Finding this a congenial sphere of labour, he worked in it with all his might, in fact, he sacrificed himself for it. This expression is not too strong, for before long, though apparently one of the most robust of men, his health began to fail, and his symptoms were pronounced to be those of consumption.

Remembering the frivolous pretexts of which some men avail themselves to escape from work they do not like, some may be surprised that he did not yield to the solicitations of friends, and seek the pastorate of a church in a better locality. There can be no doubt that his death was accelerated by the unhealthy situation of the place in which he laboured, but he loved his people and was willing to be entirely "used up" for them for Christ and for the church.

His disease had so much increased, that from the winter of 1866-7 he was compelled gradually to relinquish preaching. All efforts in search of health were vain and fruitless: medical advice and change of air alike failed, and in July, 1868, he resigned his pastorate. This step was forced upon him by sheer weakness, loss of voice, and inability to preach. With indomitable courage, rather than be dependent upon others, though wasted to a mere skeleton, he commenced business, in which for a time he was successful. But this final effort so seriously overtaxed his small strength, that in last October he

was completely prostrated. He never rallied again, but gradually fell away, in spite of all efforts to sustain him, till he died on Saturday morning, November 28th. Though unable to speak or express himself otherwise than by dumb signs, and though evidently in great pain, to the last he retained a calm and happy faith in Christ.

He was buried on December 3rd, according to his wish, Mr. W. Cuff, of Bury St. Edmunds', his fellow student, and till lately a neighbouring minister, conducted the funeral service, while the deacons of his late church carried him to the grave. Behind the widow walked some half-dozen of his ministerial brethren from the neighbourhood, some of them companions of his college life, and the procession was closed by a large number of the members of the church and congregation.

The barbarous state of our law prevents Dissenting ministers from conducting even the briefest service in our national burying grounds. Mr. Minett, was, therefore, laid in his grave in silent sorrow, preferring this method of interment to that service which an apostate church reads alike over saint and sinner, and to burial at the hand of a clergyman who *may* possible be a "successor of the apostles," but who is much more probably a disgrace and an enemy to the faith which he professes to teach. Surely the church which thus insults sorrow in its most sacred moments is as great a "badge of subjection" as any of which we have lately heard so much.

If Mr. Minett did not possess commanding talent, he had at least much originality and true genius, as those who knew him can testify. His unaffected piety and gentle, generous character, made him a man to be *loved* as well as admired. As such he lived, as such he is remembered by many now that he is no more.

Reviews.

The Shepherd with his Lambs; or Chapters and Songs of all the Scriptures that connect together Christ and Children. By A. J. Morris (late of Holloway). Miall, 18, Bouverie Street.

There is so much that is good and beautiful in these sweet songs and chapters that we could wish every teacher to read them, and imitate their simple, yet most instructive, style of discoursing; but we are sorry to say there is something in almost every chapter so unguardedly spoken, that we cannot endure it. Not that the author means to be unsound, for in other places he contradicts the apparent sense of these unwise expressions; but yet there they are, where no such things can be without being very mischievous, viz., in a very tender and touching book for babes. We refer to such expressions as these: "Christ says that his kingdom belongs to little children; it belongs to them before they are old enough to know it; it belongs to them as soon as they are born. If they die in infancy they go to heaven, to the kingdom of glory above, to be for ever with Jesus Christ. *And if they live on earth, this kingdom is theirs until they refuse it, and put it away from them by unbelief and sin.*" In the case of the Philippian jailer, Mr. Morris informs us, that "*it is not said that the jailer's house believed, only that they rejoiced with him.*" This is certainly a new, and we believe, a false rendering of the passage. The statement, "*God does all he can by means of others,*" jars on our ears; we cannot tolerate such language in reference to one who could do infinitely more by instrumentality if he chose to do so. We are not so ultra-Calvinistic as to object to the author's saying, "*You must make up your mind to obtain his grace and his blessing;*" but we could wish that the Holy Spirit had been more frequently mentioned in connection with all such resolves. It is a good pot of ointment, but there are flies in it; and we cannot honestly say less or more.

Curiosities of the Pulpit and Pulpit Literature. By THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and Rector of Stoke Newington. London: James Hogg and Son, York Street, Covent Garden.

Notes on reading this volume:—Received it with great pleasure, liking the subject and respecting the publisher, and also the author, because of his right venerable and beloved father, Thomas Jackson, some time President of the Wesleyan Conference. Reached page 12, and smelt a strong smell of Roman candles while reading remarks on baptismal regeneration, fonts, and altars. Passed on, and began to sniff again, for there was a remarkable odour of abounding plagiarism. Remembered to have heard Mr. Paxton Hood's lectures to our young men, now published as Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets; marked the same extracts, often beginning and ending at the same word, and with the same headings. Pitched the book to the other end of the room, and despite a few interesting novelties, could not bring our soul to do other than cry out, "Dead robbery!" Picked up the book with its back broken, and muttered "Served it right."

The Road to Rome, via Oxford; or, Ritualism identical with Romanism. By J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Partridge and Co.

To prove Ritualism and Romanism to be one is as easy as to show that twice two are four. Much good Protestant argument is condensed into this volume, and Ritualism is dealt with in the most uncompromising manner. The following list of toilet articles of a priest, with explanation of their origin is amusing.

"'Although attention has been invited to the Eucharist garments and ritual,' says Dr. Maurice, 'as specially connected with Popery, it will be as well to bear in mind that they are, as even admitted by Romanists themselves, either of Pagan or Jewish origin, and most of them borrowed from the costume and ornamentation of females, *e.g.*: (1.) The amice, being a white napkin or kerchief, folded in a particular way, was the ancient head-dress of the heathen priest, and is worn at the present day by the women of certain districts in Italy; and this is appealed to by one of their apologists as a proof of the antiquity of their ceremonial, because it has this and other vestments in common with heathens and Jews at their sacrifices. (2.) The alb was the under-garment of the ancient Romans, made of white linen, and next to the person, being, in fact, what we call a shirt, though much longer than any garment worn by the male sex. (3.) The stole was a portion of the dress of the Roman ladies, and was worn just as the scarf, boa, or sash is worn by females in the present day. (4.) The maniple was originally an embroidered handkerchief, which instead of being kept in the pocket, was suspended from the wrist. (5.) The chasuble, or casula, was the *toga virilis* of the Roman gentleman, and was put on just as the ecclesiastics do now, so as to fall down in graceful folds around the person. It is the same in shape as that which forms the only covering of the savage in North and South America, better known as the poncho, or Indian blanket. (6.) The cope was nothing else than the overcoat of the Roman, made of materials suitable to the season, being as they still call it ecclesiastically, the pluviale, to ward off the inclemency of the weather, as a protection from the showers and the cold. It is for these, and such-like old clothes, that the women and men of England are being worried and cajoled by a set of would-be reformers, who have no taste for anything which is not raked up out of the cemeteries and dungeons of bygone ages.'"

Whitaker's Almanack for 1869. Price One Shilling.

THIS is surely *the* Almanack of the nation, and is altogether unrivalled. Here we have 360 or more pages, closely printed, and crammed with invaluable information. It contains everything about everything. We cannot imagine how the publisher can issue it at the price; its compilation must have been very expensive, and the mere paper must go far towards the amount charged.

Gleanings from Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and Isaiah. By Rev. D. PLEDGE. Elliot Stock.

DEVOUT meditations by an esteemed minister who has thus sanctified his retirement from public labour. Those who knew our friend will value this fruit of his ripest years.

Fireside Chats with the Youngsters. By OLD MERRY. Hodder & Stoughton.

OLD Merry improves every time he tries his hand with the boys. Much of his chat is exceedingly good, and after the manner which takes with the boyish mind. The vivacity of the whole affair is admirable.

Margaret, the Pearl of Navarre. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

No author's name is given to this very interesting book. It is described as "compiled from authentic sources." Now, as we read, we were not only reminded of Miss Freer's Life of Jeanne D'Albret, but felt we were reading it; and on consulting the work, page after page is to be found almost literally the same as the larger volume by that talented authoress. Is this fair to the public, which expects to have some notice of such repetition, appropriation, or whatever it may be, which thus exposes it to the risk of paying again for what may be already in the library.

Memoranda.

Jubilee services to commemorate the fiftieth year during which the Baptist church has worshipped in the Charlotte chapel, Rose Street, Edinburgh, have recently been held. On Thursday evening, 10th December, a united communion was held, at which the members of the sister churches of the city were invited to join in a devout acknowledgment of the divine goodness, and a remembrance of the Lord. There was a very fair response to the invitation. After reading and prayer by the pastor, Mr. Wm. Tulloch gave an address to believers, and Mr. Samuel Newnam gave the communion address. It was a hallowed and refreshing season to all present. On Lord's-day, 13th December, the pastor, Mr. W. Christopher Bunning, preached special sermons for the occasion, and on Tuesday evening, 15th December, a jubilee *soirée* was held, when upwards of 600 persons sat down to tea, and the chapel was crowded in every part to the meeting which followed. The pastor presided, and most appropriate addresses were given by Mr. Francis Johnstone, Mr. Jonathan Watson, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, of Augustine Congregational church, Mr. Ninian Wight, of Richmond Street Congregational church, and John Walcot, Esq., a deacon of the church. A most gratifying tribute was paid by all the speakers to the memory of Mr. Christopher Anderson (author of the "Annals of the English Bible," &c.) who, in 1818, removed to the above place of worship with the church he had been instrumental in founding, and who was pastor for the long period of forty-three years. There is much reason for gratitude in the present state and prospects of the cause.

Our notes for this month must be slender, not from want of matter, but want of space.

At the Orphanage we are still set fast for want of a master. The Lord will, we trust, guide us to the right man, but out of many applicants, not one has seemed to us to be suitable. It has been a sorrowfully pleasing task to us, as chairman, to see the widows and their boys. Some of the cases touched us deeply. Women once in affluence, left penniless with nine helpless children, dependent upon a mangle and a little parish bread. If our readers could see one tenth of the misery which passes before us, they would do as we did, empty their pockets to assist. We earnestly solicit the prayers and aid of the Lord's people for this needful and holy work.

The College continues to receive the divine smile, and our men are doing the Lord's work well.

Mr. Kerr, in St. Helens, is doing right well, and daily commending himself to general esteem.

At the annual meeting of the College, the students presented Mr. J. A. Spurgeon with a silver coffee pot, in token of their gratitude to him for his loving care and laborious zeal on their behalf.

The church and congregation meeting in Bath Street, Glasgow, entertained their late pastor, Mr. J. R. Chamberlain, at a social tea meeting. During the course of the evening, Mr. Chamberlain was presented with an elegant dressing case, having a suitable inscription, and, also, a separate address expressive of the sorrow of the church members and friends at parting with him. Mr. Chamberlain leaves Glasgow in consequence of continued ill health, after a short pastorate of about two years, with the best wishes of all the friends here, for his speedy restoration to health, future usefulness, and happiness.

At Bristol, a social tea-meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Bedminster, on Monday, January 18th, in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Perkins. The chair was taken by G. Leonard, Esq., and prayer was offered by Mr. W. H. J. Page. The pastor then gave a brief statement of his Christian experience and reasons for thinking himself called to the ministry. Addresses were afterwards delivered by Messrs. R. P. Macmaster, R. Morris, G. Wood (Independent), M. Dicklis (Presbyterian), H. Clark, J. R. Wood, F. W. Monck, and Dr. Gotch.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 21st, 1868, to January 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. J. Field	1	1	0
Ellen	0	3	8
Mr. Jenkins	0	2	6
A Friend	37	0	0
Mr. J. Strahan	1	1	0
Mr. C. Welton	0	10	6
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
J. H.	0	7	6
Mr. W. H. Foster	2	10	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	0	10	0
Miss M. C. Terry, Collecting Box ...	0	10	11
Mr. A. Searle	0	15	0
Mr. W. Fowler	50	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	6	0
Mr. E. Johnson	5	0	0
Mrs. R. Scott	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	1	0	0
A Friend, Plymouth	0	2	6
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. R. A. Lewis	5	0	0
A Collier	0	2	6
J. D.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Blake	1	5	0
M. G. Browne, Collecting Box	0	12	8
Mr. A. Chilvers	0	5	0
Miss Martin, Collecting Box	1	12	6
Friend B.	50	0	0
Quartus	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. T	50	0	0
Lieut. Woodham	1	2	0
Mrs. Abbott, collected	0	10	0
Mr. Thompson	1	0	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
O. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	1	1	0
Master J. L. Pledge	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Pledge	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Bracondell	1	0	0
Miss Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Mr. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. Mummery	0	11	4
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Per Editor, "Freeman,"	0	5	0
H. and A. Leigh	0	8	0
A Friend	20	0	0
A Member at the Ordinance	0	2	6
Mrs. McPherson	0	10	0
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6
Mr. J. F. Mackenzie	1	1	0
Mr. Tapscott			
A Friend, Charlotte Street Chapel, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Bunning	1	0	0
Mrs. Grieve	0	5	0
Anne	0	2	6
A Friend, Walthamstow	0	2	0
Omega	0	10	0
Mr. Haddleton	1	0	0
Collection at Southampton, per Mr. Collins	3	0	6
Collection at Paisley, per Mr. Crouch ...	3	2	0
Mrs. Beasfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Dec. 27	41	13	4
" " " Jan. 3	50	3	10
" " " " 10	36	7	0
" " " " 17	38	1	6
	£432	16	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 21st, 1868, to January 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
S. M.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. J. Strahan	5	5	0
Three little Children	0	1	2
Mrs. Quintrell	0	2	6
C. K., Notting Hill	0	6	6
Mr. M. H. Foster	2	10	0
An unexpected Windfall	0	4	6
Waste paper	0	6	0
Another Windfall	0	3	6
A Grateful recognition of a very small favour	0	2	6
A Slice of Luck	0	3	6
Mr. J. Fergusson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gross, per Mrs. Whittemore ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Whittemore	0	5	0
X	0	5	0
Mr. H. Hobson	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Hobson	0	5	0
Miss Lonsdale	0	10	0
Mr. Searle	0	15	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vasts' Money Box	0	5	0
Messrs. Hart	20	0	0
S. M.	0	5	0
Two boys, per Mr. Tod	0	10	0
Rebecca	0	1	0
Mrs. Poole	1	5	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	1	0	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	3	0
Mrs. Manley	5	0	0
Rebecca	0	2	6
Mr. M. Bent	0	5	0
Mr. J. Rettie	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Kaarsberg	1	10	6
Miss E. Crowdy	0	11	0
A Widow's Mite	0	5	0
Mr. Gwillam	1	3	0
A. D.	0	3	6
A Debtor to Mercy	0	4	0
Mrs. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Chilvers	0	5	0
J. B.	0	7	6
J. F. G.	0	7	6
* * * * *	0	5	0
Wollaston	0	1	0
Mr. P. H. Gutheridge, jun.	2	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	2	10	0
Miss Northcott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Naylor	0	1	0
Young Friends, per Mr. Naylor	0	5	0
J. C.	0	5	0
Friend B.	50	0	0
Little Minnie and Rose	0	2	8
A Friend	0	1	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
G. L.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
In College Box	0	0	5
Mr. W. Davidson	0	2	6
S. C. C., Brighton	1	3	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Mrs. Descroix	0	2	6
Charlotte Ware	0	2	6
Per Editor, "Freeman"	0	5	0
S. C. and S. A.	0	5	0
A Member at Ordinance	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Boyes	2	0	0
Anne	0	2	6
Mrs. Grieve	0	5	0
Mr. R. Shopland	0	2	6
Mr. R. Stevens	0	4	0
A Friend, Walthamstow	0	2	0
J. F. and F. J.	1	10	0
Mrs. Bruce	5	0	0
Miss Taylor, Collecting Box	1	17	2
Mrs. Lillycrop, Annual Subscription	1	1	0
Mr. Adrian " "	0	5	0
Mr. Probin, Annual Subscription	0	5	0
Mr. Bourne " "	0	5	0
Mrs. Tyson " "	0	5	0
Mr. Taylor " "	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor " "	0	5	0
Miss Taylor " "	0	5	0
C. A. B.	1	0	0
Miss Vickers	0	10	0
Mr. W. S. Dowding	1	0	0
Mr. Tapscott	1	1	0
T. E. S.	1	0	0
Collected at Peckham, per Mr. Field	2	10	0
Lieut. Woodhouse	1	2	0
Master Brooks	0	3	8
Master Voss	0	2	6
E. C.	1	0	0
	£150	9	11

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
J. H.	0	2	6
A Wellwisher, Montrose	0	3	0
Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0
A. J.	0	1	0
Anonymous	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	0	10	0
Mr. W. Barr, Ely	0	10	0
A. D.	0	2	6
Amelia	0	2	0
Friend B.	2	10	0
M. A. R.	0	2	0
E. H.	0	5	0
Per Editor of "Freeman"	0	2	0
A. B.	0	2	0
Subscriptions—			
Miss Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. J. Garland	0	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	0	10	0
A Debtor to Mercy	0	6	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	1	1	0
Mr. Pope	0	5	0
Mr. Mead, 10s. per Man, second Subscription	1	10	0
	£11	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage, College House.

Will Brethren who have any Cash in hand kindly forward it at once to the Secretary, as we wish to close the Accounts.

All marked thus (*) have Contributed formerly.

Per* Mr. J. H. Barnard—	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Strahan	5	0	0
Mr. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. W. Bliss	1	10	0
Mr. F. Wills	1	1	0
Mr. F. Ewin	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lacey	1	0	0
Mrs. Leonarde	1	0	0
Friend at Chipping Norton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	13	0
Mr. J. Fielder	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Norton	0	10	0
Mrs. T. Parsons	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Bliss	0	10	0
Mrs. S. T. Flint	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hunt	0	7	0
Mr. Stapleton	0	5	0
Mr. S. Salter	0	5	0
Mr. D. Apperly	0	5	0
Per* Mr. J. H. Barnard—*Continued*—			
Mr. E. Button	0	2	6
Mr. Stokes	0	2	6
Two Friends	0	2	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. McMorran	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hornblower	2	2	0
Per* Mr. E. Spurrier—			
Mr. W. W. Knight, jun.	2	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Friend	0	1	6
Per* Mr. T. W. Medhurst	1	0	0
Per Mr. Beddow	0	7	6
Per Mr. C. Davis—			
Miss Ginger	2	2	0
Per* Mr. Mayo	0	10	0
	£27	2	0

Received for Orphanage—Box containing Jewelry from Newbury; Sack of Flour from Mr. Nye.

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers and Golden Lane Free Ragged School, E.C.—S. Harris, £2; Rev. A. Tessier, £1; T. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W., 5s.; W. H. L., 5s.; M. T. H., 5s.; Mrs. Carter, £1; The Lord's Purse, 10s.; J. S. Garratt, 10s.; Mrs. Walters, £1 1s.; Mrs. T. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Glass, £1; Mrs. and Mr. W. Carpenter, £1 10s.; O. H., 5s.; Friend B., £2 10s.; Miss Northcott, 5s.; Miss Cheesman, 4s.; "Polly," Bingley, 2s. 6d.; Miss A. S. Wilson, £2; Mrs. Ethe-ington, 3s.; Mrs. W. G. Gibson, £5; a Parcel of useful Clothes from Mrs. Carter.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1869.

Sermons—their Matter.

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON, PRESIDENT.

SERMONS must have real teaching in them, and their doctrine should be solid, substantial, and abundant. The entire gospel must be presented from the pulpit; the whole faith once delivered to the saints must be proclaimed by us. To divide a sermon well may be a very useful art, but how if there be nothing to divide? A mere division-maker is like an excellent carver with an empty dish before him. To be able to deliver an exordium which shall be appropriate and attractive, to be at ease in speaking with propriety during the time allotted for the discourse, and to wind up with a respectable peroration, may appear to mere religious performers to be all that is requisite; but the true minister of Christ knows that the real value of a sermon must lie, not in its fashion and manner, but in the truth which it contains. Horses are not to be judged by their bells or their trappings, but by limb, and bone, and blood; and sermons, by judicious hearers, are largely measured by the amount of precious gospel truth which they contain. Brethren, weigh your sermons. Do not retail them by the yard, but deal them out by the pound. Set no store by the quantity of words which you utter, but strive to be esteemed for the quality of your matter. It is foolish to be lavish in words and niggardly in truth. He must be very destitute of wit who would be pleased to hear himself described after the manner of the world's great poet, who says, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hidden in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."

Sound information upon scriptural subjects your hearers crave for, and must have. Whatever else may be present, the absence of edifying instructive truth, like the absence of flour from bread, will be fatal. Estimated by their solid contents rather than their superficial area, many sermons are very poor specimens of godly discourses. I believe the remark is too well grounded that if you attend to a lecturer

on astronomy or geology during a short course, you will obtain a tolerably clear view of his system; but if you listen, not only for twelve months, but for twelve years, to the common run of preachers, you will not arrive at anything like an idea of their system of theology. Verbiage is too often the fig-leaf which does duty as a covering for theological ignorance. Sounding periods are offered instead of sound doctrine, and rhetorical flourishes in the place of robust thought. Such things ought not to be. The abounding of empty declamation and the absence of food for the soul will turn a pulpit into a box of bombast, and inspire contempt instead of reverence. Unless we are instructive preachers, and really feed the people, we may be great quoters of second-rate poetry, and mighty retailers of second-hand windbags, but we shall be like Nero of old, fiddling while Rome was burning, and sending vessels to Alexandria to fetch sand for the arena while the populace were starving for want of corn.

We insist upon it, that there must be abundance of matter in sermons, and next, that *this matter must be congruous to the text.* The discourse should spring out of the text as a usual rule, and the more evidently it does so the better, but at all times, to say the least, it should have a very close relationship thereto. In the matter of spiritualising and accommodation very large latitude is to be allowed, but liberty must not degenerate into license, and there must always be a connection, and something more than a remote connection—a real relationship between the sermon and its text. I heard the other day of a remarkable text which was appropriate or inappropriate, as you may think. A squire of a parish had given away a number of flaming scarlet cloaks to the oldest matrons of the parish. These resplendent beings were required to attend the parish church on the following Sunday, and to sit in front of the pulpit, from which, one of the avowed successors of the apostles edified the saints from the words, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It is reported, that on a subsequent occasion, when the same benefactor of the parish had given a bushel of potatoes to every man who had a family, the topic on the following Sunday was, "And they said, It is manna." I cannot tell whether the matter in that case was congruous to the selection of the text; I suppose it may have been, for the probabilities are that the whole performance was foolish throughout. Some brethren have done with their text as soon as they have read it. Having paid all due honour to that particular passage by announcing it, they feel no necessity further to refer to it. They touch their hats, as it were, to that part of Scripture, and pass on to fresh fields and pastures new. Why do such men take a text at all? Why limit their own glorious liberty? Why make Scripture a horsing-block by which to mount upon their unbridled Pegasus? Surely the Word of God was never meant to be a shoeing-horn to help a Talkative to draw on his seven-leagued boots in which to leap from pole to pole.

Brethren, I trust you are in the habit of keeping to the precise sense of the Scripture before you, and if so, I can further recommend you to hold to the *ipsissima verba*, the very words of the Holy Ghost: for although, in many cases, topical sermons are not only allowable but very proper, those sermons which expound the exact words of the Holy Spirit are the most useful and the most agreeable to the major part

of our congregations. They love to have the words themselves explained and expounded. The many are not always sufficiently capable of grasping the sense apart from the language—of gazing, so to speak, upon the truth disembodied; but when they hear the precise words reiterated again and again, and each expression dwelt upon after the manner of such preachers as Mr. Jay, of Bath, they are more edified, and the truth fixes itself more firmly upon their memories. Let your matter, then, be copious, and let it grow out of the inspired word, as violets and primroses spring up naturally from the sod, or as the virgin honey drops from the comb.

Take care that your deliverances are always weighty, and full of really important teaching. Build not with wood, hay, and stubble, but with gold, silver, and precious stones. This remark is necessary, especially to those gentlemen who mistake highflying sentences for eloquence, and latinised utterances for great depth of thought. Some of our homiletical periodicals encourage rhodomontade and great swelling words, and, therefore, are most perilous to young preachers. Think of a discourse commencing with such an amazing and stupendous assertion as the following, which by its native grandeur will strike you at once with a sense of the sublime and beautiful: "MAN IS MORAL." This genius might have added, "A cat has four feet." There would have been as much instruction in the one information as the other. I remember a sermon by the same profound writer which quite stunned the reader with grenadier words of six-feet length, but which, when properly boiled down, came to as much essence of meat as this—Man has a soul, his soul will live in another world, and therefore he should take care that it occupies a happy place. No one can object to the teaching, but it is not so novel as to need a blast of trumpets and a procession of bedizened phrases to introduce it to public attention. The art of saying common-place things elegantly, imposingly, pompously, grandiloquently, bombastically, is not lost among us, although it were "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Sermons of this sort have been held up as models, and yet they were mere bits of bladder which would lie on your finger-nail, blown out until they reminded you of those coloured balloons which itinerant dealers carry about the streets to sell at a halfpenny a-piece for the delectation of the extremely juvenile; the parallel, I am sorry to say, holding good a little further, for in some cases the discourses contained just a tinge of poison by way of colouring, which some of the weaker sort have found out to their cost. It is infamous to ascend your pulpit and pour over your people rivers of language, cataracts of words, in which mere platitudes are held in solution like infinitesimal grains of homœopathic medicine in an Atlantic of utterance. Better far give the people masses of unprepared truth in the rough, like pieces of meat from a butcher's block, chopped off anyhow, bone and all, and even dropped down in the sawdust, than ostentatiously and delicately hand them out upon a china dish a delicious slice of nothing at all, decorated with the parsley of poetry, and flavoured with the sauce of affectation.

Brethren, if you resolve in your pulpit utterances to deal with important verities, *you must not for ever hover around the mere angles of truth.* Those doctrines which are not vital to the soul's salvation, nor even essential to practical Christianity, are not to be considered

upon every occasion of worship. Bring in all the features of truth in due proportion, for every part of Scripture is profitable, and you are not only to preach the truth, but the whole truth. Do not insist perpetually upon one truth alone. A nose is an important feature in the human countenance, but to paint a man's nose alone is not the truthful method of portraiture; a doctrine may be very important, but an exaggerated estimate of it may be fatal to an harmonious and complete ministry. Do not make minor doctrines main points. Do not paint the details of the background of the gospel picture with the same heavy brush as the great objects in the foreground of it. For instance, the great problems of predestination and free agency, the trenchant debates concerning eternal filiation, the earnest dispute concerning the double procession, and the pre or post millenarian schemes, however important some may deem them, are practically of very little concern to that godly widow woman with seven children to support by her needle, who wants far more to hear of the lovingkindness of the God of providence than of mysteries profound; if you preach to her on the faithfulness of God to his people, she will be cheered and helped in the battle of life, but difficult questions will perplex her or send her to sleep. She is, however, the type of hundreds of those who most require your care. I know a minister whose shoe-latchet I am unworthy to unloose, whose preaching is often little better than sacred miniature painting—I might almost say holy trifling. He is great upon the ten toes of the beast, the four faces of the cherubim, the mystical meaning of badger's skins, and the typical bearings of the staves of the ark, and the windows of Solomon's temple; but the sins of business men, the temptations of the times, and the needs of the age, he scarcely ever touches upon. Such preaching reminds me of a lion engaged in mouse-hunting, or a man-of-war cruising after a lost water-butt. Topics scarcely in importance equal to what Peter calls "old wives' fables," are made great matters of by those microscopic divines to whom the nicety of a point is more attractive than the saving of souls.

Among a certain order of minds at this time, the Athenian desire of telling or hearing some new thing appears to be predominant. They boast of new light, and claim a species of inspiration which warrants them in condemning all who are out of their brotherhood, and yet their grand revelation relates to a mere circumstantial of worship, or to an obscure interpretation of prophecy; so that one at sight of their great fuss and loud cry concerning so little, are reminded of—

"Ocean into tempest toss'd
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

Worse still are those who waste time in insinuating doubts concerning the authenticity of texts, or the correctness of Biblical statements concerning natural phenomena. Painfully do I call to mind hearing one Sabbath evening a deliverance called a sermon, of which the theme was a clever enquiry as to whether an angel did actually descend, and stir the pool at Bethesda, or whether it was an intermitting spring, concerning which Jewish superstition had invented a legend. Dying men and women were assembled to hear the way of salvation, and they were put off with such vanity as this! They came for bread, and received a stone; the sheep looked up to the shepherd, and were not fed.

Seldom do I hear a sermon, and when I do I am grievously unfortunate, for one of the last I was entertained with was intended to be a justification of Joshua for destroying the Canaanites, and another went to prove that it was not good for man to be alone. How many souls were converted in answer to the prayers before these sermons I have never been able to ascertain, but I shrewdly suspect that no unusual rejoicing disturbed the serenity of the golden streets.

Believing my next remark to be almost universally unneeded, I bring it forward with diffidence—*do not overload a sermon with too much matter.* All truth is not to be comprised in one discourse. Sermons are not to be bodies of divinity. There is such a thing as having too much to say, and saying it till hearers are sent home loathing rather than longing. An old minister walking with a young preacher, pointed to a corn field, and observed, "Your last sermon had too much in it, and it was not clear enough, or well-arranged, it was like that field of wheat, there was much crude food, but none fit for use. You should make your sermons like a loaf of bread, fit for digestion, prepared, handy, and in convenient form." It is to be feared that human heads (speaking phrenologically) are not so capacious, for theology, as they once were, for our forefathers rejoiced in sixteen ounces of divinity, undiluted and unadorned, and could continue receiving it for three or four hours at a stretch, but our more degenerate or perhaps more busy generation requires about an ounce of doctrine at a time, and that must be the concentrated extract or essential oil, rather than the entire substance of divinity. We must in these times say a great deal in a few words, but not too much, nor with too much amplification. One thought fixed on the mind will be better than fifty thoughts made to flit across the ear. One tenpenny nail driven home and clenched will be more useful than a score of tin-tacks loosely fixed to be pulled out again in an hour.

Our matter should be well arranged after the true rules of mental architecture. Not practical inferences at the basis and doctrines as the top stones; not metaphors in the foundations, and propositions at the summit; not the more important truths first and the minor teachings last, after the manner of an anticlimax; but the thought must climb and ascend; one stair of teaching leading to another; one door of reasoning conducting to another, and the whole elevating the hearer to a chamber from whose windows truth is seen gleaming in the light of God. In preaching, have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Never suffer truths to fall from you pell-mell. Do not let your thoughts rush as a mob, but make them march as a troop of soldiery. Order, which is heaven's first law, must not be neglected by heaven's ambassadors.

Endeavour to keep the matter of your sermonising as fresh as you can. Do not rehearse five or six doctrines with unvarying monotony of repetition. Buy a theological barrel-organ, brethren, with five tunes accurately adjusted, and you will be qualified to practice as an ultra-Calvinistic preacher at Zoar and Jireh, if you also purchase at some vinegar-factory a good supply of bitter, acrid abuse of Arminians, and duty-faith men. Brains and grace are optional, but the organ and the wormwood are indispensable. It is ours to perceive and rejoice in a wider range of truth. All that these good men hold of grace and sovereignty

we maintain as firmly and boldly as they, but we dare not shut our eyes to other teachings of the word, and feel bound to make full proof of our ministry, by declaring the whole counsel of God. With abundant themes diligently illustrated by fresh metaphors and experiences, we shall not weary, but under God's hand, shall win our hearers' ears and hearts.

The word "sermon" signifies *a thrust*, and, therefore, in sermonising it must be our aim to use the subject in hand with energy and effect. To choose mere moral themes will be to use a wooden dagger; but the great truths of revelation are as sharp swords. Keep to doctrines which stir the conscience and the heart. Remain unwaveringly the champions of a soul-winning gospel. God's truth is adapted to man, and God's grace adapts man to it. There is a key, which, under God, can wind up the musical box of man's nature, get it, and use it daily. Hence I urge you to keep to the old-fashioned gospel, and to that only, for assuredly it is the power of God unto salvation.

Of all I would wish to say this is the sum, my brethren, preach CHRIST, always and evermore. He is the whole gospel. His person, offices, and work, must be our one great, all-comprehending theme. The world needs still to be told of its Saviour, and of the way to reach him. Justification by faith should be far more than it is the daily testimony of Protestant pulpits; and if with this master-truth there should be more generally associated the other great doctrines of grace, the better for our churches and our age. If with the zeal of Methodists we can preach the doctrine of Puritans, a great future is before us. The fire of Wesley, and the fuel of Whitfield, will cause a burning which all hell's infernal lake could not quench though Satan himself pumped up the flood. We are not called to proclaim philosophy and metaphysics, but the simple gospel. Man's fall, his need of a new birth, forgiveness through an atonement, and salvation as the result of faith, these are our battle-axe and weapons of war. We have enough to do to learn and teach these great truths, and accursed be that learning which shall divert us from our mission, or that wilful ignorance which shall cripple us in our pursuit. More and more am I jealous lest any views upon prophecy, church-government, politics, or even systematic theology, should withdraw one of us from glorying in the cross of Christ. Salvation is a theme for which I would fain enlist every holy tongue. I am greedy after witnesses for the glorious gospel of the blessed God. O that Christ crucified were the universal burden of men of God. Your number of the beast, your Napoleonic speculations, your personal Antichrist—forgive me, I count them but mere bones for dogs; while men are dying and hell is filling, it seems to me the veriest drivel to be muttering about the tumult of Armageddon, and peeping between the folded leaves of destiny. To win a soul from going down into the pit is a more glorious achievement than to be crowned in the arena of theological controversy as *Doctor Sufficientissimus;* to have faithfully unveiled the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ will be worthier service than to have solved the problems of the religious Sphinx, or cut the Gordian knot of apocalyptic difficulty. Blessed is that ministry of which CHRIST IS ALL.

Funerals; or, a Black Business.

WHAT can possess some people to spend so much money on putting a poor corpse into the ground? Only the other day I saw a hearse and half-a-dozen mourning coaches, all smothered with black feathers, and at the side of them marched a couple of dozen of fellows with brass-headed sticks and a kind of long-handled fans, and all sorts of rubbish besides. Whatever was it all about? Were they afraid the body would get out of the coffin, and so they carried sticks to knock it down if it tried to run away? Did they think it respectful to the departed to play at such tomfoolery in the presence of his corpse? What did *he* want with feathers? And what did *they* want with them on the way to the grave? Fine feathers would have been better at some other time. It seemed to me to be mighty fine nonsense, more for the pride of the living than the honour of the dead; more for the profit of the undertaker than anybody else. I have heard that more than four millions of money are squandered every year in funeral fopperies. It buys or hires silk scarves and brass nails, feathers for horses, kid gloves and gin for the mutes, and white satin and black cloth for the worms.

Perhaps I am a very odd and eccentric being, but I would sooner be eaten by crows than have pride and pomp feeding on my little savings, which are meant for my bereaved wife and children, and not for unsuitable, untimely, and I think, unholy show. Put me into the ground decently, but let some of my friends and companions carry me on their shoulders; don't give me up to hired mourners who smoke their pipes on the hearse as they ride home, and crack jokes about their black job. I don't find fault with these poor men: I dare say they are quite as decent as I should be if I had such work to do; but I've seen quite enough of this business to be able to judge, for there's a cemetery down our way, and I am sick to death of such funerals as I generally see. I do believe savages could never act more stupidly than we do, or dress up in uglier style at the graveside. It is never done decently; there is always a lot of dressing up, and old lumbering-coach riding, and silly formality. It is very seldom you see a bit of genuine nature at a funeral, it is all play-acting and doing the genteel thing, and "it's the custom, sir." I don't know how it is to be altered, but to my way of thinking it is as wrong as wrong can be. I wish some eminent man would make it in his will a condition that he should be carried to the grave by such of his friends as loved him best; or that if the distance was too great there should be a hearse only, undecorated, and the mourners riding in ordinary vehicles, and not a hood worn by a woman, or more than a plain hatband by the men. Poor people slave and starve to spend money on fine coffins and black clothes; and the use of either none can tell. A plain strong coffin is all the dead can need, and enough help to bear the body to its last bed is all that is required. When shall we see this social reform? Not till Christians rise superior to stupid customs, and feel the grave to be too solemn a place for mimicry and masquerade.

NATHANIEL PLAINSPEECH.

Sketches of Christian Work among the Lowly.

No. XIII.—LONDON HOSPITALS.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

UNDOUBTEDLY, physical suffering is frequently the result of moral evil. Much of the world's suffering is due to the world's sin. Every physician knows how closely related sin is to disease. The laws of nature have the power when violated of inflicting condign punishment upon the offender. It is the same with the physical world as with conscience—it can inflict penalties and execute judgments. Of course, disease is not universally the product of personal transgression. The cripple from the birth, or the consumptive child, has not received its sad inheritance as a punishment. Yet disease is the result of sin. The fall of man "brought death into the world and all our woe." The nervous system, as every one knows, is open to the punishments which sin inflicts. So delicately and wonderfully are we made, that men cannot give up the reins of command over their passions without torturing their bodies. The harp with its thousand strings is exquisitely susceptible to numberless influences. And yet, as by one man came disease, so by one more glorious Man came the remedy. The Son of Man came to save helpless, sin-stricken humanity from the woe entailed by sin. To see him surrounded by a congregation of sick folk does not pain the imagination or wound the most loving heart. It seems so natural to see HIM there. The Great Restorer, the Physician of souls, manifesting himself and his power where sorrow, not joy, and suffering, not hilarity, are found, is the necessary sequel to his own declaration, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Christians have never more resembled Christ than when they have been imbued with his compassionate consideration of the poor and suffering. They have never resembled him so little as when they have shut their ears and closed up their heart's richest sympathies, to the cries of the victims of disease. The very fact that sickness is incident to us all should move us to commiseration, just as the thought of our having deserved hell should arouse us to Christian service on behalf of those who are fast going thither. Christianity is distinguished, and was so in primitive times, by its ministrations to the afflicted. Hence, hospitals and infirmaries for the poor, are acknowledged to be "prominently characteristic of Christianity." "Pagan philosophy," says Robert Hall, "soared in sublime speculation, wasted its strength in endless subtleties and debates; but among the rewards to which it aspired, it never thought of 'the blessedness of him that considereth the poor.' You might have traversed the Roman empire, in the zenith of its power, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, without meeting with a single charitable asylum for the sick. Monuments of pride, of ambition, of vindictive wrath, were to be found in abundance; but not one legible record of commiseration for the poor."* The primitive Christians, it is evident, taught this lesson of philanthropy to the world. Hospitals were referred to as in existence at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325. The

* Robert Hall's Works, iv. 426.

first celebrated hospital was that of Cæsarea, A.D. 370-380, and the Emperor Valens is said to have richly endowed it. The hospital of Chrysostom in Constantinople also attested to the growing consideration for the poor—a feeling which increased gradually until in the ninth century we read of twenty-four hospitals being in existence in Rome.* Hospitals are now universally established, and so far from being too few, are, according to the daily papers of the week in which this article is being written, too numerous—the smaller institutions being held to be a great mistake. A reform may be expected in many larger charities, and is evidently required in some. One paper, in a thoughtful article, says that the work of ten of the smaller institutions might be done at little more than a tenth of the cost by one large hospital, so that a large part of the outlay on every small hospital is merely money thrown away, unless it can be shown that it answers some special need which without it must be left unprovided for.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that, according to the *Times*' statistics, there are eleven great hospitals in London, with medical schools attached to them, and these have an average of 396 beds each. Of the smaller kinds there are 64, with an average of 73 beds each. The estimated work done by the two classes is said to be about the same, the great hospitals relieving in the course of the year 42,692 in-patients and 610,918 out-patients, the small hospitals relieving 36,224 in-patients and 807,808 out-patients. Of the great hospitals, again, some are provided with large endowments, while others are supported by voluntary subscriptions. Into some of these hospitals, the missionaries of the London City Mission are allowed to enter. The governors of the London Hospital provide the support of a missionary. The reports of these missionaries are exceedingly interesting, and show how through dangers and perils, they have to labour for Christ. Their own descriptions of the scenes they witness, and the results of their work are so graphic, that it is difficult to improve upon their narratives. The writer prefers to epitomise some of the reports to attempting a description of scenes which he, of course, has not witnessed.

Most painfully interesting are the accounts given by the missionary to the London Fever Hospital, one of the most beneficent institutions in this country. Visitation here is most dangerous. But the danger is as nothing compared with the sadness that the Christian visitor must feel in being constantly surrounded by men, women, and children, some dead, others dying, and a still larger number suffering from virulent fevers. He tells us that he is here rejected by a Romanist, or a Jew; there eagerly sought for by some poor penitent, perhaps from our streets, or from gaol, under convictions. Here a Deist sneers at him; there a poor demented one screams or raves. He is compelled to take medicine, at times, and neither nurses nor physicans are free from the contagion. It appears that hardness of hearing is one of the common effects of fever, and the missionary is obliged to place his mouth close to the patients, and so inhale the virus of their breath, whether he reads, converses, or prays. A Romish priest very diligently visits the inmates of this hospital, for a good proportion of poor Roman Catholics

* Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. xi. 761.

are found in the building. The missionary is the only Protestant visitor; and since there are 250 beds in the institution, and in one year 556 persons had died, it will be seen that his services are eminently desirable. An out-door service for the convalescent is held in the grounds of the hospital, and in-door preaching services are also held. Both these meetings are very much prized. The in-door meeting is the first opportunity of attending public service after their illness. Some of the rudest and roughest men are here listening with tears in their eyes to the earnest appeals of the speaker. The missionary regards his visits to the convalescent wards as the most important and profitable part of his work. "Infidels, Roman Catholics, the alarmed, and believers, all alike are present, and behave with uniform respect and attention, and many who will not allow me to visit them upon their beds, listen to the truth here for the first time, and I expect great results from them in that day when all results are known." The individual cases are the best evidences that could be given of the blessing which God gives this perilous work. One is very affecting. A servant girl who had caught the typhus fever, was brought one day into the hospital. "On the day after her admission," says the missionary, "there came out upon her the spots of the small-pox, which thickened, till her whole body became covered with a mass of putrescence. She was blind, and heard with some difficulty. It was in this state I first saw her. As soon as I began to speak, she lifted up herself in her bed, and said, 'Though I can't see you, I know you by your voice. You conducted family prayer, one night, where I was last a servant.' I asked her where that was, and found it was true. 'How kind of you to come and see me!' she said; 'to come and see me, shut out from everybody else!'—for she was placed in a little outer ward, that she might not infect the other patients. I spoke to her of the kindness—yea, the infinite kindness—of him, who came not down into the world merely to risk his life, but to give his life a ransom for sinners. This seemed to melt her heart; and it was pitiful to see, from between the sores of her poor eyes, the warm tears welling out." The poor girl was much comforted by the instruction of the missionary. The Testament he gave her was highly prized, and was much read and wept over. She had to bless God that, through her severe affliction, he had brought her to a knowledge of himself.

Another case. A labouring man, who had been a professing Christian for years, but who for seven years had lived the life of a wretched drunkard, was in an awful state of alarm about his soul. He was in great and constant fear that God would for ever punish him for his backsliding sins. He would cover up his face, in an agony of grief, to hide his feelings from the missionary. He was told of the invitations of the insulted Saviour to his backsliding children, and through grace, he returned unto him who had promised, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you."

A navvy, whose formalism had deadened all anxiety after the Saviour, when first admitted into the hospital was asked whether he was prepared for God should the fever prove fatal. "Oh, yes," he said; "I believe in my Saviour, and always say my prayers. I lost one eye through the ground having fallen in upon me in a sewer, when I had to be dug out. I was also for nine hours covered in by the falling in of the front

of a railway-tunnel, but I didn't see no fear, and I don't now." This was not very encouraging testimony, considering the speaker's life of formalism. He was lovingly warned of his danger, and was visited daily for nearly a fortnight. He still persisted that "as he had never injured any one, had gone when he could to his place of worship, and had never neglected saying his prayers night and morning, therefore he was safe." After that his eyes began to open, and they continued to do so until he saw himself to be as vile as he had previously thought himself good. "He then asked for a copy of the Scriptures, and though, through the loss of his eyesight, he could only read with great difficulty, I never after that saw him without the Word in his hand. It seemed to be his meat and drink, and amazingly did his mind become enlightened by its means." One day, he made the confession that for fifty-three years he had lived without God and without hope, that drink had been his snare; but through the influences of the Holy Spirit he had been led to the cross of Christ.

Here is one other case:—"A nurse, like too many of her class, was much given to strong drink, and having access to the wine in order to administering it to the patients, she several times rendered herself unfit for her duties. One day last autumn she drank so much as to be scarcely able to stand. The matron was made acquainted with it, who sent for the doctor, and he immediately discharged her. She went at once to a bottle of lotion containing corrosive sublimate and drank off enough to kill three or four women. The doctor promptly applied the stomach-pump, and made the nurses walk her about for some four hours in the garden; she was then put to bed, caught the typhus fever, and was for seven weeks under my visitation; she became alarmed at her horrible attempt to commit suicide, and was never tired of repeating what a mercy it was that she was prevented from plunging herself into hell. I spoke to her of him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and she appeared to find comfort; and when she left, whilst thanking me for the interest I had taken in her soul's welfare, she assured me that though she never should forgive herself for her rash act, she entertained hope that for Christ's sake she should find peace and be saved."

The London Hospital, being situated in the East end, is one of the most important hospitals for the poor. During the terrible outbreak of cholera in the summer of 1866, the work of the missionary was very trying. His journal is full of solemn incidents. It is painful to read his comments day by day as the cholera patients came in. In many cases, such was the nature and severity of the pain, it was impossible to converse with the dying. Conversation could not be exchanged. In one case we read, "He continued better, but so heavy for sleep that scarcely anything could be done with him." In another, "Read with the man, but he went to sleep." "There was a great deal of confusion, and no chance of religious conversation." There is no doubt that in many instances men and women were terribly in earnest about their souls. They were brought to death's doors themselves—were, indeed, in the very presence of death—many were cowed, none were defiant; some confessed their sins, others cried aloud for pardon, others showed by their clasped hands and upturned eyes that they were engaged in silent prayer. It must have been an awfully solemn scene. In one

morning, the one missionary had spoken to and prayed with fifty sufferers. When next he passed their beds, some were dead, others fast dying. It was a case of life and death with precious souls. The missionary stood between the living and the dead. Every moment was precious. Every word must be to the point. Not a wasted word—not a lost moment. Day after day was thus spent. Scenes were witnessed of a most harrowing description. Nurses fell ill. Physicians had to be removed. More patients were brought in. Still more. And more still! Young, middle-aged, old; children, newly-married persons, parents, grandparents, all suffering from one complaint, all nearing their last final account. It is a relief to read at the end of the journal, "There is no doubt the disease is decreasing." Throughout it all, nurses, physicians, ministers, preachers, missionaries, priests, were at their posts. They flinched not. And they had their reward.

In quieter times the work of the missionary at this hospital is not less useful. He tells us that it is rare to meet with God-fearing men and women in the hospital. "Indeed, if so minded, it would be easy to trace in very many instances the accident or affliction to the misconduct of the sufferer, while a considerable number of accidents might also be traced to the misconduct or carelessness of others. Men will get drunk, get into trouble, and beat their wives, in some instances most unmercifully. Women, too, will get drunk, and quarrel and fight, or do things in a fit of bad temper which may cause them weeks, nay, months of severe suffering; while some will carry to their grave the dreadful consequences of uncontrolled passion, violent lust, and intemperate living. All these sad things are again and again met with in hospital visitation." A very large number of patients are met with in the course of the year who have attempted self-destruction, the majority by far being young women. The missionary believes that they do it in ignorance of the wickedness of the act, forgetting their real state in the eyes of God. "One of them," he says, "told me a little while ago—and she had taken poison in consequence of a quarrel with a young man who had kept her company for a little while—that she wished to die and go to heaven, ignorantly supposing that suicide committed in a fit of temper was no impediment in the way of obtaining eternal rest; and her astonishment indicated that she could scarcely believe that she had so wickedly and carelessly trifled with her soul's best interests. I hope and believe she was grateful to God for sparing her life."

One report states that a very large number of domestic servants are to be found in the hospitals. Many of them have no home to go to in sickness. They have come from the country, and when out of situation are frequently tempted to join the ranks of the fallen. The missionaries' labours have been greatly blessed to this class. The following case illustrates the difficulty often experienced with this class. A servant who was in the London Hospital, of the age of fifteen, had very recently come from Norfolk. She had only been one fortnight in her situation when she was seized with rheumatics, and brought to the hospital. Her mistress was not able to wait for her, consequently she lost her situation. "Her only relative in London was a married cousin, and she was living in a very low neighbourhood in St. George's-in-the-East. It was with some difficulty this girl was persuaded not to go

home to her cousin when she left the hospital. But at the last moment she consented to go to the 'Servants' Home;' and the next time I saw her was at the Servants' Annual Tea-meeting in the schoolroom of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I then learnt she had got into a situation, with a fair prospect of doing well. I have since heard a good account of her through the matron."

The cases we have given best illustrate the value of Christian effort in our London hospitals. May the usefulness of the missionaries greatly extend!

Richard Baxter.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE ancient town of Kidderminster, which is situated one hundred and twenty-four miles north-west of London, was in Saxon times called Chidderminster, *i.e.*, a church on the hill-side, having a stream at its foot. This place so indissolubly associated with the name and labours of Richard Baxter, could boast of its importance long before the leaven of Puritanism had influenced English society. John Beauchamp—steward of the household of Richard the First—was rewarded for services rendered to that monarch, by the barony of Kidderminster. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the poet Waller, as Lord of the manor, parted with his rights to discharge some heavy political fines. In early times Kidderminster returned its representative to Parliament; but, by some means unexplained, the borough was deprived of a privilege it again inherited on the passing of the first Reform Bill. A charter of Charles the First exempted the town from local magisterial interference. Certain local customs, bequeathed by a ruder age, are more quaintly interesting than creditable to modern intelligence. On the election of a bailiff in the olden time, the townsmen were wont to muster in the streets, and wage a war of cabbage stalks: but "the lawless hour" was fortunately restricted to the prescribed limits. The newly-chosen official, with his attendant officers, heralded by music, then proceeded to the residence of the outgoing bailiff, and at particular stages of the progress, the populace were expected to pelt them with apples. In former days, on account of the confinement necessitated by its staple trade, the town was extremely unhealthy. But while fever and consumption made unchecked ravages among the inhabitants, the atmosphere was highly salubrious, as the more satisfactory condition of the suburban population plainly proved. When Baxter flourished, the populace harboured a deeply-rooted horror of witchcraft, which led them summarily to impose a horse-pond discipline on the objects of their aversion. The vicarage, now worth about £1,100 a-year, had, in the seventeenth century, scarcely a fifth of that amount attached to it. The impetus given to religion and philanthropy by the labours of Baxter, is even now benefiting the town: otherwise we can hardly account for the number of schools and provident societies, so far above the average in a town of eighteen thousand souls.

Our subject was born in 1615, just as that courtly sycophant Edward Villiers was rising into political ascendancy. The elder Baxter

was a gentleman of Shropshire, whose debts, by some considerable amount, exceeded his estate. Richard first saw the light at the seat of Richard Adeney, of Rowton, his maternal grandfather, with whom he spent the first decade of his existence. At the age of ten he was sent to his parents at Eaton Constantine, a place of small note in the vicinity of Shrewsbury. "His schoolmasters were both lewd and ignorant"—a fact which sufficiently accounts for his defective education. Indeed, but for the grateful assistance of John Owen, of Wroxeter, the youthful Baxter would have fared even worse than he did. While, however, Owen served the boy in one direction, he bears the odium of having deprived his *protégé* of a university education. His parents originally intended sending Richard to one of the great national colleges; but, by listening to the counsel of their friend, the little scholar was placed with a neighbouring minister, whose knowledge was stored on his library shelves rather than in his head. To general incompetence he added the sin of indolence, and consequently Richard was allowed to roam at will among the books without assistance or advice. Fortunately he seems to have been thus early animated by that industry which appears to have been constitutional, and he therefore drank in what learning he could under the difficulties of his situation, and returned home at the end of eighteen months: John Owen was then found to be dying of a consumption, and Baxter consented to fill for a time the place of his early preceptor.

That insight into the moral and religious condition of England, during his youth, which Baxter affords us, is shockingly interesting. A description of a confirmation, as it was then observed, reveals some characteristics of Laud's ascendancy. Such parishioners as chose congregated in the churchyard, when the bishop, as he hurriedly walked around, placed his hands on the head of each. While doing this his Lordship would utter some inaudible sentences, and the work was finished. In rural districts even bad sermons were at a premium. In the parish where Baxter resided, the incumbent was blind, and in consequence he was only competent to repeat the prayers from memory, a thatcher and a tailor in the meantime being hired to read the Scriptures. The vicar of Kidderminster was an illiterate drunkard, whose income was partly derived "from the celebration of unlawful marriages." Patrons of livings became Simoniacs, and were not ashamed to lease such parishes as were in their gift. As many of the clergy were scarcely above the rank of labouring men, they occasionally supplemented their incomes by ropemaking and by woodcutting.

The villages around Shrewsbury, as existing in the time of Richard's boyhood, may be taken as fair samples of rural England in those days. Too often the clergy were no less degraded than their flocks; and the accounts of the condition to which certain parishes degenerated, sounds incredible when related to modern ears. With some exceptions, the clergy only seldom practised preaching. In the place of study they unblushingly substituted gaming, drinking, and vicious sports; and the only reverence shown for the Sabbath was manifested by their encouraging Maypole dances and sundry village games, instead of honouring those dictates of religion, or even of morality, in unison with the character of the day of rest. Thus tutored by precept and example, the

populace for the most part progressed in debauchery, till unable to appreciate the instructions of grave and sober ministers. At Eaton Constantine, where Baxter resided, a sermon was rarely heard in the parish church; "And the service was run over very cursorily and irreverently; and when that was done, the rest of the Lord's-day was profanely spent in dancing under a Maypole and a great tree." In the midst of such terrible surroundings, young Baxter was preserved from serious contamination, although as a child he was addicted to lying and orchard robbing. The means of his conversion, which soon after occurred, were, Parson's *Resolutions* and Sibbs's *Bruised Reed.*

The genius and industry of Baxter shone out in youth, and attracted the notice of some influential neighbours well qualified to promote his interests. The vicar of Wroxeter, Francis Garbett, undertook to teach him philosophy. Even at this conjuncture, that "Crazy body" restrained his ardour to a degree which the spirit could scarcely tolerate. Then came changes fraught with danger. During the ascendency of Laud, when the king was hoping to impose prelacy on Scotland, some siren charmers gained Baxter's inexperienced ear, and advised that he should aspire to the equivocal honours of a courtier. His fond parents too readily snatched at the bait, being dazzled at the advantages the proposal promised. They forthwith dispatched their son to Whitehall, where his patron, Sir Henry Herbert, handsomely received him, and would probably have advanced his interests, had not the glittering world, to which fortune thus introduced him, been at utter variance with Richard's predilections. As it happened, a month at Court completely surfeited our young courtier. He returned to Eaton Constantine to become, "More indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge than can be easily imagined."

On attaining his majority, Baxter was suffering from excessive weakness, attended by a strong cough and spitting of blood; and therefore, that consumption would speedily cut down his fragile body appeared an absolute certainty. For two years he remained afflicted by this extreme debility, which friends supposed to be the precursor of death. Notwithstanding such painful drawbacks, the young scholar's longings were still for the church; and a desire to be useful in even the smallest degree led him to apply for ordination. His diocesan, the Bishop of Worcester, admitted his claim; and thus did Baxter inaugurate his ministry.

Baxter's splendid career—for so it may be truly designated—he commenced at Dudley, a notoriously wicked place, which he was the means of slightly benefiting. Thus early in life he was a zealous conformist; but on directing his attention to the controversy between the Church and the Puritans, some hitherto received opinions were shaken, although he could occasionally reprove the Nonconformists for what he termed their want of charity. After nine months' stay at Dudley, he settled at Bridgnorth with William Madstard, "A grave and severe ancient divine." For a home Baxter appropriated the neighbouring vicarage of Oldbury, which parish, and some of its neighbours, enjoyed exemption from prelatical jurisdiction; and therefore the ministers were not constrained to violate conscience by the procedure they followed. The two pastors were zealous workers among an

"Ignorant and dead-hearted multitude." The staple trade of the town was apparently carried on at the numerous ale-houses; and we need scarcely be surprised if the chief obstacles to the progress of good were "Tippling and ill-company."

In the meantime, the precursors of civil war were appearing thick and fast. By a resolution of Convocation the bishops were required to impose the Et-cætera oath, or in other words, to oblige the clergy to swear that they would never consent to the slightest alteration in the Rubric. Then followed the imposition of Prelacy upon Scotland with its attendant train of troubles. And then, amid all the prevailing discord, shipmoney came to be the chief bone of contention: but the story of shipmoney is too well known to need any recapitulation here. When the Long Parliament first assembled in November, 1640, Baxter was stationed with Madstard at Bridgnorth. We get a few glimpses into the old town, and see something of the contentions of those troublous days. We may offer this example. On a certain Saturday afternoon, the Earl of Bridgwater, who was Lord President of the Welsh Marches, passed through Bridgnorth, *en route* for London. Many of the meaner sort amongst the parishioners, rejoiced at this opportunity of impeaching their ministers on the basis of Nonconformity. They neither of them would wear the surplice nor make the sign of the cross in baptism. Moreover, so these reformers represented, they obstinately refused to pray or declaim against the Scots as recently ordered by their diocesan. The wary Bridgwater listened attentively but with caution; he attended church, and even gave the petitioners some general advice. When, however, he found himself at a safe distance from their importunity, a messenger arrived to say, that his Lordship had no jurisdiction in the matter.

Among the crying abuses which invited the attention of the Long Parliament were those existing in the church establishment. That establishment was crowded with reverend time-servers, whose notorious licentiousness, or literary incapacity, bore witness to their unfitness for the office they usurped. Feeling, therefore, that an era of freedom was inaugurated, numbers of parishes petitioned to be relieved of pastors, whose connection with the church was a disgrace to the Christian profession. It happened thus with Kidderminster, and on account of the scandalous lives of the vicar and his curate, their supersession was allowed. Baxter entered into possession of the parish; but the vicar retained his dwelling house and a principal share of the stipend.

Baxter's marvellous experience at Kidderminster fills a gladsome and encouraging page in the history of the church. What he really accomplished is sufficiently wonderful; but its happy colours are set off to even greater advantage by the dark ground of an unpromising beginning. His entrance on the work of transforming the parish was resented by the passionate hatred of a revengeful populace; and, therefore, his Herculean achievement of conquering the dissolute habits of a town will proclaim to all time, that that fragile body, which for half a century people supposed was but stepping into the grave, was inflamed by a zeal of enthusiasm having its source in heaven. A programme of his pastoral procedure has been bequeathed us. Besides his stated labours on the Sabbath, he held meetings during the week for common

instruction and prayer; for catechising of families, for discipline, and for ministerial intercommunication. During his term of office the church was enlarged by the erection of five galleries; and from being one of the most irreligious, Kidderminster came to be one of the most Christian of English towns. As such it was the wonder of visitors and the delight of its pastor.

The shock of civil war disquieted the old Borough soon after Baxter's settlement, he being "a mournful spectator of the public confusions." Those, however, who desire to study his extraordinary career at Kidderminster, must necessarily peruse the narrative of Sylvester, or its abridgment by Calamy. Understanding something of physic, the indefatigable pastor exercised that art for the benefit of his poorer people, till he deemed it prudent to transfer such duties to a regular practitioner. He truly delighted in effecting good by any lawful means. We find, for example, that the sixty or eighty pounds a-year, remitted by the publishers of his books, were faithfully distributed, as were other gains not absolutely required for his bare subsistence. His charity at one time would prompt him to place a youth at the University; or anon it distributed books among the poorer people. The latter class predominated at Kidderminster, and few if any of the inhabitants were wealthy. The leading manufacturers maintained their state on forty pounds a-year, while the majority of master weavers kept their families respectable on only half such an amount. The people in general were sufficiently poor to live as Baxter tells us, "from hand to mouth."

On the raising of the standard of civil war, persons suspected of Puritanical sympathies often risked imminent danger of outrage, or even of life, from the "loyal" populace. Even while walking the streets, such as presumed to wear short hair were frequently the objects of a sudden and ferocious attack. Among the profane, "Puritan" became a contemptuous term of reproach. In such society, certain of the bishops were necessarily popular, seeing they repressed a too strict morality, and openly encouraged the Book of Sports, and regarded with highest favour the exhilarating pastime of Sabbath games, while they heartily despised the monotony of afternoon lectures. When we consider what the quality was of the forces arrayed on the Royalist side, we shall cease to wonder at persons, who, rightly discerning the signs of the times, were willing to risk life, property, and all which was dear to them as freemen of England, rather than succumb to the humiliation of seeing so iniquitous a cause triumphant. In the city of London, men threw their plate, and women their trinkets, into the common treasury of the Parliament at Guildhall. Baxter was a keen observer, and he noticed well the elements that composed the contending parties. The partisans of Charles were the upper classes and their tenants: the defenders of the Parliament included the smaller gentry, and such as set a higher value on religion and morality. In the main, Baxter adhered to the standard of the Parliament; but the town and vicinity of Kidderminster advanced the cause of the Royalists. Some adventures our divine encountered about this time are illustrative of the state of English society in that era of commotion. Once while riding through the city of Worcester, his closely cropped hair and grave looking mien were noted by some passengers who raised the usual alarm of,

"Down with the Roundheads." His horse, fleet and faithful, helped Baxter out of this dilemma. At Gloucester, he enjoyed immunity from peril, because that town had gone over to the Parliament, on which account, by contrasting with some neighbouring places, it appeared like another sphere. In these days our author was leading a very unsettled existence. At one time we find him preaching at Alcester, when the battle of Edgehill was raging; the church being shaken the while by the vibration of distant artillery. In the midst of these alarms he preached a sermon at Bridgnorth, on the death of Madstard, his former colleague. The townspeople were boldly reproved because of the little profit they had derived from their pastor's ministrations. Some judgment, so Baxter thought, would surely visit their homesteads. This prophecy was strangely verified. Soon after, the forces of the king relentlessly destroyed both the church and town; and from the ramparts of the castle these devastators were enabled to defy their Parliamentary opponents. After peace was restored, and the town rebuilt, Baxter again addressed the inhabitants; and on that memorable occasion, the emotion affecting both hearers and preacher made the progress of the service a matter of difficulty.

Kidderminster was roughly shaken by the war; and the pastor and a large number of his followers were constrained to take refuge at Coventry, and the congenial society of that town. Baxter, who became a sort of chaplain to the garrison, stayed about a year, as the guest of Simon King, an hospitable townsman. In the estimation of Royalist generals, a Puritanic bearing was the offence of offences, so that the troops were allowed to execute a sanguinary vengeance on such districts as harboured so obnoxious a system of religion and morality. In common with many others, the house of the elder Baxter was cleared of its goods, being left with "almost nothing but lumber." Numerous families left their Kidderminster homes to lead a life of temporary exile, having for their chief means of support what moveable property they could carry with them. If too poor to command such a subsistence, these fugitives earned their bread by taking arms, choosing rather to serve as soldiers among freemen, than to retain their hearths by violating conscience in stooping to the tyrannical sway of an infatuated monarch. In 1643 Baxter travelled with a regiment to Wem, a short distance from Shrewsbury, and was there the happy instrument of releasing his father from imprisonment. For two months he lived in the society of old friends and amid old associations; but he returned at length to Coventry.

We can look into Coventry as it appeared during that tumultuous year of 1643. While England was shaken by tremendous civil commotion, Coventry was tranquil. News of Edgehill fight, of Cromwell's marches and manœuvres, or of Hampden's death, was peacefully carried into that quiet city, which is represented as having resembled a dry house unmolested by distant storms. This leisure, however, bred polemical contentions; for the Presbyterians, with Baxter at their head, found time to give particular heed to "An Anabaptist taylor"—the results being a sharp controversy of small credit to the combatants concerned. The Baptists showed a very determined front, and sent to Bedford for Benjamin Cox, a renowned champion of their denomination,

known to his contemporaries as "An old Anabaptist minister, a bishop's son, and no mean scholar." If such things are thought to be merely trifles, let it be considered, that they are the trifles of Baxter's life.

Loving as he did a studious retirement, and the functions of his sacred calling, Baxter's aversion to party politics and the excitement of war, would have prevented his enrolment among the army chaplains had not the higher consideration of duty overcome his objections. He therefore consented to travel with the forces; and his adventures included the witnessing of the siege of Worcester, of Banbury Castle, and of the no less important capture of Bridgwater. As we, at this distance of time, quietly note the actions of veterans who won freedom for themselves and posterity, it strikes us as strange that such men could forget the terrors of war in religious controversy. Indeed, the soldiers, by their interminable wranglings on theological questions, occasioned their chaplain some serious inconvenience; for he would spend an entire day promoting an amicable settlement of some intricate dispute. The truth is, that in those years the sects in general attracted his undue attention. Seekers, Ranters, and Quakers—which last he said were "Ranters reversed"—engrossed the hours which might have been more profitably employed. Nevertheless, it is only fair to remember, that the middle of the seventeenth century was emphatically an age of disagreement, and of undue prominence being given to minor matters. To illustrate this proposition, and show with what zest the populace divided into parties, it will suffice to refer to a certain memorable day wherein Baxter and Toombs stood before a crowded audience to argue on Infant Baptism, from nine in the morning till five in the evening. In the meantime Baxter's decision of character was not less apparent in politics than in religion. While strenuously opposing the policy of the Court, he, on the other hand, threw in his great influence against the Covenant; and he prevented that famous instrument from being subscribed both in the town of Kidderminster and in the county of Worcester.

Although Baxter and others declined subscribing the Covenant, they refused, in after times, to pray for the success of Cromwell's army in Scotland. Indeed, these Presbyterian divines acted unfairly in regard to Cromwell; for while benefiting by his wholesome rule, they regarded him as a mere usurper only. We must, nevertheless, admire that straitforward honesty with which such men, under all skies and circumstances, uttered their sentiments. Thus while preaching before the Protector and his retinue, Baxter would denounce the sins of politicians, who sought to promote their individual profit by the distractions of the times. On another occasion, he explained to Cromwell his political views in a conference of five hours' duration; and the purport of those views was, that Englishmen still prized their ancient monarchy. Like his too sanguine compeers, Baxter hailed the Restoration with many joyful anticipations; and on the thirtieth of April, 1660—the day preceding the King's recall—he preached before the Parliament.

Then came the long-wished-for Restoration. The rude rejoicings of 1660 soon proved themselves the precursors of national trouble and of national humiliation. At Kidderminster, Baxter was speedily

superseded by the sequestered vicar; and by the vigilant activity of his enemy, Sir Ralph Clare, he was expelled from the pulpit, notwithstanding that in the capacity of curate he would have gladly preached for nothing.

By excluding Baxter from his diocese, the Bishop of Worcester earned the contempt of posterity. The parishioners of Kidderminster were not slow to manifest their admiration for their late pastor, and a corresponding disgust at the action of their diocesan. By violent invectives from the parish pulpit, a trial was made to teach the people a more prelatical behaviour: but after all such endeavours at reformation, the obstinate townsmen treated their would-be instructors with contemptuous derision. They also stayed away from the parish church—a procedure which provoked the uppermost party to resort to persecution. Recusants on refusing to conform were roughly handled; and while some were despoiled of their goods, others languished in the pestilent cells of the county gaol. The tactics of the episcopal faction showed a want of both principle and honour. Imaginary plots were concocted to implicate the more conspicuous Dissenters. Thus letters would be forged, purporting to be addressed by Baxter to certain others, specifying that arms would be provided at a given time and place. On such trumped-up charges many worthy citizens were imprisoned.

The autumn of 1661 saw the Nonconformists in a state of active vigilance. Venner's ill-timed and deservedly ill-fated plot—hatched at Limehouse, and acted out in the City streets—was yet affectionately remembered by certain "phanitiques," who now systematically opposed the re-introduction of the Prayer Book. The seamen of Plymouth, "determined that the Common Prayer should not come into Mr. Hughes's church;" and this action was prompted, so people said, by the Baptists and the Quakers. The disaffected, however, were not sanguine about securing toleration, and so provided a vessel for the common use of conveying each other to the Continent. By such means Hanserd Knollys escaped into Holland, to avoid that official vengeance which the Baptists so readily provoked. At a meeting in Southwark, convened by the latter denomination, the speakers referred to the King as "the beast;" and one of Cromwell's old lieutenants, of the name of Carter, was gravely charged with being an "Anabaptist costermonger." Intelligence reached Whitehall of a coalition of Presbyterians and Baptists, who were strengthening in sedition, and preparing to repress the government by force of arms. In the spring of 1663, the iron rule imposed on the nation began to bear its legitimate fruit; for many who were prisoners for conscience sake, died of disease or of suffocation in the overcrowded prisons. Thus on the liberation of two hundred Quakers, twenty were missing, that is, they were dead in their cells. The Presbyterians made some slight show of conformity, but the spirit of resistance animating the Quakers and Baptists was not to be subdued by even that relentless persecution. The clergy, by whom the ejected ministers were superseded, were quite unworthy of any sacred trust, as was abundantly proved by their disorderly lives and literary incompetence. In the meantime, a bad government weakly administered was disastrously affecting trade. The merchants of London lost confidence in rulers who could simultaneously repress dissent and

encourage popery. The Dutch took advantage of the times, and used every art to allure the best of our English populace away. As regarded the ejected pastors; "some teach in schools; some get into families; some cut tobacco, and take up very mean employments." Cornelius Burgess, a doctor of divinity, whose income had been £1,000 a-year, was among the number who begged their bread.

About this date Baxter and Calamy met with an adventure which deserves recording. The two were commanded to attend at Court, and on proceeding thither they found the King in the best of humours and not sparing of his condolence. With the true art of a royal dissembler, he confessed regret that such lights were not "protesting against popery." While the divines passed on to the reception room, many in assumed superiority enquired, "What do these Presbyters here?" When Charles' complaisance became known, this insolence was superseded by "Your servants Dr. Calamy and Mr. Baxter." It is curious to discover, that the more superstitious of the Dissenters ascribed their troubles to the adverse action of the stars; and such conversed in mysterious tones about "A strange conjuncture of the planets called Trigon," which occurred in December, 1662.

(*To be continued.*)

Service of Jesus in Little Things.

To turn every opportunity to account for Jesus is an art which all believers should learn. All cannot be eminent in the ministry of the pulpit; but the path to distinguished usefulness in the walks of every-day-life lies open to every Christian. Fish are not only taken in nets which surround them by hundreds, but they are captured by anglers, who concentrate their attention upon a single individual; soul fishery may be conducted in the like manner. In reading the life of John Milne,* which has just been compiled by that man of God, Dr. Horatius Bonar, we have been struck with Mr. Milne's power in dealing with souls one by one. His life lacks those stirring incidents which make a biography popular, but for this reason it will be all the more useful to those of whom it may be written.

"Along the cool sequest'red vale of life
They keep the even tenor of their way."

He was associated with M'Cheyne and Burns, and other honoured brethren, by whom the Lord worked mightily. Together with their soft and sweet radiance they made up a bright and lovely constellation, comparable to the Pleiades, and he was one of the brightest of the stars. Alas! that so many of them should shine no more for earth. The one thing, however, which has struck us in his life has been his readiness to catch at the slightest opportunity for saying a word in season; while the whole of his life was such as to shed a sacred influence all around, and to make his memoir precious to those who value grace and truth. This peculiar trait of character, which his biographer has perhaps unconsciously illustrated most lavishly, gave a

* Life of the Rev. John Milne, of Perth. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co., Berners-street.

tone to his life which we fail to note in many other good men. As our readers peruse the following interesting instances, let them earnestly pray that they may be filled with the same spirit. On his way to India, to labour in Calcutta, "He was not idle on board, though unable to do so much as he wished. He found opportunities, from day to day, of doing or speaking something for eternity. His light could not but shine during that voyage, and of this there were found some traces on the vessel's return. A gentleman coming from India in that same year (1853) was surprised to find tracts and little books lying about the steamer. He asked how and by whom this had been done. He was told that, last voyage a 'curious gentleman' had been on board, going to India. Every evening he used to go among the sailors, talking to them and listening to their stories. When they had done with their talk, he would take out his Bible from his pocket, and read a portion to them. Then he prayed with them. It was he who had given the tracts and books. There was no difficulty in discovering who this 'curious gentleman' was.

"On the same voyage, he went about among the cabin-boys, getting hold of them whenever he could. He used to promise them a sixpence or a shilling if they would learn a certain psalm or chapter, and repeat it to him. This was his practice on shore as well as at sea; and his card would frequently be handed in to Mrs. Milne by some boy, with this pencilled on it, 'Give the bearer sixpence [or a shilling as it might be] if he repeats the 53rd of Isaiah, or 55th, as the case might be. His devices for getting hold of people, or getting a word spoken to them, were as various as his zeal was unflagging. In Perth, or on the road, he might be seen helping a baker to carry his board or basket, or a man with a wheelbarrow, that he might get an opportunity of speaking to them. A Roman Catholic woman, who went about as a hawker, selling plates and dishes, tells that, meeting him once as he was coming down a long stair, he said to her, 'You are looking weak;' and then he insisted on carrying her basket down to the street, dropping a word as he went. These were frequent occurrences; and he would say on such occasions, 'You know we should bear one another's burdens,' or some such word. Some would have thought it beneath his dignity to hand his coat to a poor man who complained that he could not get to church for want of clothes; or to give chase to three boys who ran off when he was trying to persuade them to come to the Sabbath-school; or to rush out of his house one snowy day to the Inch (or public green) to help a poor woman to get down her washing-ropes; but he never thought of his own comfort or dignity when he could assist another. Whether on shore or on ship-board, in Scotland or in India, his benevolence and obligingness was the same. In one pocket you might find a bottle of wine for some sick person, in another a bunch of grapes, and in another a packet of tracts or books. He was 'ready, aye ready,' for every good word and work. He 'called nothing common or unclean' whereby he could serve the Master, or comfort a disciple, or arrest a wanderer.

Mr. Bonar says of him in 1855—"Of this date is the following sentence, so expressive of the man, reminding us of Paul's 'This one thing I do.' It is a word for all, especially for ministers. '*Let us try*

to say something to every one we meet. I have been trying it to-day. When in London, among some Government officials, he astonished them by speaking personally to them about eternity, especially one venerable gentleman, who, not at all offended, simply made the remark, 'I was never spoken to in that way before.' It was most pleasant, but somewhat perilous, to have a walk with him. The stoppages were many;—Words to be dropped; tracts to be given; kind deeds to be done to passers-by."

"Travelling in a train (1864), he writes afterwards:—'A news-boy was sorting his papers; I said, I have a newspaper that never grows old. He looked up with such an amazed, inquiring face, 'What's that?' I took out my little Bible, and the poor boy felt it."

"During a visit to London, at one of the metropolitan railway stations, while waiting for a train, he was interested with a fine little boy, whose father was pretending he would throw the child on the rails, much to the little fellow's amusement. At last Mr. Milne said to the boy, 'Why are you not afraid? If he throws you down, you will be killed.' 'Oh!' said the child, with a shout of laughter, 'he's my papa.' Mr. Milne paused a moment, and then turning to the gentleman, said, 'What a lesson your boy has taught us, that, under all circumstances, we should trust our heavenly Father that he will not hurt us!' and then walked on. In a few minutes the gentleman followed and said, 'It is very remarkable that you should have made that remark to me just now. I am now on my way to visit my own father, who is in a lunatic asylum, and I am afraid I have had hard thoughts of my heavenly Father; but—' at that moment his train came up, and all he could add was, 'Thank you, thank you.'"

"Coming from church one afternoon he saw three women, in a humble rank of life, going out to walk on the Inch. One said to the others, 'Stop, I have lost something.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Milne, 'stop; for though I do not know what you have lost, I know what you are losing.' They looked amazed. 'Yes,' he continued, 'you are losing your Sabbath; and if you lose your Sabbaths now, you will lose your souls by-and-by.' The women did stop and turned back to their house.

"Walking in the country, near Bridge of Allan, he met a woman, to whom he offered a tract. She seemed most willing to take it, and he added, 'I hope you can say, Christ is mine.' She hesitated; so holding out the tract, he said, 'I offer you this, is it yours?' She said, 'Not till I have taken it.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is the same with Christ. God, by his ministers, offers him to you. Accept of him, and then you can say, Christ is mine.'"

"He had preached one Sabbath on 'The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved;' and during the course of the following week he saw one of his people walking along with a companion. He went up, and putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, said, "'The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved"—*are* YOU saved?' and immediately passed. His friend's companion said, 'Was not that very forward and uncalled for?' 'No,' said the other, 'it is a most important question.' That question led to a true conversion."

Reader, go and do thou likewise. C. H. SPURGEON.



THIS IS NO FANCY PICTURE, but a tolerably correct representation of a clergyman of the church of England, occupied in the performance of some part of his ritual; we confess we know not which, but we vouch for the accuracy of the sketch. It was time that such foolery was stopped, but if the symbol be forbidden, the doctrinal Popery remains in the church. That many clergymen preach the gospel of Jesus right well and earnestly we joyfully admit, and we heartily wish that all did so; but how does this excuse the Establishment for teaching baptismal regeneration in her prayer-book, and so inviting the upgrowth of Popery in her pale? Some of her physicians prescribe the balm of Gilead for dying men: does this justify her in speaking so ambiguously in her prayer-book that men are poisoned with abominable and idolatrous nostrums borrowed from the old destroyer at Rome? It is said that the Ritualists will one day be turned out of the church by the exercise of her discipline: we sincerely hope so; but believe that so long as the prayer-book is unrevised, the church will remain but half reformed. The prayer-book is *for* the Ritualist in much of its teaching. The mere snuffing out of a few candles is nothing, the evil lies deeper than courts of law can reach. The only cure is for all true Evangelicals to come out of the church, and no longer bear the sin of fellowship with an Anglican Papacy: if they have not the courage to do this, let them agitate for the separation of the church from the state, in which case they would reform their church at once. Something ought to be done, and done soon, for as matters now stand the established church is the recruiting sergeant for Rome, and the pope's work is being better done by our state-paid clergy than by his Jesuits or Cardinals. It is intolerable that a Protestant nation like England should much longer be saddled with the support of a church which is a nursery for Papists. Every Christian should shake himself free from all complicity with the Popery which is insidiously covering the land. How can he do this if he remains in fellowship with Ritualists? Come ye out from among them; be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing.

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Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXVIII.

TITLE.—A Psalm of David, to bring to remembrance. *David felt as if he had been forgotten of his God, and, therefore, he recounted his sorrows and cried mightily for help under them. The same title is given to Psalm* lxx., *where in like manner the psalmist pours out his complaint before the Lord. It would be foolish to make a guess as to the point in David's history when this was written; it may be a commemoration of his own sickness and endurance of cruelty; it may, on the other hand, have been composed by him for the use of sick and slandered saints, without special reference to himself.*

DIVISIONS.—*The Psalm opens with a prayer,* 1; *continues in a long complaint,* 2—8; *pauses to dart an eye to heaven,* 9; *proceeds with a second tale of sorrow,* 10—14: *interjects another word of hopeful address to God,* 15; *a third time pours out a flood of griefs,* 16—20; *and then closes as it opened, with renewed petitioning,* 21 *and* 22.

EXPOSITION.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

1. "*O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath.*" Rebuked I must be, for I am an erring child and thou a careful Father, but throw not too much anger into the tones of thy voice; deal gently although I have sinned grievously. The anger of others I can bear, but not thine. As thy love is most sweet to my heart, so thy displeasure is most cutting to my conscience. "*Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.*" Chasten me if thou wilt, it is a Father's prerogative, and to endure it obediently is a child's duty; but, O turn not the rod into a sword, smite not so as to kill. True, my sins might well inflame thee, but let thy mercy and long-suffering quench the glowing coals of thy wrath. O let me not be treated as an enemy or dealt with as a rebel. Bring to remembrance thy covenant, thy fatherhood, and my feebleness, and spare thy servant.

2 For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

3 *There is* no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither *is there any* rest in my bones because of my sin.

4 For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

5 My wounds stink *and* are corrupt because of my foolishness.

6 I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

7 For my loins are filled with a loathsome *disease:* and *there is* no soundness in my flesh.

8 I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

2. "*For thine arrows stick fast in me.*" By this he means both bodily and spiritual griefs, but we may suppose, especially the latter, for these are most piercing and stick the fastest. God's law applied by the Spirit to the conviction of the soul of sin, wounds deeply and rankles long; it is an arrow not lightly to be brushed out by careless mirthfulness, or to be extracted by the flattering hand of self-righteousness. The Lord knows how to shoot so that his bolts not only strike but stick. He can make convictions sink into the

innermost spirit like arrows driven in up to the head. It seems strange that the Lord should shoot at his own beloved ones, but in truth he shoots at their sins rather than them, and those who feel his sin-killing shafts in this life, shall not be slain with his hot thunderbolts in the next world. "*And thy hand presseth me sore.*" The Lord had come to close dealings with him, and pressed him down with the weight of his hand, so that he had no rest or strength left. By these two expressions we are taught that conviction of sin is a piercing and a pressing thing, sharp and sore, smarting and crushing. Those who know by experience "the terrors of the Lord," will be best able to vouch for the accuracy of such descriptions: they are true to the life.

3. "*There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger.*" Mental depression tells upon the bodily frame; it is enough to create and foster every disease, and is in itself the most painful of all diseases. Soul sickness tells upon the entire frame; it weakens the body, and then bodily weakness reacts upon the mind. One drop of divine anger sets the whole of our blood boiling with misery. "*Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.*" Deeper still the malady penetrates, till the bones, the more solid parts of the system, are affected. No soundness and no rest are two sad deficiencies; yet these are both consciously gone from every awakened conscience until Jesus gives relief. God's anger is a fire that dries up the very marrow; it searches the secret parts of the belly. A man who has pain in his bones tosses to and fro in search of rest, but he finds none; he becomes worn out with agony, and so in many cases a sense of sin creates in the conscience a horrible unrest which cannot be exceeded in anguish except by hell itself.

4. "*For mine iniquities are gone over mine head.*" Like waves of the deep sea; like black mire in which a man utterly sinks. Above my hopes, my strength, and my life itself, my sin rises in its terror. Unawakened sinners think their sins to be mere shallows, but when conscience is aroused they find out the depth of iniquity. "*As an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.*" It is well when sin is an intolerable load, and when the remembrance of our sins burdens us beyond endurance. This verse is the genuine cry of one who feels himself undone by his transgressions and as yet sees not the great sacrifice.

5. "*My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness.*" Apply this to the body, and it pictures a sad condition of disease; but read it of the soul, and it is to the life. Conscience lays on stripe after stripe till the swelling becomes a wound and suppurates, and the corruption within grows offensive. What a horrible creature man appears to be to his own consciousness when his depravity and vileness are fully opened up by the law of God, applied by the Holy Spirit! It is true there are diseases which are correctly described in this verse, when in the worst stage; but we prefer to receive the expressions as instructively figurative, since the words "because of my foolishness" point rather at a moral than a physical malady. Some of us know what it is to stink in our own nostrils so as to loathe ourselves. Even the most filthy diseases cannot be so foul as sin. No ulcers, cancers, or putrifying sores, can match the unutterable vileness and pollution of iniquity. Our own perceptions have made us feel this. We write what we do know, and testify what we have seen; and even now we shudder to think that so much of evil should lie festering deep within our nature.

6. "*I am troubled.*" I am wearied with distress, writhing with pain, in sore travail on account of sin revealed within me. "*I am bowed down greatly.*" I am brought very low, grievously weakened and frightfully depressed. Nothing so pulls a man down from all loftiness as a sense of sin and of divine wrath concerning it. "*I go mourning all the day long.*" The mourner's soul-sorrow knew no intermission, even when he went about such business as he was able to attend, he went forth like a mourner who goes to the tomb, and his words and manners were like the lamentations of those who follow the corpse. The whole verse may be the more clearly understood if we picture the Oriental mourner, covered with sackcloth and ashes, bowed as in a heap, sitting amid

squalor and dirt, performing contortions and writhings expressive of his grief; such is the awakened sinner, not in outward guise, but in very deed.

7. "*For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease*"—a hot, dry, parching disorder, probably accompanied by loathsome ulcers. Spiritually, the fire burns within when the evil of the heart is laid bare. Note the emphatic words, the evil is *loathsome*, it is in the *loins*, its seat is deep and vital—the man is *filled* with it. Those who have passed through the time of conviction understand all this. "*And there is no soundness in my flesh.*" This he had said before, and thus the Holy Spirit brings humiliating truth again and again to our memories, tears away every ground of glorying, and makes us know that in us, that is, in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing.

8. "*I am feeble.*" The original is "benumbed," or frozen, such strange incongruities and contradictions meet in a distracted mind and a sick body—it appears to itself to be alternately parched with heat and pinched with cold. Like souls in the Popish fabled Purgatory, tossed from burning furnaces into thick ice, so tormented hearts rush from one extreme to the other, with equal torture in each. A heat of fear, a chill of horror, a flaming desire, a horrible insensibility—by these successive miseries a convinced sinner is brought to death's door. "*And sore broken.*" Crushed as in a mill, pounded as in a mortar. The body of the sick man appears to be all out of joint and smashed into a palpitating pulp, and the soul of the desponding is in an equally wretched case; as a victim crushed under the car of Juggernaut, such is a soul over whose conscience the wheels of divine wrath have forced their awful way. "*I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.*" Deep and hoarse is the voice of sorrow, and often inarticulate and terrible. The heart learns groanings which cannot be uttered, and the voice fails to tone and tune itself to human speech. When our prayers appear to be rather animal than spiritual, they are none the less prevalent with the pitiful Father of mercy. He hears the murmur of the heart and the roaring of the soul because of sin, and in due time he comes to relieve his afflicted.

The more closely the preceding portrait of an awakened soul is studied in the light of experience, the more will its striking accuracy appear. It cannot be a description of merely outward disorder, graphic as it might then be; it has a depth and pathos in it which only the soul's mysterious and awful agony can fully match.

9 Lord, all my desire *is* before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

9. "*Lord, all my desire is before thee.*" If unuttered, yet perceived. Blessed be God, he reads the longings of our hearts; nothing can be hidden from him; what we cannot tell to him he perfectly understands. The psalmist is conscious that he has not exaggerated, and therefore appeals to heaven for a confirmation of his words. The good Physician understands the symptoms of our disease and sees the hidden evil which they reveal, hence our case is safe in his hands. "*And my groaning is not hid from thee.*"

> "He takes the meaning of our tears,
> The language of our groans."

Sorrow and anguish hide themselves from the observation of man, but God spieth them out. None more lonely than the broken-hearted sinner, yet hath he the Lord for his companion.

10 My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

11 My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore; and my kinsmen stand afar off.

12 They also that seek after my life lay snares *for me:* and they

that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

13 But I, as a deaf *man*, heard not; and *I was* as a dumb man *that* openeth not his mouth.

14 Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth *are* no reproofs.

10. "*My heart panteth.*" Here begins another tale of woe. He was so dreadfully pained by the unkindness of friends, that his heart was in a state of perpetual palpitation. Sharp and quick were the beatings of his heart; he was like a hunted roe, filled with distressing alarms, and ready to fly out of itself with fear. The soul seeks sympathy in sorrow, and if it finds none, its sorrowful heart-throbs are incessant. "*My strength faileth me.*" What with disease and distraction, he was weakened and ready to expire. A sense of sin, and a clear perception that none can help us in our distress, are enough to bring a man to death's door, especially if there be none to speak a gentle word, and point the broken spirit to the beloved Physician. "*As for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.*" Sweet light departed from his bodily eye, and consolation vanished from his soul. Those who were the very light of his eyes forsook him. Hope, the last lamp of night, was ready to go out. What a plight was the poor convict in! Yet here we have some of us been; and here should we have perished had not infinite mercy interposed. Now, as we remember the loving-kindness of the Lord, we see how good it was for us to find our own strength fail us, since it drove us to the strong for strength; and how right it was that our light should all be quenched, that the Lord's light should be all in all to us.

11. "*My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore.*" Whatever affection they might pretend to, they kept out of his company, lest as a sinking vessel often draws down boats with it, they might be made to suffer through his calamities. It is very hard when those who should be the first to come to the rescue, are the first to desert us. In times of deep soul trouble, even the most affectionate friends cannot enter into the sufferer's case; let them be as anxious as they may, the sores of a tender conscience they cannot bind up. Oh, the loneliness of a soul passing under the convincing power of the Holy Ghost! "*And my kinsmen stand afar off.*" As the women and others of our Lord's acquaintances from afar gazed on his cross, so a soul wounded for sin sees all mankind as distant spectators, and in the whole crowd finds none to aid. Often relatives hinder seekers after Jesus, oftener still they look on with unconcern, seldom enough do they endeavour to lead the penitent to Jesus.

12. "*They also that seek after my life lay snares for me.*" Alas! for us when in addition to inward griefs, we are beset by outward temptations. David's foes endeavoured basely to ensnare him. If fair means would not overthrow him, foul should be tried. This snaring business is a vile one, the devil's own poachers alone condescend to it; but prayer to God will deliver us, for the craft of the entire college of tempters can be met and overcome by those who are led of the Spirit. "*They that seek my hurt speak mischievous things.*" Lies and slanders poured from them like water from the town-pump. Their tongue was for ever going, and their heart for ever inventing lies. "*And imagine deceits all the day long.*" They were never done, their forge was going from morning to night. When they could not act they talked, and when they could not talk they imagined, and schemed, and plotted. Restless is the activity of malice. Bad men never have enough of evil. They compass sea and land to injure a saint; no labour is too severe, no cost too great if they may utterly destroy the innocent. Our comfort is, that our glorious Head knows the pertinacious malignity of our foes, and will in due season put an end to it, as he even now sets a bound about it.

13. "*But I, as a deaf man, heard not.*" Well and bravely was this done. A sacred indifference to the slanders of malevolence is true courage and wise

policy. It is well to be as if we could not hear or see. Perhaps the psalmist means that this deafness on his part was unavoidable because he had no power to answer the taunts of the cruel, but felt much of the truth of their ungenerous accusations. "*And I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.*" David was bravely silent, and herein was eminently typical of our Lord Jesus, whose marvellous silence before Pilate was far more eloquent than words. To abstain from self-defence is often most difficult, and frequently most wise.

14. "*Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.*" He repeats the fact of his silence that we may note it, admire it, and imitate it. We have an advocate, and need not therefore plead our own cause. The Lord will rebuke our foes, for vengeance belongs to him; we may therefore wait patiently and find it our strength to sit still.

15 For in thee, O LORD, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

15. David committed himself to him that judgeth righteously, and so in patience was able to possess his soul. Hope in God's intervention, and belief in the power of prayer, are two most blessed stays to the soul in time of adversity. Turning right away from the creature to the sovereign Lord of all, and to him as our own covenant God, we shall find the richest solace in waiting upon him. Reputation like a fair pearl may be cast into the mire, but in due time when the Lord makes up his jewels, the godly character shall shine with unclouded splendour. Rest then, O slandered one, and let not thy soul be tossed to and fro with anxiety.

16 For I said, *Hear me*, lest *otherwise* they should rejoice over me: when my foot slippeth, they magnify *themselves* against me.

17 For I *am* ready to halt, and my sorrow *is* continually before me.

18 For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin.

19 But mine enemies *are* lively, *and* they are strong: and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.

20 They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries; because I follow *the thing that* good *is*.

16. "*For I said, hear me, lest otherwise they should rejoice over me.*" The good man was not insensible, he dreaded the sharp stings of taunting malice; he feared lest either by his conduct or his condition, he should give occasion to the wicked to triumph. This fear his earnest desires used as an argument in prayer as well as an incentive to prayer. "*When my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.*" The least flaw in a saint is sure to be noticed; long before it comes to a fall the enemy begins to rail, the merest trip of the foot sets all the dogs of hell barking. How careful ought we to be, and how importunate in prayer for upholding grace! We do not wish, like blind Samson, to make sport for our enemies; let us then beware of the treacherous Delilah of sin, by whose means our eyes may soon be put out.

17.—"*For I am ready to halt.*" Like one who limps, or a person with tottering footsteps, in danger of falling. How well this befits us all. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." How small a thing will lame a Christian, how insignificant a stumbling-block may cause him to fall! This passage refers to weakness caused by pain and sorrow; the sufferer was ready to give up in despair; he was so depressed in spirit that he stumbled at a straw. Some of us painfully know what it is to be like dry tinder for the sparks of sorrow; ready to halt, ready to mourn, and sigh and cry upon any occasion, and for any cause. "*And my sorrow is continually before me.*" He did not need to look out of window to find sorrow, he felt it within, and groaned under a body of sin which was an increasing plague to him. Deep conviction continues to irritate the conscience; it will not endure a patched-up peace; but cries war

to the knife till the enmity is slain. Until the Holy Ghost applies the precious blood of Jesus, a truly awakened sinner is covered with raw wounds which cannot be healed nor bound up, nor mollified with ointment.

18. "*For I will declare mine iniquity.*" The slander of his enemies he repudiates, but the accusations of his conscience he admits. Open confession is good for the soul. When sorrow leads to hearty and penitent acknowledgment of sin it is blessed sorrow, a thing to thank God for most devoutly. "*I will be sorry for my sin.*" My confession shall be salted with briny tears. It is well not so much to bewail our sorrows as to denounce the sins which lie at the root of them. To be sorry for sin is no atonement for it, but it is the right spirit in which to repair to Jesus, who is the reconciliation and the Saviour. A man is near to the end of his trouble when he comes to an end with his sins.

19. "*But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong.*" However weak and dying the righteous man may be, the evils which oppose him are sure to be lively enough. Neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil, are ever afflicted with debility or inertness; this trinity of evils labour with mighty unremitting energy to overthrow us. If the devil were sick, or our lusts feeble, or Madame Bubble infirm, we might slacken prayer; but with such lively and vigorous enemies we must not cease to cry mightily unto our God. "*And they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.*" Here is another misery, that as we are no match for our enemies in strength, so also they outnumber us as a hundred to one. Wrong as the cause of evil is, it is a popular one. More and more the kingdom of darkness grows. Oh, misery of miseries that we see the professed friends of Jesus forsaking him, and the enemies of his cross and his cause mustering in increasing bands!

20. "*They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries.*" Such would a wise man wish his enemies to be. Why should we seek to be beloved of such graceless souls? It is a fine plea against our enemies when we can without injustice declare them to be like the devil, whose nature it is to render good for evil. "*Because I follow the thing that good is.*" If men hate us for this reason we may rejoice to bear it: their wrath is the unconscious homage which vice renders to virtue. This verse is not inconsistent with the writer's previous confession; we may feel deeply guilty before God, and yet be entirely innocent of any wrong to our fellow men. It is one sin to acknowledge the truth, quite another thing to submit to be belied. The Lord may smite me justly, and yet I may be able to say to my fellow man, "Why smitest thou me?"

21 Forsake me not, O LORD: O my God, be not far from me.
22 Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

21. "*Forsake me not, O Lord.*" Now is the time I need thee most. When sickness, slander, and sin, all beset a saint, he requires the especial aid of heaven, and he shall have it too. He is afraid of nothing while God is with him, and God is with him evermore. "*Be not far from me.*" Withhold not the light of thy near and dear love. Reveal thyself to me. Stand at my side. Let me feel that though friendless besides, I have a most gracious and all-sufficient friend in thee.

22. "*Make haste to help me.*" Delay would prove destruction. The poor pleader was far gone and ready to expire, only speedy help would serve his turn. See how sorrow quickens the importunity of prayer! Here is one of the sweet results of affliction, it gives new life to our pleading, and drives us with eagerness to our God. "*O Lord my salvation.*" Not my Saviour only, but my salvation. He who has the Lord on his side has salvation in present possession. Faith foresees the blessed issue of all her pleas, and in this verse begins to ascribe to God the glory of the expected mercy. We shall not be left of the Lord. His grace will succour us most opportunely, and in heaven we shall see that we had not one trial too many, or one pang too severe. A sense of sin shall melt into the joy of salvation; grief shall lead on to gratitude, and gratitude to joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The Broad and the Narrow Way.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, LATE MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matthew vii. 13, 14.

THERE is a striking resemblance between this passage and another, in the ninth chapter of Proverbs, where Wisdom and Folly are painted, as each of them the possessor of a splendid mansion, into which they invite the passers-by to enter.

First of all, the house of Wisdom is described to us—adorned with its seven hewn pillars—perfect in its architecture. And she sends forth her maidens; nay, she herself crieth upon the highest places of the city, inviting the simple to turn in thither, saying, "Come, eat of my bread, and drink of my wine which I have mingled. Forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of understanding."

But the foolish woman is described to us as clamorous, while she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city. She does not need to send forth maidens, for the crowds are flowing towards her door, and her invitation is, "Turn in hither. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and her guests are in the depths of hell.

Now in like manner does our Lord in the words before us, describe to us the narrow way to life, and the broad way to destruction, as having two different gates or entrances. And he seems to identify himself with the majestic figure of Wisdom in the Proverbs standing and lifting up his voice at the gate of the seven-pillared mansion, where he takes up the pressing invitation, "*Enter ye in at the strait gate.*"

Whether this be the original from which Christ drew the interesting picture in the text or no, there is another illustration of it to be found in the preceding verses, which may help us to see the connection in which it stands.

In the first five verses of the chapter, Christ had shown that none but converted and sanctified men were fitted to reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. And in the sixth verse, that even converted men needed great wisdom and discretion in speaking the truth to others.

Now he knew that many would be anxious to know how they might attain that change of mind and that heavenly wisdom, and accordingly, he adds in the seventh verse, "Ask, and it shall be given you." Are not the handmaids of Wisdom to be met with in every street? Ask one of them, and direction shall be given you. When you have been thus directed, seek diligently for the seven-pillared mansion, and you shall find. Having found the house, *knock* at the strait gate, and it shall be opened to you, "For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Having removed all objections that might be made by this appeal to human nature, he proceeds, in the words before us, to press the man to enter in at the gate at which he has knocked, "Enter ye in at the strait gate."

The earnest invitation of the Saviour to begin a religious life by entering in at the strait gate is pressed home upon us by two sets of arguments. One, derived from the features of the way that leadeth to destruction; the other, from the features of the way that leads to life.

The meaning of this figurative command it is not difficult to understand.

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* MS. marked: "Preached in Larbert, 3 April, 1836; Dunipace, 10 April, 1836; Great Peter's, Dundee, 1837." Portions of this Sermon are deleted in the MS., but we have preferred to give it all, only here and there completing the somewhat involved arrangement. We are deeply grateful to the friend who has forwarded it.

The strait gate, which stands at the commencement of a religious life, can be no other than the gate of believing, and for this simple reason, that every inch of ground on which the man walks before believing is on the broad way, and not on the narrow way; and every inch of ground on which the man walks after believing, is on the narrow way, and not on the broad way. *Before* a man believes on Jesus, he may be honest and fair-dealing, and highly esteemed among men, may be anxiously enquiring about his soul, "What must I do to be saved?" but still he is among the many who are hastening to destruction. *After* a man believes in Jesus, he may be but a babe in knowledge and a babe in grace, he may be imperfect in every one of the graces, he may be just born again and nothing more, unable to run, unable to walk in many of God's laws; he may be able only to weep, but still he is among the few who are on the way to life. How plainly then is believing the turning point in conversion, the entrance from an unholy to a holy life, the gate from the broad into the narrow way.

And that it was really regarded as the gate by the apostles is plain from that example *which I have already pointed to*, when the poor heathen jailor, convinced of sin and of judgment by the power of a present God, lay prostrate and trembling at the feet of the two apostolic men, and with all anxiety asked the way to life, saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The answer given him was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved," as if they had said, "This is the gate, enter thou in."

I would now press home the earnest invitation of the Saviour to begin a religious life, by means of the three arguments which he brings.

I. The FIRST ARGUMENT is derived from *the wideness of the gate* into the broad way that leadeth to destruction. "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate that leadeth to destruction, for strait is the gate that leadeth unto life." The wideness of the one gate and the straitness of the other, form Christ's first argument to persuade us to enter in at the strait gate.

First. The gate into the broad way is wide and easily entered, there is room for many at a time, there is no need for pressing and jostling, and a man may enter with all his burdens on his back, a man may enter with all his companions, without even knowing that he is entering in at a gate at all. Such is the entrance upon an irreligious life. In one sense, indeed, a man may be said to enter on an irreligious life whenever he is born, for certain it is that we bring into the world a heart full of the seeds of all wickedness.

But the gate or entrance here spoken of seems to refer us to that deeply interesting stage of life when all the passions and faculties burst suddenly into full maturity, the things of childhood are cast aside, and the world with its thousand pretenders and fascinations starts before the mind, fresh and new. It is then, as all experienced ministers testify, that, humanly speaking, the gospel comes freshest and fullest upon the mind. The mind is brought as it were to a place where two ways meet. On the one hand, there is the gate leading to destruction; on the other hand, the gate leading into life. Now, of the gate of destruction Christ says it is wide. The entrance upon an irreligious life is easy, and all experience confirms the truth of it.

Sin is like the letting out of water, first a small chink is made and small drops only trickle through, then larger, till the whole stream bursts through its embankment, carrying all before it in its resistless torrent. You all have seen how one lie leads to another lie to cover it, and that second lie to a third. And just so it is with every sin. Passions grow insensibly, every time they are yielded to they are mightier than before; till, as Jeremiah describes the men of Judah, the man turns to his course "as the horse rusheth into the battle."

But the chiefest of all reasons why the gate is wide is, that it will admit a man with all his natural religion, with all his self-righteousness. It needs no conversion to be lost with the world. There is no laying aside high thoughts of yourself requisite, no strange and unearthly belief to be wrought in you in order to be damned.

I call upon those of you who have lived a life of sin, to tell how easily you began it. When first you gave the rein to passion it was so easy, so natural, that you had no idea that you were entering in at a gate which leads down to hell, you thought perhaps that you would indulge but once, or only innocently and in moderation. Alas! you did not know that you had passed under the black archway over which are written the words, "The Way that Leadeth to Destruction." Alas! even now, so easy is the gate and the broad way, you do not yet know that you have passed that sad gate, that every day is bringing you further in and deeper, and that your next step may be into perdition.

But, on the other hand, the gate into the narrow way is a *strait gate*. An old writer says, "When thou believest and comest to Christ, thou must leave behind thee thine own righteousness, all thy holiness, thy sanctification, duties, tears, humblings, and bring nothing but thy sins, thy wants and miseries, else Christ is not fit for thee, nor thou for Christ. It is the hardest thing in the world to trust to Christ alone for righteousness, that is, to acknowledge him Christ."

The gate then which is the entrance to a religious life is strait, not because it is mean or contracted; nay, nor because it is painful—it is the happiest thing in the world to believe—but because a man must enter it in his own dimensions, not swollen out with self-righteousness. A sinner naturally defends himself when he is accused, ay, even when God is the accuser. Every such defence must be abandoned, our mouth must be shut. He naturally betakes himself to his good parts, his almsgiving, his tears and penance, to give him peace of conscience. All these refuges of lies must be broken up—it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a natural man to enter in at the strait gate of believing. And the reason is obvious, What is believing? To believe is to assent with the whole mind that Christ's righteousness is all-sufficient and all free to give me pardon and acceptance with God. But to assent to that with the whole mind, it is obvious I must first feel my utter undoneness, my emptiness and condemnation in the sight of God. Truly, then, the gate is strait, and all who have entered it will acknowledge, "that it is the hardest and the happiest thing in the world to trust to Christ alone for righteousness."

Behold, then, my friends, and especially those of you who are in the flower of youth, here are two gates, the entrance on the way to hell is so easy, so well suited to every passion of your natural heart, that you cannot tell when you have begun, you are through before you are aware. The entrance on the way to heaven is so strait, so unearthly, so contrary to all your natural religion and self-righteousness, that you need God to draw you through. Be persuaded not to let this day pass without entering in at the strait gate. It needs no conversion to be lost with the world, it needs, as I have already said, no strange unearthly belief to be wrought in you to be damned.

Behold, then, what argument is here, my friends, and especially my young friends, to urge you this day to strive to enter in at the strait gate. See how natural and easy it is for you to enter in at the wide gate: all your passions are beseeching you, all your companions are enticing you, Satan and all his angels are dragging you, to get you to enter the wide gate that leads to hell. Again, behold how strait the gate into a religious life is, how supernatural the faith that must be wrought into your soul, how impossible it is with man to save you. Oh! then will you awake to the danger of your present condition? Will you give heed to the beseeching Jesus? and when he says, "Enter thou in at the strait gate," answer, "Ah, Lord, thou knowest that I cannot enter in of myself, for faith is thy gift, give me that gift! Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Secondly. The gate into the broad way is found to be wide and easy; that is to say, *the entrance into the way of sin is easy.* First, because all the passions are in their prime, they are like swords brought for the first time to the battle, they are keen in the edge. They are unblunted by constant gratification. They are like bloodhounds when first let loose from the leash, when they spring forward with all their senses, fresh and keen, in the search of the prey.

Again, the entrance is easy, because novelty is upon the face of everything. How often does the hackneyed practitioner in vice turn back with sickening from the very objects on which his wicked heart is bent. But not so the young novitiate in sin. Every object is new, every indulgence is covered with the fascinating veil of novelty. Who does not know the charm which novelty gives to the newly-acquired *oath*, when the youth has summoned up the noble daring to bully it forth before his companions? He must taste of every cup, because he never tasted it before. Every pleasure wears a smile, because it is new.

But, again, the entrance is easy, because Satan is crafty. That season of life is the very season when he is oftenest dispossessed of his kingdom by the conversion of the soul, and therefore he summons all his angels and all his legions to allure the soul to pass sin's spacious archway.

Just as you may have seen a skilful angler when he has captured a powerful fish, he suffers him not to feel that he is caught, but gives him out abundance of line that the poor fish may imagine that he is free, till worn and spent he drags him a panting prisoner to the shore. So doth Satan, the most skilful of all anglers, give out abundance of line to his captured prey; he puffs him up with notions of his liberty, that the whole world is his own to enjoy, till wearied and exhausted with sin, he drags the panting victim to the shore of an undone eternity.

This is the very season when the word of God begins to make the most impression upon the tender heart, therefore this is the season Satan is hovering nearest to pluck away the good seed out of the heart. This is the very season when the Spirit of God strives with greatest power, by the word and providence, by the first death in the family, by the first sacrament partaken of to bring the heart to a saving close with Christ.* Therefore this is the season when Satan stirs up all the power and policy of hell, to lure the heart from God and seriousness. He makes every cup of sin seem more delicious than another, he clothes all the world with a blush of enticing beauty. Just as the man whose house has once been broken into at the dead hour of night, and spoiled of all his goods, will ever after use tenfold carefulness, and will look upon the shades of evening as the signal for bolting every door and barring every avenue of approach; so does Satan, who has often been robbed of his prey, labour to prevent the escape of the young out of his hold, by thus entering in at the strait gate.

Oh! then, if it be so easy to begin a life of irreligion which shall end in death, will those of you who are in the prime of years not give ear for ever to the merciful invitation of the Saviour who loves you? Think not that it is all one whether you turn to God to-day or some other day. Thousands and tens of thousands thought and said so who are now in hell. Do not say in your heart, "I will just taste the pleasures of the world and then give heed to my soul." Every tasting of sin makes your conversion more impossible. Just as the lion of the forest, when he hears the trampling of horses, and the hallooing voices of his pursuers, grasps in his hideous jaws with tenfold power his wretched victim, and bears him further and deeper into his den; so does that lion of lions who walketh about among us seeking whom he may devour, grasp with a more fearfully tenacious hold his youthful victims, and draws them deeper and farther into his den, when he knows that this is the very season of life when Jesus is most active in delivering the prey from the hand of the mighty.

Truly, then, the gate is wide and easy, and those of you who have lived a life of sin can tell how easily it began. When first you gave the reins to passion, it was so natural, so easy. You had no idea it was the entrance to hell. You thought you would indulge but once or twice, and then return to live a sober and serious life. Or you thought you would take sin in innocent moderation, and thus, led on by passion, enticed by novelty, the dupe of Satan, you went easily through the spacious gateway, and you did not see the inscription written over it, "This house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

* We gravely demur to this What business have men at the Lord's table till they are truly believers in Jesus?—C. H. S.

Oh! then, if it be so easy to begin a life which shall end in death, be persuaded and give heed to the voice of the gentle Saviour, standing by the way, saying, "Enter ye into the strait gate."

II. The SECOND ARGUMENT of Christ is derived from the broadness of the way to destruction, "Enter ye in," etc. Just as the entrance on an irreligious life was easy and natural to the natural heart, so is *the continuance* in an irreligious life easy and natural. There are two reasons for this.

First. It is easy, because habit has now got possession of him. The varnish of novelty that enticed the youthful heart soon wears off from the world and the things of the world. The sweet gust and relish of sin soon palls upon the taste. But does the sinner forsake his sins? Alas! no. The law of habit has now given giant power to all his passions. And even though he may at times loathe and detest the very sins of which he is the slave, yet all-powerful habit hurries him along the broad way in its adamantine chains. I appeal to the experience of every one before me. How is it that you attain facility in any trade? Is it not by constant practice? What makes the difference between the raw apprentice and the master workman—is it not habit? And have you not felt habit exerting the same power in sinning? Have you not seen how easy his sin becomes to the habitual drunkard, the habitual swearer, the habitual Sabbath-breaker? Can you not trace in your own heart, comparing it with what you were, the marks of your habits of sin? You can trace in a well-worn road deep ruts that have been made by habitual thoroughfare upon it. Can you not trace in your own heart the deep ruts of sin which have been made by the habitual thoroughfare of worldly thoughts and passions? Just as he who runs downhill acquires new velocity every step he runs, so by means of habit does a man find the broad way broader and easier every step he goes. The wicked are like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor which the wind drives onward, and forward, and downward, without let or hindrance.

Secondly Continuance in sin is easy because conscience becomes seared. Not only does the habit of sinning become stronger, but the habit of resisting the voice of conscience, and of God, becomes more inveterate. When the youth was only entering the wide gate of sin, conscience spoke with some power, and above all, the word of God struck many convictions into his heart. He had some fearful thoughts about openly breaking the holy law of God, or, perhaps, he was pricked in his heart to hear of the love of Jesus, and the gift of the Holy Ghost; but by many a reckless struggle he broke away from these convictions, he smothered their outcry in his bosom, he applied the searing-iron to his conscience, he quenched the Spirit. And now it may be he has got almost beyond the reach of conscience. The heart is so seared that the edge of the sword of the Spirit is turned off. He is troubled with no more convictions. And now he can sin at ease and in comfort; the way has become broad and easy; the hedges and thorns of the divine law and gospel have been taken out of his way, or rather trodden down by him; and now he is at large to sin as he will, or as the Bible expresses, God has "given him up to his own heart's lust."

Is there none of you who feels that he is at this moment undergoing the process of hardening? You can remember the time when your ingenuous heart was alive to the truth of the word of God, when there was something awfully holy in the commandments of God, when it needed a pang of conscience to profane his name or his Sabbath, above all, when the tender name of Jesus was very winning to your heart, when you were not far from the kingdom of heaven. You were almost persuaded to be a Christian; the offer of the Spirit seemed precious to you, and now what a change! Religious things have lost their power to affect you. Every death has less power to move your heart, every sacrament, every Sabbath; every sermon grows more dull, lifeless, and monotonous to you. And do you not feel that the way of sin has become broader, and easier, and steeper to you? Alas! how plain that you are hurrying down to destruction! If your ears be not yet quite sealed, if your heart be not yet

quite hardened, O that you would hearken this day to the voice of that gentle Saviour standing by the wayside!

III. The THIRD ARGUMENT of the Saviour is taken from the multitude that throng the broad way: "Many there be which go in thereat."

There is, perhaps, no argument in the world, by which men harden themselves more in sinning than the argument that many do the same. How many of you, brethren, find a refuge every day from the accusations of your conscience, or the counsels of godly friends, in the plea that there are many just as bad if not worse. How strange an arguer is our Lord Jesus Christ—he uses the argument just in the opposite way.

This is the crowning feature of all, which makes the broad way easily travelled. There are two reasons.

First. The wicked have many companions, all going the same way. The godly have often cause to say, like David, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Meshech," or like Elijah, "I, even I, am left alone." But not so the ungodly, they have always the many on their side. Honest men, and amiable men, and jovial good-natured men, and the argument is almost irresistible—surely so many of us cannot be all in the wrong. I beseech you, brethren, to say how many times in the day, you find a refuge from the accusation of conscience or the rebuke of godly friends, in the argument that there are many who do the same, many who are just as bad, if not a great deal worse! What! do you confess then that you are among the many? Alas! out of your own mouth then you are condemned; for, "though hand join in hand, yet shall the wicked not go unpunished." And though the broad way is said to be crowded with passengers, it is added, "it leadeth to destruction."

Secondly. The multitude on the broad way makes it all the harder to turn. Just as it is hard to swim against the current, and hard to sail against the wind, so it is hard to leave the broad and crowded way. What! must I leave all my old companions, my very blood relations, those that are dear as my own soul? Must I go apart from this merry throng, and bear the pointed finger of scorn, and the sneer of an ungodly world? Ah! who can tell, brethren, how many a soul, almost awakened to seek the Saviour, has been deterred by this one fearful thought, of becoming one of the peculiar people, and has shrunk back again to the chains of Satan, and to the slavery of the world?

To sum up the whole argument of the Saviour in this verse—Should not every unconverted man, if only he hath so much intelligence left as to comprehend his danger, be moved with fear? Christ presses you here to make the first grand step to a life of holiness, and to make it now. Men do not say, "I will never believe;" they always say, "Another day will do as well." Christ knew your procrastinating hearts, and therefore he speaks boldly and peremptorily, to show you that another day will not do as well, that this is the best day you will ever see for becoming religious. Do you not see how every step you take further, retreat becomes more impossible?

Are you in youth? see how easy is the gate of sin, see what advantages Satan hath for hurrying you on to destruction! Are you up in years; see how broad the way has grown, how easy sin is every day becoming to you! See how many around you are helping you onward, and forward, and downward! Another day, and return may be impossible. Are you old men? Alas, see how everything is helping you onward to hell! Ah, how smoothly now are you carried down the stream! Sin has long since lost its relish to you. But habit still urges you on to make provision for your lusts. Like waters that have worn a deep channel in the rocks, the stream of sin hath worn deep channels in your heart. Your ears are turning dull of hearing, but ah, how much deafer is the ear of your conscience! Oh, how plain is it that every day you are not only nearer death, but harder, deafer, nearer hell! O that God would this day, awaken one and all to cry out, "God bring us in through all difficulties, through the strait gate that leadeth to life."

Stockwell Orphanage.

WE are very far from regretting that the Lord laid the work of caring for orphans upon us, but at the same time we find it to be a labour demanding much time and thought, especially at the commencement. We have now engaged a Master and Matron, but, as they have to give three months' notice at their present situations, we are obliged to make interim arrangements and proceed slowly, and this is the less to be regretted because the buildings are hardly completed, and the grounds are not finished. We received seventeen boys on Friday, February 12, making up twenty-nine with those already in residence. Most of these were very painful cases, and when we had the stories fresh from the widows' lips, we were moved in our inmost heart, as we are sure all our readers would have been had they been there. Here are a few instances. R. B., aged 7, mother with five children to support, goes out as a charwoman. H. B., aged 8, mother left with seven children, father killed on a railway. F. S., one of seven destitute children, mother has a mangle. We know what penury this means! G. S., mother slaves with her needle, with six children to maintain by her own scanty earnings and a little parish allowance. E. L. and T. L., two boys out of a family of eight, father a surgeon, in excellent practice, died, leaving the mother utterly penniless. One of her children was elected to another orphanage, but it cost friends £50 to buy votes and to canvass: in this case the widow's joy was unbounded when she found two children admitted for nothing. H. C., son of a judge's clerk, whose salary had been at least £600 a-year. Long illness consumed all the life insurance, and the mother now works at a laundry to support her children. A. C., one of six without either father or mother, dependent on an aunt who has to go out to work for her own maintenance. C. J., one of three supported by the needle-work of a poor feeble mother, far more fitted for an infirmary than for labour. The other cases are but different shades of the same sorrow. In many instances the boys are so thin and emaciated as to show how hard it has been for their poor widowed mothers to keep body and soul together. The improvement in their appearance in a few weeks is matter of great astonishment to those who see them.

We have elected enough to make up fifty, and shall proceed to receive them as quickly as possible. Meanwhile we have 400 waiting for admission, of whom the major part must be declined. Our household expenses are now fairly commenced, and we hope the Lord will move friends to remember this. We received a very handsome promise of 250 coverlets from the ex-mayor of Bolton, and he has sent us an instalment of his noble gift; another friend has sent us a stock of brooms and brushes. Flour, rice, sugar, tea, treacle, and various articles of food would be always welcome; our friend Mr. Nye, of Red Hill, has set the example by sending a sack of flour. We need a good lawn-mower, and feel sure that some one will feel a pleasure in giving one. The walls of the rooms would be all the more cheerful for a few good instructive pictures; children's books are wanted for the library, and toys will not be refused. If we may but feel that our friends espouse this work as their own, we shall be greatly upheld; although, we may add, if they do not, we shall remain unmoved in reliance upon our Unfailing Helper.

We have had a heavy trial in the sudden death of one of the seventeen. The boy was only received on the 12th, and in a few hours was taken with epilepsy and was dead on the 14th. It grieved and saddened us all, but we felt in the Lord's hands, and knew that it must be well. Dear friends, pray for us that health may be preserved to our little family, and that the Holy Spirit may give salvation to their souls.

The Second Annual Report of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

IN presenting the Second Annual Report of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, the Committee desire first of all to express their thankfulness to the Giver of all good, for the unnumbered tokens of his blessing and favour vouchsafed to them from the commencement of the work to the present time.

The past year has been to the Association one of progress in every respect. Although it opened in much perplexity, and with many difficulties, which necessitated restriction of the Society's operations and very careful management, yet these have given way, and our present position is one affording much encouragement to continue to press forward.

The year 1867 left us with six colporteurs, but owing to the great lack of funds, and the increasing liabilities of the Association in the accumulation of debts to the publisher, caused by the difficulty of conducting such business operations without capital, it was judged expedient to discontinue the agency in Leicester, which had, during the previous year, cost £43 17s., none of which was guaranteed in the district. The work would have been very gladly continued by the Committee, had the necessary funds been forthcoming, and they sincerely trust they may never again have to withdraw from a district through lack of help.

The number of colporteurs in the employ of the Association, from March to September, 1868, was only five; but from that time, increase has been made every month, and the year closed with eight men at work; the expense of four of these being either partially or wholly guaranteed in their respective districts. They are distributed as follows:—

Middlesex	CHARLES HOLTON	Bow.
Cambridgeshire	JOHN E. T. SMITH.....	Ely.
East Kent.....	GEORGE A. YOUNG	Eythorne.
,, ,, ...	JESSE CAMPIN	Canterbury.
Wiltshire	SAMUEL KING.....	Warminster.
Lancashire	JOHN HILL	Manchester.
,, ...	JOHN VARNHAM.....	Haydock.
Essex	ARTHUR SMITH	Colchester.
North Wiltshire	BENJAMIN SUMMERSBY ...	Wootton Basset.

Nine, in all; the last named did not enter on his work until January, 1869, though appointed in 1868.

The result of our business operations for the year is as follows:—The agents have paid 91,428 visits, extending over upwards of 200 villages, and have sold 1,027 Bibles, 609 Testaments, 5,836 Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, 164 copies Morning by Morning, and Evening by Evening, 1,012 Hymn Books, 272 Educational works, 1,200 Sword and Trowel, 10,500 Children's Magazines, 7,739 Temperance Magazines, with other books and periodicals, making a total of 48,629 publications of the value of £761 11s. 3d., few of which would have been sold but for the labours of our colporteurs. Compared with last year, the sale of Bibles and Testaments has decreased, as might be expected, the same families having been visited, but the regular supply of periodicals has been nearly doubled, and appears steadily to increase every month. It is also satisfactory to find that in every district the amount of the sales is more than for the preceding year.

It is particularly gratifying to notice that there is a growing interest in the work manifested by the churches in the districts already supplied by our agents. Thus, in East Kent, the district has been divided between two

colporteurs, through the aid of the Baptist churches. In Wiltshire also, the labours of our agent have resulted in the appointment of another man for the northern part of the county, with a local guarantee towards his support. The pastor of one of these churches, Rev. R. Shindler, Eythorne, writes as follows:—

"My acquaintance with the practical working of the Colportage system has been brief, yet, I have a strong faith in its adaptation to the want of country districts generally; especially to those parts where evangelical truth is not fully disseminated, a description which will apply with alarming truthfulness to thousands of parishes in Great Britain. I will point out what appear to me to be some of the excellences of the system in its adaptation to the religious requirements of the present age.

1st.—"Colportage is IN ITSELF a very valuable means of evangelisation. The sale of Bibles and books such as Bunyan's works, Smith's little volumes of gospel truth, the publications of the Religious Tract and other similar societies; cheap sermons like those of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, and select tracts from the stores of the different societies, must be productive of immense good.

2nd.—"Colportage Agency is important to pioneer more established evangelistic work. In a Colportage district, new Sunday Schools will be opened, and old ones enlarged. Mission stations will appear, and sooner or later 'instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree.'

3rd.—"Colportage is also valuable as an auxiliary to existing church and missionary operations. The colporteur who is fitted for his work, and who does his work as 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' will be an evangelist, and he will not fail to warn the thoughtless sinner, and point him for salvation to the Lamb of God, and to seek the edification and comfort of the disciples of Christ, who cross his path, and he will be a willing and ready helper to the Pastor, and the church and congregation will be increased as the result of his efforts."

In October a colporteur was appointed to Haydock, in Lancashire. Miss Evans of that place having contributed the £30 required annually towards his support. This is a mining district, and the colporteur finds much to contend with in the ignorance of the population, very many being unable to read. Several cottage meetings have been commenced, and it is hoped that the sales will soon increase.

A large number of tracts have been distributed by the agents during the year; it being the wish of the Committee that one should be left with every visit paid, and it is interesting to observe the eagerness with which this monthly gift is anticipated by some of the poor and infirm cottagers. The work of a colporteur needs no small amount of perseverance, tact, patience, and energy. The difficulties met with are great, especially at the outset; and nothing but an earnest trust in God, and love for perishing souls, combined with a personal knowledge of the trials and habits of the people, could enable the men successfully to win their way to the hearts of those among whom they labour. The following extracts give the agents' own experience on this point. One writes:—

"I find the confidence of the people very much increased since I went first among them. Some have bought a book that would not speak to me at first—still in many there is not the desire to read, and especially such books as I carry. The love of sin seems so strong in them that the name of a religious book makes them at once say 'no.'"

Again:—

"On first going out and in among the people there is, of course, a timidity with them, and a backwardness to be spoken to concerning spiritual matters; but when once we have gained their attention and their hearts, they no longer regard us as spies, but many of them look upon us as real messengers of mercy. I am now well received by the people, as a rule; and I believe that if it lay in their power they would purchase a great deal more than they do."

Another says:—

"Glad to say I am going on as well as I possibly can. The people are very dark and unlearned; many of them tell me I must teach them how to read before I can sell them books. I have also had much to contend with from bigoted Papists. A woman, last week, stood before me with the poker, and her other fist clenched, like a lion, when talking to her about Jesus."

Another :—

"In some places the nees were unanimous; nothing daunted, a second venture was made, which proved rather more successful, being cheered by the privilege of speaking and reading with four different parties, setting before them the need of a Saviour."

Again :—

"I know from experience that the colporteur's life is not all sunshine. I am away from home all the week long, and never seem to have an hour for myself. Often I have had, besides my work, on a Saturday, to travel twenty miles to get home."

This agent has a velocipede. While, however, we have not been without our difficulties and hard work, we have to speak of many proofs of the goodness of God in owning these efforts, in a variety of ways, to the good of souls.

It is not always easy to point out direct instances of conversion through the books sold, though some very interesting facts have come under our notice, of good thus resulting. An agent writes :—

"Some time ago, I visited a man who was very ill. I sold him a book entitled, 'The Blood of Jesus,' and I believe that God made it a great blessing to his soul. He often said, 'What a blessed book it is—ever new.' He died a short time since, and his widow told me what a blessing that book was to his soul."

Another says :—

"Some time since, I sold one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to an old school-mistress; it was blessed of God; and resulted in her becoming anxious about her soul. Another sermon was bought of me, and some passage of God's truth brought her everlasting peace. Soon after the Master called her away, and her last breath was, that 'she was going to see him face to face.'"

A remarkable instance of the use the Lord makes of simple means is thus given by the same agent :—

"I learned on visiting S——, that the words 'Shew us thy mercy, O Lord,' which were on the cover of a 'Friendly Visitor,' had taken such effect on the heart of a woman that she went from neighbour to neighbour, entreating them to show her 'what she was to do to be saved,' and to pray for her. All refused, then she thought God told her within that there was mercy still which she believed in, and obtained, for she said to me when I again entered her house, 'since you were here, Christ has saved my soul and forgiven all my sins;' we prayed together, and her breathings were fervent. I believe this is a genuine case."

The value of colportage agency as a missionary effort, apart from the sale of books, has been very marked during the past year; and the agents' journals abound with interesting cases of seed sown by the proclamation of gospel truth, the encouragement of fainting souls, the revival of lukewarm Christians, and the consequent stimulus given to every branch of Christian labour. The colporteur in his monthly rounds has the opportunity of visiting the sick and dying, and pointing them to the Saviour of sinners, and many an aged child of God looks forward to his visit as a season of spiritual refreshment. Preaching stations have also been opened, and very encouraging are the reports as to attendance and results. We will again let the agents give their own account of the work. Such cases as the following are common :—

Another says :—

"I called some time ago to see a person who has been afflicted twenty years, and on calling again the other day, I met a welcome, and after conversing with her about the dealings of God with his people, I read 2 Corinthians v., and prayed with her. When I wished her good-bye, she said 'Do come again, for 'tis good, 'tis good.' I also called at a cottage, and offered an old woman a tract, she began to bewail her state, saying, 'she could not see to read as her sight was almost gone.' I spoke to her about her soul and told her if she could not see to read, I hoped she could pray. She seemed much impressed, and presently I took out my Bible, read a Psalm, and prayed with her. When I arose from my knees, the poor old woman shook my hand and wept 'O sir,' she said, 'I wish you would take my heart and give me yours; do come again and see me, do!'"

Frequently, too, a word in season is blessed to an enquiring sinner. Thus one says:—

"Came across a man who said he had been praying all his life for mercy; told him God justifies the ungodly by faith. He then seemed to understand that he had all along been living in unbelief."

Another thus writes:—

"The personal dealing with the people in conversation is becoming an important part of our work, and the Lord seems to bless it. A young woman at N—— was led to think seriously, owing to my pointedly speaking to her about her soul. Although blessed with Christian parents, she was never before dealt with very personally; she is now a member of the Baptist church. The other Sunday, I learnt from Annie M——, that a conversation I had with her sister, had been the means of leading her to be more alive to the great salvation, and more ready to open her mind to her upon the state of her soul. She, to all appearance, is crying out, 'What must I do to be saved?' The effect of the meetings held in Mr. T——'s house is marked. Several rough and ready addresses were given by your agent to good meetings. There is, now, a Sunday-school in connection with the same effort. At W——, the Wesleyan Society has been nearly doubled. The Sunday after my first visit to E——, the chapel was filled, and it is a noted fact, that the religious services in the villages visited by the colporteur have improved since his first visit."

We might multiply instances to the same effect as the preceding, and the difficulty is to forbear doing so, for there is no lack of matter. Your Committee are satisfied from their experience of the work, that it is the most suitable and practicable method of meeting the necessities of our rural districts. In all parts of England yet visited, the same want of an organisation for meeting the people on their own level, and in their own homes, is discovered, and the same need exists for a regular supply of religious literature. Novels, and trashy periodicals, are being everywhere circulated in increasing numbers, and except for the colporteur, would, even in very many towns, be the only class of reading procurable, except upon special order. Slowly, but steadily, are the publications containing the glad tidings of salvation, taking the place of these injurious works in the districts visited by our agents, and, as the amount of our sales testify this is not from a mere love of novelty, but from an increase of interest in their contents. May we not believe that the 48,000 publications supplied by this association during the past year, will, with God's blessing, in many instances, tell upon the minds of the purchasers, and lead them to think seriously of the concerns of the soul?

Moreover, as the instances we have given show, our colporteurs, besides the work of bookselling, have been greatly blessed in assisting the revival of evangelistic work among the churches in their districts. This branch of labour, like the former, is conducted in no sectarian spirit, our agents being ready to work with any denomination for the one object of spreading the fame of Jesus, and the glad tidings of his salvation. No lack of hearers is found if the simple gospel of our Lord is proclaimed with a warm heart, and most cheering are the accounts given of crowded meetings and earnest seekers. These facts make your Committee more anxious to see a system which has been the means of such happy results in Scotland, Ireland, and England, extended to every village. England is *our* field, and though many parts are doubtless supplied with colporteurs by private individuals, and therefore to a great extent unknown, yet there is no lack of room; and it is to be hoped that many churches or private Christians will, by contributing the small amount of £30 per annum, enable the Committee to carry the work into every county, though the general subscriptions are of equal importance, and in this matter each of our friends may help.

In conclusion, your Committee would earnestly commend the work to God without whose blessing our efforts are indeed vain, in the joyful hope that the year 1869 may witness more extended efforts, and still greater results than have been met with in the past.

Our Scriptures.

19, Cannon Street, London, E.C.,
15th January, 1869.

Dear Sir,—I had hoped that the remarks contained in my letter concerning "the nature and merits of the translations of the Holy Scriptures from the Latin Vulgate, and the proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society with regard to their dissemination in foreign countries," would have been deemed sufficient to allay the fears expressed in Mr. Marshall's paper; but finding his letter, in the January number of the *Sword and Trowel*, I must trouble you again with a few words in vindication of my former statements, which I trust you will publish through the same channel.

For years past, "Certain Dissentients" have not ceased in their efforts to propagate their views on this subject, and "the pamphlet, by a Clergyman of the Church of England," was only a renewed instance of keeping the flame alive. Whilst I would give those who view it from their standing point full credit for honesty, and hope that no other motive actuates them than jealousy for God's glory and the salvation of souls, I may, however, claim the same right for the British and Foreign Bible Society, whom they might injure in the eyes of many who have not the means of looking at their subtle accusations in the true light. Surely, it would be more charitable to consider that a society which can take a retrospective glance upon sixty-five years of blessed and useful labours, whose committee is composed of earnest men, feeling their great responsibility in the work they have at heart, and who ask for the help of God's Spirit on their undertaking, are following in the sight of God that course by which his word will be most universally known.

But what are, in reality, the simple facts at issue?

That the British and Foreign Bible Society *sells*, and in special cases gives, translations from the Vulgate to Roman Catholics, who will not *buy* the Protestant versions.

That the opponents, on the other hand, require that no translations be circulated, except those made by Protestants, on any ground, or under any circumstances whatever.

Each party believes conscientiously that it is in the right, and therefore cleaves to its acknowledged principles. And now, to the point:—

1st.—I am accused by Mr. Marshall "of speaking lightly of errors in certain versions of the Bible." I can only express my hearty wish that there were *no* errors in *any* translation; at the same time, I must add my honest conviction that there are no mistakes in the Bible Society's versions which can materially affect the profitable reading of the Bible.

2nd.—As Mr. Marshall refers to a "history of the Latin Vulgate," I must state that the history in question begins with a glaring inaccuracy, and that the pamphlet, containing the history, is as illogical in its arguments as it is unscholarlike in its criticism.

3rd. As to the "Portuguese Scriptures," Mr. Marshall has shifted his ground, and complains of the comparative number of editions of *Almeida* and *Pereira*. The only readable Portuguese Bible is *Pereira*, but the committee have been for some time taking steps to prepare a modernised edition of *Almeida*.

4th. "Polish." Mr. Marshall is not aware, 1st. That Count Wengierski wrote on his own account, and was not deputed to do so by Polish Protestants. 2nd. That he recommended the society to print the very Polish Bible which they had printed for years. I have also been informed that when the Polish Christians were invited to consider the subject of Count Wengierski, they came to the conclusion that the alterations proposed by him were impracticable.

Believe me, dear Sir, it is not my wish to continue a paper war, which I fear would in the end be as fruitless as for any one to try to convince you that the

Archbishop of Canterbury holds correcter views on Baptism, the Lord's Supper, or church government than yourself, and the continuance of the subject must otherwise descend into a number of questions of petty detail. The instances quoted in Mr. Marshall's paper "as errors of Popery" are all refuted in the "dialogue" mentioned in my former letter.

I remain, yours faithfully.

To Editor *Sword and Trowel.* FERD^{D}. EHRENZELLER.

Reviews.

A Body of Divinity, contained in Sermons upon the Assembly's Catechism. By the Rev. THOMAS WATSON, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. A new and complete edition, revised and adapted to modern readers, by the Rev. George Rogers, Camberwell. With a Preface and Appendix by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. London: printed and published for the Pastors' College, by Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row. Price 6s.

WE have just issued this invaluable "Body of Divinity" in the hope that both among our ministry and our membership it may find a welcome, and may be the means of edification in sound doctrines. We have published it at as low a price as possible; but for young men, who are students of the word, and for local preachers, we have made arrangements to supply them with a single copy at wholesale price, on application to Mr. Keys, Secretary of the College, Tabernacle, Newington. We can heartily recommend it to all our readers, among whom we hope for a large sale.

Notes on the unfulfilled Prophecies of Isaiah; addressed to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile. Nisbet & Co.

WE fear we are hopelessly incapable of profiting by modern prophetic writings. This volume is a case in point; it seems to us to bristle with rash statements and visionary conceptions. The very first page declares that "the Psalms of David are not songs of praise for Christians, according to the gospel of the grace of God revealed to Paul;" and that "as the church was a mystery hid from generations and ages till Paul's time, it cannot be spoken of either in the Old Testament or the gospels." As a contribution to the literal interpretation of a book which has been too often so spiritualised as to throw its primary meaning into the background, the volume is a commendable attempt, but it does not strike us as being of any special value.

Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. By WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D., Baldwin Professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Oliphant & Co.

A NOBLE addition to the extensive range of volumes which has been written for young divines. Every student should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents. Since the work of Dr. Porter, we have met with nothing comparable to it.

Stepney Tabernacle Pulpit.

Mr. A. G. BROWN, the popular minister of Stepney Green Tabernacle, has begun to issue one of his Sabbath Sermons, monthly, at one penny. This will, we trust, enlarge his sphere of usefulness among persons aforetime unacquainted with him, and also refresh the memories of those who have already been profited by his ministry. Our friend is one who is not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

Geographical Fun: being humorous Outlines of various Countries, with Introduction and Descriptive Lines. By ALEPH. Hodder & Stoughton.

REALLY clever; sure to fix the forms of the countries upon the juvenile mind. As the work of a young lady of fifteen, these twelve coloured drawings are very commendable. She evidently has an eye for form, and great facility in drawing. This is quite a novel crown's worth of fun and instruction.

Congregational Church Membership. By Joseph Ackland. Hodder and Stoughton.

The author very properly deprecates the law views and methods which abound on this question in this present day. We should be even more strict than the writer, but heartily commend his pamphlet for its attempt to check a sadly growing mischief in some churches.

The Children's Missionary Record of the Free Church of Scotland. Vol. 24. Nelson & Sons.

Out of sight the best halfpenny missionary magazine we have ever seen. The volume makes a handsome present. It is the model magazine; we wish our own denominational juvenile could be mentioned in the same day. They do these things well in Scotland.

Little Jack; "Clean Your Boots, Sir;" and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

Three shilling books, all more than worth the money, and the last named is invaluable.

Little Jack has many adventures, but settles down to love in a cottage at last; so, also, the young shoeblack, after some very sharp trials, is not blackened like his boots, but, eventually, cleared from all false charges, and made happy for life.

John Foxe needs no word of commendation from us. Surely all our readers know his *Book of Martyrs.* Here it is; 276 pages of letter-press, fifteen illustrations, for one shilling—a marvel of cheapness. No better prize-book for Sunday-schools can be desired. Every scholar should have one.

Carey Glynn—the Child Teacher. By W. Leask, D.D. S. W Partridge.

We suppose that if readers will have light literature of this sort, there will always be doctors, learned or otherwise, ready to pander to the taste, and give religious pap duly sweetened in spoonfuls to suit weak stomachs. The book is harmless enough in all conscience. A pleasant namby-pamby for those who want such light food, but as little likely to do good as a reed in a tournament, instead of a stout spear, in the hand of the knight.

The Lay Preacher: a Monthly Miscellany of Theological Literature. James Clarke & Co.

This is the first number of a new monthly, for which we predict a very brief existence. It might be a very useful journal, but does not in our judgment come up to the standard of excellence necessary for success.

Coming Events. By Rev. John Baillie, B.D. James Nisbet and Co.

A modest, careful attempt to forecast future events. With much of it we agree, though we cannot accept it all. We rejoice at the spirit of deference for the truth, and gentle, loving deduction, which the reader will find in the tractate.

Lame Allan. By Mrs. Scott. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A small book, full of interest, and suitable for a thoughtful lad, and especially if afflicted.

Knowledge, the fit and intended Furniture of the Mind. By Thomas Hughes. Hodder & Stoughton.

The second edition of a book having many good points, and quite worth the attention of those who like a thoughtful book, and are prepared to use their brains when reading. We do not accept the author's position on many things; and would suggest to him the distinguishing between *wisdom* and *knowledge.* A man may know much and be a fool, and no fool is so hopeless as a learned one.

Topics for Teachers. A new work for Ministers, Sunday-school Teachers, and others: on an entirely original plan. By James C. Gray, Halifax. Elliot Stock.

If we can judge of a house from a brick, we venture to predict that this will be a very useful work, and will command considerable popularity.

We cordially recommend the publications of the Book Society, at 28, Paternoster Row, as suitable presents to children and young persons, at this season of the year. We owe to it *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, for twopence, which ought to be in the hand of every

child that can read, in the British dominions, as a defence against the proselyting efforts of Romanism at the present time. *Leigh Richmond's Annals of the Poor*, and *Bunyan's Holy War*, may also be obtained at the same cheap rate. The yearly volume of the *Children's Treasury* is just the thing for the instruction and entertainment of children by the Christmas fireside. *Cheering Texts for days of Trial*, will be found a profitable companion for any Christian throughout the coming year. We are grateful to the Society for a grant of books to our Orphanage Bazaar, which, we trust, will be an additional recommendation of its publications to our readers.

Memoranda.

At the commencement of 1868, two or three friends, were desirous of establishing another Baptist interest in the large and increasing town of Burnley, in Lancashire. They applied to Mr. Spurgeon for a student, in order to make an effort for that purpose. Mr. G. W. Oldring was selected for the undertaking. A room was hired and fitted up with accomodation for between 300 and 400 persons; and was opened for public worship on the 16th of February, 1868. The movement was soon attended with encouraging success. On the 21st of June, 1868, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, visited Burnley; preached two sermons on behalf of the rising interest; and presided at the formation of a church, consisting of fifteen persons. The church now numbers thirty-two, and several others are waiting for admission. A Sunday-school has been established which has 107 scholars, and a goodly band of earnest teachers. On the 13th of last month, recognition services were held. Mr. Geo. Gill, Independent minister at Burnley, presided. Mr. Geo. Needham, Baptist minister at Burnley, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. Jas. Nuttall read a statement on behalf of the church, relating the circumstances which led to Mr. Oldring's settlement in Burnley. Mr. Oldring then gave a short account of his conversion, his call to the ministry, his settlement in Burnley, and the truths he intended to preach. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. Geo. Gill; after which Mr. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the pastor. Mr. E. Morgan, Baptist minister, of Earby, concluded with prayer. Public tea was provided, at which about 300 persons were present. In the evening, a public meeting was held, at which Mr. John Whittaker presided. Mr. Marsh, of Accrington, offered prayer. The charge to the church was delivered by Mr. J. Bury, Baptist minister at Colne, and addresses were given by Mr. G. Needham, Mr. G. Rogers, and the pastor. Letters were read from several neighbouring ministers, expressing their sympathy with the movement, and regret at their inability to attend. On the following Sunday, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers. Nearly £300 have been raised during the first year, and it is hoped that after a time a chapel will be erected.

Our special meetings at the Tabernacle have commenced with a dew from the Lord. A holy zeal appears to burn within the whole church.

During the past months both Mr. Bowker's class and the singing classes have offered tokens of love to the Pastor and his work in the form of gifts to the College. Thus each department of labour helps the whole. The brethren and friends are heartily thanked.

A friend wishes us to reply to a clergyman who writes us a *brotherly* reproof in which at the outset he accuses us of lying. We could not reply in the same professedly fraternal spirit without being suspected of hypocrisy. The matter of the Irish church is in good hands; as to all we have said upon it, we stand to every syllable, and no abuse whether styled brotherly or not will move us. Apart from its dogmatism, there is nothing in the pamphlet whatever. We believe the writer to be a most excellent preacher and a very worthy man in all respects; we wish him better occupation than defending an unrighteous cause.

Mr. Fuller wishes us to say that he has received during the past year £29 6s. 5½d., for the circulation of our sermons in the villages of Norfolk. He thanks every helper and believes that the reading of the sermons has been greatly blessed.

The Baptist church in Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, held special meetings in the Corn Exchange, in January, to commemorate the first anniversary of the formation of the church and the settlement of its minister, Mr. J. J. Irving, of the Pastors' College. On Sunday, Jan. 24th, two sermons were preached by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, when the large building was crowded in every part. On Wednesday, the 27th, a tea meeting was held, which was well attended, and afterwards a public meeting, presided

over by Richard Harris, Esq., Leicester. Very appropriate addresses were delivered by Mr. N. Haycroft, Mr. T. Lomas, and Mr. G. T. Ennals, of Leicester; Mr. Edward Stevenson, of Loughboro'; Mr. W. Malpas, Mr. W. Gooderidge, and Mr. H. H. Tebbutt (deacon), of Melton. The proceeds of these meetings, including collections and profits of tea meeting (every tray for which was given by members of the church and congregation), amounted to £50.

On Friday, Jan. 1, a tea meeting was held in Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of Mr. Burton's pastorate. Between 300 and 400 persons sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Mr. J. Bennett of Arthur Street, Mr. P. Gast, of Spencer Place, Mr. E. Leach, Mr. W. Stott of Abbey Road, and Mr. H. Varley of Notting hill, took part in the service. The pastor stated, that during the four years which had just expired, God had wrought great things for them. The chapel which was nearly empty, is now filled. Two new Sunday-schools had been formed in the most destitute parts of Holborn. A young men's society had been organised for preaching the gospel in the open air. Other societies had been resuscitated and were doing good work among the poor benighted masses around. Several hundred pounds had been paid off the chapel debt, and that over 350 persons had been received into church fellowship. God's blessing is still resting on the labours of his servants here, and many souls are seeking Christ. A bazaar is to be held in the spring, towards liquidating the debt yet remaining on the chapel. The friends earnestly solicit the aid of those who desire the extension of Christ's kingdom in the metropolis.

Pastors' College Account.

Dr. *For the Year* 1868. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	0	6	10	By Salaries	1,138	19	0
,, Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle ...	1,741	10	1	,, Students' Board and Lodging	3,428	5	0
,, Proceeds of Tea Meetings at Tabernacle	82	1	11	Less Paymt. by Friends	77	10	0
,, Donations	4,319	11	7				3350 15 0
,, Collections after Sermons by C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon 137 4 6				,, Books and Printing ...	863	11	6
Less Travelling Expenses 16 2 0				Less Sales	328	2	10
	121	2	6				535 8 8
,, Collections by former Students ...	51	16	3	,, Grants of Books to Students...			61 11 6
				,, Preaching Stations			109 16 8
				,, Clothing			175 18 0
				,, Sundry Payments			208 10 8
				,, Transferred to Building Account ...			700 0 0
				,, Balance in hand			35 9 5
	£6,316	9	2		£6,316	9	2

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers, and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of Thirty-five Pounds Nine Shillings and Eightpence.

Feb. 1, 1869. WILLIAM PAYNE, ROBERT ROWTON, } *Auditors.*

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1869, to February 18th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Dalston, by Mr. Spurgeon	15	5	5	Mr. Page's Singing Class...	11	0	0
Collection at Alfred Place Chapel, per Mr. Buck	2	11	6	Miss F. B. Hall	0	10	0
Collection at Wandsworth, per Mr. Genders	6	4	8	Mr. J. Nichol	10	0	0
Collection at Lancaster, per Mr. Beecliffe	2	0	8	Miss E. Dodwell	6	10	0
,, Aberdeen, per Mr. Chambers	3	8	6	Collected by Mr. Croker	1	6	1
				Mrs. Hull, per Miss Knight	0	10	0
				Collected by Master Foster	0	12	8
				A Friend	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Tucker	0	2	6
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. B. Cotton	5	0	0
Mrs. Bell	2	10	0
C. C. M. K. N. B.	1	0	0
Mr. M. Fulks	1	0	0
Profit of Tea Meeting, Mr. Bowker's Class	3	0	0
Mr. Winsford	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Grange...	2	10	0
Mr. J. Davey	0	3	0
Miss Stedman	0	2	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Olding	3	3	0

New Year's Presentation Fund.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. W. Heath	0	5	0			
Mr. Alfred Grose	1	12	6			
Mr. Ely	0	15	0			
Mr. T. S. Hubert	1	1	0			
Mr. Vince	0	15	0			
Mr. D. Mackintosh	1	0	0			
Mr. J. L. Keys	3	12	6			
Mr. L. Arnold	0	15	0			
Mrs. S. M. Hughes	1	1	0			
Mr. Wm. Izard	1	12	0			
Mr. R. Evans...	1	0	0			
Mr. E. David	1	0	0			
Mr. R. Marshall	0	16	0			
Mr. R. Wilton	1	2	6			
Mr. Churley	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Tebb	1	0	0			
Miss Pearce	1	0	0			
Mr. S. E. W. Simmonds ...	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Clifford	1	0	3			
Mr. G. T. Green	1	0	0			
Mr. Swinstead	0	13	0			
Mr. S. R. Downey	1	0	0			
Mr. G. Hall	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Garland	5	0	0			
Miss Jessie Garland ...	0	2	6			
Mr. J. McLaren	0	5	0			
Mr. J. Chandler	0	7	0			
Mr. J. Fowle	1	0	0			
Mrs. Turner	2	0	0			
Mr. Jameson	0	5	0			
Mr. Bowker	1	0	0			
Mr. Flinton	1	0	0			
Mrs. S. Johnson	1	10	0			
Mr. Jenkins	1	0	0			
Mr. G. Browne	0	6	6			
Mr. Fryer	1	0	0			
Mr. Mills	0	10	0			
Mr. R. James	0	16	6			
Mr. W. Lilley	0	3	6			
Mr. G. Davies	1	0	0			
Mr. Pope	1	0	0			
Mr. Glass	1	0	0			
Mr. McGuffie	0	6	0			
Mr. Padgett	1	15	0			
Mrs. Gay	0	13	6			
Mr. White, jun.	1	8	0			
Mrs. Dennis	1	17	0			
Mr. J. Spence	0	13	3			
Mr. Wm. Savers	1	6	6			
Mr. W. B. Henderson ...	1	2	6			
Mr. Allum	1	7	6			
Mr. C. Claydon	1	9	6			
Mr. Kidd	1	0	0			
Mr. W. Hawkins	1	8	0			
Mr. W. T. Brook	0	10	0			
Mr. Hobson	5	7	0			
Mr. J. Saggers	1	0	0			
Mr. J. J. Rock	0	5	0			
Mr. G. Jenkins	1	1	6			
Mr. J. Oxley	1	11	0			
Mr. E. Dear	0	3	6			
Mr. H. White	1	1	0			
Miss Crumpton	1	11	0			
Mr. Goppy	0	9	0			
Mr. C. Taylor	1	0	6			
Mr. Weeks	1	2	0			
Mr. Carrick	1	13	0			
Mr. J. Turner	0	17	0			
The Misses J. and E. Cockrell	1	1	0			
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0			
Miss Meeking	0	14	0			
Mr. G. M. Phillips	1	0	0			
Mrs. Cleare	0	10	0			
Mr. Boxall	1	0	0			
Mr. Davies	0	5	0			
Mrs. H. White	0	11	0			
Mr. H. White, jun. ...	0	6	0			
Mr. Lott	0	10	6			
Mr. Rae	1	0	0			
Mr. Toogood	1	4	0			
Mr. Jenkins	1	0	0			
Mr. Nugent	0	10	0			
E. T. B.	1	13	6			
Mr. E. Hopkins	1	0	0			
Mrs. Willcox	0	13	0			
Mrs. Rae, jun.	1	6	0			
Miss Whiteman	1	0	0			
Mr. Todd	1	2	0			
Mrs. Todd	1	1	0			
A. L. E.	0	5	0			
Mr. D.	0	4	0			
Mr. E. Taylor	0	10	0			
Mr. Bantick	0	10	0			
Mr. J. Watkins	1	0	0			
W. H. R.	0	15	0			
Mr. Boncey	0	11	0			
Mr. T. C. Page	1	1	0			
Miss Cooper	1	1	0			
Mr. Seller	1	0	0			
				110	0	0
Mrs. S. L.				0	10	0
A Friend, Dorking				3	0	0
Mrs. A. Rothnie				0	10	0
Mr. Hughes				1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes				0	10	0
Mr. S. Hughes				0	10	0
Friends at Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths				3	0	0
Mr. J. Griffiths				2	0	0
Mr. J. Boyes				0	14	6
Mr. J. Dent				0	5	0
Mr. D. Graham				1	0	0
Mrs. S. Hayman				0	2	0
Miss Campbell				0	3	0
Mr. A. Stewart				0	1	6
O. H.				0	5	0
Mrs. B., Our Wee Maggie				4	0	0
Mr. Dransfield				2	2	0
A Friend from Sussex				0	2	6
Miss Evans				0	2	6
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor				5	0	0
H. H., Mr. Bowker's Class				1	0	0
S. W. L.				12	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Spurgeon				1	10	0
S. P.				2	2	0
Mr. C. Smith				0	10	0
Mrs. E. Smith				0	5	0
Mr. J. Greenall				0	5	0
A Friend Y., per Mr. J. A. Spurgeon ...				10	0	0
Mr J. Latimer				0	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 24				31	8	5
" " " " 31				20	11	1
" " " Feb. 7				33	5	8
" " " " 14				34	1	5
				£382	2	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1869, to February 18th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
On account Sunday School House ...	63	10	2
A Friend	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Howett	0	3	0
,, Mr. Clifford	1	10	4
,, Miss Payne	0	13	6
Miss Payne	0	7	0
Mr. Whitehead	0	10	0
A Friend, Castlehold, Isle of Wight ...	5	0	0
A Friend ditto	1	0	0
R. P. P.	5	0	0
Swaffham	0	10	0
M. C.	0	10	0
C. K., Notting Hill	0	11	11
A Thankoffering, Fanny	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Smithies	4	0	0
O. A.	0	10	0
Collected by E. A. Olney	0	10	0
A Thankoffering for Mercies received, Mr. J. Forster	0	10	0
An Orphan	0	3	0
In Memoriam, A. C.	5	0	0
Miss Agnes Dick	1	10	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Dick	0	5	0
Hughie	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	2	10	0
A Friend, Shrewton	0	2	6
C. H. K.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Davison	0	8	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Pegg	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Grange	2	10	0
Miss M. Stedman	0	3	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0
On account of Students' House	16	1	0
A Sunday-school Teacher	5	0	0
Mr. S. Haymun	0	2	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	1	6
M. E. D.	0	5	0
Miss Easity, Ipswich	0	5	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0
M. H. S.	0	9	0
A Thankoffering from A. and M. ...	0	10	0
A Friend at Dorking	3	0	0
Mr. J. M. McAlley	0	5	0
A Friend, per Messrs. J. and R. Parlane	1	0	0
Collected at Kingswood by Mrs. Griffith	7	8	0
Mr. Griffiths	2	0	0
A Friend, Mrs. C.	0	5	0
An Old Smoker	0	2	6
Mr. S. Chew	2	0	0
Mr. Bunning	0	1	0
Ashford, Kent, 1s. less Post Office Registration Fee	0	0	4
A Working Man	1	0	0
Miss Evans	0	2	6
A Thankoffering on the Birth of a Child	160	0	0
Mr. W. Stiff	2	2	0
Messrs Bourne and Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. G. Firman	0	3	0
A Debtor to Mercy	1	0	0
Mr. J. Latimer	0	1	0
Little Arthur	0	2	0
Mrs. Renshaw	0	10	0
Mr. J. Abbott	1	1	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
	£251	15	3

Received for the Orphanage.—A Basket of Apples from Bletchley. Fifty Bed Quilts from Mr. J. Barlow, Bolton. Brooms and Brushes from a Friend. A Clock from Mr. Padgett. Parcel of clothing from Lillah.

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
Part of the Miscellaneous Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	18	1	6
R. P. P.	3	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. Greenwood	0	10	0
Anonymous	1	0	0
Mr. W. Godbold	0	10	0
Mr. J. M. McAbbey	0	1	3
Mr. Reynolds, Malvern	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
Subscriptions—			
Eythorne District, part of £30 guaranteed	7	10	0
Mr. Murrell	1	1	0
Lady Burgoyne	1	0	0
S. P. (2 years' subscription)	1	1	0
	£35	17	3

Stockwell Orphanage, College House.

All marked thus (*) have Contributed formerly.

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. E. Lauderdale	2	6	0
*Mr. S. H. Akehurst	0	10	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	2	0
Mr. Young	0	8	0
Mr. D. Russell	1	10	0
Per Mr. R. R. Finch	4	4	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6
	£9	2	6

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermongers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Mr. Mead, £5; M. E. M., 2s. 6d.; Betsy O., 4s.; Walter Cave, £2 2s.; R. P. P., £2; Little Harry, 10s.; James Neeve, 10s.; J. Griffith, £1; Mrs. Atchlee, 5s.; Theodore Barnes, £1 1s; Joseph Wilson, £3; Mrs. B. "Wee Maggie," £1; Parcels from Mrs. Timeus and A. B.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1869.

The Florentine Monk.

IN the month of May this year it is proposed to hold a conference of Italian Christians in the fine old city of Florence. Gavazzi, whose evangelistic work among his countrymen has inspired new hopes in English breasts, as to the future of Protestantism in that land of olives and cypresses, has, with the assistance of those who are equally enthusiastic for the cause of God and truth, formed an Evangelical Alliance in Italy, for the purpose of unitedly combatting "the two great enemies of the divine religion of Christ—Popery and Rationalism." They thus hope to "present a compact phalanx against the expected assaults of the coming Œcumenical Council." Florence has not inaptly been chosen as the scene of this Protestant demonstration. Exactly four centuries ago, it witnessed the martyrdom of a Florentine monk, who, ere the Reformation dawned, and while, indeed, Martin Luther was a youth of six years of age, had aroused the enmity of one of the vilest miscreants of all the debased wretches that wore the triple crown, and had struck a blow at the pretensions of the Papacy, which was only the precursor of that mightier onslaught which staggered the see of Rome, and ushered in the Reformation. It is worth while to run over the incidents of that short but eventful life, since its lessons are as useful to-day as ever.

Savonarola was born in 1452, of respectable parents, at Ferrara. From his grandfather, a physician to a noble duke, he gained his first acquaintance with learned pursuits; from his mother he obtained those lessons of goodness and piety which influenced his heart and moulded his character. Designed for the medical profesion, he soon evinced a passionate longing for other pursuits. Thoughtful, earnest, high-souled, his heart guided his head, and both became devoted to the inner world of spiritual life, into which he withdrew, bidding adieu to the scenes of greedy lust and worldly pleasures by which he was surrounded. He was not the first, we suppose, who sought to relieve his young burning heart by rhyming. We have very little left of his youthful effusions, but they indicate the great struggles of his

soul, and foretell the thoughts of a riper and more matured experienced and observation. Thus early, he seemed to have gained a profound sense of the deep-seated corruptions of the apostate church. The profligate sensuous age moved him to write in terms of just severity; and it is noticeable how emphatically he lays the axe at the root of the upas-tree—

> "The earth so staggers under every vice,
> That never will it lift its head again;
> Rome is that head, so bowed with wickedness,
> That ended now for ever is her reign."

Deeply did he lament the corruptions of the church. Bitterly did he bewail its abandonment of the high mission to which he believed it had been called. And yet, when he saw the outside world, he viewed it with intense disgust. For him it had no attractions. He despised its allurements; he detested its vanities; and so, with a moral determination, and a stern self-denial, worthy of a nobler consummation, he retired into a Dominican cloister. At first a lay-brother, mending the garments and keeping the garden of the convent, he became, after a year of probation, a monk. He was an enthusiastic student. As he himself confesses, he strove after truth with all his powers. Truth was the empress of his soul. He loved her for her own sake. "She illumines," he says, "the soul with divine light, and leads it to communion with God, who is himself truth." Fortunately, he obtained, like his successor of the convent of Erfurt, a copy of the Holy Scriptures. How earnestly did he apply himself to a thorough investigation of its teachings! Here, in his solitary cell, shut out from the gaieties and fascinations of Italian life, isolated from others by his very earnestness and heart-yearnings, like a panting hart braying for the water-brooks, he thirsted for the translucent purity of God's all-satisfying truth. It is true, he read the Scriptures in the light—always a "dim, religious" one—of the church, but he could not shut his eyes to the awful revelations it gave of the abomination of desolations. His soul luxuriated in the peace-infusing teachings of the Word; but his heart was stirred up within him as he compared the church as it was with its ideal state. "Where," he asks, "are the precious stones—where the pure diamonds, the bright lamps, the sapphires, the white robes, and white roses of the church?" It was thus that fourteen years of retirement were spent; the fires of suffering purifying his nature, and leading him to that higher renunciation and nobler consecration so needed for the work of the future.

Called from the seclusion of his cell, at the age of thirty-seven, to active labour in the city of Florence, Savonarola journeyed thither on foot—a dark, mysterious providence overhanging him; a disturbed world of conflicting thoughts within him; and an atmosphere of disquietude and gloom around. To what had his God called him? What meant those ceaseless agitations which electrified his soul, and burdened him as with a message from the Lord, crushing him to the earth? Subsequent events developed the foreshadowings.

Just at this time, Florence was at the dizzying height of its renown. It possessed nearly a thousand fortified positions. Its beauty of situation, its rich lands, its luxuriance, its wealth, its treasures of art,

one libraries, its seats of learning, magnificent palaces, unrivalled sion otages and commercial prosperity, with its gaieties and worldly own ations, made it one of the wonders of Europe. If England be, drab.: keen satire of Napoleon has represented, a nation of shopkeepers, religiace was well-nigh a city of bankers and merchants. Being the soon banking-place of the Continent, its wealth was enormous. As wereuth, under the fostering care of Augustus, and in the zenith of its nesmercial glory, grew licentious, and proud, and reckless, so Florence, holler the luxurious sway of Lorenzo di Medici the Magnificent, to ame heathenish and viciously immoral. Savonarola's voice was deon heard in the church of St. Mark, censuring the tendencies of the ige, and laying bare, with merciless severity, the corruptions of the hurch. It must have been a strange sight to see the spare, haggard orm of this pale-faced, keen-eyed, Roman-nosed monk, exciting the crowds of listeners, and overpowering them with his vigorous eloquence. There was nothing in his voice to allure attention. It was thin and weak. Nor was there anything in his manner, for he was unpractised in speaking; but his words carried weight, and each had a flaming fire-dart which pierced its way, and carried conviction. His denunciations of the paganism of Florence, and the gross abominations of the church, stirred the city to its depths. The friar's popularity grew and spread like living fire. Men listened and shuddered. Priests heard, trembled, and hated. The people grew enthusiastic. Salvation by faith, not by works—forgiveness of sin, not by absolution, but by Christ; these were unheard of truths from such a pulpit, and were as welcome as they were strange. With sternness of manner he denounced the prevailing sins of the time, and with affectionate entreaty besought men, like another John the Baptist, to "repent, for the kingdom of heaven was at hand." Indeed, his prophetic utterances of a visitation from God were listened to with much dismay. His extraordinary faithfulness in rebuking those current sins of the wealthy to which they thought they had a prescriptive right; his personal form of address, without which no minister or reformer can hope to be successful in soul-winning; his clear evangelic utterances as to the natural state of the soul, its need of redemption, and the suitability of the free gospel of God's grace to meet that need, told upon the people. They wept. They were silenced. Men who took down his discourses, were known to drop the pens from their hands. Country people walked miles to hear the great preacher; came, indeed, the night before the Sunday, and besieged the church doors at early morn, that they might be sure of a seat. Rich burghers gave them victuals, and even acted as door-keepers. The convent church was too small; nor could the cathedral accommodate more than the three thousand persons who flocked to hear the friar.

As prior of St. Mark, Savonarola was expected to pay homage to Lorenzo di Medici. He refused. In vain did Lorenzo seek to win the stern friar's confidence; he would loiter in the garden to attract his attention; money was given most royally to the poor; the sermons were heard; but all Lorenzo got in return was unsparing denunciation. Five men were sent to induce the friar to moderate his stinging criticisms, and to cease his prophetic utterances. "Go," was the stern answer,

"and tell Lorenzo that he must repent of his sins, for God is a
punish him and his. He threatens me with banishment. Well, o
foreigner, and he a citizen, and the first in the city; but know
shall stay, and that he will soon be forced to quit." Strange to sa
declaration came true. Lorenzo the Magnificent lay on his dea
Anxious to be absolved from his sins, he sent for the monk, whom h
feared. Savonarola imposed three conditions. He was first to be
in God's ability and willingness to forgive; this the sick man confes
Then he was to restore that which he had unrighteously gained.
duty he promised to perform by his heir. Thirdly, said Savonar
"Give back to Florence her ancient liberty;" but Lorenzo turned
head away, and Savonarola departed.

After Lorenzo's death he addressed himself to the work of reform
tion. Beginning where reformation, as well as charity, should begin,
home, he renovated his convent, induced the monks to reform, to liv
higher lives, to study, and to preach. Next, he sought the reformatio
of the Florentine State. Henceforth he must become a politician. I
is useless to criticise and condemn: he may have been fanatical, unwise,
foolish. *He*, at least, did not think so. He had his dreams of an ideal
government, and he lived to see them come true, though they haste
his fate. He preached on the downfall of the State; declared that soon
the Lord's vengeance would come upon the Florentines; announced the
termination of the great house of Medici; and predicted that "Over the
Alps one is coming sword in hand against Italy to chastise her tyrants.
His coming will be in the storm and in the whirlwind, like that of
Cyrus." At the time, no one believed the warning voice of the strange
prophet. The city was at peace; people were married and given in
marriage, and the end came not. But lo! the King of France came
over the Alps, with an immense army, took Naples, and marched
into Florence. Then believed they the message of the friar. The
Medici were expelled. Savonarola appeared before the King of France,
secured peace, obtained milder terms; and the Florentines were allowed
to choose their own mode of government. On the friar, however, was
devolved this task. He chose the democratic form; but Jesus Christ
was to be King of the city. A general amnesty was proclaimed, and the
streets of Florence were thus saved from the deluge of blood which
seemed inevitable. A contemporary writer states that "Apart from
the Father's preaching, streams of blood would have been seen to flow
in the city; but his words and his authority, which stood at that time
very high, appeased the storm, and hindered the carrying out of
revengeful thoughts."

It was marvellous how his power was felt. He was looked upon as a
deliverer and a prophet. His words were treasured up, and were held
as coming from God himself. His holy ascendancy was such that men
everywhere saw it, felt it, were cowed under it, and not a few wished
to be delivered from it. He waged relentless war against the sins of
the rich, and denounced the vices of the poor. He changed for a time
the character of society in the city. Dr. Seibert, in his biography,
"Savonarola der Reformator von Florenz," describes the wondrous effect
of the friar's teaching:—"Mortal enemies fell into each other's arms
and became reconciled; the rich spontaneously restored ill-gotten gains:

one citizen in particular made restitution of 3,000 ducats, the possession of which disquieted his conscience. Women renounced of their own accord their pride of dress, and went about in modest garments of drab. Ballads and love songs were heard no longer in the country, and religious singing took their place. In the city the theatres and taverns soon became empty and desolate, and in a short time cards and dice were no longer to be seen, vain pomp disappeared, and moral earnestness, and a wonderful degree of love and devotion to eternal things laid hold of the people." As one of his opponents said, "The people seemed to become fools from love to Christ." At the season of carnival men delivered up their dice, cards, and card-boards, scandalous images, and immoral novels, and women their rouge, scented waters, veils, false hair, mirrors—indeed, never before, and we fear never since, were women more self-sacrificing—all these luxuries were collected in the market-place and burnt, youths singing in procession, round what has been called this "*auto-da-fé* of sin and worldly pleasures."

Besides improving the social condition of the poor, he endeavoured to reform the church. He never spared the priests—they were "the devil's midwives." Referring to the primitive church, he once said, "In those days they had a golden priest and wooden vessels, but now we have golden vessels and a wooden priest." But especially was he emphatic in his testimony to the preciousness of the Scriptures. "The ruin of the church," he said, "is to be traced to this, that Christians no longer read the Scriptures; it is owing to this that thick darkness broods over the Christian people, and that impiety gets so much the upper hand." He very imperfectly understood the Scriptures, but he was alone in demanding that they should be read, and their lessons taught to the people.

A man like Savonarola, it is needless to remark, must soon have aroused the enmity of the Papacy. It was no difficulty for him to find foes; they compassed him about like bees. They were principally of the order of the Franciscans, who always hated the order of which Savonarola was a member—the Dominican. News reached Rome of the terrible power and popularity of the friar. The Pope's first thought was to conciliate so dangerous a foe. He, therefore, offered him a cardinal's hat. But it was declined. "I wish," he said, "for no other red hat than that of a martyr, dyed with my own blood." It was equally in the power of the Pope to grant him that favour—for which, indeed, he felt most inclined. He was then respectfully and in a most fatherly way invited to show himself at Rome. "Beloved son! Health to thee, and apostolic benediction." But, as everyone knows, the Pope's blessing was always a curse, and in this case the blessing concealed—or only partly concealed—a power that would by penance, prison, or poison, reduce the friar to everlasting silence. Savonarola was not to be caught. He knew the man with whom he was dealing. The Pope was the incarnation of all the devilry that ever escaped from hell. An abandoned wretch, guilty of scandalous crimes—who could trust him? And so, wisely, the friar refused to go. He did not refuse, however, to fulminate against the Pope. He, too—like most of us—could issue his little bull from his diminutive Vatican. At last the Pope prohibited his preaching, and ordered that the congregation of St. Mark should be

dissolved. Such elements were, however, not readily dissolved. Savonarola for a time maintained silence, but was stung into action by the Pope's Breve. "I cannot forbear preaching," he declared; "the word of God is as a fire in my heart; unless I speak it, it burns my marrow and bones." "It is now time," he said, "to open the den; we will turn the key; such a stench and so much filth will be vomited forth by Rome as will overspread all Christendom, and everybody will be tainted with it." At last the Pope applied to the Signori to deliver up this heretic; but it was in vain. Franciscan monks were sent to preach him down; but his preaching went up. Then it was, with his customary politeness, that the Pope sent a gracious message, hurling his curse at his head, cutting him off as a rotten member from the church's body, and giving him over to the powers of hell. Savonarola had his defenders in Florence, and those were among the wealthy as well as among the poor; but a host of circumstances were combining to ruin him. His friends were injudicious. His new state constitution was, as might be expected, a failure. His alliance with the King of France, who had done nothing for the church, damaged his popularity. Plague and famine irritated the people; and, as no miracle was wrought on their behalf, Savonarola was disliked. One of his friends foolishly put a controversy with the Franciscans upon the issue of a trial by the ordeal of fire. The fire was prepared in the market-place of Florence; the citizens expected to behold a notable spectacle; but the Signori and a shower of rain interfered and dispersed the crowd. The mob then turned upon Savonarola; the monastery was assailed; the once popular monk was made a prisoner; and the Pope was communicated with. Overcome with joy, "His Holiness" granted permission for the monk to be tortured. A recantation was demanded of him, but he refused. He was then stretched seven times during the week upon the rack. In the height of his sufferings he cried, "Lord, take my spirit," and, worn out by the tortures, he agreed to confess. When, however, he had rested awhile, he withdrew his recantation, and boldly avowed all that he had previously taught. Between the day of his trial and the day of his execution he wrote an exposition of the fifty-first Psalm, which Luther highly prized, and published in Germany.

He was burnt, with two friends, on the 22nd of May, 1498. The bishop deprived him of his priestly garments, saying, "Thus I exclude thee from the militant and triumphant church." "From the church militant thou mayst," exclaimed Savonarola, "but from the church triumphant thou canst not." He died blessing the people who had deserted him, and clinging to the Christ whose love had never departed from him.

The question has often been asked, How far was Savonarola the herald of Protestantism? The best answer to that question is, we think, furnished in his admirable work—far ahead of the times in which it was written—"The Triumph of the Cross." We are glad that those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have brought it out in a cheap and handsome form.* For the sake of the memory of the martyr, it should be read; for the sake of the truths it so

* The Triumph of the Cross, by JEROME SAVONAROLA. Translated from the Latin, with Notes and a Biographical Sketch. By O Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

luminously sets forth, it deserves a wide circulation. Mr. Travers Hill, beside writing an interesting sketch of the Italian Reformer's life, has ably translated the work. At a time when the church held every one in bondage, when the Scriptures were hid from view, and the masses were ignorant of the way of salvation—when darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people—when the church to which every one bowed in lowly submission was so corrupt as to allow a pope stained with every crime to preside over it—and when Luther's shrill testimony had not as yet been given—it is pleasant to find words of such evangelic power written in the cloister of a monastery. And though Savonarola was wedded to many of the errors of the church, yet his testimony in favour of justification by faith and not by works, the forgiveness of sins by Christ and not by man, was clear and decisive. His object was undoubtedly to purify the church of Rome, not to destroy it; but it is evident that throughout his life he was, if loyal to his church, far more loyal to Christ.

Richard Baxter.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Concluded from page 117.*)*

BIGOTRY and intolerance bore their fruit in the Act of Uniformity. Baxter preached his farewell sermon in the Established Church on the last Sabbath of May, 1662; and thus, for example's sake, adopted the procedure of seceding three months prior to what was afterwards called Black Bartholomew. The Court seems to have been really disturbed by the rumours of disaffection which the silencing of so great a number of faithful ministers awakened among the religious sections. When the coalition of the Presbyterians and other Nonconformists was talked about, the City was represented as being the refuge of disloyalty. The King's uneasiness was increased by the return to London of disbanded troops, and by the "Multiplying of public and private lectures." The Conventicle Act, passed in the summer of 1663, was partly the offspring of these misgivings. While thus depressed on all hands, the Dissenters could not agree as to the lawfulness of attending parish churches; some advocated an occasional support of the established worship; others by demanding an entire separation assumed a braver attitude.

What the social and political condition of the Dissenters actually was, immediately after Black Bartholomew, may be inferred from contemporary letters and documents among the State Papers. The Act of Uniformity was very rigorously enforced. Cared for by Providence and approved by conscience, still the excluded ministers in their daily wanderings were constrained to act with extreme caution, even in life's commonest affairs. Great numbers of pastors were crowded into the too narrow gaols; and, through being closely huddled together with common criminals, many were stifled by the pestilential atmosphere, or wasted by the ravages of prison fever. As before observed, the most determined stand taken against the intolerance of the ascendant party was that assumed by the Baptists and Quakers. It were idle to deny that the ranks of Dissent in those days included numbers of fanatics;

but to assume that they differed in this respect from their opponents is an ungenerous, because an unfair assumption. Accounts are extant of the rumours which the oppressed people industriously circulated; *e.g.*, Providence was appearing; was even then avenging the wrongs of the elect. A certain clergyman had been smitten by death after "Yielding to put on a surplice." Another, while on his way to conform, had fallen from his horse and died. Such occurrences as these were construed into the judgments of Heaven upon faithless Amalekites. On the other hand, the populace intoxicated by loyalty, showed a supreme indifference to all religion; and churches attached to extensive cures only attracted from ten to forty communicants. In numberless instances the clergy were not only a disgrace to their high profession, but were a scandal to our common humanity. Because they only gave a desultory attention to their duties, such men were unheeded by the vulgar, and despised by the discerning. Bands of devoted ones were found, however, to perpetuate the principles and worship of Nonconformity. Such, indeed, often took advantage of the gloom of night; and became indebted to damp cellars in obscure thoroughfares, or to the rural seclusion of suburban barns; but, amid such adverse surroundings, they strengthened one another in Christ; and while dispensing the commemorative cup and the broken bread, adjured their fellows to be faithful unto death. To the Papists a far milder treatment was meted out; for they scarcely provoked any legal interference. When it actually occurred, the arrest of Romanists was a mere subterfuge; and they were commonly released without further trouble. As had long been the case, the bishops were the uncompromising opponents of a tolerant policy. In the spring of 1663, for example, politicians were broaching the subject of relaxing the persecuting laws; but the prelates at once communicated with the commoners in the rural districts, and urged them to defeat so pernicious a measure. Their excessive grievances drove great numbers of Dissenters out of England; and their country's loss was the lasting gain of Holland and America.

It will scarcely amount to a digression, if for insertion here we select some particulars of the amiable Margaret Charlton, who eventually became Mistress Baxter. With exquisite gracefulness, her fond husband has delineated her character; and his picture is not tinted with an overdrawn panegyric. The Charltons ranked among the county families of Worcestershire; and Margaret's father, who did not marry till his locks were grey, held the office of Justice of the Peace. On the breaking out of civil war, the family became politically divided; Mrs. Charlton fortifying her mansion for the King, while her brother-in-law fought on the Parliamentary side. As will be easily imagined, feelings of ill-will and jealousy sprang up in the family; and these were aggravated by the fact, that Robert Charlton was next heir-at-law to the widow's only son. By connivance of the former, his sister's seat was stormed and taken by the popular party. After her son had settled in life, Mrs. Charlton removed with her only daughter to Kidderminster, the latter then being a handsome maiden of the age of seventeen. These ladies, by their kindness and charity, soon won the esteem of their neighbours the weavers; for by what Baxter calls a "Manly patience," the matron subdued her constitutional infirmity of temper.

During the summer of 1662, Baxter was the subject of some curious enquiry and witty comment. Like certain others of his class, he had, in an unguarded hour, extolled celibacy as a more convenient state for Christian ministers than wedlock; and like those others, whose experience was identical, his unnatural arguments were the prelude to taking a wife. The story is a pretty one; and its beautiful sequel is pleasingly instructive.

Baxter may have been first drawn towards the Charltons by their seconding his labours among the parishioners of Kidderminster; but in time, and by almost imperceptible degrees, the sage found himself in the power of a siren charmer, whose subtlety of fascination he had hitherto little suspected. He chid himself, it would seem, on account of his natural weakness, and resolved to exercise in the future a more becoming circumspection. In such matters, as all know, it is far easier to resolve than to act, especially when the fair object, to be prudently avoided, appears week after week in the family pew with a pensive pallor superseding her wonted rosiness. It so happened with Baxter and Margaret Charlton till a mutual understanding was arranged which ended in a life union. The provisions of the marriage contract retained in her own power the whole of Mistress Margaret's fortune, which her lover would not deign to touch for fear men, by calling him a mercenary, should bring dishonour on the gospel. They were married on September the tenth, 1662, at Saint Bennet-fink's Church, London. The few spectators who congregated on that summer morning beheld a spectacle unique of its kind. The bridegroom was a poor clerk without a cure, with a prospect sufficiently dismal stretching before him, although his path of penury was a self-chosen path. The approval of conscience was above all money value; and Margaret, with maidenly enthusiasm, admired that exalted piety and self-denial which had rejected the highest preferment for the sake of preserving an unsullied rectitude; and as a bride, was more than happy in possessing the means of succouring the man of her choice and veneration. Their after life was a strange experience of what may be termed joyous trouble. They were compelled to frequently remove from one situation to another, and on this account alone suffered much inconvenience amounting to real hardship. But wherever Margaret was, there also was that lightsome cheerfulness only springing from unwavering faith. "I know not," says Baxter, "that she ever came to any place where she did not extraordinarily win the love of the inhabitants." Their first home was in Moorfields: thence they removed to Acton, and there successively occupied several houses. Margaret's chief temporal felicity consisted in promoting the welfare of others. Her liberal charities and gentle mien greatly endeared her to her poorer neighbours. Indeed, she so won the affection of the inhabitants, that when she removed to a station ten miles distant, the people of Acton attempted to restore their favourite by offering to subscribe the rent of a house. The presence of such a ministering angel lightened the heaviest burden: "She cheerfully went with me to prison," says her husband. "*She brought her best bed thither.*"

For a short time this happy couple lived at Totteridge. "The coal smoke so filled the room that we all day sat in, that it was as a cloud"

—words conveying a graphic insight into the every-day life of an ejected minister. At first it was Margaret's custom to dispense a tenth of her income to the poor; but at Baxter's suggestion the proportion was largely augmented. An extraordinary zeal in ministering to the poor occasionally exhausted Margaret's resources; but at such times she mortified her family pride by accepting from others what was necessary to sustain her beneficent action. She also derived great pleasure from seeing youths in training for the ministry; although none more heartily despised a student lacking "Good wits and parts."

Margaret died in June, 1681, at "a pleasant and convenient house in Southampton Square," a house she herself selected in her tender regard for her husband's health. On the departure into rest of this estimable woman, the poor of Saint James's and Saint Martin's bewailed her loss as that of a guardian angel. With many tears did Baxter deposit her dear remains among the ruins of Christchurch; and probably he realised a keenness of suffering he had little imagined possible, when he found himself separated for all time from the object of his purest love. How did he carry with him to the grave Margaret's dying words, "My mother is in heaven . . . . . and thou and I shall be in heaven." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaimed the stricken husband; "and he hath taken away, but that upon my desert, which he had given me undeservedly near nineteen years. Blessed be the name of the Lord. I am waiting to be next. The door is open. Death will quickly draw the veil, and make us see how near we were to God, and one another, and did not (sufficiently) know it. Farewell, vain world, and welcome true everlasting life."*

To return to our more immediate subject, we find that Baxter on one occasion preached before Charles the Second, in the capacity of chaplain-in-ordinary; and had conscience permitted, he might have transferred himself to the See of Hereford. As to other events in his life at this time, there are many letters among the State Papers containing allusions to him which deserve our attention. According to the effusion of our informer, one Edmund Potter, the Dissenters boasted of their perfect acquaintance with Court proceedings; and derisively spoke of the Royal forces, which 50,000 patriots in London alone could annihilate. A Colonel Hunt is mentioned as a leader of the revolutionary party. Every Tuesday Hunt kept open house, and gave a "Parson's ordinary" to the Nonconformists. Another mansion, seventeen miles down the Western Road, was a notorious Dissenting rendezvous, for the company often included Baxter, Manton, and their companions. The councils were strictly private, the women of the household being rigidly excluded. Such materials as these should be used by the historian with much discrimination, and the wheat carefully sifted from the chaff. For example, it is satisfactory to learn even from such sources, that the Nonconformist leaders were occasionally entrusted with large sums of money, wherewith to succour their poorer brethren. We are informed, moreover, of the more prominent Dissenting

* *Vide the closing paragraph of A Breviate of the Life of Margaret . . . . . Wife of Richard Baxter.*

stations. At the home of Hampdens, in Buckinghamshire, Baxter often preached. Another refuge was the Countess of Exeter's mansion, in Little Britain, where the most eminent Puritans were wont to officiate.

Then followed a time of anguish and of desolation, in which the irreligious populace were constrained to share. They were truly days of terrible national trial. But equal to the crisis there emerged from a hitherto enforced seclusion such spirits as Janeway, Chester, Vincent, and others. Like true spiritual heroes, these boldly entered the stricken City to attend the sick, to console the dying, and to preach the gospel to flocks now forsaken by their affrighted pastors. Many sad reminiscences might be collected of that fearful ordeal through which England passed. On returning to his Acton lodgings, Baxter found his friends of the household still alive; but the churchyard resembled a "Plow'd field with graves." Respecting the Plague and the Fire, a few facts are obtainable from our author's life. The citizens, we learn, watched the flames with speechless misery, their useless engines standing by the while. Then in a sudden and mysterious manner the fire ceased its ravages. The vaults of Old St. Paul's suggested themselves to the stationers as a safe asylum for those literary treasures with which the vicinity abounded; but, alas! the books shared destruction with the sanctuary. The King, attended by a staff of nobles, rode about in a great consternation, and as impotent to check the relentless fire as was the least important among the spectators. A more significant fact was the appearance on the scene of the Nonconformist leaders as already referred to. Taking advantage of the confusion, they showed a magnanimous disregard of law, opening their meeting houses, and entered on pastoral work. Indeed, about this time or soon after, the Dissenters' hopes were in the ascendant, by reason of the fall of Clarendon and the rise of Buckingham. The latter was influenced by more liberal principles, and for the time religion seems to have benefited by the change. Some were even sufficiently sanguine to talk of a scheme of comprehension.

During Baxter's residence at Acton he instituted in his own home a meeting for Christian instruction. The statutes against Dissent were so stringently enforced, that only a scanty assembly was attracted, although his neighbours held their distinguished townsman in high veneration, and correspondingly valued his counsels. When the laws for a season were somewhat relaxed, however, Baxter was quite overwhelmed with enquirers anxious to profit by his able teachings. The Vicar of Acton was a zealous bigot, employing for a curate "a weak, dull, young man, that spent most of his time in alehouses." Baxter attended church for example's sake; but was no less on that account an eyesore to the worthless clergy. These "loyal" divines could little brook the presence of their illustrious parishioner, and so proceeded to concoct some heavy charges against him, which were presented to the King. Charles never cared to have his pleasure interrupted by clerical petitions; and at once rid himself of the present intruders by referring them to the Bishop of London, the sequel being, that, as a Nonconformist recusant, Baxter was committed to Clerkenwell Gaol. All this occurred in 1670, but his imprisonment, it is pleasing to find, occasioned

our author only slight inconvenience. He was respectfully and even considerately treated, and in addition to the use of a garden, enjoyed a comfortable apartment, while friends without plentifully supplied him with the necessaries of life. Infamous as were the times, the arrest of such a man drew down on the heads of those in power an inconvenient amount of odium. The efforts of friends at Court to obtain a release were seconded by Buckingham, who represented to Charles how such proceedings damaged his majesty's reputation. Brought up by a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, the prisoner was acquitted by the Court of Common Pleas.

A short time after the above episode, Baxter lost a thousand pounds by the closing of the Exchequer; but a mere loss of wealth only slightly concerned him. In 1672, he took advantage of the Indulgence, and took out a preacher's license. In that same year was founded the Merchants' Lecture, and who more fitting than Baxter to assist in inaugurating that famous institution; notwithstanding that the first sermon he preached in the course was denounced as Arminian by a certain faction of the citizens? He also served on another lecture in Fetter Lane; but in a sketch like the present, it will be impossible completely to follow the thread of so diversified a career. When his heart and home were desolated by the removal of Mistress Margaret, his inward bitterness was supplemented by the persecution which, about that time, broke out with renewed virulence. Under the provisions of the Five Mile Act, he was once more suddenly arrested; and, as he had lately preached four times, the fines amounted to two hundred pounds. His strength was now reduced by age and disease; yet he was only saved from the hardships peculiar to felons by the interposition of a friend, who publicly certified, that the proceedings were endangering the pastor's life; and such really being the case, Baxter was allowed to return to his bed. The King interfered in Baxter's favour, and the suit was abandoned; but notwithstanding the royal influence, the latter lost the chief portion of his books and furniture—a loss which compelled him to relinquish housekeeping and to retire into lodgings.

We are assisted in forming an estimate of the state of public affairs at this date (1683) by many stray facts drawn from various sources. It was the year of the judicial murder of Russell and Sydney. Government informers were animated by a relentless industry; for they even pounced on such mere youths and maidens as were found at Nonconformist meetings. In numerous instances very young persons were convicted of rioting, on evidence no more satisfactory than that of having attended conventicles. Of these some were fined; some were imprisoned, and others were doomed to beat hemp at Bridewell. Other facts rise to the surface proving the unprincipled Government to have been as devoid of honour as of charity. A certain clergyman, for example, bequeathed six hundred pounds for distribution among sixty Bartholomew confessors; but the Lord Chancellor ruled the bequest to be illegal, and the money was not recovered until after the Revolution. A list was made of a thousand persons suspected of dangerous practices; and in the estimation of the authors, such a galaxy necessarily included Baxter. On the appearance of a company of officers to arrest him, our divine retired to his study; and as locks could not be broken with

impunity, his enemies determined to allow him neither sleep nor refreshment; and to effect their design, six men were stationed throughout the night at the chamber door. After being arraigned three times before the sessions, the old man was bound over in heavy amounts to keep the peace. Pitiable to the last degree must have been the condition of England, and degraded indeed her Government, when the dangerous classes were made to include the devoted and laborious Baxter.

Thus days and years flew on, and time brought its wonted round of adventure. As regarded Richard Baxter, the succeeding and iniquitous reign of James the Second was destined to witness the perpetration of a crowning piece of judicial folly. Jeffreys being now in the ascendant, he proved himself a worthy agent of a perfidious master. Immediately after the death of Charles, our author was indicted for calumniating the bishops in his paraphrase on the New Testament. As all concerned knew perfectly well the allusions complained of referred to certain ancient pastors; but the government were glad of even a lame excuse for denouncing the book as "scandalous and seditious," since such a procedure promised to punish the writer. The case came on in May, 1685, when Baxter was in so weakly a condition that his counsel endeavoured to get the trial postponed: "I will not give another minute to save his life," roared Jeffreys. "We have had to do with other sorts of persons; but now we have a saint to deal with, and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners." Just at that moment a neighbouring pillory was fittingly occupied by Dr. Oates; and the wit of the judge prompted a parallel between the plotter and the divine: "He," cried his lordship, referring to the lying informer, and pointing to the court yard, "He suffers for the truth; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues in the kingdom stood there."

On the day of trial Baxter entered the court at Guildhall, with a mien betokening serene composure, such as a sense of innocence, and of the injustice awarded him, only could have engendered. He was attended by Sir Henry Ashurst and Dr. Bates; for now that dear ministering angel, whose gentle heroism had so often encouraged him was aiding the joy of another sphere. On all sides eminent persons thronged the court. Many conflicting sympathies were represented; but perhaps none sanctioned that native insolence of the monster who presided, and who disgraced in common both his species and the bench of justice. The first case of the day being concluded, the clerk proceeded to call another, when he suddenly heard himself reproved in savage but familiar tones: "*You* BLOCKHEAD; the next case is between Richard Baxter and the King." Accordingly the differences between the divine and the Crown were entered into; and the obnoxious passages—the alleged reflections on the English prelates—were read. The solicitude of Sir Henry Ashurst had provided for the defence the ablest counsel the town afforded, in the persons of Wallop and Pollexfen;*

* Pollexfen opened the defence. "When the trial came on at Guildhall, a crowd of those who loved and honoured Baxter filled the court. At his side stood Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines. Two Whig barristers of great note Pollexfen and Wallop appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarcely

and one of these gentlemen now essayed to address the court: "My Lord. I humbly conceive the bishops Mr. Baxter speaks of were the plagues of the church and of the world." "Mr. Wallop," screamed Jeffreys, "I observe you are in all these dirty causes, and were it not for you gentlemen of the long robe that hold up these factious knaves by the chin we should not be at the pass we are." "My Lord," returned Wallop, "I humbly conceive that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text." "You humbly conceive," Jeffreys again bellowed, "and I humbly conceive. Swear him. Swear him." Wallop, however, was too accustomed to such legal routine to be readily cowed. "My Lord," he said, "I am counsel for the defendant, and if I understand either Latin or English the information now brought against Mr. Baxter upon such slight ground is a greater reflection upon the Church of England than anything contained in the book." But the lawyer was no match for his ferocious opponent. "Sometimes you humbly conceive," now cried the latter, "and sometimes you are very positive. You talk of your skill in church history, and of your understanding Latin and English. I think I understand something of them as well as you; but in short must tell you that if you don't understand your duty better I shall teach it you." Soon after Jeffreys was heard denouncing Baxter "as an enemy to the name and thing, the office and person of bishops." It was next argued that in certain passages of the paraphrase bishops were respectfully alluded to. Then Baxter himself attempted to get a hearing. "My Lord, I have been so moderate with respect to the church, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters on that acount." "Baxter for bishops," retorted the judge, "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it; turn to it." An advocate immediately took the volume and read: "Great respect is due to those truly called to be bishops"—"Ay," interrupted Jeffreys, with one of his savagest expressions, "Ay, that's himself, and such rascals called to be bishops of Kidderminster and other such places. Bishops set apart by such factious, snivelling Presbyterians as himself. A Kidderminster bishop he means, according to the saying of a late learned author, every parish shall maintain a tithe-pig metropolitan." Another endeavour on Baxter's part to make himself heard provoked the well-known outburst, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, everyone as full of sedition (I might say treason) as an egg is full of meat. . . . I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the

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begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth, 'Pollexfen, I know you well, I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book:' and then his Lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, 'Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now almost rose to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole City.'"—*Macaulay's Hist. Eng.*, chap. iv, To Pollexfen the credit belongs of having given a smart repartee to the judge's indecent mimicry: "*My Lord, some will think it hard measure to stop these men's mouths, and not let them speak through their noses.*"

brotherhood in corners waiting to see what will become of their mighty donne; but . . . . I will crush you all." On what was supposed to be the conclusion of the evidence Baxter ventured to ask, "Does your Lordship think any jury will pretend to pass a verdict upon me after such a trial?" "I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter," was the rejoinder; "don't you trouble yourself about that." While walking from the court, accompanied by Sir Henry Ashurst, the defendant turned on the wicked judge and told him, that a predecessor of his would have acted differently. "There is not an honest man in England," was the reply, "but takes you for a great rogue." When judgment was given, on a future day, the author was ordered to forfeit five hundred marks.

As Baxter had but recently lost a thousand pounds by the closing of the Exchequer, the fine was not discharged, and he was, therefore, imprisoned in the King's Bench as a defaulter.* Soon after he was set at liberty and allowed to live in London, notwithstanding the provisions to the contrary of the Oxford Act. He now removed to Charterhouse Square, his last earthly home, and about the same time undertook to assist Matthew Sylvester at Rutland House. The depression of weakness and infirmity, however, told him that he had reached the last stage of his mortal pilgrimage, and he died on the 8th of November, 1691. His character has been so often delineated, that any attempt of the kind in this place would be superfluous. "The Industrious Invalid," "the Shakespeare and Demosthenes of English Theology," and "the Augustine of Nonconformity," are familiar terms to every Baxterian bibliographer.

Although linked with Kidderminster, Baxter's life and labours also pre-eminently belong to London, and are associated with many of the buildings yet remaining in the old city. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, we find traces of him as we fancy ourselves listening to his sermon before the Parliament, just prior to the Restoration. We can enter St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, and there imagine we witness a panic in the congregation, occasioned by an alarm that the building was falling down; and we may profit by the wise reproof and ready improvement which the preacher utters. At Oxenden-street we see him expelled from a chapel reared by the munificence of Mistress Margaret, but in which the devoted husband was only permitted to officiate once. At Swallow-street, near at hand, and at Maid-lane, Southwark, we imagine ourselves to be a part of that great crowd of citizens who learned wisdom at the feet of this Puritan Demosthenes. At the Savoy, at Sion College, at St. Bride's, at St. Paul's, and at Whitehall, this same fragile form of Richard Baxter, even as a spectral child of fancy, rebukes us for so slightly improving life's fleeting hours, and for making so faint an impression for good on our generation. Noble Baxter! When compared with you, and with other like stars of the seventeenth century galaxy, what diminutive tapers are the majority of us? And how contemptibly

* The sympathy Baxter's trials drew forth must have greatly cheered him. At this date young Matthew Henry was a student at Gray's Inn. The future commentator visited the Puritan leader in his confinement, and gracefully offered him a gift of money from Philip Henry; but, as the latter was an ejected minister, Richard could not be prevailed upon to accept the present by all the powers of persuasion the youthful Matthew could command.

poor and abject do they appear who have lived merely for earthly wealth and for earthly honour. ALMOST WELL, he replied, when at his death one asked him, "How are you?" We take our leave of him at Charterhouse-square, unless, indeed, we feel disposed to follow his lifeless clay to its sepulchre in Christchurch, where it rests beside the coffin of his beloved Margaret. Noble Baxter! How plainly manifest is it to you now that, notwithstanding all its painful privations, your lot on earth was a blessed lot. We admiringly contemplate your work, but cannot describe your reward. To do so we should need your own, or even an angel's powers. *Our* incapacity to catch the light and music of sinless spheres is only equalled by the readiness with which *your* sanctified genius reflected the one and appropriated the other, to transfer them to the luminous pages of your immortal *Saints' Rest;* and the blessedness of your present condition you have yourself described in that greatest of all your writings. *Oh, what a mighty change is this! . . . Farewell, sin and suffering. . . . Welcome, most holy heavenly nature.**

Debatable Ground.

CHEERFUL as the month of May is my temperament. Mirth and happiness are as sweet to me as the perfume of roses, or the ripple of the cooling brooks in the heat of harvest. I would as soon rob the year of its summer, and the heavens of the sun, as young people of their merriment, or old people of their joys. But I am a plain man, loving consistency, and therefore some persons' ways of mirth considerably puzzle me, and make me think very queer thoughts when I adorn my brow with my considering cap. The young lambs overflow with spirits, and are abundantly frolicsome and lively in their play, and yet I never saw them eat carrion for a treat, or howl like tigers for a change: their enjoyments are always like their nature, and they never imitate wolves or lions in order to enjoy themselves. Let a horse loose, and it gallops and tears round the meadow, and rolls on its back, and throws up its legs into the air; but still it acts like a horse, and does not for pleasure try to fly like a bird, or climb a tree like a squirrel. How is it, then, that certain people, who call themselves Christians, the moment they set about enjoying themselves, throw off their supposed spiritual nature, and act like worldlings in order to be happy? Other creatures, even in their freest sports, are like themselves, but these beings in their pleasure seeking are as unlike what they profess to be as owls are unlike birds of Paradise! Why is this? Are there

* The principal sources of information for the above article have been the Calendars of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles II.; the Life of Baxter, by himself. Sylvester's edition; and also Calamy's Abridgment; Bates' Sermon on the Death of Richard Baxter; Baxter's Memoir of his Wife; several of his minor pieces, *e.g.* The Quaker's Catechism, and his Letter to the People of Kidderminster; Wilson's History of the Dissenting Churches, &c., &c. Baxter wrote between one and two hundred separate works, of which there are about one hundred in Dr. Williams's library. An imperfect list by Calamy occupies twelve octavo pages. A selection from his political writings were publicly burned at Oxford on the day of Russell's death, in the summer of 1683.

no joys in true religion, that church-members must go to the world for pleasure? Are we to be saved by Christ, but made happy by the devil? Is Dame Godliness so grim a school-mistress that we must needs get a holiday to sin in? Are we never full of mirth till we are empty of grace? Do we find our highest delights in pleasing our lowest faculties?

What I mean is plainly and bluntly this: I don't comprehend why so many professors go for recreation to hear silly sing-songs, and to see the veriest trifling. I don't say they go to the theatre, but they go where the theatre practically comes to them. They take their families to places which give them a taste for plays and frivolities, and they do this without any pricks of conscience. An opera at Covent Garden they condemn, but a drama at the Crystal Palace they quite approve of. Not yet will they visit the Casino or the Coal-hole, but if some one would christen one of such haunts with a decent name, they would be happy to patronise it. No, no; they would not visit a burlesque in a common playhouse, but minstrels who rattle out some very doubtful songs, are quite to their mind. The silly ballads of the hour, which would disgrace the mental powers of an idiot, have been listened to most approvingly by some who profess to love the songs of Zion; the tomfooleries of senseless performers have been able to attract some of our would-be Christians; while the vapid nonsense vented at penny readings has had its admirers and defenders. Well, I can only say it is what I don't understand, and never shall. Heirs of heaven, and "partakers of the divine nature," I am well assured, have tastes which questionable amusements will never gratify; they have eaten angels' food, and are not able to come down to husks again. Pleasure is the object pursued, and if pleasure be found in such places, then the finder ought at once to forego all pretensions to piety. The nostril that can be gratified by the reek of dunghills, knows nothing of true fragrance. To genuine Christians the painted joys of earth are too vapid, too childish, too mean, to give them a moment's satisfaction. The believer in Jesus is too manly in the highest sense to be amused with such baby toys. Besides, true mirth and solid joy abound on all hands in safer places; not only are the sublimer joys of worship, communion, and of doing good, our chosen heritage, but to us the ample fields of knowledge, the broad realms of nature, the marvels of art, and the enchantments of music, all yield recreations as healthful as they are harmless. To us no avenues of true pleasure are closed. Christianity is not cynical. The shams, the fancies, the mimicries of mirth, with which folly surrounds her minions, these are denied us, and the denial is to true hearts no denial, for they would not have them if they might. I say again, to me it is a wonder that so many retain the Christian name, and yet find solace in those poisonous pastures which border on the plains of vice, and are the purlieus of hell. A word to the wise will be enough: to the foolish many would be vain.

NATHANIEL PLAINSPEECH.

A Wedding Sermon.*

BY THOMAS MANTON, D.D.

"And brought her unto the man."—Genesis ii. 2.

THE words belong to the story of the first marriage that was celebrated in the world, between the first man and the first woman; a marriage made by God himself in paradise; who, when he had built the rib taken from Adam into a woman, from her builder, became her bringer; he brought her unto the man, saith the text. For the greater solemnity and comely order of marriage, Adam did not take her of his own head, but God brought her to him. When we dispose of ourselves at our own wills and pleasures, being led thereunto by our own choice, without consulting with God, or upon carnal reasons, without the conduct of God's providence, we transgress the order which God hath set in the first precedent of marriage; and cannot expect that our coming together should be comfortable.

The point which I shall insist on is this, that marriages are then holily entered into when the parties take one another out of God's hands.

First, I will show you *in what sense they are said to take one another out of God's hands;* secondly, *why this is so necessary to be observed.*

I. For the first, THEY TAKE ONE ANOTHER OUT OF GOD'S HANDS, two ways. 1. When his directions are observed. 2. When his providence is owned and acknowledged.

(1.) *When his directions in his word are observed.* And so: *As to the choice of parties.* When a man seeketh out a helpmeet for himself, he should in the first place seek out a helpmeet for himself in the best things; for in all our deliberate and serious consultations, religion must have the first place. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," &c. Matt. vi. 33. A man's chief end should be discovered in all his actions; as it must guide me in my meat, and drink, and recreations, and the ordinary refreshments of the natural life, or else I do not act as a Christian, so much more in my most important and serious affairs, such as marriage is, and upon which my content and welfare so much dependeth. Certainly he that would take God's blessing along with him, should make choice in God's family of one, with whom he may converse as an heir with him of the grace of life. A Christian, saith the apostle, is at liberty to marry, ἀλλὰ μόνον ἐν κυρίῳ, but only in the Lord (1 Cor. vii. 39); he is at liberty to rejoice, but in the Lord; to eat, and drink, and trade, but in the Lord; so to marry, but in the Lord.

As to consent of parents. God here in the text, as the common parent, taketh himself to have the greatest hand in the bestowing of his own children; he brought her unto the man: and ordinarily parents

* No other sin commits such ravages among our churches as that of ungodly marriages. Constantly are our young people led astray and pierced through with many sorrows by disobeying the plain commands of the gospel in this matter. No good ever comes of such unholy unions. They are evil, only evil, and that continually. Meeting with this old discourse, we thought it might have some weight with those whose feet have almost gone. The Lord grant it may. C. H. S.

are his deputies, which must bring and give us in marriage, especially when young, and under their power. The Scripture is express for this. "If her father wholly refuse to give her unto him," &c. Exodus xxii. 17. "He that giveth her in marriage," &c. 1 Cor. vii. 28.

As to the manner of procuring it; that they labour to gain one another by warrantable, yea, religious ways, that we may lay the foundation of this relation in the fear of God; not by stealth, or carnal allurements, or violent importunities, or deceitful proposals, but by such ways and means as will become the gravity of religion, the weanedness and sobriety which should be in the hearts of believers; that deliberation which a business of such weight calls for, and that reverence of God, and justice which we owe to all; that seriousness of spirit, and that respect to the glory of God, with which all such actions should be undertaken. "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Col. iii. 17. When this is observed, we are said to take one another out of God's hands.

For the end. The general and last end of this, as of every action, must be God's glory. 1 Cor. x. 31, and Col. iii. 17. A Christian's second-table duties, and first-table duties, should have on them holiness to the Lord. All the vessels of Jerusalem must have God's impress. More particularly our increase in godliness, and the propagation of the holy seed, must be aimed at. Where one person is a believer, much more where both are such, they bring up their sons and daughters to God: "But now are they holy." 1 Cor. vii. 14. But those who marry without the fear of God do but increase the sons and daughters of men, merely to people the world and not to enlarge the church. Seth's children are called sons of God. Genesis vi. 1, 2. O that ours may be such, for the careful education of children the church is upheld.

(2.) *When his providence is owned and acknowledged.* It is the duty of them that fear God, to own him upon all occasions, especially in such a business. Heathens would not begin such a business without a sacrifice. There is a special providence about marriages. God claimeth the power of match-making to himself, more than he doth of ordering any other affairs of men (Prov. xix. 14): "House and riches are the inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord." Inheritances pass by the laws of men, though not without the intervention of God's providence, who determineth to every man the time of his service, and the bounds of his habitation, where every man shall live, and what he shall enjoy. The land of Canaan was divided by lot; but marriage is by the special destination of his providence, either for a punishment to men, or for a comfort and a blessing. Here providence is more immediate, by its influence upon the hearts of men; here providence is more strange and remarkable, in casting all circumstances and passages that do concern it. Estates fall to us by more easy and obvious means; and therefore though nothing be exempted from the dominion of providence, yet a good wife is especially said to be of the Lord. So also (Prov. xviii. 22): "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." A wife, that is a wife indeed, one that deserveth that name;

he that findeth her, it is a chance to him, but an ordered thing by God; he hath not only experience of God's care, but his goodness and free-grace to him in that particular. Well, then, God must be owned, sought, and glorified in this particular. The husband in the catalogue and inventory of his mercies must not forget to bless God for this, and the wife for the husband; the Lord was gracious in providing for me a good companion; I obtained favour from the Lord. God is concerned in this whole affair, he brought the woman to the man; he giveth the marriage portion, which is not so much the dowry given by the parents (which is little worth, unless his blessing be added with it), as all the graces and abilities by which married persons are made helpful one to another. He giveth them comfort: there is a great deal of pride, and arrogancy, and self-willedness in all the sons and daughters of Adam, which makes them uncomfortable in their relations. A wife would soon prove a Jezebel, and not an Abigail; and a husband a Nabal, and not a David; by Satan's malice, and our own corruption, a help would soon become a snare, unless the Lord restrained our natural corruptions. They that would perform the duties of this relation, need strongly to be supported with the assistance of God's Spirit. "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Eph. vi. 10. So that since God giveth all, surely his providence must be owned and acknowledged; and you ought to say, This is the wife God hath chosen for me, and this is the husband God hath chosen for me.

II. WHY IS THIS SO NECESSARY A DUTY? It doth in a great measure appear from what is said already. But farther:

(1.) *It will be a great engagement upon us, to give God all the glory of the comfort we have in such a relation*, when we do more sensibly and explicitly take one another out of God's hands. We are foolishly apt to look to second causes. He that sendeth the present is the giver, not he that bringeth it to us. The Romans were wont once a year to cast garlands into their fountains, by that superstition owning the benefit they had by them. However it hath a good moral to us in the bosom of it, that we should own the fountain of our blessings, and not ascribe them to our own wisdom and foresight, but the grace and favour of God; who in what seems to us the mere lottery and chance of human affairs, was pleased to choose so well for us. Jacob owned his fountain when he was become two bands. Genesis xxxii. 10. So should we; of him, through him, to him, do mutually infer one another. What we have from God, must be used for God. God is very jealous because we will not look to the original and first cause of our mercies. "She did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold . . . . . therefore will I return, and take away my corn, and wine, and oil, and flax," &c. Hosea ii. 8. It is the way to lose our comforts, when we do not own and acknowledge them as being the gifts of God. We are drowned in sense inured and accustomed to second causes; so that God's hand is invisible and little regarded, we know it not, or heed it not. Now that we may look up and own the first cause, and give him his due honour, it is good to have explicit and actual thoughts in the receiving of our mercies, so as to take them out of God's hand;

to draw aside the veil and covering of the creature, that we may remember the giver.

(2.) *That we may carry ourselves more holily in our relations*, it is good to see God's hand in them. Every relation is a new talent wherewith God intrusteth us to trade for his glory; and to that end we must make conscience to use it. In Matt. xxv., the master delivered to every one his goods apart, and they that had the benefit, received the charge. We are often pressed to do things, as in and to the Lord, upon religious and gracious reasons. It hath been the credit of religion, when we could challenge the world to show such husbands, or such wives, as grace produceth. The Christian religion maketh a man conscientiously careful and tender of his duty to man; not from a natural principle, or for his own ease, peace, and credit, but from the conscience of his duty to God. Now it must not lose this credit by you. God puts us into relations, to see how we will glorify him in them; there is something more required of you when you are married than is expected of single Christians. God that puts a man into the ministry, requireth that he should honour him, not only as a Christian, but as a minister; and God that calleth a man into magistracy, requireth that he should honour him as a magistrate; so to be a master of a family, and a wife or husband, there is another talent to be accounted for. An ambassador that is sent into a foreign country about special business, must give an account, not only as a traveller, but as an ambassador, of the business he was intrusted with. God will have honour by you as a wife, or as a husband; you have a new opportunity to make religion amiable, that the unbelieving world may see how profitable the heavenly life is to human society.

(3.) *That we may more patiently bear the crosses incident to this state of life*, if God call us to them. They that launch forth into the world, sail in a troublesome and tempestuous sea, and cannot expect but to meet with a storm before they come to the end of their voyage. The married life hath its comforts, and als its encumbrances and sorrows. Now it will sweeten all our crosses incident to this condition, when we remember we did not rashly enter it by our own choice, but were led by the clear direction and fair invitation of God's providence. We need not be much troubled at what overtaketh us in the way of our duty, and the relations to which we are called; that hand which sent the trouble, will sanctify it; or he will overrule things so, that they shall work for our good. If God calls us into this estate, he will support us in it. It is a great satisfaction to you, that you are acting that part in the world, which God would have you act; that you can say, I am where God hath set me, and therefore will bear the troubles which attend that state and condition of life. If a man run of his own head, and inconveniences arise, they are more uncomfortably borne. It is true, that God doth fetch off his people from the afflictions they have brought upon themselves by their sin and folly—such is the indulgence of his grace; yet those sufferings are the most uncomfortable which overtake us out of the way of our duty; and God hath undertaken only to keep us in all our ways, but not out of our duty. Psalm xci. 11. The promises are not to foster men in their running after folly, but to encourage them in their several callings and state of life wherein God

hath set them; there we may abide with comfort and expectation both of God's blessing and his support. We tempt God when we venture upon a state of life which he hath not called us to, and for which we have not his warrant; but when it is not good for us to be alone, and the Lord sends a helpmeet for us, he will not forsake us.

(4.) *We may with the more confidence apply ourselves to God, and depend on him for a blessing upon a wife of God's choosing, or a husband of God's choosing.* We have access to the throne of grace with more hope, because we have given up ourselves to his direction. Prov. iii. 6: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." God will order things for the best, when we do not lead, but follow him, when we consult with God, and dare not undertake anything, but what is agreeable to his will. And will God mislead us and direct us amiss, or turn us into a byway, or crooked-path? It is said "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he (that is, the Lord) delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." Psalm xxxvii. 23, 24. It is a blessed thing to be under God's conduct, to be led on or led off by so wise, and powerful, and all-sufficient a guide; for such as are guided by him, he delights to do them good, and taketh pleasure in his resolutions to prosper them. Sometimes they shall have a taste of the evils of the world, but they shall not be ruined by them: "They may fall, but they shall not be dashed in pieces;" it is an allusion to a vessel that gets a knock, but is not broken by the fall.

(5.) *It is a help to make us more ready to part with one another when God willeth it.* All temporal things, we receive from God, upon this condition, to yield them up to God again when he calls for them. The law concerning all created enjoyments, is, "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh." Job i. 21. We make a snare for ourselves, and receive them not in a right notion, if we do not receive them as mortal and perishing comforts, which God may demand at pleasure, and so keep our soul loose, and in a posture of submission, if God should cross us and disappoint us in them. Thus must we use all outward comforts with that weanedness and moderation, as to children, estates, and all temporal blessings, &c., which will become a sense of the frailty that is in them, and the wheelings and turnings of an uncertain world. It is the apostle's direction (1 Cor. vii. 29): "The time is short: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none." Not that we are to be defective in our love to them, and care over them; no, there is rather to be an excess than a defect here. "Be thou ravished always with her love." Prov. v. 19. But as to a preparation of heart, to keep or lose, if God should see fit, to part with a dear yoke-fellow with contentment, or at least with a humble submission and acquiescence, when God's will is declared. Somewhat of this must be mingled with all our rejoicings—some thoughts at the vanity of the creature should season all our happiness. Leavened bread was to be eaten with the thank-offerings in the Feast of Tabernacles, when the barns were full. "Man at his best estate is vanity." Psalm xxxix. 5. Now to help us to do this, it is good to consider, he that hath the right to give, hath also the right of taking away; and as you must not be overjoyed with the receiving, so be not over-sad with parting.

APPLICATION.—*Use* 1. Let us seek to God by earnest prayer, when any such matter is in hand. Marriages, we say, are made in heaven before they are made on earth. Pagans, before the awe of religion was extinguished, would begin with their gods in any weighty enterprise. *A Jove principium* was an honest principle among the heathens. Laban consults with his Teraphim; Balak sendeth for Balaam to give him counsel. Heathens had their Sybils and oracles at Delphos. So far as any nation was touched with a sense of a divine power, they would never venture upon any weighty thing without asking the leave or the blessing of what they supposed to be God. So for God's children it was their constant practice, they durst not resolveu pon any course till they had asked counsel of God. David always ran to the oracle of the Ephod. "Shall I go up to Hebron?" Jacob in his journey, would neither go to Laban, nor come from him, without a warrant. Jehoshaphat, when the business of Ramoth-Gilead was afoot, doth not lead forth the captains of the army, but he sends for the prophets of the Lord; (1 Kings xxii. 5): "Enquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord today." So, Judges i. 1: "Who shall go up and fight against the Canaanites?" It is a contempt of God, and a kind of laying him aside, when we dare undertake anything without his leave, counsel, and blessing; and these are the things we are to seek in prayer:—

(1.) His leave. God is the absolute Lord of all things, both in heaven and earth; and whatsoever is possessed by any creature, is by his indulgence. Whatever store and plenty we have by us, our Saviour teacheth us to beg our allowance, or leave to use so much as is necessary for us, or the portion of every day: "Give us (*σήμερον*) this day our daily bread." It is a piece of religious manners, to acknowledge God's right and sovereignty. 'Tis robbery to make use of a man's goods, and to waste them and consume them without his leave. All that we have or use is God's, who reserveth the property of all to himself. In distributing to the creatures, he never intended to divest himself of his right. As a husbandman, by sowing his corn in the field, is not dispossessed of a right to it, God hath *dominium*; we have *dispensationem* of life, and all the comforts that belong to it. Life is his; man is a *custos*, a guardian of it for God. Gold and silver are his; man is a steward to improve it for God. Adam had no interest in Eve till God brought him to her, and bestowed her on him. Every one of us must get a grant of God of all that he hath; the Lord possesseth the house that we dwell in, the clothes we wear, the food we eat. And so in the use of all other comforts, we must have a license from God, and take his leave. God is said to have given David the wives that he had into his bosom.

(2.) His counsel and direction, when the case is doubtful, and our thoughts are uncertain. "Lean not unto thine own understanding." Prov. iii. 5. We scarce know duties, certainly we cannot foresee events; therefore a man that maketh his bosom his oracle, his wit his counsellor, will choose a mischief to himself, instead of a comfort and a blessing. Therefore we ought chiefly, and first of all, to consult with God, and seek his direction, for he seeth the heart, and foreseeth events. We can only look upon what is present and there upon the outward appearance; therefore God can best direct us in our choice, he knoweth

the fittest matches and comforts for every one. He who hath a prospect of all things in one moment of time, and by one act of his understanding, he alone can best dispose of human affairs, for the profit and comfort of the creature. Jer. x. 23: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not man that walketh to direct his steps;" that is, to order their affairs so that they may have felicity and comfort in them. So, Prov. xx. 24: "Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" We cannot foresee the event of things, what is expedient, what not. Man would fain work out his happiness, and like a spider climb up by a thread of his own spinning. But alas! all our devices and fine contrivances are gone with the turn of a besom. He that will be his own carver, seldom carveth out a good portion to himself: they intrench upon God's prerogative, and take the work out of his hands; and therefore no wonder if their wisdom be turned into folly.

(3.) We ask his blessing. God doth not only foresee the event, but order it; by his wisdom he foreseeth it, and by his powerful providence he bringeth it to pass. Therefore, God that hath the disposal of all events, when our direction is over, is to be sought unto for a blessing; for every comfort cometh the sooner when it is sought in prayer; and whatever God's purposes be, that is our duty. "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you." Jer. xxix. 11, 12: "I will for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ezek. xxxvi. 37. It is so in this case. We read (John ii. 2), that when there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, both Jesus was called and his disciples to the marriage. Married persons do need, and therefore should seek, Christ's presence to their marriage, that he would vouchsafe his presence and countenance. Be sure to invite him, and take him along with you, that he may strengthen you by his grace, and dispose all providences about you for your comfort. He puts the greatest honour upon your marriage, when he doth enable you to carry yourselves graciously in that relation, and to God's glory; and he hath the power of all providences put into his hand, as well as all grace.

Use II. Is advice to persons who are entering into this relation. (1.) Negatively. See that God be no loser by thy marriage. (2.) Positively. Be sure that God be a gainer. These are the two proffers I have to make to you.

(1.) *Negatively.* Let not God be a loser; he never intended to give you gifts to his own wrong. Now that will be if he be not the only one, and the lovely one of your souls. God must not have an image of jealousy set up; he must still be owned as the chiefest good. A wife is to be the delight of the eyes, but not the idol of the heart; you must make sure that God's place be not invaded; that you may say (Psalm lxxiii. 25), "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and whom do I desire on earth in comparison of thee?" Carnal complacency must not weaken your delight in God; it is apt to do so. The excuse of one of those who were invited to the marriage-feast was, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Luke xiv. 20. Surely Christ would

teach us thereby, that this relation may become a snare, and encroach upon the prerogatives of God; he may be jostled out of the heart by the intrusion of some earthly comfort.

Again, if you be diverted from the earnest pursuit of heavenly things, either by carnal complacency, or distracting cares, and worldly encumbrances, God will be a loser by your marriage. There will be a time, when we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage (Luke xx. 35), and that will be our happiest time. Present contentments must not weaken the lively expectation of it, and steal away the heart into a forgetfulness of it. Would God bring you to one another, think you, to turn off your thoughts and hopes from that blessed time when he shall be all in all? No, your comforts by the way in your pilgrimage must not hinder your delight in your comforts at home, and in your country: this would be like a great heir in travel, that should guzzle in an ale-house, and never think of returning to his inheritance.

Moreover, God would be a loser, if you grow less resolute in owning God's truth than you were before. O take heed of daubing in religion! We must hate all for Christ. Luke xiv. 26. We must be resolved to make good our engagement to our Lord. Wife and children must be valued far below the gospel. We may be put to the trial whether we will cleave to them or Christ, who is our choice husband, and we must be ready with our answer. The bond of religion is above all bonds; all bonds between husband and wife, father and children, end in death; but the bond of Christ is eternal. Your children will not lose by your faithfulness to God.

(2.) *Positively.* Let God be a gainer. Give him glory by your daily praises for his providence that hath brought you into this relation. "I obtained favour from the Lord."

Honour him by living to God in this relation, performing the duties thereof, so that your converse may be some lively resemblance of the communion between Christ and his church. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it: that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies: he that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church: for we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Ephes. v. 25—30.

Let the Lord's cause gain through your being mutual helps to one another in the best things, by the advancement of piety and godliness. The love of Christ doth not only enforce the husband's duty as an argument, but points out the right manner of it as a pattern. Christ's love is sanctifying love: so should theirs be such a love as showeth itself by sincere and real endeavours to bring about one another's spiritual and eternal good. Love one another, as heirs together of the grace of life. 1 Peter iii. 7.

The Offering of the High Priest.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer. For, if he were on earth, he should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests that offer gifts according to the law: who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God, when he was about to make the Tabernacle: for, See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount. But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises."—Hebrews viii. 3—6.

I AM afraid that many of you are heartily tired of hearing about this high priest. If you do not have him to stand between your soul and God—if you do not know him—I am sure that my speaking to you about him is like telling a story to a deaf man, or like showing a picture to one who is blind: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Are they not foolishness to you? I am just as sure, that to every one of you who feel that in yourself you cannot come into the presence of a heart-searching God, that to you it is the sum of the Bible, the soul of your belief, the sun of your joy, to hear about this high priest.

I come to-day to discourse a little further about this high priest. There are four things in these verses which we should consider. We shall just take them in order; and—

I. Consider *what was the use of a high priest at all.* Verse 3—"For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices," &c. This is the use of every high priest. Before there was any sin in the world, there was no use for a high priest. Before Adam and Eve fell, they needed no high priest—there was no sin in their prayers, and their praises were as pure as the hymns of seraphs. It is the same with the holy angels—they have no blood on their snow-white garments—their holy hymns of praise come out of a burning heart of love up to the throne of God. But when man sinned, there was a chasm made between him and a holy God. Some of you will say, "What was the reason of this?" It is what is mentioned in the first Psalm: "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." The reason that there was such a chasm is, that fire and water cannot agree. Man was altogether unholy—God was altogether holy. How could man then come over to God? It is impossible. There never has been a case in which one unconverted soul has approached a holy God in and by himself. Cain tried it: he brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord; but God did not accept his offering.

Many have tried it besides him; but have they succeeded? Ah, no! And it is the same among yourselves; but have you succeeded? Never. Now, brethren, hence the need of a high priest. A high priest is ordained of God to offer gifts and sacrifices. God, out of love to sinners, appointed one to stand in this chasm, to offer up sacrifices for sin, and then to receive the gifts of sinners. This was the use of the high priest. Any of you who have read the Old Testament,

will have seen that there never were any who came to God without the high priest: it was he that offered up all their gifts and sacrifices.

I would show you, first, that the high priest offered up sacrifices, and then that he offered up gifts. 1st. *Sacrifices.* You have an example of this in the first chapter of Leviticus, from the second to the ninth verse: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock. If his offering be a burnt-sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish: he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord. [Observe the place—he did not take it into the tabernacle, but offered it at the door.] And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt-offering," &c. Now, dear brethren, if you have been attending to this, you will see, that if any man brought an offering, he brought it no farther than the door of the tabernacle, and killed it there, and then the priests took the blood, and sprinkled it on the altar. The same thing is taught you more distinctly in chapter xvi. 15—17, "Then shall he kill the goat of the sin-offering that is for the people, and bring his blood within the vail," &c. You will notice here that the high priest went in alone. 2nd. But I said that every high priest is ordained to offer *gifts* also. Gifts are without blood. For example: when any Israelite wanted to offer a meat-offering, he did not present it to the Lord himself, but he brought it to the priest. You will see this in Leviticus, ii. 1, 2—"And when any will offer a meat-offering unto the Lord, his offering shall be of fine flour, and he shall pour oil upon it, and put frankincense thereon; and he shall bring it to Aaron's sons, the priests; and he shall take thereout his handful of the flour thereof, and of the oil thereof, with all the frankincense thereof; and the priest shall burn the memorial of it upon the altar, to be an offering made by fire of a sweet savour unto the Lord." Observe, that even the pardoned Israelite, when he was bringing an offering of thanks, could not bring it to God himself—he must bring it to the priest. In the same way, when a farmer had cut down his crops, and was to present a sheaf as an offering unto the Lord, he had to bring it to the priest. You will see this in Leviticus xxiii. 10—"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest: and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you." When he brought a sheaf to the Lord, he must hand it to the priest, and the priest must wave it as a wave-offering unto the Lord. You will observe he could not wave it in his own hand, for it was a sinful hand. The same thing is shown you in the burning of incense. You will see this in 2 Chronicles xxvi. 16—20: "But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he transgressed against the Lord his God, and went into the temple of the Lord, to burn incense upon the altar of incense. And Azariah the priest went in after him, and with him fourscore priests of the Lord, that were valiant men: and they withstood Uzziah the king, and said unto him, It appertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn

incense: go out of the sanctuary; for thou hast trespassed; neither shall it be for thine honour from the Lord God. Then Uzziah was wroth, and had a censer in his hand to burn incense; and while he was wroth with the priests, the leprosy even rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord, from beside the incense altar. And Azariah the chief priest, and all the priests, looked upon him, and, behold, he was leprous in his forehead, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, himself hasted also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him. And Uzziah the king was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house, being a leper; for he was cut off from the house of the Lord: and Jotham his son was over the king's house, judging the people of the land." Now, dear friends, I trust that you understand, from these examples, what was the use of the high priest.

II. I come now to show *that Christ must also of necessity have somewhat to offer*. Verse 3—"For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices; wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer." Now some of you will say, "Why was it necessary for Christ to have something to offer?" God sent him into the world to be a high priest. Now, if he is to be a high priest, he must have something to offer. It was typified very early in the world that Christ would be a high priest. Abel stood and offered up to God a lamb, and Melchisedec was a king and a priest. Again, God raised up the Jewish priesthood to be types of Christ; and God said to David, concerning our Lord, "Thou art a priest." Therefore, it became him to have somewhat to offer when he came into the world. It was absolutely necessary, if he was to be a priest, that he must offer up something. He must offer up gifts and sacrifices. Some of you will say, "What was the offering that he offered?" It is answered by the apostle, "He, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God." That was the sacrifice he must offer to take away sin. His necessity was a necessity of love. It was love that made him stand and offer up the Lamb—that was himself. It was love that made him stand at Gethsemane, and prepare the wood, and lay it in order for the sacrifice. "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." There was another necessity—that was truth. He had lifted up his hand to his Father and said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" Now, when he came to bind the Lamb with cords to the altar, he would say, "I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back." And then he would say, "I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." Isaiah, l. 7. Ah! brethren, have you made use of this high priest? Observe, you do not need to keep back from this high priest on any account: it is his character to be a high priest. When you go to the door of a physician and knock, you do not need to make an apology: it is his business to be a physician. So it is with Christ. We may go to him as we would to a physician, and tell our wants and our diseases.

My dear friends, I had other two points to go over, but will not have time now. I shall reserve them for another occasion, and would only say, if you have had nothing to do with this high priest, you may be

sure of this, if you were to die this moment, you would not be saved. There is a second thing: If you have had no dealings with this high priest, you are despisers of him. You are not only over hell for your past sins, but you are over hell for neglecting God's high priest. All the angels cannot tell how great your sin is. O sinner, how shall you escape who neglect so great salvation? There is a time coming when he shall come again. What will you do when you hear his voice, like the sound of many waters, saying, "I died for sinners, but they would not come to me?" O brethren, come to this high priest. You know that you have not come. O go then to him, for he is the only high priest—there is no other. May the Lord bless the preaching of his own word! Amen.

Where are His Ears?

A MUSICAL amateur of eminence, who had often observed the Rev. W. B. Cadogan's inattention to his performances, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the power of music, pay particular attention to this piece." It was accordingly played. "Well, what do you say now?" "Why, just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed? Well. I am quite surprised at your insensibility! Where are your ears?" "Bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. Cadogan, "since I too have had my surprise; I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths; I have found notes that might have awaked the dead; I have said, Surely he will feel now; but you never seemed charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too have been ready to say with astonishment, Where are his ears?"

Dear reader, if that earnest preacher of the gospel of Jesus were among us in these days, would not his surprise be something on a level with what it was then? Does it not strike you that he would find as much indifference to the word of truth now as in those days? And you may feel disposed to ask the question, Why is it that men are so indifferent to the gospel? The most feasible, the most truthful answer which could be given to such a question being, Because the natural enmity and blindness of unrenewed man is yet unchanged, and that until men are transformed by the power of the Holy Spirit, they have no desire, no longing after the knowledge of eternal things. "Ye must be born again." applies to every man in his natural state. The sinner must be "created a new man in Christ Jesus." For, "like the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears," ungodly men have no inclination to hear those proclamations of grace and mercy which all are commanded to obey, for now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent! If some rich man were to send out messengers into the streets and alleys of this great city, to make known that all who were poor and needy should receive certain benefits by calling at the house in which he lived, we may be well sure he would have applicants enough; and if some poor, wretched man, should still refuse to partake of the bounty enjoyed by others, they would say of him, What can he be thinking about still to be in that pitiable condition? Unconverted reader, how strange the infatuation which keeps you off Christ! "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These are the words of Jesus, and what he says he means. His words are not those from which you may deduct fifty or more per cent., as the world often says of those who only live to serve it. His word is truth. Listen to the voice of Jesus, believe in the atonement which he has made, and thou shalt be saved.

Puritanism and the Puritans.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

PURITANISM! how scoffs an empty age
At this! how curls the lip of thoughtless youth!—
The synonym with him of all that's base,
And hypocritical, and mean, and vile.
Alas! 't has e'er been so; earth's noblest sons
Have ever lived unknown and oft despised.
'Tis hard to see the argent shield of fame,
Such fame as theirs, defiled by thoughtless boys;
To hear the beardless lips of young and vain
Frivolity belch forth its shallow wit
And turgid impudence; but oh! 'tis sad
When grave and aged men join with the crowd,
And seek with eager hands to strike the men
Who should their reverence claim.
Puritanism! how oft in this soft age
This term is used—used as a knife by fools
To pierce the bleeding hearts of those who, strong
In faith and moved by Christ's own love, forsake
A scoffing world—to fix a stain upon
The blushing face of godly fear, and brand
With scorn the man who loves and serves his God.
Ah, well! the thoughtless sluggard eats the bread
Which honest toil provides, nor gives him thanks,
And often scorns the hand which clothes his back;
The sullen churl takes from his thrifty wife
The fragrant meal, nor even looks his thanks;
The stolid hind moves on, his path bestrown
With flowers, and, while his iron heel bears down
Each drooping head, heeds not the sweets they throw
Around his path. The little child oft drinks
Its mother's milk, nor smiles its silent thanks.
Alas for man! The little bee will sing
Its jubilant song for nectar often hid,
And only housed by constant toil; and the
Stars, eloquent, with silent beauty, extol
The hand which gave their silver light a world
On which to shine and greet our thoughtless eyes;
But man takes God's best gifts in bitter scorn,
Nor thanks him for the blessings which they bring.
Still, while a heart alive to TRUTH shall live,
And patriotic, beat responsive to
Her regal claims, the Puritans shall have
Due honour and just praise—their names engraved
On saintly hearts, and ever shining on
The robes which liberty and virtue wear.
Then care not for the scorn, young man, of those
Who class you with the Puritans; only
Be careful but to emulate their faith
And bear their honours well; right noble is
Thine ancestry; and if through following HIM
Who bore thy sin, the world should frown, lift up
Thy head; fear not; for he who made thee his
Will give thee courage, honour, influence,
And that true victory which ever crowns
His freeborn sons.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XXXIX.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician, even to Jeduthun. *Jeduthun's name, which signifies praising or celebrating, was a most appropriate one for a leader in sacred psalmody. He was one of those ordained by the King's order "for song in the house of the Lord with cymbals, psalteries, and harps"* (1 *Chron.* xv. 6), *and his children after him appear to have remained in the same hallowed service, even so late as the days of Nehemiah. To have a name and a place in Zion is no small honour, and to hold this place by a long entail of grace is an unspeakable blessing. O that our households may never lack a man to stand before the Lord God of Israel to do him service. David left this somewhat sorrowful ode in Jeduthun's hands because he thought him most fit to set it to music, or because he would distribute the sacred honour of song among all the musicians who in their turn presided in the choir.* A Psalm of David. *Such as his chequered life would be sure to produce; fit effusion for a man so tempted, so strong in his passions, and yet so firm in faith.*

DIVISION.—*The psalmist, bowed down with sickness and sorrow, is burdened with unbelieving thoughts, which he resolves to stifle, lest any evil should come from their expression,* 1, 2. *But silence creates an insupportable grief, which at last demands utterance, and obtains it in the prayer of verses* 3 *to* 6, *which is almost a complaint and a sigh for death, or at best, a very desponding picture of human life. From verses* 7 *to* 13 *the tone is more submissive, and the recognition of the divine hand more distinct; the cloud has evidently passed, and the mourner's heart is relieved.*

EXPOSITION.

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, *even* from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

1. "*I said.*" I steadily resolved and registered a determination. In his great perplexity his greatest fear was lest he should sin; and, therefore, he cast about for the most likely method for avoiding it, and he determined to be silent. It is right excellent when a man can strengthen himself in a good course by the remembrance of a well and wisely-formed resolve. "What I have written I have written," or what I have spoken I will perform, may prove a good strengthener to a man in a fixed course of right. "*I will take heed to my ways.*" To avoid sin one had need be very circumspect, and keep one's actions as with a guard or garrison. Unguarded ways are generally unholy ones. Heedless is another word for graceless. In times of sickness or other trouble we must watch against the sins peculiar to such trials, especially against murmuring and repining. "*That I sin not with my tongue.*" Tongue sins are great sins; like sparks of fire ill-words spread, and do great damage. If believers utter hard words of God in times of depression, the ungodly will take them up and use them as a justification for their sinful courses. If a man's own children rail at him, no wonder if his enemies' mouths are full of abuse. Our tongue always wants watching, for it is restive as an ill-broken horse; but especially must we hold it in when the sharp cuts of the Lord's rod excite it to rebel. "*I will keep my mouth with a bridle,*" or more accurately, with a muzzle. The original does not so much mean a bridle to check the tongue as a muzzle to stop it altogether. David was not quite so wise as our translation would make him; if he had resolved to be very guarded in his speech, it would have been altogether commendable; but when he went so far as to condemn himself to entire silence, "even from good," there must have

been at least a little sullenness in his soul. In trying to avoid one fault, he fell into another. To use the tongue against God is a sin of commission, but not to use it at all involves an evident sin of omission. Commendable virtues may be followed so eagerly that we may fall into vices; to avoid Scylla we run into Charybdis. "*While the wicked is before me.*" This qualifies the silence, and almost screens it from criticism, for bad men are so sure to misuse even our holiest speech, that it is as well not to cast any of our pearls before such swine; but what if the psalmist meant, "I was silent while I had the prosperity of the wicked in my thoughts," then we see the discontent and questioning of his mind, and the muzzled mouth indicates much that is not to be commended. Yet, if we blame we must also praise, for the highest wisdom suggests that when good men are bewildered with sceptical thoughts, they should not hasten to repeat them, but should fight out their inward battle upon its own battle-field. The firmest believers are exercised with unbelief, and it would be doing the devil's work with a vengeance if they were to publish abroad all their questionings and suspicions. If I have the fever myself, there is no reason why I should communicate it to my neighbours. If any on board the vessel of my soul are diseased, I will put my heart in quarantine, and allow none to go on shore in the boat of speech till I have a clean bill of health.

2. "*I was dumb with silence.*" He was as strictly speechless as if he had been tongueless—not a word escaped him. He was as silent as the dumb. "*I held my peace, even from good.*" Neither bad nor good escaped his lips. Perhaps he feared that if he began to talk at all, he would be sure to speak amiss, and, therefore, he totally abstained. It was an easy, safe, and effectual way of avoiding sin, if it did not involve a neglect of the duty which he owed to God to speak well of his name. Our divine Lord was silent before the wicked, but not altogether so, for before Pontius Pilate he witnessed a good confession, and asserted his kingdom. A sound course of action may be pushed to the extreme, and become a fault. "*And my sorrow was stirred.*" Inward grief was made to work and ferment by want of vent. The pent-up floods were swollen and agitated. Utterance is the natural outlet for the heart's anguish, and silence is, therefore, both an aggravation of the evil and a barrier against its cure. In such a case the resolve to hold one's peace needs powerful backing, and even this is most likely to give way when grief rushes upon the soul. Before a flood gathering in force and foaming for outlet the strongest banks are likely to be swept away. Nature may do her best to silence the expression of discontent, but unless grace comes to her rescue, she will be sure to succumb.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: *then* spake I with my tongue,

4 LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it *is*; *that* I may know how frail I *am*.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days *as* an handbreadth; and mine age *is* as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state *is* altogether vanity. Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up *riches*, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

3. "*My heart was hot within me.*" The friction of inward thoughts produced an intense mental heat. The door of his heart was shut, and with the fire of sorrow burning within, the chamber of his soul soon grew unbearable with heat. Silence is an awful thing for a sufferer, it is the surest method to produce madness. Mourner, tell your sorrow; do it first and most fully to God, but even to pour it out before some wise and godly friend is far from being wasted breath. "*While I was musing the fire burned.*" As he thought upon the case of the wicked and his own daily affliction, he could not unravel the mystery of

providence, and therefore he became greatly agitated. While his heart was musing it was fusing, for the subject was confusing. It became harder every moment to be quiet; his volcanic soul was tossed with an inward ocean of fire, and heaved to and fro with a mental earthquake; an eruption was imminent, the burning lava must pour forth in a fiery stream. "*Then spake I with my tongue.*" The original is grandly laconic. "*I spake.*" The muzzled tongue burst all its bonds. The gag was hurled away. Misery, like murder, will out. You can silence praise, but anguish is clamorous. Resolve or no resolve, heed or no heed, sin or no sin, the impetuous torrent forced for itself a channel and swept away every restraint.

4. "*Lord.*" It is well that the vent of his soul was Godward and not towards man. Oh! if my swelling heart must speak, Lord let it speak with thee; even if there be too much of natural heat in what I say, thou wilt be more patient with me than man, and upon thy purity it can cast no stain; whereas if I speak to my fellows, they may harshly rebuke me or else learn evil from my petulance. "*Make me to know my end.*" Did he mean the same as Elias in his agony, "Let me die, I am no better than my fathers"? Perhaps so. At any rate, he rashly and petulantly desired to know the end of his wretched life, that he might begin to reckon the days till death should put a finis to his woe. Impatience would pry between the folded leaves. As if there were no other comfort to be had, unbelief would fain hide itself in the grave and sleep itself into oblivion. David was neither the first nor the last who have spoken unadvisedly in prayer. Yet, there is a better meaning: the psalmist would know more of the shortness of life, that he might better bear its transient ills, and herein we may safely kneel with him, uttering the same petition. That there is no end to its misery is the hell of hell; that there is an end to life's sorrow is the hope of all who have a hope beyond the grave. God is the best teacher of the divine philosophy which looks for an expected end. They who see death through the Lord's glass, see a fair sight, which makes them forget the evil of life in forseeing the end of life. "*And the measure of my days.*" David would fain be assured that his days would be soon over and his trials with them; he would be taught anew that life is measured out to us by wisdom, and is not a matter of chance. As the trader measures his cloth by inches, and ells, and yards, so with scrupulous accuracy is life measured out to man. "*That I may know how frail I am,*" or when I shall cease to be. Alas! poor human nature, dear as life is, man quarrels with God at such a rate that he would sooner cease to be than bear the Lord's appointment. Such pettishness in a saint! Let us wait till we are in a like position, and we shall do no better. The ship on the stocks wonders that the barque springs a leak, but when it has tried the high seas, it marvels that its timbers hold together in such storms. David's case is not recorded for our imitation, but for our learning.

5. "*Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreath.*" Upon consideration, the psalmist finds little room to bewail the length of life, but rather to bemoan its shortness. What changeful creatures we are! One moment we cry to be rid of existence, and the next instant beg to have it prolonged! A handbreadth is one of the shortest natural measures, being the breadth of four fingers; such is the brevity of life, by divine appointment; God has made it so, fixing the period in wisdom. The "*behold*" calls us to attention; to some the thought of life's hastiness will bring the acutest pain, to others the most solemn earnestness. How well should those live who are to live so little! Is my earthly pilgrimage so brief? then let me watch every step of it, that in the little of time there may be much of grace. "*And mine age is as nothing before thee.*" So short as not to amount to an entity. Think of eternity, and an angel is as a new-born babe, the world a fresh blown bubble, the sun a spark just fallen from the fire, and man a nullity. Before the Eternal, all the age of frail man is less than one ticking of a clock. "*Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity.*" This is the surest truth, that nothing about man is either sure or true. Take man at his best, he is but a man, and man is a mere breath, unsubstantial as the wind.

Man is *settled*, as the margin has it, and by divine decree it is settled that he shall not be settled. He is constant only in inconstancy. His vanity is his only verity; his best, of which he is vain, is but vain; and this is verily true of every man, that everything about him is every way fleeting. This is sad news for those whose treasures are beneath the moon; those whose glorying is in themselves may well hang the flag half-mast; but those whose best estate is settled upon them in Christ Jesus in the land of unfading flowers, may rejoice that it is no vain thing in which they trust.

6. "*Surely every man walketh in a vain shew.*" Life is but a passing pageant. This alone is sure, that nothing is sure. All around us shadows mock us; we walk among them, and too many live for them as if the mocking images were substantial; acting their borrowed parts with zeal fit only to be spent on realities, and lost upon the phantoms of this passing scene. Worldly men walk like travellers in a mirage, deluded, duped, deceived, soon to be filled with disappointment and despair. "*Surely they are disquieted in vain.*" Men fret, and fume, and worry, and all for mere nothing. They are shadows pursuing shadows, while death pursues them. He who toils and contrives, and wearies himself for gold, for fame, for rank, even if he wins his desire, finds at the end his labour lost; for like the treasure of the miser's dream, it all vanishes when the man awakes in the world of reality. Read well this text, and then listen to the clamour of the market, the hum of the exchange, the din of the city streets, and remember that all this *noise* (for so the word means), this breach of quiet, is made about unsubstantial, fleeting vanities. Broken rest, anxious fear, over-worked brain, failing mind, lunacy, these are steps in the process of disquieting with many, and all to be rich, or, in other words, to load one's self with the thick clay; clay, too, which a man must leave so soon. "*He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.*" He misses often the result of his ventures, for there are many slips between the cup and the lips. His wheat is sheaved, but an interloping robber bears it away—as often happens with the poor Eastern husbandman; or, the wheat is even stored, but the invader feasts thereon. Many work for others all unknown to them. Especially does this verse refer to those all-gathering muckrakes, who in due time are succeeded by all-scattering forks, which scatter riches as profusely as their sires gathered them parsimoniously. We know not our heirs, for our children die, and strangers fill the old ancestral halls; estates change hands, and entail, though riveted with a thousand bonds, yields to the corroding power of time. Men rise up early and sit up late to build a house, and then the stranger tramps along its passages, laughs in its chambers, and forgetful of its first builder, calls it all his own. Here is one of the evils under the sun for which no remedy can be prescribed.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope *is* in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst *it*.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man *is* vanity. Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I *am* a stranger with thee, *and* a sojourner, as all my fathers *were*.

13 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

7. "*And now, Lord, what wait I for?*" What is there in these phantoms to enchant me? Why should I linger where the prospect is so uninviting,

and the present so trying? It were worse than vanity to linger in the abodes of sorrow to gain a heritage of emptiness. The psalmist, therefore, turns to his God, in disgust of all things else; he has thought on the world and all things in it, and is relieved by knowing that such vain things are all passing away; he has cut all cords which bound him to earth, and is ready to sound "Boot and saddle, up and away." "*My hope is in thee.*" The Lord is self-existent and true, and therefore worthy of the confidence of men; he will live when all the creatures die, and his fulness will abide when all second causes are exhausted; to him, therefore, let us direct our expectation, and on him let us rest our confidence. Away from sand to rock let all wise builders turn themselves, for if not to-day, yet surely ere long, a storm will rise before which nothing will be able to stand but that which has the lasting element of faith in God to cement it. David had but one hope, and that hope entered within the veil, hence he brought his vessel to safe anchorage, and after a little drifting all was peace.

8. "*Deliver me from all my transgressions.*" How fair a sign it is when the psalmist no longer harps upon his sorrows, but begs freedom from his sins! What is sorrow when compared with sin! Let but the poison of sin be gone from the cup, and we need not fear its gall, for the bitter will act medicinally. None can deliver a man from his transgressions but the blessed One who is called Jesus, because he saves his people from their sins: and when he once works this great deliverance for a man from the cause, the consequences are sure to disappear too. The thorough cleansing desired is well worthy of note: to be saved from some transgressions would be of small benefit; total and perfect deliverance is needed. "*Make me not the reproach of the foolish.*" The wicked are the foolish here meant: such are always on the watch for the faults of saints, and at once make them the theme of ridicule. It is a wretched thing for a man to be suffered to make himself the butt of unholy scorn by apostacy from the right way. Alas, how many have thus exposed themselves to well-deserved reproach! Sin and shame go together, and from both David would fain be preserved.

9. "*I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.*" This had been far clearer if it had been rendered, "I am silenced, I will not open my mouth." Here we have a nobler silence, purged of all sullenness, and sweetened with submission. Nature failed to muzzle the mouth, but grace achieved the work in the worthiest manner. How like in appearance may two very different things appear: silence is ever silence, but it may be sinful in one case and saintly in another. What a reason for hushing every murmuring thought is the reflection, "because thou didst it"! It is his right to do as he wills, and he always wills to do that which is wisest and kindest; why should I then arraign his dealings? Nay, if it be indeed the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.

10. "*Remove thy stroke away from me.*" Silence from all repining did not prevent the voice of prayer, which must never cease. In all probability the Lord would grant the psalmist's petition, for he usually removes affliction when we are resigned to it; if we kiss the rod, our Father always burns it. When we are still, the rod is soon still. It is quite consistent with resignation to pray for the removal of a trial. David was fully acquiescent in the divine will, and yet found it in his heart to pray for deliverance: indeed, it was while he was rebellious that he was prayerless about his trial, and only when he became submissive did he plead for mercy. "*I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.*" Good pleas may be found in our weakness and distress. It is well to show our Father the bruises which his scourge has made, for peradventure his fatherly pity will bind his hands, and move him to comfort us in his bosom. It is not to consume us, but to consume our sins, that the Lord aims at in his chastisements.

11. "*When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity.*" God does not trifle with his rod; he uses it because of sin, and with a view to whip us from it; hence he means his strokes to be felt, and felt they are. "*Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth.*" As the moth frets the substance of the

fabric, mars all its beauty, and leaves it worn out and worthless, so do the chastisements of God discover to us our folly, weakness, and nothingness, and make us feel ourselves to be as worn-out vestures, worthless and useless. Beauty must be a poor thing when a moth can consume it and a rebuke can mar it. All our desires and delights are wretched moth-eaten things when the Lord visits us in his anger. "*Surely every man is vanity.* He is as Trapp wittily says "a curious picture of nothing." He is unsubstantial as his own breath, a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. *Selah.* Well may this truth bring us to a pause, like the dead body of Amasa, which, lying in the way, stopped the hosts of Joab.

12. "*Hear my prayer, O Lord.*" Drown not my pleadings with the sound of thy strokes. Thou hast heard the clamour of my sins, Lord, hear the laments of my prayers. "*And give ear unto my cry.*" Here is an advance in intensity: a cry is more vehement, pathetic, and impassioned, than a prayer. The main thing was to have the Lord's ear and heart. "*Hold not thy peace at my tears.*" This is a yet higher degree of importunate pleading. Who can withstand tears, which are the irresistible weapons of weakness? How often women, children, beggars, and sinners, have betaken themselves to tears as their last resort, and therewith have won the desire of their hearts!—"This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul," falls not in vain. Tears speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues; they act as keys upon the wards of tender hearts, and mercy denies them nothing, if through them the weeper looks to richer drops, even to the blood of Jesus. When our sorrows pull up the sluices of our eyes, God will ere long interpose and turn our mourning into joy. Long may he be quiet as though he regarded not, but the hour of deliverance will come, and come like the morning when the dewdrops are plentiful. "*For I am a stranger with thee.*" Not *to* thee, but *with* thee. Like thee, my Lord, a stranger among the sons of men, an alien from my mother's children. God made the world, sustains it, and owns it, and yet men treat him as though he were a foreign intruder; and as they treat the Master, so do they deal with the servants. "'Tis no surprising thing that we should be unknown." These words may also mean, "I share the hospitality of God," like a stranger entertained by a generous host. Israel was bidden to deal tenderly with the stranger, and the God of Israel has in much compassion treated us poor aliens with unbounded liberality. "*And a sojourner, as all my fathers were.*" They knew that this was not their rest; they passed through life in pilgrim guise, they used the world as travellers use an inn, and even so do I. Why should we dream of rest on earth when our fathers' sepulchres are before our eyes? If they had been immortal, their sons would have had an abiding city this side the tomb; but as the sires were mortal so must their offspring pass away. All of our lineage, without exception, were passing pilgrims, and such are we. David uses the fleeting nature of our life as an argument for the Lord's mercy, and it is such a one as God will regard. We show pity to poor pilgrims, and so will the Lord.

13. "*O spare me.*" Put by thy rod. Turn away thine angry face. Give me breathing time. Do not kill me. "*That I may recover strength.*" Let me have sufficient cessation from pain, to be able to take repose and nourishment, and so recruit my wasted frame. He expects to die soon, but begs a little respite from sorrow, so as to be able to rally and once more enjoy life before its close. "*Before I go hence, and be no more.*" So far as this world is concerned, death is a being no more; such a state awaits us, we are hurrying onward towards it. May the short interval which divides us from it be gilded with the sunlight of our heavenly Father's love. It is sad to be an invalid from the cradle to the grave, far worse to be under the Lord's chastisements by the month together, but what are these compared with the endurance of the endless punishment threatened to those who die in their sins!

Our Scriptures.

We have received the two following letters on this important subject:—

My dear Sir,—As Mr. Ehrenzeller has written again to the *Sword and Trowel*, "in vindication of" his "former statements," one of which was that mine in the paper, *Our Scriptures*, were "absolutely untrue," I must beg for a little space to say—

1. That, with the exception of one trifling inaccuracy, every statement in that paper is perfectly true and utterly incapable of disproof.

2. The inaccuracy to which I refer is, that I said the British and Foreign Bible Society was *at that time printing* the Roman Catholic Version of the Scriptures in Portuguese; if I had said it had previously printed, and was *at that time circulating it*, or had it ready for circulation, I should have been strictly correct. Every candid reader will see at a glance that the main question is not, in the slightest degree, affected by the mistake.

It is then, undeniably true, that the British and Foreign Bible Society has circulated, and is still circulating, in the various European languages, versions of the Scriptures, in which it puts into the mouth of the God of Truth the popish lie his soul abhors, "Except ye *do penance* ye shall all likewise perish"—in which Jacob, dying in the faith, is said to have "adored the top of his staff"—in which the sinner reads, "Address yourself to some one of the saints," etc., etc.; and as in doing this, the Society, according to Mr. Ehrenzeller's last letter, only acts upon its unalterable and "*acknowledged principles*," the two questions with which I concluded my paper in the November *Sword and Trowel* become increasingly important; and I repeat them to your thousands of godly readers, ministers and disciples of Christ, zealous for his truth. "*First.*—To what extent is it desirable that we, as servants of Christ, should, by contributions or otherwise, co-operate with the British and Foreign Bible Society? *Secondly.*—Can anything be done towards providing *pure* and *complete* versions of the Scriptures, in the languages of the heathen nations of Europe?

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

March 10th, 1869. THOMAS D. MARSHALL.

Sir,—On behalf of Count Wengierski, I beg you will allow me to make the following brief statement, which will effectually dispel the erroneous impression likely to be produced from the letters of Mr. Ehrenzeller.

1. Count Wengierski did write in the name of a Committee of Polish Christians for sending the Gospel to Poland. This is recognised by the Rev. S. B. Bergne, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.. In his reply he says, "I have read the printed appeal which you were good enough to enclose. . . . . I object to your appeal, because it assumes that *your Society* is the only agency in Poland for the circulation of the Scriptures."

2. Count Wengierski formed only one of the deputation (whose names I can give) from this Polish Committee to the British and Foreign Bible Society. They were received by Mr. Henry Knolleke, the assistant foreign secretary, and authorised to send their request.

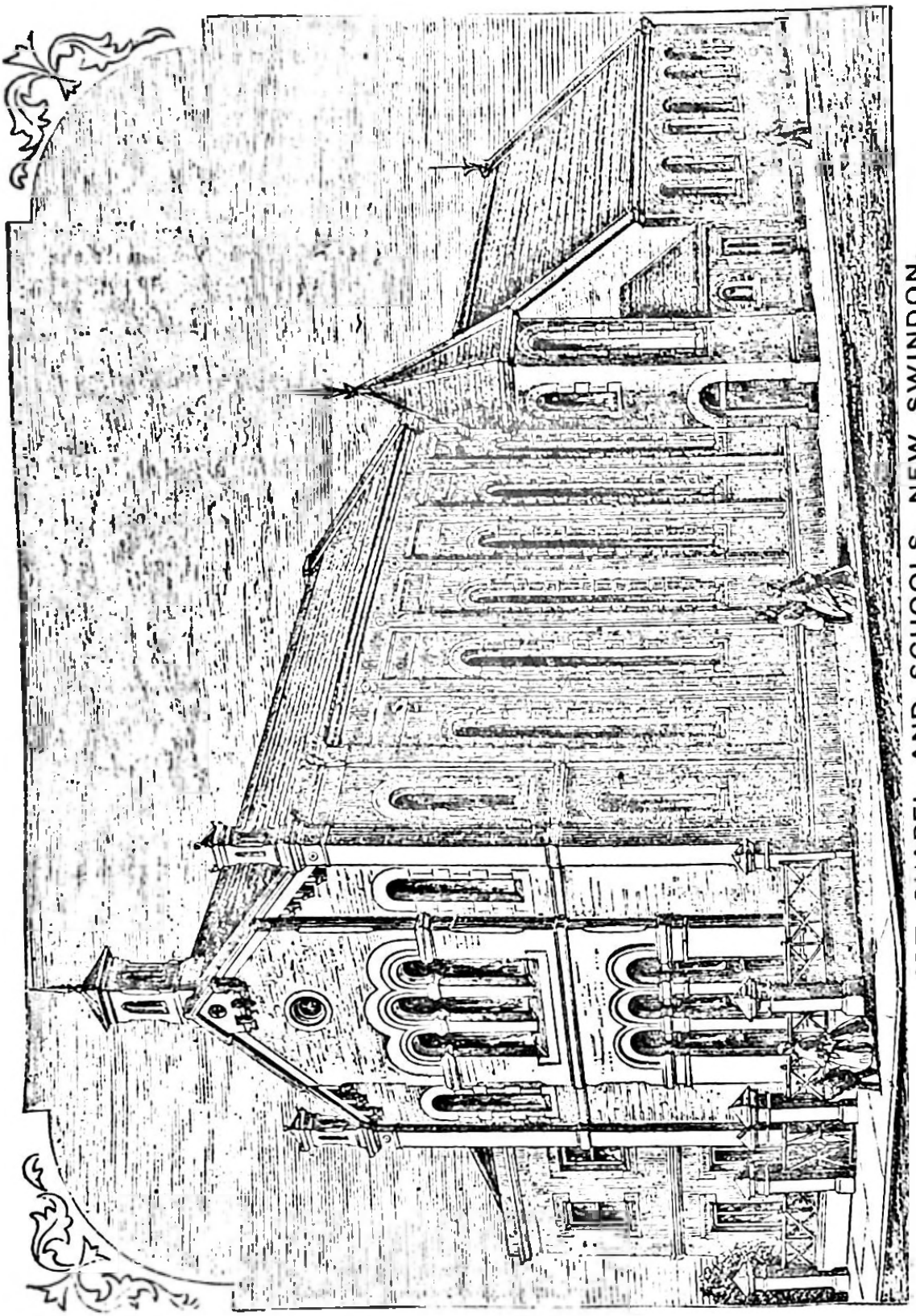
3. Count Wengierski recommended the Dantzig Polish Version as being the most faithful of all the Protestant versions, but entreated them at the same time to alter the word "pokuta"—*penance*, which had been introduced by the Jesuits.

I trust, Sir, you will not allow the mis-statements of Mr. Ehrenzeller to pass without this correction.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

March 15, 1869. E. W. BULLINGER.

To Editor of the *Sword and Trowel.*



BAPTIST CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, NEW SWINDON.

Baptist Chapel and Schools, New Swindon.

THE town of New Swindon was brought into existence by the Great Western Railway Company, about the year 1838. At that time a few huts dotted the surface of what has now become a very populous neighbourhood. Swindon parish had then but 3,000 inhabitants, now New Swindon alone numbers 7,000. About the year 1845, Mr. R. Breeze, seeing the important position that the place was destined to occupy in the district, and also the utter spiritual destitution of the people, began evangelistic labours with the view of raising a Baptist church there. His labours were so far successful that in 1848 a chapel was opened, and a church formed of the Particular Baptist order. Ground was also secured so that at any future time a school-room might be put up; and in 1858 a room was opened to accommodate one hundred and fifty children. In 1865 the church applied to the Tabernacle College for a student to succeed Pastor R. Breeze, who, on account of illness, had been compelled to relinquish the pastorate. Mr. J. M. Murphy was sent in answer to the request, and was unanimously chosen pastor, and entered upon his work December, 1865. The church at that time numbered forty-eight members. The chapel soon became far too small to accommodate the people who desired to worship there, and the Sunday school too, had grown considerably beyond the accommodation afforded by the school-room; the church had no option but to rise and build, and after much prayer and consideration, they decided upon a plan which would increase the chapel accommodation from two hundred and fifty sittings to five hundred and twenty, and the school from one hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty. The estimated cost of these enlargements is £1,400, towards which the treasurer has in hand £700, including £100 lent by the Tabernacle Loan Fund.

The memorial stone of the new school-room was laid August 25th, 1868, by Henry Tucker, Esq., of Bourton House, Berks. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon preached on the afternoon of the same day to a crowded congregation in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, a large building seating 1,000 people. The offerings of the people on that occasion realised £170. During the present pastorate the church has nearly doubled its numbers, there being now eighty-four members on the church book. The present number of Sunday-school scholars is four hundred and nine, without including a female Bible-class, conducted on Sunday afternoons by the pastor. There are also candidates waiting for baptism as soon as the chapel is ready for worship. There is every reason to believe that the enlarged chapel will be as well filled as the smaller one; since, while worshipping in the above hall, the numbers have greatly increased, and a remarkable spirit of hearing has been graciously given. New workshops have recently been erected for the carriage works of the railway, the effect of which will be greatly to increase the population. There is great need therefore for an earnest church, to work and watch with prayerful expectation for a blessing. The pastor acknowledges the goodness of God in establishing the Tabernacle College, without which, humanly speaking, he could never have entered the ministry; and the people are no less grateful for an institution which has been the means, under God, of so much good to them.

Death by Suicide.

IN these days, when State churches are becoming disestablished and disendowed, one would think a little decency might be observed by those which as yet are spared; but, if they only wax worse and worse, who can wonder if the public, not to say the Christian, spirit of the nation, should demand that the axe be speedily laid at their root also? There are circumstantial differences between the cases of the English and Irish establishments, but the principle is the same in both cases, and ere long the same measure will be meted out to them. Much leniency will be shown to the Anglican establishment if it will only try to amend its ways, for there is no doubt that many who are earnest as to Irish justice are slow to see that what is right in the Emerald Isle is right for the land of white cliffs; but glaring sins will force even these, in due time, to see, and when they do, the hour of reckoning will come. The proper policy for a wise clergy to follow when they know that their position is one of sufferance, is to do all the good they can, reform all abuses, and by courtesy and industry to win the sympathy of men's hearts. Such sympathy might stand them in good stead even when the judgment of the public shall condemn the system which now supports them. The opposite of this wisdom now rules the English clergy. The abominations of the Anglican system are not blushingly concealed by their perpetrators, but shamelessly published to the world in the most open manner. Even the common papers of the day are the expositors of their shame. A correspondent sends us a clipping from the *Standard* of March 18, which we give entire:—

BILLIARD TABLE, £15.—An eight-foot slate bed, with patent fast and true cushions, on Spanish mahogany frame; balls, cues, and marking board; now equal to new.—83, Tachbrook-street, Pimlico.

FOR EXCHANGE.—A VICARAGE, worth between £500 and £600 a year net, gradually increasing to £1,000, and an excellent house; near a large town, which offers the highest educational advantages.—Address Vicar, 70, Swinton-street, Gray's-inn-road, W.C.

ADVOWSON.—A VICARAGE, in a beautiful part of Kent, with a clear net income of £621 a year. This is a very eligible position, and offers unusual advantages. Immediate possession.—Address the Rev. the Manager, "Church and School Gazette," 10, Southampton-street, Strand.

PRESENTATION.—A RECTORY, in Sussex, near a favourite watering-place, worth between £300 and £400 a year, and a good house. Immediate possession.—Address, the Rev. the Manager, "Church and School Gazette," 10, Southampton-street, Strand.

WANTED, a Six-roomed HOUSE, with about Two Acres of Land; suitable for a florist; within ten miles of Covent Garden; on lease; rent low.—M. B. H., 7, Prospect-terrace, Stoke Newington-road.

Thus billiard-tables, vicarages, and six-roomed houses are equally objects of merchandise. Our friend writes, "What does our Lord and Master think of this?" Why, there is no doubt he feels the same indignation as when he drove the *buyers* and *sellers* out of the temple. What excuse there may be for this dealing in sacred offices we are at a loss to imagine. We quite agree with our friend, that to support such a system out of fear of the Pope is absurd. Neither the Pope nor the devil could suggest a greater injury to religion than this unhallowed trafficking. When Anglicanism perishes, it will surely be by suicide.

Are you a Radical?

THAT earnest-minded man, Legh Richmond, was passing once through Stockport, at a time when political strifes disturbed the country. In consequence of his lameness, he was never able to walk far without resting. He was leaning on his stick and looking about him, when a poor fellow ran up to him, and offering his hand, enquired with considerable earnestness, "Sir, are you a radical?" "Yes, my friend," answered Mr. Richmond. "I am a radical; a thorough radical." "Then give me your hand," said the man. "Stop, sir, stop," replied Legh Richmond. "I must explain myself: we all need a radical reformation; our hearts are full of disorders—the root and principle within is altogether corrupt. Let you and I mend matters there, and then all will be well, and we shall cease to complain of the times and the government." "Right, sir," answered the radical, "you are right," and bowing, retired.

Reader, how does this question affect you? Are you one of that great number who, having obtained a considerable amount of information by means of the remarkably cheap newspapers and journals of the day, are able to discuss politics with some degree of ingenuity, who know this or that in regard to trade, who can argue on points in connection with the law of the land, but who nevertheless know as little of repentance towards God, and saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as the very heathen in foreign lands, whom too many in these realms affect to regard as inferior beings? Remember that nothing can save your soul short of a renunciation of actual ungodliness and indifference, and casting yourself without any attempt at self-justification upon the merits and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. In other words, you must trust in Jesus, or you cannot be saved, for, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." You may not be a profound theologian, but if you *know* this much, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and *feel* this much, that *you* are a sinner, and that Christ is the Saviour who is willing and able to save you, that is all the theology you need to know. Such faith touches the root of the matter, for it renews the whole man. O may you obtain it. Then becoming more like your Master, you too will be able to say, "Yes, I am by God's mercy, a thorough radical. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

Locusts.

IF locusts presented themselves by hundreds of thousands, or even by millions, people might contrive to deal with them by frying, grilling, pounding, and baking by pailfuls in ovens; but usually, when they visit any region, it is in swarms and clouds which darken the whole atmosphere for miles; and when they reach a green place, they descend upon it with a noise like that of a high wind, or the beating of innumerable drums in the distance. They conduct themselves, however, not like a disorderly rabble, but like a well-ordered army, with a Genghis, a Timour, or a Napoleon at its head, marching forward in squadrons or columns, without turning to the right hand or to the left, facing everything, gnawing everything to pieces with their saw-like teeth. They eat up everything green—the grass from the meadows, and leaves and bark from the trees, the blossoms and fruit from gardens, the thatch from houses. Volney, in imitation of the Hebrew prophet, observes that the plains before them looked like a verdant carpet; but when they had passed over it, eating, burning, and poisoning everything with their saliva, it exhibited the appearance of a volcanic region covered with lava, scoriæ, and ashes. Syria, and often the countries north of Mount Atlas, are desolated with the locust. Sometimes a few light skirmishers, preceding the main army, cause the hearts of the inhabitants to

thrill with terror, for they know what they have to expect. They arrive, drifting with the wind from the south or the south-east. At first, a gentle murmur is heard high in the air, then a loud buzzing; then a low continuous roar, like that of distant thunder; then, as the wind sweeps them forward, the black battalions show their fronts to the sky, alighting in countless millions as they advance. The terror of the population then makes itself evident; they climb trees, and hoot and shout, to scare away the heedless and invincible intruders; they kindle enormous fires on the mountain tops, which diffuse their smoke in dark volumes! they cut broad trenches across the plains, and flood them with water—all in vain; the locusts, by their multitudes extinguish the fires; fill up the trenches with their bodies, and march over them; climb up the trees after the natives, whom they speedily bring to the ground—pour into the towns and villages, invade the houses through doors and windows, crawl into the beds, cover the walls like tapestry, eating everything they can find, tumbling into sugar basins, plunging into the milk-jugs and teacups, making free with the skirts of the gentlemen's coats, filling their pockets, creeping up their sleeves and down their necks, covering the skirts of the ladies' dresses inside and out, spreading themselves over cradles, and what is worse, gnawing the flesh from the cheeks of sleeping infants.

Reviews.

The Great Cloud of Witnesses; or, Faith and its Victories. By William Landells, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

This volume resembles a noble river gleaming in the sunlight, rolling along through scenes of varied beauty, and bearing on its bosom freights of costly merchandise. The author's language has a musical rhythm all its own, and his matter has a freshness of presentation peculiar to the writer's style. Upon such a theme, nothing comes in the author's way calculated to disturb our Calvinistic sensitiveness; he deals with life in its deepest root and highest outgrowth, and here we are all agreed. Not many months ago we derived more spiritual benefit from a sermon upon the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, preached by W. Landells, than for many a day we have received from a discourse by anyone else; its richness in grace and truth filled us with intense delight. Whatever our friend's views may still be, or may have been in the past, upon certain points, we have been blessed by the unction of his sermons, charmed by the beauty of the present volume, and comforted and encouraged by the geniality and transparency of his personal communications. Without hesitation or reserve we commend the volume, which indeed needs it not, for it will be sure to win its own way.

Witnessing for Jesus in the Homes of the Poor: a Personal Narrative of Mission Work in New York. Wm. Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh.

Jottings from the note-book of a Christian woman devoted to ministry among the poor of New York. This volume will be of interest wherever such work is held in esteem. We give one of the stories as a specimen of the whole:—

The Scotchwoman.

"I found her in one of my earlier visiting tours—a widow struggling to support three children by dressmaking. Work was dull. She was already in debt, not knowing how to get bread for to-morrow. I relieved her immediate distress, but did not add her name to my list to be visited, as it seemed hardly a case to be classed among them. She was a sound Presbyterian Christian, thoroughly indoctrinated; so much my superior in familiarity with the Bible, that I could not offer to read it to her. She could hardly be considered a subject for the mission, as her children were already regular members of another Sunday-school. The church to which she belonged paid her rent, but, notwithstanding this help which she thankfully acknowledged, the dearth of work had, just at the period of my visit, thrown her into real distress for food and fuel.

'I shall come out of it,' she said quietly; 'I have been in deeper water than this. I have one prayer that never fails me—the prayer of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."'

'And one promise, too,' I said; "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."'

'Ah, that is true,' she replied; 'I am often threatened, but extremity never comes. I think the darkest hour I ever knew was last July, when my oldest child lay dead on one bed, and my dying husband on the other, and I with not a dollar left.'

'And was your husband of the same mind as yourself?'

'He was. He died with the Scottish version of the twenty-third Psalm on his lips:—

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

I bent over to catch the words, and he finished the verse just as the breath left his body.'

'You need not fear, then, for his children!'

'Oh no, I do not fear. "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."'

I could not forget this delightful interview, and found myself constantly turning over in my mind plans for assisting her. I must visit this woman, I thought, that she might read and talk to me. I thought of the Widows' Society. The season for their work was just closing, but perhaps they would send her a little coal, and the order for the present month. I made the application. It was kindly and generously met. Then a neighbour inquired for a dressmaker, to whom I recommended my new friend. Her work gave such good satisfaction, that it was followed by other orders. And now my calls at this humble dwelling became as refreshment under the palm trees by the wells of Elim to a weary pilgrim.

'And it is you, Miss,' she said, answering my knock one day. 'God bless you; everything you have touched for me has prospered. Work has begun to come in; I am out of trouble once more.'

'Do you remember,' I asked, 'that when I first found you, I acknowledged I was only a missionary, without experience, or means, or influence? I could only do what I always do in each new difficulty—I prayed.'

'I do remember,' she said heartily. 'God has done it all.'

'What about your people?' she inquired at a later visit; 'I do not forget to pray for them.'

'Thank you for that,' I answered. 'You know when the Syro-phœnician woman pleaded with Jesus, the disciples interceded, "Send her away, she crieth after us."'

'And do you remember,' she answered, 'how the Syro-phœnician woman came out at last? Could she have guessed at his intent?'

'Do you think,' I asked, 'that the Lord will let me see, in this life, the salvation of the souls for whom I pray?'

'I cannot say as to that. Your will must submit to his will. When I was a child in the Sunday-school in the old country,' she continued, 'my faithful teacher used to say, "I have prayed too much for my class for one of them to be lost." I was a thoughtless girl at the time, and remember wondering at it, and thinking it a very self-confident remark. She was so sure. "I shall have them all," she would say. "I shall say to Christ at the judgment, Here I am, and the class thou hast given me."'

'And were they all converted?' I asked.

"Yes; she did not live to see it, but my eyes have seen it—the last of the sixteen gathered into the fold."

Wayside Service. By ANNA SHIPTON. Morgan & Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

FULL of devout and gentle earnestness. This little book has greatly refreshed us. Its quiet, chastened, and trustful spirit, adapts it to the sick chamber and the time of trial. It is interesting from its many proofs of prayers heard and blessings bestowed, but more from its deep piety and the manifest fellowship of the writer with her God.

The Threefold Mystery: Hints on the Song of Songs; viewed as a Prophecy of the double United Church of Jew and Gentile. By the author of "THE GATHERED LILY." Partridge & Co.

WE feel grateful to any one who devoutly, and with holy prudence, writes upon the Book of Canticles. That book is to the Bible what the Holy of Holies was to the Tabernacle—the innermost and most sacred shrine of the divine glory. Since the veil was rent, we are safe in venturing within the hallowed enclosure and gazing upon its matchless treasures; but still we are conscious of an awe unutterable in the presence of its sublimities, and feel that the sports of fancy and the theorisings of ingenuity are too profane to be allowed to pollute a book which is no other than the House of God and the very gate of heaven. We do not say that the present work is at all speculative or fanciful, we only say that we do not see any such teaching in the Canticles as our author thinks it legitimate to draw therefrom. We have very little faith in interpretations which would never suggest themselves to ordinary readers. We do not look upon the famous song as a prophecy of future history, but we regard it as the peculiar treasure of souls steeped in communion with Jesus. Our prophetic brethren lay their hands on everything, and feel sure that they are not perverting truth; but we are not quite so sure as they are that their ideas at

all tally with the mind of the Spirit. The present volume will be instructive to those who receive its theory: as for us, we are satisfied to accept the golden canticle as a song of loves between our Lord and his church, in which we hope we can claim a share.

Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By FRANZ DELITSCH, D.D. Translated from the German by T. L. KINGSBURY, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THE great value of Delitzsch's Commentaries is admitted on all hands. We are frequently quite unable to subscribe to the interpretations selected by this writer as his own; but we are always greatly instructed by the wide range of other opinions which he so candidly presents to his readers. We have been reading his notes upon that memorable passage, Heb. vi. 4—6; and while subscribing to his belief, that the persons described are certainly Christians, and the apostacy intended a real and final one, we do not see his authority for declaring that such cases of final apostacy have occurred. Of course, our author rather conforms to the Lutheran than the Calvinistic confessions, and this fact unavoidably tinges his remarks. So far, of course, we differ from him; but his work is acceptable as an addition to the expository wing of our library.

Hymns of Life and Peace. By J. DENHAM SMITH. Partridge & Co.

OUR respect for Mr. Denham Smith is very profound, although his ways of stating some important doctrines are not to our mind, and his views of prophecy are such as we cannot endorse He is so earnest in soul winning, and so sound as to the substitutionary work of our Lord, that even if he were to seem here and there to mistake an extravagant invention of fancy for a doctrine of Holy Writ, we should feel sure that he meant well. These hymns are holy, tender, and warmly devout effusions, which all believers will value and many will greatly prize; among them are some which will enter and enrich our hymnals. We have hardly the heart to criticise Mr. Smith's productions, and we would not in this case if they did not pretend to be hymns. In hymns one expects rhyme, if not reason; but that trifle is in these effusions made small account of. Mr. Smith evidently has no very clear ear for sound, or he would not have endured such doggrel as this:—

"'Tis found in the blood
Of him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God."

Very good prose indeed, but when we are told that this is a verse of a hymn, we open our eyes in astonishment. There are three consecutive verses on page 146 without a single rhyme, and in this instance, if the sentiment were not so good we should place the poetry on a level with that of the famous poet Close. Let the reader judge for himself:—

"COME, come, Lord, come!
Oh! why so long delay?
Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Take thy wearied loved ones home.

He's gone for you
Where many mansions are,
Gone to prepare a place,
For his Father wants you there.

Home, home, Lord, home,
We seem so far away,
Lord Jesus, Thee we mourn,
Take Thy pining exiles home."

Of course, it may be said that the mere jingle of rhymes is of little consequence, and we quite feel the truth of the observation; but then it would be better to profess to write prose, and not to pretend to compose hymns when one of the essentials of their form and nature is ignored. Where much is so admirable, such flaws ought not to exist: we would fain pick out the dead flies, because the ointment is so good.

Follow Me; or, Jesus our Example London: Morgan & Chase.

A VERY complete catalogue of the points in which our blessed Lord is to be imitated by us. With a theme so sacred, little was needed but to gather up and classify the facts; this is accomplished in this useful little volume.

The Prodigal's Return; its Lessons of Penitence and Pardon. By Rev. W RITCHIE. Oliphant and Co.

A SERIES of sermons upon the prodigal son; sound and good, but not very striking or original.

Congregational Church History. By J. Waddington D.D. John Snow & Co.

Every Nonconformist ought to read this book, and arm himself for the discussion against state churchism. Here are the facts for our use, stored up to hand, in this somewhat bulky volume. We confess that it looked a formidable task to read through this work for review, but it proved a labour rather of pleasure than of duty. The author has worked hard to place before us the goodly line of Free churches, from the period when Popery was in its zenith, and we thank him for the good service done thereby to the cause of truth and righteousness.

Lucy Smith, the Music Governess. By S. E. P. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A very good story for young people, setting forth the necessity for simple faith in the Lord Jesus.

The Apostle of Kerry; or, the Life of Charles Graham: Associate of thecelebrated Gideon Ousley in the Irish General Mission. By J. G. Campbell. Dublin: Moffatt and Company.

A very interesting work upon which we purpose to write an article next month. Let us suggest that it should have a London publisher as well as an Irish one.

Fundamental Truths of Christianity. By Chr. Ernst Luthardt. Translated by Stephen Taylor. T. & T. Clark.

We have already strongly commended this book when in its first edition. We are glad to do so now that a second is called for. It is a work which will be read with profit, and turned to again afterwards, because of its sound and thoughtful teaching.

Memoranda.

Several notices of services, tea-meetings, &c., are omitted for want of space, or lack of general interest.

The special services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle have been attended with the divine presence; many have already borne witness to a work of grace in their souls. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon hopes next month to give details of some cases of remarkable conversions in our great congregation.

Number of boys in the Stockwell Orphanage, forty-eight. Mr. Charlesworth, assistant minister to Mr. Newman Hall, of Surrey Chapel, has accepted the post of Master to the Orphanage. He called in, as we are wont to say, by accident, at the very moment when a letter was handed to us from the previously-elected master declining to fulfil his engagement. Our disappointment was considerable at the loss of the man of our choice, but when we found that this dear friend had been thinking of the work, and was ready to undertake it, we were filled with gratitude to the overruling hand of God. We should, now that our expenses are coming on, be very glad if friends all over the land would become collectors for the orphans. We will correspond personally with them, and shall be very thankful for their aid. Our lady friends in the churches could do us eminent service in this respect. Moreover, gifts in kind from tradesmen and merchants would be a great help. A friend has sent in a load of wood, and we hope other contributions in kind will follow.

The annual conference of ministers connected with the College was held in the week commencing March 14. The assembly was a singularly happy, earnest, and holy one throughout. Never did we hear such continuously good speaking, or see such brotherly unity. The attendance each day averaged 180, no small number of men to be the attached sons of our College. Our heart is glad, and our spirit rejoices. The details of work done were enough to cheer every heart; we only wish all our subscribers could have been present; they would have seen that a good return was made for all their generous gifts. The clear increase of the churches presided over by our brethren during this year was 2,062 or 14 per church. Brethren were present from Belfast, from Wick, in the far north, and Cornwall, in the far south-west: all were happy and full of joy at the annual reunion. The Lord be with them in their various spheres of labour.

Recognition services, in connection with the settlement of Mr. James Jack, from the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church, at Ledbury, in Herefordshire, were held on Monday, March 1. At the afternoon meeting, Mr. E. L. Forster, of

Hereford, presided. Mr. C. J. Potts, Mr. Treherne, the senior deacon, Mr. Jack, Mr. G. Home, of Ross, and Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, took part in the proceedings. A tea-meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which upwards of 200 were present. At the meeting which followed, upwards of 300 were present. Mr. Rogers preached twice on the preceding Sabbath. The Baptist church at Ledbury had been long in a declining state, but has begun considerably to revive under the ministry of Mr. Jack. There is much union and fraternal co-operation among the Dissenting ministers of the town; and a liberal and zealous church clergyman, in the vicinity, unites with them at a monthly prayer-meeting in the Town Hall.

Our esteemed deacon, Mr. Phillips, gave his annual banquet on behalf of the College, March 17. Mr. Fowler, M.P. for Cambridge, presided, and Mr. Chambers, M.P. for Marylebone, the Chamberlain of the City of London, Mr. Budgett, Pastors Lewis and Hobson, with many members of the College, addressed the meeting. The donations of the evening exceeded £1,200. To our beloved host and hostess we offer our warmest gratitude for their bringing together so many who are both able and willing to help.

Mr. Gladstone's bill, in reference to the Irish Church, commands our highest admiration for the honest manner in which it redeems all his pledges. The point most objected to by our friends, is the way of dealing with Maynooth. We sincerely wish that our senators had never been so wicked as to subsidise Maynooth, but as that is a matter which no regret can undo, we are glad to see that the priests are to have their interests paid off and their claims done with, we hope for ever, so far as national money is concerned. As for the episcopal Irish clergy, many of them appear by their speeches to be as rebellious in spirit as the Fenians. If they really mean what they say, it can be no regret to any one that the withdrawal of their pay has revealed the flimsy nature of their loyalty. Much, however, must be forgiven under the circumstances. We regret that we see no movement towards a systematic support of their church among the Irish episcopalians. The capital of the life interests would be a fine nest egg if it could be received by a central body; and with voluntary aid from England, and their own strenuous efforts, the body need not suffer, as we are sure they will, if they continue to resist the inevitable and neglect the practical.

On March 2nd, as a thank-offering to God for his great care over the church at the Tabernacle, the friends gathered around the communion table spontaneously offered £100 to be invested as a thank-offering for the support of our widows in the almshouses.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—February 25, twelve; March 4, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from February 19th, 1869, to March 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
A. V. L.	5	0	0
Proceeds of Tea-meeting at the Tabernacle	148	18	4
Miss S. B. Pavey	0	10	0
S. M.	10	0	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	0	10	0
Romans vi. 7, 8	1	0	0
J. H.	0	2	6
Preach the Gospel	1	0	0
G. S. W., per Mr. Blake	1	0	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	2	6
Miss G.	2	0	0
A Birthday Offering	5	0	0
Mrs. Mary Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mills	2	10	0
Mr. J. Bastow	0	1	0
John xvii. 20, 21	5	6	8
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Newbury	0	1	6
A Friend	0	5	6
Miss Kirby	0	5	0
P. S. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. Sedgley, Collecting Box	0	10	10
Mr. Croker's Class	5	5	0
One who is grateful for the College, Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. J. Best	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
A Friend, Forfar	0	5	0
Rev. G. Wright	0	14	6
A Friend, per Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevenson	2	2	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Shaw	1	1	0
Rev. S. H. Looth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Benham	2	0	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. Bousfield	10	0	0
Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mr. MacArthur, M.P.	25	0	0
Mr. E. P. Jeanneret	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
The Editor and some readers of the "Christian World"	10	10	0
Mr. F. Horniman	1	1	0
Miss Enslie...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. J. Goodwin	2	2	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer...	1	1	0
Mrs. Stringer	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	5	0
Mr. W. Pa e	1	1	0
Mr. W. Noble	0	10	6
Mr. W. G. Wilkins...	0	10	6
Mr. J. B. Lee	1	1	0
Mr. T. Mills...	2	2	0
Mr. A. Wilson	5	5	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
M. J. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. Dingwall	1	1	0
Mr. Mart	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Carr	2	0	0
Mr. Carr	1	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
An Old Friend	5	0	0
Mr. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Dr. Barnett	2	2	0
Mr. A. W. Jennings	1	1	0
Miss Ellwood	1	1	0
Miss Florence Ellwood	1	1	0
C. P.	1	1	0
Mr. R. Broodbank	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Mr. J. Garland	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Garland	1	1	0
Mrs. C. J. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. Spurgeon, sen.	5	0	0
Mr. W. F. Coles	10	0	0
Mr. Green	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Mr. J. Doulton	5	0	0
Mr. R. Miller	10	10	0
Mr. J. Luff	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Luff...	0	10	6
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. T. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	0	0
T. E.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Thorne	2	2	0
Mr. G. Ellwood	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. J. Edwards	2	2	0
Mr. R. W. Dixon	0	10	0
Rev. J. Turner	1	0	0
Mr. J. Oxley	1	1	0
Miss Letitia Higgs...	2	2	0
Miss Louisa Higgs...	2	0	0
Mr. G. A. Turner	2	2	0
J. E. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. F. F. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. F. F. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. C. Latham	0	10	0
Mr. W. Iliffe	0	10	0
Mr. T. Pritchard	5	0	0
Mrs. F. Saunders	1	1	0
Mr. F. Saunders	1	1	0
Mr. W. Cordrey	2	2	0
Mrs. Cordrey	1	1	0
Mr. E. Cordrey	1	1	0
Mr. H. Heath	1	1	0
W. H.	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	5	0
Mr. C. Smithers	1	1	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. H. Mason	1	1	0
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
The Misses Kemp	1	1	0
Miss Sanderson	2	0	0
Mrs. John Cunliffe	10	0	0
Lady Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0
Mr. J. L. Plumbridge	2	2	0
J. T. W.	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ackland	5	0	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mr. A. Nisbet	3	0	0
Mr. W. Farmiloe	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mills, jun.	3	3	0
Mr. T. Cox, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Andreae	5	5	0
Mr. J. T. Walker	3	3	0
Mr. J. Hewetson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Wood	2	2	0
Mr. Zimmerman	1	1	0
Mr. E. R. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Straker	10	10	0
Mr. G. Simpson	0	10	0
Mr. A. Purvis	3	3	0
Miss Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. W. Knight	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	10	0
Miss Potier	1	1	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mrs. Whittaker	1	1	0
Mr. A. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	5	0	0
Mr. C. Neville	1	1	0
Mr. R. Taylor	3	0	0
Miss Taylor	1	0	0
Mr. F. Aptea...	0	10	6
Mr. Parkinson	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	2	2	0
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. J. R. Bourne	0	10	6
Miss Cornish	2	0	0
Mrs. Whiteman	2	2	0
L. S. and E. M.	1	1	0
Mr. A. Spicer	3	3	0
E. S....	0	10	0
Mr. Chew	10	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	5	5	0
Banf	1	1	0
Mr. Matthews	1	1	0
Mr. C. Davis	5	0	0
Mr. C. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. W. Conolly	1	1	0
Eph	2	2	0
Polly	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hobson	1	1	0
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton	1	1	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Tressider	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penston	5	5	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	2	2	0
Mrs. Congreve	2	2	0
Miss Jessie Congreve	1	1	0
Miss Annie Congreve	1	1	0
Mrs. J. A. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. H. W. Weston	2	0	0
Mr. Hollings	1	0	0
Rev. F. G. Marchant	0	10	0
Katie and her Sisters, per Rev. F. G. Marchant	0	12	6
Rev. W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Olney, sen....	10	0	0
Mr. H. Parker	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	2	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	20	0	0
Miss Wright, Collecting Box	0	16	0
Mr. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood...	5	5	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Budgett	25	0	0
Rev. J. H bson	4	4	0
Mr. E. Wright	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. G. F. White	5	5	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	2	6
Collection at Chelsea, per Mr. F. H. White	7	10	0
Collection at Limpsfield, per Mr. Cockerton	1	10	0
Collection at Forres, per Mr. Scott ...	3	0	0
,, Newcastle-on-Tyne, per Mr. Spanswick	4	1	0
Collection at Bromley, per. Mr. A. Tessier	3	0	0
Collection at South Shields, per Mr. Hellier	2	0	0
Collection at Ridgmount, per Mr. Julyan	2	12	0
Mr. J. Harvey	50	0	0
Mr. W. H. Crispin	2	2	0
Mr. W. Gibson	10	10.	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. E. Olney, jun....	1	1	0
Mr. J. Rains	10	10	0
Mr. Page	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Brown, jun.	0	10	6
J. H.	0	3	0
Mr. Alabaster	10	0	0
Mr. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	1	0	0
Miss Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 21	36	7	0
,, ,, ,, ,, 28	42	15	4
,, ,, ,, Mar. 7	34	1	5
,, ,, ,, ,, 14	31	8	5
	£1,133	18	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 19th, 1869, to March 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
A. V. L.	1	16	6
K. L	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Hilton	0	2	6
Mr. J. Donaldson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
An expression of gratitude for good received through reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
Hamstreet	0	5	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
A Mite..	0	1	0
Peter	2	0	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Spurgeon at Edmonton, less expenses ...	8	3	0
The Misses Higgs, Collecting box ...	3	2	5
Mrs. Wheeler...	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. Smith, Collecting box... ...	0	13	6
D. D....	1	1	0
Mrs. Mary Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mills	2	10	0
Mr. J. A. Smith	0	10	6
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S. H.	0	2	6
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1869.

Ear-muffs.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN a Canadian paper we observe an advertisement of *Ear-muffs*, which are recommended to all who would not have their ears frostbitten. What sort of things these must be we have tried to imagine, but have so badly succeeded that we half hope some generous Canadian reader will make us a present of a pair, that we may no longer puzzle our brains about them. The climate must surely be sufficiently cool where men's auricles stand in such danger of mortal refrigeration. We half congratulate ourselves in the midst of London's fogs and constant droppings of rain, that at least we are not likely to lose a "piece of an ear," bitten off by the teeth of frost. Our good friends of the New Dominion we should think would hardly choose to be photographed while wearing such doubtful adornments as ear-muffs must be, and yet their heads are probably not put more out of shape by them than are those of our own fair friends in this tight little island by the muffs which they now wear on the summits of their craniums; besides, they have a substantial reason for the lateral extensions in the desire to save their ears, which cannot be urged for the perpendicular developments of our own community, which are neither of use nor ornament.

What reason, upon the earth or above it, can make the editor of the *Sword and Trowel* put pen to paper on such a trivial subject? Why, there are one or two excuses for our trifling. The first is the idea that ear-muffs might be of some service to those individuals who have itching ears, which can only hear while an excitement attends the ministry of some fresh popular favourite. After a few months, or even weeks, the flying camp who crowd the meeting-house of Mr. Newcomer find his sermons growing flat, stale, and unprofitable, their ears are frostbitten, and they raise the murmur that they cannot hear the preacher. Away they fly, like a flock of starlings, to light on some other field where their lingering will be about as temporary. Poor souls! their ears are

delicate; they need constant change, and a temperature of the conservatory order, or they become dull of hearing. The least decline in the heat of enthusiasm surrounding a newly-discovered luminary they feel at once; the preaching which could for any reasonable time content them must be like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, heated seven times hotter; and even then their ears would freeze from a constitutional tendency supreme and unconquerable. Here, then, is a discovery for them. Here is an invention which, if it does not make both their ears to tingle, will at least make them comfortable in those precious organs. Such fine ears for pulpit music would be satisfactorily protected by ear-muffs, and their preservation is so vitally important in the critical department of ministerial eloquence, that the largest expense should not be spared. When ears are so remarkable for accurate taste and Athenian love of novelty, it is of the utmost moment to keep them well warmed, for what would the church do if it should lose such infallible oracles as to the excellence, the improvement, or the decline of the gospel ministry? Diogenes, that cruel cynic, would probably hint that some ears are long enough already, without muffs appended, but such severity is foreign to our gentler nature, although even we are compelled to admit that in some rare cases, when a man has been charmed and wearied by half-a-dozen ministers in turn, there may be room for the suspicion that the hearer was a little fickle, and probably more nice than wise. Our spiritual ramblers, whose ears are not so much avenues to their hearts as passages to their superfine brains, will, we hope, thank us for the tender consideration which has led us to inform them of the little invention so suited to conserve their remarkably discerning conchoidal cartilages; we may not win equal gratitude if we quote, with some slight turn, the words of a standard author who says, "The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults, and is evermore craving after novelties, may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable and vacillating dispositions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance, want of taste, and absence of stability."

We have in our eye another class of persons to whom ear-muffs should seem to be utterly unnecessary, for they appear to possess them as a gift of nature. Their ear is muffed and muffled up to such an extent, that no mode of earnest speech has any real or even apparent effect upon them. In vain we cry—

"Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend us your ears;"

they sit gazing upon us like so many statues, and no appeals arouse them. A poet has told us that in the ear, lest sounds should pierce too violently.

"They are delay'd with turns and windings oft;
For, should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch."

All very true, no doubt, but for some people it would surely be a grand thing if the turns and windings could be dispensed with for once, and if the word could go right straight down upon the brain like a pistol-shot,

for there seems no other human chance for the great truths which we deliver to them. Why, the men are half asleep when we speak, in broken accents, of the love which on Calvary proved itself stronger than death! They are stolid when our souls, in awful vehemence, thunder and lighten, and pour forth showers of tears over their perishing souls! Deaf adders are as desirable an audience. Adamant itself softens as soon as they. Have they no souls, or have they gone to grass, like Babel's king in his derangement, when he became as the cattle and the fowls of the air? Why, in some ears even the wind awakens emotions—

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> And as the wind is pitched the ear is pleased,
> With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies;"—

yet our glad tidings, which are no wind from the wilderness, or wandering blasts from the mountains of vanity, pass in and out of these dull ears, and find the mind asleep, and like the sluggard in the Proverbs, disinclined to be awakened. Their heart is waxen gross, their ears are dull of hearing, and the celestial message comes to them like those "undescribed sounds" which Keats speaks of—

> "That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
> And wither drearily on barren moors."

Another class of hearers who cannot be blamed for inattention, are armed with mental ear-muffs, which effectually prevent the entrance of the truth. They listen to commend our style, and applaud our boldness, but the bearing of the truth upon their own case is not a matter for enquiry with them. It is beyond measure saddening to a preacher to know that he is viewed as an *artiste*, and is being peered at through mental opera glasses; his person, voice, gestures, idioms and mannerisms, being all noted down, while the message which he delivers is disregarded. What folly to throw away the priceless gem, and preserve the mere setting on account of its peculiar workmanship! To preserve the rind, and cast the fruit upon the dunghill! A very curious scene occurred some years ago in a Methodist chapel, exactly illustrative of our meaning. The village was famous for drunkenness, and the schoolmaster was one of the most guilty. Mr. Collins was the preacher, and during sermon the old dominie diligently and ostentatiously took notes of the discourse. At last, in a state of semi-intoxication, he leaped up, and began loudly to applaud. "Friend," said the preacher, "it saddens me to see your grey hairs thus publicly shamed; leave off this drinking, or it will surely drown your soul in perdition." "Hear him," cried the pedagogue! "What a gift he has! What language! What composition!" "Repent," was the reply, "and forsake your sins, lest they prove your eternal ruin." To which the drunken critic responded with enthusiasm, "Choice words! So suitable! I assure all of you that I am a judge of composition, and I declare that it is wonderful." In distress, the preacher cried out, "Old man, be still, and listen, with prayer that God in his mercy may not suffer your heart to be for ever hardened by the deceitfulness of sin." "Ay, jewel," said the old man,

determined to have the last word, "you are modest, but it was, I tell you, well put together, *very well—very well indeed!*" Every rebuke was capped by a compliment, and the useless dialogue came to an end. Not often so publicly, but yet with equal pertinacity, our hearers applaud the sermons which condemn them, and find gratification in that which will increase their everlasting wretchedness. Like the sheep in Landseer's "Peace" picture, they thrust their heads into the cannon's mouth to reach a mouthful of herbage; they view the sword of the Lord as if it were a presentation weapon, about to be given to some hero by the Corporation at Guildhall; they gaze on the plains of heaven with the eye of connoisseurs; they speak of hell as a Dantesque imagining, and treat the unparalleled wonder of Calvary as if it were a fine artistic spectacle. Alas! for the poor preacher, when these are the stony materials out of which he seeks to raise up children unto Abraham.

We began this brief page with comedy, but we have arrived at tragedy, and our heart fails us as we think of the thousands whose ears seem closed with a Satanic wax. Alas! how constantly is Ear-gate barricaded! Immanuel alone can carry it by storm, and find a highway to the citadel of the heart. "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" May he speak whose voice awakened echoes even in the grave, and may the dead hear the voice of the Lord, for they that hear shall live. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live."

Heathenism and Christianity in Ceylon.

THE recent death of Sir James Emerson Tennant recalls to memory the distinguished services which he rendered to the cause of missions by his work on Christianity in Ceylon. Not a little interest has been felt in the history and condition of this "utmost Indian isle," as old geographers have called it; and many sketches of the characteristics, religious and social, of the inhabitants of the colony have been published. Ceylon has long been famous for its beautiful and fascinating appearance. The sea-voyager's eye rests most gratefully upon its assemblage of hills and the green groves of palms which appear to be "springing from the waters of the ocean;" though its fertile and verdure-clad valleys are bounded by a vast sandy plain, teeming with low jungle, swamps, and sterile deserts. Not inaptly has this beautiful island been designated "the Malta of the Indian Ocean," and its richness and beauty have long made its name suggestive of Oriental magnificence. For more than sixty years it has been under the government of this country. In a tract of land 270 miles in length, and at the widest point 145 miles in breadth, Her Majesty has sixteen hundred thousand subjects. Of greater salubrity than India, natives live, especially in the mountainous districts, to an old age, and Europeans are as free from disease as in their own country. It is not easy to determine by whom the island was first colonised. The antiquarian records, like monkish legends, may have a certain basis in fact, but the ideal and the real, the fanciful and the possible, are so

closely interwoven, that the difficulty of eliminating the true from the fabulous seems almost insuperable. Even Dr. Dryasdust would be baffled in the attempt. It is enough for our purpose to state that the affairs of the colony are administered by a governor, assisted by a legislative council; that the system of judicature is pretty much what it is in England, even to the adoption of the London policeman's inartistic and clumsy attire for the native police force; that the Singhalese is the present dialect of one portion of the inhabitants, and the Tamulian of another portion; and that Ceylonese Buddhistical literature is plentiful, and not without a certain order of merit.

Christianity in Ceylon has to encounter two hoary superstitions. Brahmanism, bitterly jealous, fanatical, and persecuting, is deeply rooted in the northern districts; but Buddhism, which is the essence of atheism and latitudinarianism, lukewarm and materialistic, is the dominant creed of the Singhalese. The former system, which is adopted by the Hindoos, is a stupendous imposture. It has been well described as having a real and an artificial strength—"real in the prodigious area over which its baleful influence extends, and in the myriads who bend blindly and submissively before its despotic authority; artificial, but still overpowering in the infinitude into which it has multiplied all its component parts. Its mythical cosmogony stretches away beyond the bounds of space; its historical annals extend backwards to the birth of time. Its chronology is recorded, not by centuries, but by millions of millions of ages; and the individuals engaged in one single exploit, minutely commemorated in its archives, exceed in number the whole congregation of human beings that have pressed the earth since the creation of man." The other system, Buddhism, alas! sways the minds of one-third of the human race. In Ceylon it has remained the same for two thousand years, notwithstanding that in other countries it has assumed a variety of shapes. Man may, according to this creed, attain infinite perfection. There is no deity, Buddhu not being even worshipped as such; he is merely looked upon as a kind of defunct thing, to be regarded as we should regard a curious fossil, and reverenced only on account of a petrified goodness which is exhibited as an example, to lead mankind to a nobler stage of duty. By self-reliance—about which we hear many exhortations to almost the same purpose even from professedly Christian pulpits in this country—wrought into the ecstacy of enthusiasm, man may, unassisted by a supreme power, control his future destinies. Transmigration is taught, but the developments are not supposed to lead to a higher state of existence, but to a something "between which and utter annihilation," says Sir Emerson Tennant, "there exists but the dim distinction of a name." They believe in heaven, which, with them, is in the plural number, and of various degrees of importance and glory. These heavens are the temporary residences of demigods and divinities; some, less favoured than others, have yet to be reborn several times in order that they may undergo the necessary transformations to fit them for the highest heaven of which they know—extinction, "as a fire that has gone out"—a state of imperturbable apathy. Buddhism does not therefore exalt "caste" as supreme, but it deifies human intellect, and in this sense is directly antagonistic to Brahmanism.

They have also a region for tormented spirits, where their excruciating miseries are revived and resumed "without mitigation and apparently without end." The priests are in some respects wonderfully like those who belong to the mendicant orders of Romanism. They assume a robe and tonsure, they fast, they subsist on alms; and their rules enjoin poverty and abstinence. They do not, however, continue all their lives in this condition of self-denial. Some doff their robe as eagerly as they put it on, either through weariness of the habit, through love of other pursuits, or in order that they may take unto their wretched selves a wife. In consequence, their sanctity and sacerdotal pretensions are weakened by these acts, which are, notwithstanding, of common occurrence. They are furthermore weakened by intestine strifes. There are two sects of Buddhism in the island, and these ascribe fatal errors to each other, and cut off each other from the privileges of their heaven of extinction, and they also dissent from each other's ritual. It would be vain folly to expect that such dull-edged incitements to a virtuous life had any sensible effect upon the lives of the Ceylonese. They neither fear the future, nor anticipate it with hopeful longings. The great mass of the people, while professedly attached to Buddhism, are ignorant of its tenets, and are equally as indifferent about learning what they are. So that their heaven of apathy commences here. Unlike other heathen, they have no votaries—no enthusiasts: the term votary, we are told, implies "a warmth and a fervour that is unknown to a native of Ceylon." And yet, since no man can be utterly bereft of the emotional element in his nature, nor entirely quench the uprisings of conscience, an outlet has been found, fearful indeed and revolting in its barbarism, for the feelings that cannot be wholly extinguished. Even with the heathen of Ceylon, there is a sentiment of terror because of the masterful power of sin. This sinfulness has been, they think, caused by the powers of evil. These powers they would therefore propitiate, and hence they worship the demons that their influences may depart. In cases of calamity or sickness, the aid of the "devil-priests" is sought. "An altar, decorated with garlands, is erected within sight of the patient, and on this an animal, frequently a cock, is to be sacrificed for his recovery. The dying man is instructed to touch and dedicate to the evil spirit the wild flowers, the rice, and the flesh, which have been prepared as the *pidaneys* or offerings to be made at sunset, at midnight, and the morning; and in the intervals the dancers perform their incantations, habited in masks and disguises to represent the demon which they personate, as the immediate author of the patient's suffering. In the frenzy of these orgies, the Kattadia, having feigned the access of inspiration from the spirit he invokes, is consulted by the friends of the afflicted, and declares the nature of his disease and the probability of its favourable or fatal termination. At sunrise, the ceremony closes by an exorcism chanted to disperse the demons who have been attracted by the rite; the devil-dancers withdraw with the offerings, and sing, as they retire, the concluding song of the ceremony, 'that the sacrifice may be acceptable, and the life of the sufferer extended.'"*

* Sir Emerson Tennant, "Christianity in Ceylon," p. 233.

And yet it is in this island that Christianity might have had its most free and uncontrolled sway, but for the influences which undermined, if not nipped it in the bud. The Portuguese, in 1505, on their conquest or colonisation, were the first to make the experiment of endowing a form of religion. They established Roman Catholicism, bribed the natives into a profession of *their* Christianity, and succeeded in making hypocrites faster than they unmade Pagans. Of course, at the first opportunity, Paganism reasserted its former power. Then came the Dutch Presbyterians. They vigorously set to work not to convert souls, but to stamp out Buddhism. Penalties were enforced, at their instigation and under the authority of the Dutch East India Company, against the rites of Heathenism; nominal Christians guilty of idolatrous practices were fined; Buddhist temples were suppressed; Christian schools established—and the result was failure. Their conversions were unsound. They succeeded in compelling rascals to disguise their rascality for a time in order that it might blaze out the more when the day of restraint had passed. They baptised in large numbers, through their political bribery, but made not one conversion. Roman Catholics were vigorously persecuted, but their power was not effectually suppressed. Yet coercive measures were of no avail. Roman Catholics were embittered, Pagans were unchanged, and the Ethiopian skin remained the same. "It is a remarkable fact," says Sir Emerson Tennant, "that notwithstanding the multitudinous baptisms, and the hundreds of thousands of Singhalese who were enrolled by them as converts, the religion and discipline of the Dutch Presbyterians is now almost extinct among the natives of Ceylon." Thus artifice, corruption, bribery, state endowments, and persecution, had left Ceylon tenfold more a child of the evil one than it was before these inefficacious aids of evangelisation were used.

Thus left to the work of voluntary agency (in 1804), Christian effort slowly, but surely began to be felt. This was the third epoch of the history of Christianity in Ceylon. The work began again, as though it had never been tried before; indeed, the ruins of the former systems obstructed operations. The inhabitants had to be treated as inveterate idolaters, who had returned *en masse* to their idols, and the missionaries had to deal with men who were the more indifferent and alienated because of their apostacy. What a sad comment on conversion by men apart from the Holy Spirit! The missionaries who now arrived were benefited by the lessons of the past. They felt their task to be hopeless in proportion as they relied upon the arm of flesh. At first they met with no success: the degeneracy was so wide spread. Men's hearts were indurated. Infant sprinkling was found to be fraught with serious evils; this practice of making what was designated "government Christians," or "Christian Buddhists," was favoured alone by those who sought to obtain some temporal good by the process. It was "Christian making," and, as such was regarded with no religious awe or respect. Of baptism, or sprinkling by water, we are told, that "they had no other conception than some civil distinction which it was supposed to confer, and to the present day, the Singhalese term for the ceremony bears the literal interpretation of '*admission to rank*.'" Roman Catholicism flourishes to-day as much as it did when patronised

and petted by the Portuguese, and the numerous points of agreement between Popery and Buddhism have made the transition from the latter to the former one of no great moment. "Both," says Sir Emerson. "have their legends and their miracles; their confidence in charms, and in the assistance of guardian saints and protectors; and in the general aspect of their outward observances, not less than in the concurrence of many of their leading beliefs, it is with the least conceivable violence to established customs, and the slightest apparent disturbance of preconceived ideas, that the Buddhist finds himself at liberty to venture on the transition from his own faith to that of his new advisers." The London Missionary Society, the Baptists and the Wesleyans, each sent out men to preach the simple gospel of Jesus Christ to the natives. Nor have the Church of England missionaries been behindhand in this glorious enterprise. The members of the American mission have also been eminently successful, although at the first the obstacles with which they had to contend were most discouraging. The character of the Singhalese was, and still is, deplorable. We have already referred to their listlessness and stolid apathy. Their consciences are not merely blunted—they are almost extinguished; they know no shame; they suffer from no compunction; they seem deficient in moral sense, are full of jealousy, slander, and revenge. A Baptist missionary describes their homes as seats of unconcealed feuds and animosities; their women are lovers of discord, disorder, and obscenity; while in their villages, "licentiousness is so universal that it has ceased to be opprobrious, and hatred so ungovernable that murders are by no means rare." Falsehood, deceit, defamation and theft, are prevalent, while all honour seems to have been lost among them. Add to these discouraging features of character their natural lethargy and slothfulness—the extreme fertility of the island having been prejudicial to the spirit of enterprise—and we have in these heathen some of the most impenetrable and sluggish natures which Christianity has ever tried to influence and to arouse. To receive the mere facts of the gospel requires an effort of the mind which is too much trouble with them; to "seek" involves too much exertion, and to "find" is beyond their desire. The knocking at the door of knowledge is a drudgery, and hence it is rarely opened unto them. Sir Emerson Tennant pleaded eloquently for the mutual co-operation of the schoolmaster and the preacher in the work of pulling down Satanic strongholds in the island. The one cannot, and must not, supersede the other. Preaching is still the ordained means of bringing the minds and hearts of the enemies of the cross under subjection to the Saviour. Education has failed lamentably as a substitute for preaching the word.

One Baptist missionary who has been styled "The apostle of Ceylon,"* was in labours most abundant. Mr. Ebenezer Daniel laboured for eight years in season and out of season, preaching and teaching with great boldness and courage, the truths of the gospel among the Buddhists. He was not satisfied with merely preaching in connection with his mission station; he penetrated the jungles, got at the villages, and with the assistance of a native preacher, mapped out a large

* *Missionary* (Baptist) *Herald*, March, 1869.

district into four parts, each containing about ten villages, and each village was visited at least once a fortnight, occasional preaching visits being made to villages not included in either of the districts. Not only did he preach incessantly, but visited from house to house, for the purpose of conversing with each man, woman, and child individually. He travelled on foot from village to village, one great advantage of which, as he points out, is the opportunity of conversing with those who also travel from one place to another. As the result of his extraordinary labours, we are told that the church at Hanwelle increased from seven to fifty members, and before his death in 1844, six other churches were formed, with the total membership of four hundred persons. Upwards of a thousand pupils were under instruction in the forty-four schools of his mission. It is sad to find that since his death—twenty years ago—only three additional churches have been formed, and that there are only six hundred members on the rolls of the united churches. Why is this? The following paragraph from the monthly report of the Baptist Missionary Society may probably explain much of it:—

"The secret of Mr. Daniel's success, next to the blessing of God, must be found in his practice of the principle laid down by Dr. Carey in 1793: 'A missionary must be one of the companions and equals of the people to whom he is sent.' It was because Mr. Daniel humbled himself to the condition of the dwellers in the jungle, entered their homes as a friend, partook of their humble fare as one of themselves, that he won their regard, and, with their affection and admiration, attention to the message of grace he delivered to them. The savour of his name remains among them to this day. He still lives in the loving memories of multitudes as a devout man, a faithful servant of God, and a true missionary of the cross."

The Baptist Missionary Society has now fifty-six principal and substations, superintended by four European and seventeen native pastors; and twenty-six Sabbath-schools.* The Wesleyans were second in the field. They have laboured sedulously to master the sacred books of Buddhism in the original, in order that they might refute their errors, and have become "the most accomplished scholars both in the classical and vernacular languages of Ceylon." Their native assistants have done a vast amount of pastoral visitation; the missionaries hold meetings by lamp-light, to which the peasantry resort, where they can converse on Scripture subjects; and their total membership is 1,000, or more. Impostors there may be; but as Sir Emerson Tennant well observes, their sincerity may be largely attested by their willingness to support the form of Christianity which they have embraced; and really to convert them from the habit of expecting something to giving something, is no mean accomplishment. "They lend their assistance readily to the construction of places of worship and sheds for preaching in the villages, which are erected by their labour or their contributions either in money or in gifts of timber and materials, and they unite in paying the expenses of servants and other charges attendant on the simple forms of worship."

Under the shade of leafy forests, in which beasts of prey still lurk, in the midst of wild jungles, in houses of rest, in houses of worship, in

* From Pole to Pole: by Joseph Hassell, p. 341.

market-places, magistrates' yards—in the day-time, and in the midnight, the work of noble men is still going on amidst much to discourage and much to disappoint; the gospel still proving itself to be the power of God unto the salvation of men. A steadily decreasing immorality, a greater respect for matrimonial obligations, a perceptible diminution of cases of theft, a visible improvement in the industry of the island, and more honesty in the common dealings, all attest to the gradual but perceptible change coming over those who are under the influence of Christian instruction. The avowed numerical gains to Christianity may not be large; but the *spirit* of Christianity is acknowledged, and its ameliorating influence felt. The day will come when the plodding earnestness of Christian zeal will be crowned with success; when the ancient impostures that have deceived the people shall be shattered by the hand of the Lord of hosts; and when Ceylon's isle, with all the nations that bow the knee to idols, shall succumb before Him whose right it is to reign, and whose kingdom shall rule over all.

Sips of Sweetness.

BY JOHN DURANT.

IN a work whose rareness is extreme, bearing the title given above, we find the following most consoling sermon upon Isaiah xl. 11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young":—

Having in a general way hinted the sweetness of Christ's carriage towards his weak members, as it is held out in this text by the prophet, I shall now endeavour, in a more particular manner, to acquaint you how sweetly and tenderly Christ carries himself to weak believers; and,

1. *The sweetness of Christ's carriage appears in this, that he is ready to entertain any poor soul (though never so weak) that comes unto him.* He stands with open arms, yea, and heart also, to give those sweet embraces that desire to embrace him. He proclaims it, that he would not cast off, or out, in any wise, any that come to him. Though the approaches of the soul to him be in much weakness, yet he accepts of the approach, and embraces the soul with much tenderness. Never did any that came to him, find him harsh. If their coming were but sincere, his entertainment was always sweet. Thou, poor soul, who hast a desire to come to Christ, because thou seest thou shalt perish without him; and yet dost doubt whether thou shalt be entertained by Christ, because thou findest thyself (as thou thinkest), unfitting for him; why, go and try; taste, and thou shalt see, that Christ is sweet and tender; he will not cast thee off, if thou wilt come to him. His invitation is general, "If any thirst let him come to me, and [not doubt, but] drink." Ask blind Bartimeus, who sate by the highway begging, when Christ went by, and he will tell thee, though men were harsh, and bid him hold his peace, and would not let him cry to Christ, yet Jesus was sweet, and not only let him cry, but bid him come to him. Thou weak believer, that sayest I would go to Christ, but I doubt whether he will

embrace me, being blind, arise and go, and thou shalt find the Lord Jesus, tender, and ready to entertain thee sweetly; yea, and so far from rejecting thee, for thy blindness, that he will receive thee to give thee sight. One would have thought that if ever Christ would reject any, he would have surely rejected Nicodemus, who was so weak as being either afraid, or ashamed (or both) to own Christ in the day, he comes to him in the night. What might (as one would think), Christ have said, "Nicodemus, is thy desire after me so faint that thou fearest to come to me in the day time? Or, am I so unworthy that I am not to be owned but out of sight? Hast thou either so low an esteem of me, or bearest thou so little love to me, that thou comest thus now in the night? Go, return as thou camest, I will not accept thee in the dark, who wouldst not acknowledge me in the light. I will not entertain thee in the night, who wouldst not embrace me in the day." No, no, Christ hath not a syllable of these sad sayings. But presently (knowing him to be but a beginner in spiritual, though a Dr. in literal Israel), he entertains him, embraceth him, instructs him, gives him leave to reply to what he spake; bears with all the ignorcity, that absurdities that were in his questions; stoops low to his capacity, that he might lift him high in spirit; and in all things carries himself as a sweet tender-hearted shepherd, to a poor, weak, faint-hearted lamb.

Secondly, the carriage of Christ is discovered to be tenderly sweet to weak believers, in that *he cherisheth and preserveth those little buddings of grace that are in them.*

"Oh!" saith the weak believer, "my fire is so little (such a little spark in so many ashes), that I fear it will out. My candle gives so little light (and burns so weakly in such mighty winds), that I doubt I shall be in the dark; my pulse beats so faintly (there is such little vital strength under so many mortal sins), that I think I shall ere long give up the ghost, and die." But stay, weak souls! why say ye thus? Christ is sweet and tender; what he hath begun, he will preserve. Thy spark of fire shall not be extinguished, thy dim light shall not be blown out; thy weak life shall not decay. No, no; Christ will preserve, maintain, cherish these true, though weak, beginnings of grace that are in thee. It was the priest's office to keep the fire in the sanctuary from going out; and it is Christ's work to do the same, in thy soul. Christ is this priest, and that spiritual spark of fire which God from above hath laid upon thy heart (the altar) in the sanctuary of thy soul, he will look to that it go not out. Though thou be fearful, remember Christ is faithful; he will be tender of thee, and thou shalt find his carriage sweet, in cherishing those weak graces that are in thee. Mary's faith was very feeble; and when she was seeking sorrowfully her Lord in the garden, her faith was like to fire that is going out; yea, she seems to doubt whether Christ were God, and able to raise himself, and speaks as if he were but man, and that some had stolen him away. "Sir," saith she, "if thou hast borne him hence (as if Christ could not go without carrying), tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away" (as if she were stronger than he); Mary's faith, you see, is weak: surely this spark will out, if not presently blown; why, mark now, Christ discovers himself to be sweet and tender; and therefore that he might cherish her faith in him, he speaks to her, "Mary." The like carriage you see in

Luke xxiv., towards those weak disciples who discourse doubtingly concerning his Deity, and begin to speak as if they questioned whether he were the Messias, the Redeemer, yea or no. Their faith began to flag; said they (verse 21), "We trusted it had been he that should have redeemed Israel; and besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things (verse 20), were done." Weak hearts! three days' delay makes them distrust; surely their faith is almost out. But mark how sweetly Christ speaks, indeed (verse 25), he checks their doubting, as arguing folly; and though their heart was sincere, he intimates it was but slow to believe, etc., yet, he cherisheth and preserveth their faith from dying; and carries himself very tenderly in arguing from Moses and the prophets, to keep their faith alive. That place in the prophet discovers Christ as sweetly careful to preserve the least buds of grace in his own people. "Thus saith the Lord, as the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it, so will I do for my servant's sake." However some seem to carry the meaning of this place, as if it related to God's sparing and preserving the righteous, while he is punishing the wicked, yet, I think, we are rather to understand it as relating to the tenderness of God's carriage, for Christ's sake, to elect Israel. God found them indeed weak. Rather as having wine in them potentially, than as being wine actually, as the wine in the cluster, *i.e.* they had some few faint buddings of grace; and Christ said (for he was that one), "Do not destroy it, Father, there is a blessing in it; though it be but yet weak, it will, in time be strong: cherish it, preserve it, there is a blessing in it." You see Christ is very tender over his weak members. He is careful to preserve their blossoms, their buds. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for the vines have tender grapes." Cant. ii. 15. Christ will have a tender care of cherishing the tender graces that he sees in weak believers.

But thirdly, Christ discovers a sweet carriage not only in preserving the weak beginnings of grace in the hearts of believers, but also in *strengthening their weakness every day.*

It is noteworthy, that Christ doth not only not break the bruised reeds, nor quench the smoking flaxes, *i.e.* destroy the faint graces which are in feeble saints, but he strengthens and increases them. He makes an augmentation, he brings forth judgment unto truth. Isa. xlii. 3. The meaning is, saith Dr. Sibbs, sweetly, "That the gracious frame of holiness, set up in our hearts by the Spirit of Christ, shall go forward, or increase, till all contrary power be brought down." My feet, saith the poor soul, are so feeble, that I am ready to stumble at every straw. Sure, I shall never be able to stride over a log, to go over a mountain. Doubt not, O thou of little faith. Christ will carry himself tenderly towards thee; and though thy feet be now weak as lambs' feet, that thou art scarce able to go over a molehill without sliding, he will make them strong as hinds' feet, that thou shalt be able, ere long, to leap over a mountain. "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet," saith David. Psa. xviii. 33. Christ is very careful to carry on the soul from strength to strength. Psa. lxxxiv. 7. He, therefore, gave some apostles, some prophets, etc., that they might be for the perfecting of the saints; that weak believers who are but infants may grow stronger and stronger, till they come to man's age, as it is—Eph. iv. 13. "Ah," saith the poor

soul, "my light is but little: will it ever be bright? It is but as the dawning of the day. I think the day of grace is risen in my soul, but it is but glimmering as the early morn, will it ever shine gloriously? shall it ever be noon? shall it be in my bosom as the sun in the meridian? will it ever rise so high?" Yes, poor soul, stay a little, and it will be lighter. "The path of the righteous is as the shining light, and shineth more and more to the perfect day." Prov. iv. 18. Christ will make it day, and a perfect day in thy heart; though it be morning now, or only sun-rising, oh, how sweet is Christ's carriage to his weak members! that thus he strengthens their weak graces every day. He will cherish thee, O believing babe, till thou grow bigger in his bosom.

Fourthly, weak believers have found Christ's carriage very sweet, in that *he hath borne with those many infirmities which he hath found in them.*

Weak souls are apt to slip; and Christ sweetly smiles, notwithstanding those slips. Lambs are feeble, and sometimes they fall, but the shepherd passes it by: Christ rather pities his members for their weakness, than cast them off. Peter was weak in refusing Christ's offer of washing. But Christ was sweet; he knew Peter was rather ignorant than obstinate. Christ tells him. and in that excuseth his weakness, that he did not know what his intention was in that action; "What I do thou knowest not now," and, therefore, though Peter carried himself weakly, in refusing the washing, yet Christ carried himself sweetly, and passing by that weakness, comes and washeth his feet. It was an infirmity of largest allowance in the spouse, to put off Christ with such a poor excuse after he had stood so long waiting, "I have put off my coat." Childish, as if she could not put it on again; and because she could not rise to let him in, Christ must go away in the morning, though he had stood knocking all night. Yet Christ bears all. And though the spouse might fear he would take the business so heinous, as never more to come to her house, he came again afterwards. Indeed, he permitted some lordly watchmen to whip her for her lazy weakness, and it was kindness thus to fetch it out; but he carried himself tender still, and admitted her into his garden sweetly, albeit she kept him out of her house sluggishly. Surely Peter, and James, and John, failed much, to sleep while their Lord sorrowed, and not to regard his sorrow, though he chose them out, as it were, on purpose to watch with him. Indeed, Christ sighs to see them so weak, as not to be able to watch with him one hour; yet he carries himself sweetly, and instead of chiding their unwatchfulness, he excuseth their weakness. "The spirit is willing," saith he, "but the flesh is weak." Our children sometimes commit faults, break glasses, etc., but we say, alas! poor hearts, it was their weakness. Christ's children are as weak as ours; only he is kinder to his than we can be to ours. He bears with more infirmities, and passeth by more faults than we do or can. Poor Thomas is very weak, he will not believe except he may open Christ's wounds afresh, and "put his fingers in the print of the nails;" Christ is very sweet, bears with all this, and is willing to have his wounds opened afresh to help Thomas's faith; surely Thomas saw Christ's heart through his wounds. "I will put in my fingers," saith Thomas, "or else I will not believe," verse 25. Ah, poor weak soul, "Come and thrust them into my side,"

saith Christ. Oh, tender Saviour! "Surely Christ will punish me," saith the poor soul, "I am so wicked." No, Christ, poor heart, will pity thee, because thou art so weak. Ah, Lord! how many frailties, infirmities, nay, enormities dost thou pass by in thy poor weak lambs! verily thou carriest thyself like a tender, loving, sweet shepherd towards us.

Fifthly, it is easy to discover in Christ's carriage, much sweetness and tenderness to weak believers, in that *he puts them upon no duties above their ability.*

As he will not permit them to be tempted above their ability (1 Cor. x. 13), so neither doth he put them upon any business which is above their power. Though Christ hath many works about which he will put his members, yet he will tarry till they are able for them. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John xvi. 12.) Because they were not able to bear, Christ was not willing to speak. "Alas! I see great works to be done, hard lessons to be learned; sure I shall never be able to do the one, or learn the other," saith the weak soul. "at least, not yet; for I am but a babe, very weak." Why, Christ is content to stay till thou shalt be stronger. As yet thou art unable, and as yet he is unwilling. Fasting was a weighty work; and Christ's disciples were, as yet, but weak; he, therefore, forbears them, and puts them not upon it; and when some wondered, who indeed knew not the weight of the work, that Christ's disciples fasted not at all, when Jesus did often, Christ excuseth his disciples, and by two parables apologiseth for them; and the drift of both is this, the work was as yet too high for them; they were weak, and that was weighty. It is worth noting. Christ would not have the apostles go from Jerusalem till they had received power from on high. He would not leave them while, at least comparatively, low, to go about a work which was superlatively high, *i.e.* apostolical. Never trouble thyself, poor soul, about this or that work, which is too high for thee, above thy power, thy ability; if thou canst clear that sincerely, Christ will carry himself sweetly, and never call thee to it, never put thee on it.

Sixthly, it is apparent enough, and he that runs may read sweetness, and tenderness, in the carriage of Christ towards his weak members, in that *he kindly accepts of what they do in his service, though accompanied with many failings.*

What the poor soul doth sincerely, that the precious Saviour takes sweetly; and though it be done but ill, yet he accepts it well. Christ remembers himself—if he gave the soul but two talents, he looks not for ten. And Christ considers the poor soul, that it hath not much; and therefore he is pleased with a little. The poor creature works but bunglingly, and Christ accounts the work brave; he accepts the prayer, though imperfect; and yet that the Father may look upon it as perfect, he mingles his incense with our prayers; and so imperfect prayers from us are put up perfect by Christ to the Father. The weak child cannot speak articulately, and yet the indulgent mother accepteth, with much love, its poor prattle—so doth Christ. "Let me hear thy voice," saith he, "for it is sweet." Cant. ii. 14. The word signifies any sound such as brutes or birds make. Christ accounts stammerings as sweet. "Meih, meih," saith the little one, and the mother accounts it music. The poor soul many a time, at best and most, when it comes to pray, can

but sigh; and the Lord Christ takes it as a sweet song, and is pleased with it. Our drink-offerings have much water in them, and but little wine; and Christ accepts of the little wine, though mingled with much water. Some think there were many failings in the woman's obtruding of herself into the Pharisee's house, and troubling Christ while he sat at meat. However, Christ saw much love in the action, and not only passed by, but excused the woman's seeming failings. Luke v. 37. "Woe be to me," saith the poor soul, "my gold is mixed with much dross! my righteousness, with much unrighteousness, surely Christ will reject all, and me too!" No, Christ is kind, and albeit thou carriest thyself, in the choicest performances very weakly, yet he will carry himself, even towards thy failings, very sweetly; and will accept of that which thou dost kindly, although done in much infirmity. "Ah, could I but work neater, pray better, sing, read, etc., better, I could think Christ would accept. But, alas! I do all that I do so badly, and every prayer, etc., is mixed with so many infirmities, that I fear if Christ do not cast them back with anger into my face, yet sure he will not take them up with love into his hand. I were therefore as good sit still, and do nothing." Say not thus, O weak creature, up and be doing. Carry thyself but with sincerity, and thou shalt find that Christ will carry himself sweetly, and accept of thy little actings with great love, and be pleased with thy performances, though accompanied with many infirmities.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

WHEN once envy gets into a family, it is like a bull in a china shop: it, as an Irishman might say, creates nothing but destruction. When the housemaid is jealous of the little privileges enjoyed by the cook, and imagines that she is trying to creep up her mistress's sleeve, then cook suspects that the housemaid is undermining her character, and setting all the house against her. Tongues on both sides are loosened, and remarks none too complimentary are exchanged. Soon the footman, the lady's-maid, and the gardener take sides, and grow as violent as the original combatants; the milkman is canvassed by both parties, the hearthstone boy is a house-maidian, the man who buys the old bones is decidedly a cookite, and it is said that the policeman has given the weight of his legislative influence in the same direction. Master and mistress soon hear of this domestic brawl; they in vain endeavour to quell the storm, and the entire establishment is rendered unhappy, a scene of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Somebody has to go; a comfortable situation is lost, and family jars are commenced which will hold no jam but a deal of bitters. What was it all about? Well, that is just what I want to know. It seems to have originated with both parties and with neither, and to have gone on smouldering in mutual suspicions till at last there came the conflagration. The women were fast friends, indeed, too fast at first, and now the characters they give each other are, to say the least, quite devoid of flattery. They will probably remain for life like two cats, with their backs up, spitting and hissing at each other in imagination if not in fact.

It is ten thousand pities that these household wars should so often mar domestic peace, and it is the more to be deplored when professedly the fear of God is in the house. Christians should never be guilty of the miserable vices of suspicion, jealousy, and envy. All the ten commandments are broken by such a malignant state of mind; even murder is not far off when envy rules the heart. Under the government of green-eyed jealousy nobody can do right; to be silent is to be too proud to speak, to be communicative is to be for ever talking. Look through yellow glass and everybody has the jaundice; be suspicious and the grass swarms with snakes. How heartily do I wish that we could banish wicked tempers over the edge of the universe, or shut them up in hell from which they come.

Did you ever see this sort of thing in our churches? Well, I never had any personal experience of it; but I have heard of church quarrels, in which undoubtedly the whole matter hinged upon the idlest suspicions. Mrs. Porcupine's family are much hurt because old Mr. Armadillo, who is a distant relative, was not invited to Mrs. Coney's funeral; they feel sure there is some bad feeling against them, and they are inclined to believe that now that the lamented Mrs. Coney is buried, the widower will turn out none too good. The Porcupines watch the bereaved gentleman, and if he looks at any eligible lady at a distance less remote than half-a-mile, he is called a wretch for behaving in that manner when his poor dear wife is hardly cold in her grave. All upon the merest supposition reports are invented and diligently circulated; the widowed gentleman is annoyed, and perhaps plays a return game of criticism. A feud begins, and as a whirlwind absorbs into itself all the straws, and pieces of rag, and scraps of brown paper, which may happen to be lying about, so this precious bit of a foolish quarrel twists about and lifts into notice all sorts of rubbish; such as, "says he," and "said I," and "they do say," and "if the truth was known," and "it's common town-talk." Of course, the sensible go-to-meeting people in Little Pedlington are pestered with the affair, but the silly gossips of the neighbourhood are all agog and as happy as ducks on a rainy day. Mr. Armadillo is a deacon, and gets involved in the mess without in any way desiring it; he gets excited in the matter because his friend Mrs. Porcupine tells him that if he is not indignant about that funeral business he ought to be, and really does not manifest becoming dignity, To show that he has proper spirit, he opposes whatever Mr. Coney proposes to do in connection with the affairs of the meeting, and in general regards him as a member of the opposition. There is nothing at all, not even half a grain of sense in the whole squabble, and yet it lies, and festers, and frets, and worries, and is at the bottom of much serious sin and mischief. It makes the pastor wretched, and the church feeble, grieves the Spirit and prevents success.

Do these lines describe anybody? Can any one see himself pourtrayed in them? Well, I am learning mental photography just as boys learn mental arithmetic, and I am glad if there is some little success in my early attempts in the art.

Friend, if you find your mouth and heart very bitter towards your fellow men, rinse out your mouth with a glass of charity, sweet and cool from the fountain of love, and apply to the Great Physician to be

cured of your heart affection. Don't wait till you have degenerated into a snappish cynic, suspecting everybody and biting in all directions. Never keep a tinder-box for the devil's sparks to fall into. Resolve to think evil of no man. Set your face against all hints and inuendoes. Do not allow your soul to be a plot of ground for a root of bitterness to grow in. Be too full of love to have room in your brain for hard thoughts of others. There are better times coming, days bright with spiritual May-dew, and morally musical with summer birds of good-will and kindness, when all men abhor envy, and banish far away the withering chills of unholy suspicion.

NATHANIEL PLAINSPEECH.

The Apostle of Kerry; or, the Life of Charles Graham, Wesleyan Minister.

ALAS! poor Ireland! Who shall heal her of her plagues, and restore to her health and soundness? The gospel is the only balm which can meet her case, and that is resolutely put from her by priestly hands; while her sons and daughters, trained to hate their own mercies, rise in anger against the men who would show unto them the way of salvation. This is an age of theoretical religious liberty, but mob law is as powerful now to crush freedom of speech as was political law in ages past. The failure of the famous invasion of Ireland by a band of ministers gave pretty clear proof to those engaged in it that Rome knows how to close all avenues to the minds of the people, and does not scruple to use any means to keep her disciples out of hearing of the truth. The perusal of the very interesting life of Charles Graham, the companion of the celebrated Gideon Ousely, has raised in our heart new hope for the Emerald Isle. It is evident that, in the heroic days of Methodism, her preachers gained the popular ear, and under God turned thousands to righteousness who had been the bondslaves of superstition. Graham and Ousely were dauntless men, worthy of their name of CAVALRY PREACHERS, and their gospel was so full of the love of Jesus that the other rendering of their title, CALVARY PREACHERS, was equally appropriate. They rode from town to town, and from their horses' backs thundered out the message of the Lord; Elijah himself could not have been more bold, nor Isaiah more evangelical. In their time, Ireland promised to be the very Eden of Methodism, and, perhaps, had not strifes and declensions followed the days of apostolic fervour, it might have been so. Is there any reason why such men should not again be raised up? Might they hope for a similar reception? May not the deliverance of Ireland yet arise suddenly, and renew again the triumphs of the preaching of the word? With political grievances removed, and religious equality proclaimed, we would fain hope that bigotry will relax its ferocity, and candour afford a hearing to the gospel. It may not be so to-day or to-morrow, but in the long run "justice to Ireland" will prove to have been Ireland's greatest mercy.

The life of Mr. Graham is replete with interest. The author of the

volume before us wields, we should imagine, a somewhat unaccustomed pen, but he writes very fervently, and in a most gracious spirit. The subject he handles is of sufficient interest in itself to win a considerable constituency of readers, and all of them will be the better for having come into contact with the record of such a consecrated life. We confess we are personally all the better for having felt the glow which streams from the lives of Ousely and Graham.

Street preaching was the main weapon of our hero, and it was not always unattended with peril; indeed, tumult and opposition were the rule. Yet he counted on divine protection, and received it:—

"The uproar on Mr. Graham's first attempt at street-preaching in Tralee was so great that he had for that time to desist, as he states,

'With holy indignation filled,
Thus by the prince of hell withstood.'

But it was only to try it again—which he resolved to do, and conquer or die—and it is said he did conquer successfully under the following circumstances. Having taken his stand in the same place as before, a plan was immediately adopted by two accomplices to stone the preacher, and if possible to wound him mortally. One of the party was to stand close to the preacher to guide the other in his aim, while the latter took his post behind a dead wall opposite. The signal was given, the stone flew, missed Graham, but struck the stone-thrower's accomplice, and cut him desperately, some say mortally. He acknowledged his crime, and was taken off in his blood to the Infirmary, crying out aloud for mercy—thus literally fulfilling the Scripture, 'He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come upon his own pate.'" Psalm vii. 15, 16.

Where sin was most abundant, and opposition likely to be most violent, Graham, in the spirit of holy defiance, was sure to be found, bearding the lion in his den. Where should the salt be scattered but where corruption is most imminent? Depraved places, like the virgin soil of the prairie, yield glorious harvests when once the gospel-plough is brought to work upon them. Graham says:—

"From a child I heard of the 'Rakes of Mallow,' as proverbial for drunkenness, cock-fighting, and all manner of dissipation.' Several discouraged him in going to this place at all, but he answered, 'The deeper sunk, the greater danger, and the greater need of my message.' He called at the inn, the proprietors of which were Protestants. When they found out his errand, the husband flung his hat into the fire, saying, 'If you convert me, you may convert the devil.' Mr. Graham was amazed, and yet had hope of this man before he left the town. The landlady said, 'We have a religion of our own here, and as for your "repentance," and "faith," and "pardon," we do not want such things; we have our own clergy.' Mr. Graham meekly replied, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' But, unlike Nicodemus, she did not even enquire, 'how can these things be?' He obtained a room for hire, and spent two nights among them. He preached, and also visited from house to house, and succeeded in obtaining a good congregation, and even formed a society of twenty-five persons, who manifested a sincere desire 'to flee from the wrath to come.' Whether it was at this or a subsequent visit the following remarkable conversion of a gentleman (and afterwards of his whole family) took place, I will not assert, but I may as well introduce it here. It was communicated to me several years ago by the late Rev. James Olliffe, who was contemporary with Mr. Graham for a considerable period of his life. Mr. Olliffe, says, 'In the year 1804 I met in class a gentleman who was brought to God in Mallow many years before. I was entertained in his house as one of the regular stopping-places for our ministers.

His conversion occurred thus. Mr. Graham preached in the street of Mallow, and took his stand directly under the window of a freemason's lodge. The members were meeting at the time, inducting one of their order. They heard the sound of the preacher's voice, always clear and musical. They approached the window, listened attentively, and became much concerned. When the preacher had done (and I suppose when they had done also), a messenger was despatched from the body to request his attendance at the room. He accordingly ascended the ladder, laid justice to the rule and righteousness to the plummet, and squared off at least one living stone for our spiritual building; and by so doing made a sun house for our ministers for many years, and the whole family became the partakers also with him of the grace of eternal life. . . . ."

"They generally rode into towns with hats off, and Bible in hand, when immediately they were followed by a procession. They sung a hymn, or a translation of one of Wesley's, in the Irish. The pathos of the lyric, and of the language, touched the hearts of the rude crowds, who sobbed aloud and waved to and fro, swayed by the simple music, even before the prayer began. . . . . Others fell in the streets on their knees, calling upon the Virgin and the saints. Some shouting questions or defiance to the preachers; others throwing sticks or stones at them; some rolling up their sleeves in defiance of them; others in hostility to them. Frequently the confusion culminated in a genuine Hibernian riot, the parties rushing pell mell upon each other, roaring and brandishing shillelahs, and only brought to order at last by the intervention of troops from the barracks.

"Whatever doubts such occasional tumults might suggest respecting the expediency of the mission, they were borne down by its triumphant results. The gospel was heard by the Irish masses. How otherwise could they be reached was a question which none could answer, unless it was 'not to go near them at all.' They will not come to Protestant churches. They believe it a sin to do so. Shall they, then, be left to perish? You cannot conduct your elections, or even, in many instances, administer law without tumult. Must we, therefore argue that government should be abandoned? And shall not the administrators of the gospel have courage as well to confront the indignities and perils which the magistrates face? In the midst of all such disorders, it was frequently seen that incalculable good was done. Not only scores and hundreds, but thousands of the wretched population were savingly converted, and brought into the Methodist and other Protestant churches."

Odd incidents sometimes occurred, for every active life has in it gleams of humour; only the idle are uniformly serious and proper. Being drifted by stress of weather into Ilfracombe, Graham and his friend determined to preach, and in order to gather a congregation, they employed the town-crier.

"They sent the bell-man about, who, unknown to himself, by a humorous mistake, succeeded in obtaining a tremendous crowd. He was told to publish that '*two Wesleyans*' had come to town, and would preach in the evening at a certain place. The bell-man proclaimed, 'Take notice that two *Welch Lions* have come to town, and will preach' at such an hour and in such a place; mistaking the word Wesleyans for *Welch Lions*. As may be imagined, a motley group assembled, and great good was done. How often has *curiosity* been overruled when other methods failed! 'Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did,' led to the conversion of many of the Samaritans. Surely 'He maketh a way in the sea and a path in the mighty waters.'"

Remarkable excitement frequently attended the preaching of this fervent evangelist. We find him recording in his diary:—

"On Sabbath, the 21st of July, 1799, I resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to give my mission a full trial on the open street. I had a crowded congregation, a vast multitude. I took for my text, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." 1 Peter iii. 18.

A more suitable text he could not take. He spoke in Irish and English, as he had a mixed multitude of Romanists and Protestants. The power of God descended, and he observes, 'I think I never saw a congregation in a public street more affected—some bathed in tears, others kissing the ground, others smiting their breasts, others kneeling on the street. I hope it will be a day never to be forgotten.'"

Frequently boisterous elements were hushed into calm by the mighty influence of holy, loving, pleading in Jesus' name. The scene at Sligo must have made angels rejoice:—

"August 4th, he took the street again in Sligo, where he was annoyed at the commencement by the shrill noise of a pig, which some son of Belial held by the ear on purpose to annoy the preacher. When this was over, a soldier came forward, and began to bark like a dog. He was soon taken away and confined to barracks, and allowed neither to bark or bite. Then an oyster-man came up, shouting at the pitch of his voice on behalf of his 'shell-wares.' Still Graham waited patiently, for he saw that earth and hell were resolved to baffle him; but there he stood,

'Firm as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.'

At last, when silence was restored, he appeared to be gifted and girded afresh for the conflict against sin, and earth, and hell; and, by one of the most awful and powerful appeals ever brought to bear on head, and heart, and conscience, in the street, he literally thundered as from Mount Sinai on the solemnities of death, judgment, hell, and eternity. He himself says—and he never was accused of inflated statements—'it bore down all before it.' They would have listened to him until midnight, 'although,' says he, 'earth and hell were stirred up at first against me.' He also remarks that 'many, by this open-air preaching, will hear who otherwise would never hear at all.' The same observation was made in a letter lately received by the author from one of the first noblemen in the land. It runs thus:—'I thank you for your letter and annexed paper, and beg, in token of approval of missionary effort by outdoor preaching, to enclose a donation in aid of the movement. The gospel may thus be brought within the hearing of some who might otherwise never hear it."

The use of the native Irish tongue was the great key to the hearts of Erin's sons; when men hear in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God, the gospel comes with power: Ireland wants Irish preachers, and they must preach *in Irish* if men are to be saved. More attention should be given to this by our societies than they are ever likely to afford it. Graham's testimony is most decisive as to the power of their own mother tongue over Irish hearts.

"The Irish language was fully used in all that country, especially in the counties of Leitrim and Sligo. It was a powerful weapon in the hands of 'these ministers of flame.' It was so with the Hebrew language in St. Paul's time—'And when they heard that he spake in the *Hebrew* tongue to them, they kept the more silence.' Acts xxii. 2. And still there are multitudes in those parts who would be glad to hear the word of life in their own loved language. In Thomas Walsh's time the people frequently rose *en masse* and said, after 'hearing in their own language the wonderful works of God,' 'we will follow you all over the world.' It was equally so in the hands of those heaven-appointed messengers, and the people uttered again and again the same language to them. The following lines on preaching in the Irish language are highly appropriate here:—

'Fail not to scatter wide the holy word
In *native seed*, congenial to the soil,
And fear not for the blessing of the Lord,
Who will not render void thy faithful toil:
And soon, oh soon, shall Erin's fertile field
A rich return, a glorious harvest yield.'"

Hard as Irish Catholics are to move, the preaching of the gospel stirred them as the leaves of the forest in the wind. The Holy Ghost broke the bonds of bigotry, as Samson snapped the green withes. When shall the like be seen again?

"The Romanists flocked to hear them in all directions, and several renounced the Church of Rome altogether; in fact, it was one continued stream of divine influence following in every direction. Wherever they went the Lord worked with them. In Boyle they met with stern resistance. At other times wrath was restrained, and the foe was quiet. . . . ."

"At *the Poles*, near Kingscourt, the heavens were opened unto us. At Kingscourt the Catholics and all were powerfully affected. At Bailieborough we attacked the devil's kingdom at once. The poor Methodists were alarmed, having never seen mission work on that fashion; but they had their eyes opened very soon. One girl said, 'the day of judgment was coming.' The word of the Lord like thunder awoke many, and one Catholic woman found peace with God. Next night, two more shed tears like the pouring out of water. We came to Cavan sounding the gospel-trumpet all the way. It was a fair-day. We were as wet as we could be, but neither of us dried or refreshed ourselves until we preached in the fair. A lady who saw us through her window wept all the time. . . . ."

"At Castleblaney fair, a large concourse, mostly Roman Catholics, heard the word with joy. Soon there was a noise and a cry from every quarter; not 'the confused noise' of the battle-field, but the result of the burning power of the Word, and the fire of heavenly love. The gospel soon spread far and wide. In the evening, at Mr. M'Birney's the scene was more surprising. The people followed the missionaries. Roman Catholics smote their breasts, kissed the ground, and, crying aloud for mercy, wept bitterly. O for such times again! It was the Lord's doings, and truly marvellous."

The zeal of the preachers made them speak whenever they found opportunity; and, indeed, they made opportunities where other men would have seen none.

"The next remarkable account is that of their preaching to a wedding party, while the priest, who was waiting for them, looked on from the chapel door. Ousely alighted from his horse, and knelt down on the road to pray with the young people, who also knelt, and truly it was 'a time of refreshing.' 'We,' says Mr. Graham, 'exhorted them to get themselves joined to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to prepare for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. The word was blessed to them, and soon their tears began to flow.' Mr. Armstrong, the circuit preacher, who then accompanied Graham and Ousely, was so overcome at seeing those poor Roman Catholics so broken down, that he declared—'I could lay down my life for them.' All this time the priest did not seem desirous to appear. He looked as if thunderstruck, and could not tell what to make of it; but probably he soon found it out. It was altogether a strange scene on a wedding-day, and not likely to be readily forgotten. It would present a fine subject for the pencil of a Raphael to see three Methodist preachers kneeling on the open road, holding their horses' bridles, surrounded by a wedding party, calling on God for mercy, while tears flowed apace, the chapel in the distance, with the priest peeping out from behind the half-open door, and manifesting all the emotions, no doubt, of amazement and fear, as if enquiring 'What does all this mean?'

"The servants of the Lord went on their way rejoicing, while the bewildered party repaired to the chapel to meet their still more bewildered clergyman. Here we may surely say they were '*instant* in season,' and, as in this instance, '*out of season*.'"

The success of the Wesleyan evangelists was most glorious; the *bona*

fide increase of Methodism in Ireland in one year was 3,065. Many of the noblest names in the Wesleyan roll of honour hail from the Emerald Isle, and either directly or through their parents were won over during these times of refreshing. Remarkable conversions were common. Such cases as the following were frequent :—

"In the benighted town of *Athboy* Mr. Ouseley sounded the alarm in the streets, and then called them in to prayer. Many who could not get in knelt outside the window, bathed in tears. Oh, what a pity to see these poor sheep perishing for lack of knowledge! At Oldcastle the Catholics flocked to hear us as they did before, and the Lord blessed his word to them; and at the market, next day, they seemed as much athirst for the word as the gaping land for the falling rain. It was truly affecting to see them falling on their knees, and looking up to heaven for mercy. At our last visit, one of them left the mass and never returned. The whole town seemed alarmed that night, for the market people waited to hear us at Mr. Henry's. At Ballyjamesduff we preached in the Presbyterian Meeting-house, and the presence of the Lord filled the place. Catholics attended, and all yielded as melting wax before the fire. Next day at the market, many were cut to the heart. On these two market-days and the Sabbath you would imagine the whole country was alarmed. The family that invited us were truly converted to God, and their neighbours were all awakened out of their long sleep of sin. Within the last six weeks I may safely say hundreds of souls have been convinced and converted."

Some special cases deserve particular notice, as magnifying the grace of God :—

"On their return to Brookborough, they met a man who appears, from Mr. Graham's description, to bear all the marks of Terence M'Gowan, familiarly called Terry M'Gowan—the famous cockfighter, who lived near Maguiresbridge. His conversion was on this wise. He came to the town with a game-cock to enter that day in the ring: on his turning the corner of the street, with the cock under his long swallow-tailed coat, two men on horseback, with 'black caps,' presented themselves to him. He was astonished, but more so when he heard them describe, in his own sweet-toned Irish language, the solemnities of the day for which all other days were made; together with the fearful doom of the wicked for ever, as also the joy of the righteous at God's right hand, and then urging all to an immediate surrender to Christ. Poor Terry was indeed terrified, and actually thought the day of judgment was just at hand. He also thought it was high time for him to begin to pray, and involuntarily put both hands together, and lifted them up towards heaven, and no doubt with streaming eyes. Of course the *game-cock* fled, perhaps to fall into better hands, but this was a matter of perfect indifference with Terence. He prayed, and wept, and cried aloud again and again to God for mercy, for Christ's sake; and while pleading thus, the Lord, in compassion, spoke peace to his bewildered and alarmed conscience. Then and there he could now sing, as with buoyant heart and step he bounded home to tell his wife and children the strange *victory* he obtained, not at the cock-pit, but the one described, in the language of Charles Wesley :—

'My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.'

"Of course, his terrified wife and children did not know what to make of it, and thought he was deranged. He had all of them on their knees at once, to return thanks to God for the deliverance obtained. His wife supposing him insane, sent one of her children to a neighbour's house, to beseech them to send immediately for the priest, for that 'Terry had come home from the market out of his mind.'

"The priest was not long coming, and enquired of Terry 'what was the matter?'

"'Never better in my life,' said Terry.

"'Nonsense,' said the priest; 'did you hear the black caps?'

"'I did,' said Terry, 'thank God.'

"'So I thought,' said the priest; 'those fellows would set the world mad. Will you now mind your business, Terry, and go to your duty on next Sabbath?'

"'I will,' said Terry, 'if your reverence does one thing for me.'

"'What is that, Terry,' said the priest.

"'It is to come with me to Maguiresbridge in order to get the Lord to *undo* what he did there for me to-day.'

"'What did he do for you there?' said the priest.

"'He said to me there,' said Terry, 'Terry M'Gowan, your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you.'

"'I give you up as a lost case,' said the priest.

"From that time forth Terry was allowed to go on his way rejoicing—'waxing stronger and stronger.' He began to hold prayer-meetings round the country, and became a 'burning and a shining light'—at least in his own plain way, for many years. He was made exceedingly useful in his day, and has long since passed away 'triumphant to the skies.' . . . ."

"A Methodist class meeting was established by Mr. Ouseley, in a dark part of the County Clare, and a leader was appointed to meet it who had to come from a distance. Some of the Romanists, hearing that 'a new religion' was to be thus imported to the country, resolved to destroy the house where the class was met. Accordingly, having watched the leader's movements, this party followed him on a Sabbath morning, resolving to make short work of this 'new sect.' They besieged the house, and sent in the ringleader to watch the movements, and to give the signal for their entrance at the proper time; but, to the great surprise of the gang outside, Pat did not reappear as soon as they expected. They were utterly confused and disappointed. 'The hymn was first given out and sung.' 'This is very *purty* (pretty), said Pat; 'I'll not disturb them yet.' Prayer was offered up. 'I'll let them alone until they have done with their prayers,' said he to himself. The class began, and he said to himself, 'I'll hear what they have to say.' The leader at length accosted the rude stranger thus:—'My good man, did you ever know yourself a sinner before God, and that you deserved to be excluded for ever from his presence?' Pat wept exceedingly, and cried out, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! what shall I do? I'm a wicked sinner. The whole meeting joined in earnest prayer for him, and very soon Pat was 'sitting at the feet of Jesus, quiet, and in his right mind. What wonders grace can do! . . . ."

"A Roman Catholic who had heard Messrs. Ousely and Graham in the streets of Ballyshannon, where they first commenced their general mission labours, was deeply convinced of sin, but strove by every method to resist the impressions, and quench the Spirit's operations. At length he entered the army, and fought in the battle of Waterloo. Multitudes were falling on every side. All his former convictions returned with tenfold force, and fearing he might be the next called off, and remembering some of the expressions made use of in the sermons and prayers of the missionaries twenty years before, he began to plead with God for mercy, and asked him for the sake of Christ, to forgive his sins. On the spot, and in the midst of shot and shell, he found peace. He escaped unhurt, returned to Dublin, and was then walking in the ways of the Lord."

We wonder not at the success of the two great preachers when, combined with zeal such as glowed in the bosoms of apostles, we find them guided by rules at once so Christlike and wise as those which are recorded in their minutes. All ministers will do well to make a copy for their study wall.

"'Q. 23. What can be done for the revival of the work of God in Ireland?

"'A. 1. Let us humble ourselves before God. The revival must begin with ourselves. Let us use self-denial.

"'2. Let us be more careful in giving to God, through Jesus Christ, the entire glory of all the good wrought in and by us. He must be our 'all in all.'

"'3. Let us, as preachers, be more simple, evangelical, practical, and zealous in our preaching.

"'4. Let us not aim at what sermon-hunters call *fine preaching*, in order to be popular.

"'5. Let us frequently insist on the doctrine of original sin. It is not stale or worn out; it is fundamental.

"'6. Let us, above all things, be zealous to bring our hearers to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

"'7. Let us press upon believers the necessity of increasing in holiness, and of dying daily and walking with God.

"'8. Let us faithfully preach practical holiness, and tear the mask from the face of the hypocrite.

"'9. Let us never omit a pointed, faithful, yet loving application at the close of our sermons.'"

We close these extracts, gathered from a capital book, with the account of Lough Derg and Bartley Campbell:—

"The celebrated Lough Derg is about two miles long, and, from its irregularity, about fifteen miles in circumference. From the town of Donegal it is five miles distant. A more solitary place for devotional purposes could not possibly be selected, being in the centre of a wild and mountainous tract of country, on whose surrounding hills not a trace of vegetation is to be seen—adding to its gloomy solemnity. It is well adapted for religious contemplation. The mind is excited to an obliviousness of worldly cares, feeling, as Selkirk describes Juan Fernandez, 'out of humanity's reach.' In the lake are several islands; the one resorted to by 'the pilgrims' is about half-a-mile from the shore, and called, 'St. Patrick's Purgatory.' It is only one hundred and twenty-six yards long, and forty-two broad. The cave is seventeen yards long, and two yards wide, and so low that a tall man could not stand erect in it. The floor is the natural rock, and scarcely any light enters the place. This is one of the places for devotion. There are two chapels, a good house for the clergy, and a few cabins have been erected. These nearly occupy the whole extent of the surface of the island. The 'stations' commence on the first of June, and end on the 15th of August, during which time multitudes of 'pilgrims,' of both sexes, are seen flocking to it from all quarters to do penance. From ten to twelve thousand annually resort to it, each person paying sixpence for being ferried into the island, which is done by a man who keeps boats for the purpose, and to whom the ferry is let at £260 per annum When pilgrims arrive in the vicinity of the holy lake, they take off their hats and shoes, and go bareheaded and barefooted, always carrying beads, a staff, or a cross in their hands. The time generally taken to perform 'a station' is three days, unless in case of extraordinary turpitude, when it requires six, or nine. They commence by asking the prior's blessing at St. Patrick's altar, say one Paternoster, one Ave Maria, and one Creed. Rising up, they kiss the stone of the altar, and from thence go into the chapel, when they say three Paternosters—'Our Father,' or the Lord's prayer, ten Ave Marias, and seven Creeds. They then go round one of the chapels seven times, saying ten Ave Marias again, and seven Paternosters every round. Thrice they surround and kiss a large stone cross, fixed in the centre of a bed, saying the same number of prayers as before. This course must be repeated every day. The last twenty-four hours of the 'station' must be spent in one of the chapels, called 'the prison,' during which time no food is allowed the pilgrims but oaten bread and 'wine;' but the wine is only the water of the lake made lukewarm, and is said to have the property of real wine. Sleep is denied them, and if any drowsiness appears

they get a friendly twitch of a rod from persons appointed for that purpose. In this last place (the prison) they say a decade, that is, ten Paternosters, ten Aves, and ten Creeds. A dip in the water was formerly necessary to complete the purgation, but is dispensed with latterly, because of its injurious effect. There is a burying ground on an island close by, called 'The Saints' Island,' for those who die when on station, which, through privation and fatigue, frequently happens.

"It was to this place poor Bartley Campbell resorted to expiate his guilt. He had to come forty Irish miles. He went through the required ceremonies, and received absolution from the officiating priest, but his conscience was more disquieted than ever. Before he left, he once more applied to the priest.

"'Did I not give you absolution?' said he.

"'You did, father,' said Bartley.

"'And do you deny the authority of the church?' said the priest.

"'By no means,' said poor Bartley, 'but my soul is in misery; what shall I do?'

"'Do,' said the priest, 'why, go to bed and sleep.'

"'Sleep!' exclaimed the bewildered pilgrim, 'no, father; perhaps if I did I might awake in hell.'

"The priest threatened him with the usual pastoral punishment. The awakened penitent hastened to a retired spot, threw himself on the ground, and with tears and groans prayed to God for light, and found peace in Christ. At once he began to exhort the pilgrims, that they too should obtain the same peace of mind. The priest was alarmed, and drove him from the place. Bartley returned home, 'rejoicing in the God of his salvation,' and was ever afterwards known as 'The Lough Derg pilgrim and preacher.' He became a witness for what he called 'the cure' of the soul, which he ceased not to proclaim to priest and people wherever he went. He became remarkably useful, and was a great favourite with Dr. Coke. He heralded him from place to place, as an official would a judge of assize, and, with amazing influence, obtained crowds to hear the doctor. Henry Moore, in his Autobiography, states that he admired Bartley's simple but devout character; that he had a strong understanding, and great ardency of spirit; that he perfectly understood the Irish language, and became a means of great good to the Roman Catholics, from whom he separated. 'He walked,' says Moore, 'a hundred miles to see me when I was stationed in Dublin. He gave me an account of the work of God in those parts near the place where he lived. I admired 'the grace of God in him,' and rejoiced for all the good that he had received from the Lord, and for what he had enabled him to do, considering his uncultivated mind; and I was amused with some of his strong expressions. At any meeting where no conversions took place, he called it a 'sham fight.'

Ritualism.*

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

WHAT do we mean by Ritualism? This is a question which requires some consideration, in order to answer it fully and definitely. To our mind, it is unfledged and callow Papacy, which only needs maturing to develop into the genuine article itself. It disclaims the name of Protestantism, and has made definite overtures to Rome, though with scant success. It is a halting, and if it were not for the solemn principles involved, a ludicrous counterfeiting of

* For our authorities, see "Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual, published 1867;" "The Little Primer, a Handbook of Christian Doctrine;" "Manual of Devotions and Directions for Members of the Church of England;" "The Little Office Book."

Romanism in its worst and most arrogant form. It would be all that Rome is, but that its Episcopal leading-strings, state control, and silver cradle, keep it awhile in check. If Rome be compared to a lamp, Ritualism is but the rush-light; and both belong to the night and have no connection with the great orb of day, God's own Sun, whose beams give light and life. As the paltry fountains of Trafalgar Square are to the splendour of those of the Crystal Palace, so is Ritualism to Romanism; and both hold the same position to the truth of the Bible, that these human contrivances do to the simple magnificence and grand simplicity of God's hydraulics, the sun and the winds, the clouds and the sea—giving us the rains and dews, the fountains and rivers, to water and fertilise the whole world.

At the outset we object to Ritualism, first, as unscriptural, using the word as distinguished from anti-scriptural. The appeal on the part of its advocates is not to the Bible, but to tradition, to the Fathers, to the acts and councils of fallible men. It has its source, confessedly, rather in the darkness of the middle ages than in the teaching of that Truth whose entrance giveth the true light; and it seeks to perpetuate the performances and the habiliments of a corrupted and comparatively modern system, rather than the doctrines and spirit of the faith once delivered to the saints. It is in its origin alike too old, and too new. Too old, we say, as it does not draw its existence daily from the Bible, as our world does its light each morn from the sun; too new, we add, for it does not catch its flame from the cloven Tongue of Fire at Pentecost, and the altar of the early church: but from the dull glimmer of the mediæval shrine, and the glitter of a semi-pagan fire which overran the church, and consumed its vitality under the reign of that baptised heathen, Constantine the Great. It has clearly added to the words of the Book of the Prophecy, and will have to reap the plagues which are written in that book.

Its favourite position, that outward acts can symbolise truth, and that they can convey, through physical deeds, spiritual blessings, is, we remark, secondly, as unphilosophic as it is unscriptural. To teach chiefly by symbols is as difficult and uncertain as to write in hieroglyphics; and in both cases there is an equally imperative demand for a key to solve the riddle. Let any symbolic deed be performed, and it will be susceptible of as many interpretations as the divergence of thought and judgment in men can append to it. We remember reading a story of one whose hobby it was to find out a universal language of symbolism. He was promised to be introduced to a professor of the art at some university. The learned professors in despair at being expected to produce such a curious person, had recourse to a one-eyed butcher. The interview was arranged—the enthusiast held up one finger, the butcher held up two—the reply was given by the elevation of three. The butcher then closed his fist in a rage, and extended his arm towards the stranger. Here the interview closed, the gentleman being perfectly satisfied. But what did all this teach? He of the symbolic language explained that he held up one finger to intimate that there was one God; the reply by the two fingers was the twofold nature of Christ: the further extension of three fingers showed the Trinity, and the closed fist intimated the perfect unity of the Godhead. The butcher's explanation of the interview, however, was different; in a fury of wrath he said, "The man held up one finger to taunt me with only having one eye. I held up two fingers to show that my eye was as good as his two; and then he held three to suggest that we had only as many eyes between us, whereupon I clenched my fist, to show him that if he did not mind what he was after I would knock him down." Such is the value of symbolic teaching as compared with the simple preaching of the gospel to every creature, so that every man can hear in the tongue in which he was born the wonderful works and mercy of the Lord. A candle lighted may intimate that Christ is the light of the world, but it may also teach that men are in darkness and need some light, and are walking by sparks of their own kindling. Extinguishing a number of candles, one after the other, may teach the successive trials of our Lord, culminating in

total darkness, and his bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" but it may also teach that the candle of the wicked shall be put out, or that evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, or anything else you please.

Nor is it less absurd that men should assert the possibility of communicating life by such deeds as sprinkling a few drops of water on an infant's face—the changing of elements of bread and wine into the real presence and body of our Lord by the uttering of certain words—the imparting of the Holy Ghost by laying on of hands, not because of a fresh inspiration received themselves, connecting them anew with the Fountain Head, but by virtue of a continuity which never existed, and which has been as a matter of history rendered impossible time after time. If these things were stated as having taken place in the laboratory of a chemist, in the studio of some philosopher, or in the manufactory of an inventor, one laugh of scorn at the ridiculousness of the pretensions would be raised to cry down the deceivers. These pretensions are not as the wonders of divine acting, superhuman and supernatural—they are opposed to all we know and to all we have revealed. These men are the agents of, and profess by manifest causes to produce, mystic effects which bear no relation to the deeds at all. Our judgment, which always requires for every effect an adequate cause, and for every cause an appropriate effect, revolts from the bare idea of spiritual salvation by materialistic manipulation, and on the basis of soundest philosophy is compelled to condemn the assertions of Ritualism as bad in principle, and opposed to all ascertained facts.

A more serious charge, however, is that Ritualism is opposed to Scripture, and deludes men into the belief of *a lie*.

We will take up the different points of Ritualistic teaching, and show that the Bible flatly contradicts its assertions.

Priesthood.—The Ritualists would have us to receive the ministers of their communion as priests, meaning by it "sacrificing priests," ἱερεύς, a name which in no single instance is ever applied to the ministers of the gospel in the New Testament, and yet this would have been a natural word for Jewish writers to employ, familiar as they must have been with it from daily associations with the temple and synagogue; but, as we believe, they designedly left it unused, as not conveying the truth they wished to teach. The words employed are first:

Εὐαγγελιστής, an evangelist—one who announces good news, but certainly not one who offers a sacrifice.

ποιμήν, a shepherd, a pastor—who feeds and shepherds the flock—not slays and sacrifices to make an oblation.

Another name is ἐπίσκοπος, an overlooker, or overseer, to watch over and survey the church of God, but certainly with no view to make propitiation for its sins.

A fourth name is πρεσβύτερος, a presbyter, or elder. This is no doubt the origin of the word "priest," through either the German, *prester*, or the French, *prêtre;* but our modern use of the word is identical rather with the Latin, *sacerdos*, and both by Romanists and Ritualists is meant to define a class of men who have a right to make a sacrifice, and forgive, or at least, secure pardon for sins.

One other word remains, διάκονος, a servant, or deacon, to wait upon the church, and to be a δοῦλος, or slave to the church's Lord.

The word ἱερεύς is not used to denote an officer of the church, because such office ceased when our great High Priest by one offering perfected for ever them which are sanctified. To use it now is to insult the perfection of his work, and to invade the dignity of an office which is his alone. Moreover, the use made of the word ἱερεύς in the Bible is as significant as its suppression where some would have it to be employed. It is applied to the whole church. "Ye," says Peter, "are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood" (βασίλειον ἱεράτευμα). It is our office (all of us) to do good and to communicate, for with such sacrifices (τοιαύταις θυσίαις) God is well pleased. By our risen Lord we are to present spiritual sacrifices to our God. Let us offer the sacrifice of praise (θυσίαν

αἰνέσεως). Each child, however young, each sister in the church, however poor or aged, is as much a priest (ἱερεύς) as was the apostle Peter himself.

Moreover, no provision is made in the New Testament for a priestly office as apart from the universal priesthood of Christians. No words are employed which would suit their purpose to-day, new ones have to be coined for the occasion. There are no directions for the performance of their most solemn ceremonies. All is human, if not worse, and no shred of Scripture is to be produced for the confirmation of their claims to special priesthood with its attendant rites and ceremonies.

We are prepared to go a step further, and challenge an appeal to the early Fathers (those junior students of the church, rather than its tutors) for any teaching there which will justify the modern pretensions to a priesthood which excludes any of the believers: "All ye are brethren." When he arose from the grave, and in triumph passed into the skies, he gave gifts to men. "Some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." No mention is here made of priests, nor any reference to a sacrifice; and when any claim to introduce these, we reply, "Paul we know, and Cephas we know, but who are YE."

In the full and detailed directions to Timothy no reference is made to any of the duties of a priest, and the want of a precept here is to our mind a precept in itself. Where the Bible is silent, we are deaf, and where it has no command, we desire not, will not, indeed cannot, obey. Nor is it necessary. The officers given to the church are ample. They are "for the perfecting of the saints," and we can well afford to dispense with the "priest." "The work of the ministry" can be done without them, the body of the Lord be edified in their absence, and all this will suffice "till we come in the unity of the faith unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," and with that we are content. We shall be satisfied when we awake up in his likeness.

Ceremonies.—Two symbolic ordinances have been instituted by the great Head of the church. Both of them when rightly used a means of grace to the recipients, and a testimony to those who are still out of the way. These the Ritualists take, and so mutilate and expand, that nothing is left of the original but the name.

Baptism, which was designed of the Lord to exhibit the invisible baptism of the Holy Ghost which, acting upon every part of the man's spiritual being, recreates him so that he is born again—beautifully shadowing forth the burial with Christ, and our death in and with him to the world, that we may in and with him also rise to a newness of life. Our testimony of obedience to the invitation of one whose we are, and whom we pledge ourselves to serve.

Now, it would be thought that those who call especial attention to the ceremonies of the church would have been anxious to secure the exactest adherence to the model revealed in the word of God, but the opposite is the case. The method is changed, and another subject is adopted, while additions are made which destroy yet more the spirit and design of the ordinance. No longer an immersion, it is a dropping and crossing. No longer a believer, an intelligent agent, but an unconscious, helpless babe; no type of a Spirit already received, and a pledging into the service of our God, in whom they have already exercised a faith which has brought salvation and everlasting life; but by this human deed the spirit is to be imparted, the service of God is to be assumed, the life eternal is to be bestowed, and they are to be "made children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." The bare mention of the facts is their refutation. To expose them to the light is to destroy them, for there is no life in them. Was it in order to find basins and fonts in which to sprinkle babies that John went to Enon near to Salim, or because there was much water there? Did the infants of that day feel their original depravity, and before overt acts of sin had taken place in their lives, did they confess the sin in which they were born, as they came to John to be baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins? or was the

ancient method an act of conscious homage on the part of disciples who wished to have part openly in a kingdom of heaven they had sought after and found, and thus felt it became them as heirs of glory and followers of Christ to fulfil all righteousness, as their Lord by example and precept had enjoined?

The Lord's-supper.—In connection with the memorial of our Lord's agony and love, the Ritualists outdo themselves in folly and inventiveness.

As if to preclude all error in the matter, or change of method in administering the ordinance, the apostle Paul left an inspired record of the form delivered unto himself, and which he had handed on to the church at Corinth. A form beautiful in its simplicity, and yet highly instructive in its details. Here are no pomp and show, no gorgeous vestments, and unknown incantations, no tinkling bell nor wreathed cloud of incense, no prostrations and genuflexions, nor yet elevations and adorations. All is simple, as befits an ordinance which is as duly administered in a cottage as in a palace, in a barn or cave and den of the earth, as in some splendid cathedral, or magnificent house built for God. It is meet that that ordinance should be void of intricate and expensive ceremonies, or mystic pretensions, seeing that it may be administered in the breaking of bread from house to house, and used by any hands which are cleansed in faith and prayer, and prepared by the power of God, albeit hard with toil, or worn and wasted by pain and age. They destroy the beautiful simplicity of the ordinance, and with that its power; and beside an empty ceremony, we stand with Mary weeping because they have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him.

No reference is made to any renewal of our Lord's sacrifice by the apostles. Paul speaks in one place of "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus." Again, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus:" again, "who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church." Now without staying to explain these passages, they clearly are not connected with the Lord's-supper. By personal suffering for Christ, and thus following him, Paul repeated in himself the life and death of our Lord. Such a sacrificing still becomes us, going to him without the camp bearing his reproach.

"Buried with him in baptism unto death." "As oft as ye do this, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." "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!" Another set of texts, but certainly nothing that favours transubstantiation or consubstantiation—the real presence or anything approaching to it, in the elements of the Lord's Supper. These are all connected with teaching, and are acts which relate to the whole church, and not to any particular officers in it. Jesus is set forth in baptism, in the Lord's-supper, in the lives and preaching of his saints; but he is not repeated, his death is not died afresh, nor is his body once more recreated. All is symbol, and the whole church shares in the honour of being a living epistle of her Lord, known and read of all men.

One passage is at times quoted with a desire to prove that the apostles were then engaged in some such ceremonies as the Ritualists indulged in. In the thirteenth of Acts, the apostles and others are thus spoken of:—"As they ministered to the Lord and fasted." And turning to the Greek Testament you will see the original to be λειτουργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν. Now the word there employed is used of kings λειτουργοὶ θεοῦ—ministers of God. Another use of it is, λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα—"Ministering spirits," meaning the angels, so that this cannot be held to be any special priestly act, such as administrating a sacrament like the Ritualists' mass. Upon this as upon other points it becomes us to be on our guard, lest we be wise above what is written, and turn aside to cunningly devised fables.

As to the Mass itself, for so they delight to call it, in which they affirm that there is the "real presence" of Christ, and are therefore reverent to the crumbs of bread or wafer, because it is the body of Christ, and are particular about the

drops of wine on a moustache, as you may have noticed in some of their papers, because it is the blood of Christ. If Christ is actually present in flesh, how can the ordinance be for the *remembrance* of him, for the memory exercises itself only on absent objects? With this agrees the passage, While we are at home in the body *we are absent* from the Lord; and again, We have a great high priest that is *passed into the heavens*, "Jesus the Son of God." "Whom the heavens must receive *till the time of the restitution of all things*." If the reply is, "Christ says, This is my body," we answer that same expression is used more than thirty times in the Bible, and this is the only instance in which they desire a literal and material signification to be given to it. "Now no Scripture is of private interpretation." This one instance must follow the rest, and especially so, seeing that when it was uttered, Christ's real body was there, apart from the elements of bread and wine, and the bread held forth was no part of his flesh which he was about to give them for a cannibal feast, for such it would have been if his words were to be taken away from their spiritual import, and held to be literally true.

The passage, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed—he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him," so often quoted at the communion table, was uttered when there was no such ordinance in existence—before the Master's death, and to disciples who had not then received the Lord's-supper, yet who were nevertheless living on Christ, for his own words are, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." It is not allowable then to append this quotation as a literal explanation to an ordinance not then instituted, seeing that the only import of the words at the time when spoken, was manifestly and of necessity a spiritual one.

Can it be a sacrifice at all? Seeing that, first, there is no *priest*, as we have already shown. Second.—No mention made of an *altar*, the Bible word being a "table," and the Homilies of the Church of England speak only of "the Lord's board." Third: No *victim*—for our Lord does not suffer again, repeating his agony. "Who, once sacrificed, art continually offered;" so says one of their manuals when addressing our Lord, even using the word "propitiation" to describe what they mean by the term. Now, it is either another propitiation in addition to our Lord's, which we certainly do not need (and to say that we do is to insult the perfection of his work), or else it is merely a symbolising of the first. It cannot be the original sacrifice repeated again, for no deed can be twice done; when repeated, it is a second act, and no longer the previous one. Men may advertise the capture of Magdala, but though there may be a mimic battle, a storming of a fort, and the firing of guns, etc., it is not the capture of Magdala, and cannot be, for that can only take place once. So with the death of Christ. He cannot himself undo his death and die it again. He himself has said, "It is finished." All beyond this is a lie if it pretends to anything else than a bringing his death to our remembrance, and a showing of it forth until he come. To adore the elements is nothing short of idolatry if Christ be not really in them; and to hold that he is bodily present, is opposed to Scripture, and to common sense; and to those who attach any importance to such a fact, we add, it is denounced by the authorities and standards of the established church of the land.

Dogmas.—Now, briefly on the topic of their DOGMAS, and teaching on other matters.

In perusing their devotional works, you will find addresses made to Mary, adoring her and invoking her intercession, as in the following extracts:—

"Hail, Mary; pray for me now and at the hour of death."
"May blessed Mary, ever virgin, and all thy saints intercede for them."

Speaking also at times of a "patron saint." Now, all this is opposed to the spirit and teaching of Christianity. We have need of no other Mediator than

the Daysman, our Goel or Kinsman, who lays his hand upon us both. A man, touched as our faithful High Priest, with a sense of our infirmities, seeing he has felt the same, and yet a God, able to make intercession for all according to their need. Such passages as the following, to our mind, at once destroy this hankering after saint worship, which is only another form of idolatry. The rebuke of the angel, when the apostle fell at his feet to worship him, "See thou do it *not:* for I am thy fellow servant: worship *God.*" "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." "There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man, Christ Jesus." Through him we both have access by one Spirit to the Father." "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Absolution is another form of error in their teaching, joined with its attendant, confession of sin and penances, "such as kneeling upon a marble slab, bare-kneed for five hours, repeating certain penitential psalms and prayers." The evils of the confessional and the abuses of the pretended power of absolution I need not detail. The Ritualists advocate both. A correspondent has furnished me with a copy of directions, published by the authorities in connection with St. Alban's Church, Holborn. One of them is as follows:—

"RULES FOR LENT, 1869.

"No. 13.—To increase one's communion, and to obey this law of the English Church, 'That if any one hath committed any mortal sin, he is to confess it to a Priest, before receiving the Holy Communion.'"

Such is the teaching of man, but we turn to Scripture. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" was a very proper question to put by the Scribes in their hearts, when our Lord said to the man sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." Who indeed! Well might Micah ask, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?" "If we confess our sins, *he* is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." We are to "Forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us." In the fulness, freeness, and accessibleness of divine forgiveness we see all we need, and we will not try other remedies, lest we fall into the snare of the devil, and be given over to a strong delusion to believe a lie. With the psalmist we will testify, "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Or with the man greatly beloved, "I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession." God spare our daughters from the pollution of a confessional, and our sons the hardness of heart springing from a human absolution. Let them take with them words and turn unto the *Lord,* and he will have mercy upon them, and to *our God,* for he will abundantly pardon.

A passage in Matthew has seemed to favour the dogma of human absolution, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," but this is said not of the apostles, but of all Christians, indeed it comes in connection with the promise to two or three gathered together in Christ's name; so that it is taken away at once from the connection of a priestly absolution, seeing that it belongs (whatever it may be) to all alike, the layman, so called, as well as the ministers and officers of the church.

Again, when Christ had breathed on his disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," he said, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Our reply is, when any man has proved that Christ has breathed on him personally, as on the disciples, and said to him in the presence of witnesses, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," we will then consider, under the same conditions, whether there may not be the same power, till then there is no parallel.

We have no time to refer at length to their prayers for the dead, or as they put it, "for all the faithful departed." Suffice it to say, that, as the tree falleth, so it must for ever lie. If once the door be shut, they may cry this side the grave or the other, "Lord, Lord, open unto us"—but it will be answered, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." They will find then as Esau, when he had sold his birthright, that there is *afterwards* no place for repentance, though they seek it carefully with tears. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still," will be words prophetic of their doom, where the smoke of their torment goeth up for ever and ever—"where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Spirit and Results.—But, after all, the great charge we make against Ritualism, is, that its *spirit* and results are even worse than its forms. It calls off the mind from the inner worship to the external show of religion, and thus shuts out the brightness of day, to make its "dim religious light," in which men lose their way, and turn to another gospel, which is not another. Men ask for the bread of life sent down from heaven, and they get a stone dug from the grave of dead formality. Men ask for a fish whose wholesome sustenance shall refresh them, and a serpent, which alike deludes and stings, is presented. Its victims seek for an egg, and a scorpion is put into their hand; they need the water of life—a painted fountain is pointed out. In other words men are ruined by these physicians of no value. Blind leaders of the blind, they will both fall into the ditch. For the wearied one, tired of the world's vanities, they have only a heavier burden still to tell them of:—"Do this and live," is ever their cry. Their highest conception of Christian life is not that it is like salt in the world, with a personal savour seeking to subdue corruption, and imbue all men with its spirit and power. No. In cloisters they must immure themselves like brother Ignatius, calling out for mops and brooms for his monastery at Norwich—a feeble imitation of the elder sister at Rome. And all this in a Protestant country, with the prestige of a national church, and the charmed circle of state patronage and control thrown around it—though to do them justice, they kick against the rule, though they do not scruple to take the pay. They have promised obedience to certain authority, and yet they outrage its plainest precepts, and insult, by disobedience, its most solemn verdicts. All this rebellion we are glad to see, and only hope that resisting evil in one form they may go on to perfection. They find it inconvenient now, we hope they will soon see it to be unprofitable, and that will help them, we trust, to discover that it is wrong.

In conclusion, brethren, let us cleave to the simple word of God, determining to hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus, and not as it is in the Prayer Book, or Thirty-nine Articles. Let others do as they may with alb and cope, chasuble and dalmatic, paten and thurifer, small boys and great crucifixes, *we* will serve the Lord, determining to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Collectors for the Orphanage.

WE have received kind letters from about six ladies, who volunteer to collect for our orphan children. We thank these heartily; but surely this half-dozen cannot be all our friends who sympathise with the work which we have undertaken. Will not more be speedily forthcoming? They will cheer us much.

Expositions of the Psalms.

PSALM XL.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician. *Well might so exceedingly precious a Psalm be specially committed to the most skilled of the sacred musicians. The noblest music should be made tributary to a subject so incomparable. The dedication shows that the song was intended for public worship, and was not a merely personal hymn as its being in the first person singular might lead us to suppose.* A Psalm of David. *This is conclusive as to the authorship: lifted by the Holy Spirit into the region of prophecy, David was honoured thus to write concerning a far greater than himself.*

SUBJECT.—*Jesus is evidently here, and although it might not be a violent wresting of language to see both David and his Lord, both Christ and the church, the double comment might involve itself in obscurity, and therefore we shall let the sun shine even though this should conceal the stars. Even if the New Testament were not so express upon it, we should have concluded that David spoke of our Lord in verses* 6—9, *but the apostle in* Heb. x. 5—9, *puts all conjecture out of court, and confines the meaning to Him who came into the world to do the Father's will.*

DIVISION.—*From verses* 1—3, *is a personal thanksgiving, followed by a general declaration of Jehovah's goodness to his saints.* 4, 5. *In verses* 6—10. *we have an avowal of dedication to the Lord's will; verses* 11—17. *contain a prayer for deliverance from pressing trouble, and for the overthrow of enemies.*

EXPOSITION.

I WAITED patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, *and* established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

1. "*I waited patiently for the Lord.*" Patient waiting upon God was a special characteristic of our Lord Jesus. Impatience never lingered in his heart, much less escaped his lips. All through his agony in the garden, his trial of cruel mockings before Herod and Pilate, and his passion on the tree, he waited in omnipotence of patience. No glance of wrath, no word of murmuring, no deed of vengeance came from God's patient Lamb; he waited and waited on; was patient, and patient to perfection, far excelling all others who have according to their measure glorified God in the fires. Job on the dunghill does not equal Jesus on the cross. The Christ of God wears the imperial crown among the patient. Did the Only Begotten wait, and shall we be petulant and rebellious? "*And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.*" Neither Jesus the head, nor any one of the members of his body, shall ever wait upon the Lord in vain. Mark the figure of inclining, as though the suppliant cried out of the lowest depression, and condescending love stooped to hear his feeble moans. What a marvel is it that our Lord Jesus should have to cry as we do, and wait as we do, and should receive the Father's help after the same process of faith and pleading as must be gone through by ourselves! The Saviour's prayers among the midnight mountains and in Gethsemane expound this verse. The Son of David was brought very low, but he rose to victory; and here he teaches us how to conduct our conflicts so as to succeed after the same glorious pattern of triumph. Let us arm ourselves with the same mind; and panoplied in patience, armed with prayer, and girt with faith, let us maintain the Holy War.

2. "*He brought me up also out of an horrible pit.*" When our Lord bore in

his own person the terrible curse which was due to sin, he was so cast down as to be like a prisoner in a deep, dark, fearful dungeon, amid whose horrible glooms the captive heard a noise as of rushing torrents, while overhead resounded the tramp of furious foes. Our Lord in his anguish was like a captive in the *oubliettes*, forgotten of all mankind, immured amid horror, darkness, and desolation. Yet the Lord Jehovah made him to ascend from all his abasement; he retraced his steps from that deep hell of anguish into which he had been cast as our substitute. He who thus delivered our surety *in extremis*, will not fail to liberate us from our far lighter griefs. "*Out of the miry clay.*" The sufferer was as one who cannot find a foothold, but slips and sinks. The figure indicates not only positive misery as in the former figure, but the absence of solid comfort by which sorrow might have been rendered supportable. Once give a man good foothold, and a burden is greatly lightened, but to be loaded and to be placed on slimy, slippery clay, is to be tried doubly. Reader, with humble gratitude, adore the dear Redeemer who, for thy sake, was deprived of all consolation while surrounded with every form of misery; remark his gratitude at being upborne amid his arduous labours and sufferings, and if thou too hast experienced the divine help, be sure to join thy Lord in this song. "*And set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.*" The Redeemer's work is done. He reposes on the firm ground of his accomplished engagements; he can never suffer again; for ever does he reign in glory. What a comfort to know that Jesus our Lord and Saviour stands on a sure foundation in all that he is and does for us, and his goings forth in love are not liable to be cut short by failure in years to come, for God has fixed him firmly. He is for ever and eternally able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing that in the highest heavens he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Jesus is the true Joseph taken from the pit to be Lord of all. It is something more than a "sip of sweetness" to remember that if we are cast like our Lord into the lowest pit of shame and sorrow, we shall by faith rise to stand on the same elevated, sure, and everlasting rock of divine favour and faithfulness.

3. "*And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.*" At the passover, before his passion, our Lord sang one of the grand old Psalms of praise; but what is the music of his heart now, in the midst of his redeemed! What a song is that in which his glad heart for ever leads the chorus of the elect! Not Miriam's tabour nor Moses' triumphant hymn o'er Mizraim's chivalry can for a moment rival that ever new and exulting song. Justice magnified and grace victorious; hell subdued and heaven glorified; death destroyed and immortality established; sin o'erthrown and righteousness resplendent; what a theme for a hymn in that day when our Lord drinketh the red wine new with us all in our heavenly Father's kingdom! Even on earth, and before his great passion, he foresaw the joy which was set before him, and was sustained by the prospect. "*Our God.*" The God of Jesus, the God of Israel, "my God and your God." How will *we* praise him, but, ah! Jesus will be the chief player on our stringed instruments; he will lead the solemn hallelujah which shall go up from the sacramental host redeemed by blood. "*Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.*" A multitude that no man can number shall see the griefs and triumphs of Jesus, shall tremble because of their sinful rejection of him, and then through grace shall receive faith and become trusters in Jehovah. Here is our Lord's reward. Here is the assurance which makes preachers bold and workers persevering. Reader, are you one among the many? Note the way of salvation, a sight, a fear, a trust! Do you know what these mean by possessing and practising them in your own soul? Trusting in the Lord is the evidence, nay, the essence of salvation. He who is a true believer is evidently redeemed from the dominion of sin and Satan.

4 Blessed *is* that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O LORD my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

4. "*Blessed*" This is an exclamation similar to that of the first Psalm, "Oh, the happinesses of the man." God's blessings are emphatic, "I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed," indeed and in very truth. "*Is that man that maketh the Lord his trust.*" Faith obtaineth promises. A simple single-eyed confidence in God is the sure mark of blessedness. A man may be as poor as Lazarus, as hated as Mordecai, as sick as Hezekiah, as lonely as Elijah, but while his hand of faith can keep its hold on God, none of his outward afflictions can prevent his being numbered among the blessed: but the wealthiest and most prosperous man who has no faith is accursed, be he who he may. "*And respecteth not the proud.*" The proud expect all men to bow down and do them reverence, as if the worship of the golden calves were again set up in Israel; but believing men are too noble to honour mere money-bags, or cringe before bombastic dignity. The righteous pay their respect to humble goodness, rather than to inflated self-consequence. Our Lord Jesus was in this our bright example. No flattery of kings and great ones ever fell from his lips; he gave no honour to dishonourable men. The haughty were never his favourites. "*Nor such as turn aside to lies.*" Heresies and idolatries are lies, and so are avarice, worldliness, and pleasure-seeking. Woe to those who follow such deceptions. Our Lord was ever both the truth and the lover of truth, and the father of lies had no part in him. We must never pay deference to apostates, time-servers, and false teachers; they are an ill leaven, and the more we purge ourselves of them the better; they are blessed whom God preserves from all error in creed and practice. Judged by this verse, many apparently happy persons must be the reverse of blessed, for anything in the shape of a purse, a fine equipage, or a wealthy establishment, commands their reverence, whether the owner be a rake or a saint, an idiot or a philosopher. Verily, were the arch-fiend of hell to start a carriage and pair, and live like a lord, he would have thousands who would court his acquaintance.

5. "*Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done.*" Creation, providence, and redemption, teem with wonders as the sea with life. Our special attention is called by this passage to the marvels which cluster around the cross and flash from it. The accomplished redemption achieves many ends, and compasses a variety of designs; the outgoings of the atonement are not to be reckoned up, the influences of the cross reach further than the beams of the sun. Wonders of grace beyond all enumeration take their rise from the cross; adoption, pardon, justification, and a long chain of godlike miracles of love proceed from it. Note that our Lord here speaks of the Lord as "my God." The man Christ Jesus claimed for himself and us a covenant relationship with Jehovah. Let our interest in our God be ever to us our peculiar treasure. "*And thy thoughts which are to us-ward.*" The divine thoughts march with the divine acts, for it is not according to God's wisdom to act without deliberation and counsel. All the divine thoughts are good and gracious towards his elect. God's thoughts of love are very many, very wonderful, very practical! Muse on them, dear reader; no sweeter subject ever occupied your mind. God's thoughts of you are many, let not yours be few in return. "*They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee.*" Their sum is so great as to forbid alike analysis and numeration. Human minds fail to measure, or to arrange in order, the Lord's ways and thoughts; and it must always be so, for he hath said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." No maze to lose oneself in like the labyrinth of love. How sweet to be outdone, overcome and overwhelmed by the astonishing grace of the Lord our God! "*If I would declare and speak of them,*' and surely this should be the occupation of my tongue at all seasonable opportunities, "*they*

are more than can be numbered;" far beyond all human arithmetic they are multiplied; thoughts from all eternity, thoughts of my fall, my restoration, my redemption, my conversion, my pardon, my upholding, my perfecting, my eternal reward; the list is too long for writing, and the value of the mercies too great for estimation. Yet, if we cannot show forth all the works of the Lord, let us not make this an excuse for silence; for our Lord, who is in this our best example, often spake of the tender thoughts of the great Father.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me.

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law *is* within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

6. Here we enter upon one of the most wonderful passages in the whole of the Old Testament, a passage in which the incarnate Son of God is seen not through a glass darkly, but as it were face to face. "*Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire.*" In themselves considered, and for their own sakes, the Lord saw nothing satisfactory in the various offerings of the ceremonial law. Neither the victim pouring forth its blood, nor the fine flour rising in smoke from the altar, could yield content to Jehovah's mind; he cared not for the flesh of bulls or of goats, neither had he pleasure in corn and wine, and oil. Typically these offerings had their worth, but when Jesus, the Antitype, came into the world, they ceased to be of value, as candles are of no estimation when the sun has arisen. "*Mine ears hast thou opened.*" Our Lord was quick to hear and perform his Father's will; his ears were as if excavated down to his soul; they were not closed up like Isaac's wells, which the Philistines filled up, but clear passages down to the fountains of his soul. The prompt obedience of our Lord is here the first idea. There is, however, no reason whatever to reject the notion that the digging of the ear here intended may refer to the boring of the ear of the servant, who refused out of love to his master to take his liberty at the year of jubilee; his perforated ear, the token of perpetual service, is a true picture of our blessed Lord's fidelity to his Father's business, and his love to his Father's children. Jesus irrevocably gave himself up to be the servant of servants for our sake and God's glory. The Septuagint, from which Paul quoted, has translated this passage, "A body hast thou prepared me:" how this reading arose it is not easy to imagine, but since apostolical authority has sanctioned the variation, we accept it as no mistake, but as an instance of various readings equally inspired. In any case, the passage represents the Only Begotten as coming into the world equipped for service; and in a real and material body, by actual life and death, putting aside all the shadows of the Mosaic law. "*Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.*" Two other forms of offering are here mentioned; tokens of gratitude and sacrifices for sin as typically presented are set aside; neither the general nor the private offerings are any longer demanded. What need of mere emblems when the substance itself is present? We learn from this verse that Jehovah values far more the obedience of the heart than all the imposing performances of ritualistic worship; and that our expiation from sin comes not to us as the result of an elaborate ceremonial, but as the effect of our great Substitute's obedience to the will of Jehovah.

7. "*Then said I.*" That is to say, when it was clearly seen that man's misery

could not be remedied by sacrifices and offerings. It being certain that the mere images of atonement, and the bare symbols of propitiation were of no avail, the Lord Jesus, *in propriâ persona*, intervened. O blessed "then said I." Lord, ever give us to hear and feed on such living words as these, so peculiarly and personally thine own. "*Lo, I come.*" Behold, O heavens, and thou earth, and ye places under the earth! Here is something worthy of your intensest gaze. Sit ye down and watch with earnestness, for the invisible God comes in the likeness of sinful flesh, and as an infant the Infinite hangs at a virgin's breast! Immanuel did not send but *come;* he came in his own personality, in all that constituted his essential self he came forth from the ivory palaces to the abodes of misery; he came promptly at the destined hour; he came with sacred alacrity as one freely offering himself. "*In the volume of the book it is written of me.*" In the eternal decree it is thus recorded. The mystic roll of predestination which providence gradually unfolds, contained within it, to the Saviour's knowledge, a written covenant, that in the fulness of time the divine I should descend to earth to accomplish a purpose which hecatombs of bullocks and rams could not achieve. What a privilege to find our names written in the book of life, and what an honour, since the name of Jesus heads the page! Our Lord had respect to his ancient covenant engagements, and herein he teaches us to be scrupulously just in keeping our word; have we so promised, is it so written in the book of remembrance? then let us never be defaulters.

8. "*I delight to do thy will, O my God.*" Our blessed Lord alone could completely do the will of God. The law is too broad for such poor creatures as we are to hope to fulfil it to the uttermost: but Jesus not only did the Father's will, but found a delight therein; from old eternity he had desired the work set before him; in his human life he was straitened till he reached the baptism of agony in which he magnified the law, and even in Gethsemane itself he chose the Father's will, and set aside his own. Herein is the essence of obedience, namely, in the soul's cheerful devotion to God: and our Lord's obedience, which is our righteousness, is in no measure lacking in this eminent quality. Notwithstanding his measureless griefs, our Lord found delight in his work, and for "the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame." "*Yea, thy law is within my heart.*" No outward, formal devotion was rendered by Christ; his heart was in his work, holiness was his element, the Father's will his meat and drink. We must each of us be like our Lord in this, or we shall lack the evidence of being his disciples. Where there is no heart work, no pleasure, no delight in God's law, there can be no acceptance. Let the devout reader adore the Saviour for the spontaneous and hearty manner in which he undertook the great work of our salvation.

9. "*I have preached righteousness in the great congregation.*" The purest morality and the highest holiness were preached by Jesus. Righteousness divine was his theme. Our Lord's whole life was a sermon, eloquent beyond compare, and it is heard each day by myriads. Moreover, he never shunned in his ministry to declare the whole counsel of God; God's great plan of righteousness he plainly set forth. He taught openly in the temple, and was not ashamed to be a faithful and a true witness. He was the great evangelist; the master of itinerant preachers; the head of the clan of open-air missionaries. O servants of the Lord, hide not your lights, but reveal to others what your God has revealed to you; and especially by your lives testify for holiness, be champions for the right, both in word and deed. "*Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.*" Never either from love of ease, or fear of men, did the Great Teacher's lips become closed. He was instant in season and out of season. The poor listened to him, and princes heard his rebuke; Publicans rejoiced at him, and Pharisees raged, but to them both he proclaimed the truth from heaven. It is well for a tried believer when he can appeal to God and call him to witness that he has not been ashamed to bear witness for him; for rest assured if we are not ashamed to confess our God, he will never be ashamed to own us. Yet what a wonder is here, that the Son of God should plead just as we plead, and urge just

such arguments as would befit the mouths of his diligent ministers! How truly is he "made like unto his brethren."

10. "*I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart.*" On the contrary, "Never man spake like this man." God's divine plan of making men righteous was well known to him, and he plainly taught it. What was in our great Master's heart he poured forth in holy eloquence from his lips. The doctrine of righteousness by faith he spake with great simplicity of speech. Law and gospel equally found in him a clear expositor. "*I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation.*" Jehovah's fidelity to his promises and his grace in saving believers were declared by the Lord Jesus on many occasions, and are blessedly blended in the gospel which he came to preach. God, faithful to his own character, law and threatenings, and yet saving sinners, is a peculiar revelation of the gospel. God faithful to the saved ones evermore is the joy of the followers of Christ Jesus. "*I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.*" The tender as well as the stern attributes of God, our Lord Jesus fully unveiled. Concealment was far from the Great Apostle of our profession. Cowardice he never exhibited, hesitancy never weakened his language. He who as a child of twelve years spake in the temple among the doctors, and afterwards preached to five thousand at Gennesaret, and to the vast crowds at Jerusalem on that great day, the last day of the feast, was always ready to proclaim the name of the Lord, and could never be charged with unholy silence. He could be dumb when so the prophecy demanded and patience suggested, but otherwise, preaching was his meat and his drink, and he kept back nothing which would be profitable to his disciples. This in the day of his trouble, according to this Psalm, he used as a plea for divine aid. He had been faithful to his God, and now begs the Lord to be faithful to him. Let every dumb professor, tongue-tied by sinful shame, bethink himself how little he will be able to plead after this fashion in the day of his distress.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13 Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

14 Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

15 Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

16 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

17 But I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me: thou *art* my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

11. "*Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord.*" Alas! these were to be for awhile withheld from our Lord while on the accursed tree, but meanwhile in his great agony he seeks for gentle dealing; and the coming of the angel to strengthen him was a clear answer to his prayer. He had been blessed aforetime in the desert, and now at the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, like a true, trustful, and experienced man, he utters a holy, plaintive desire for the tenderness of heaven. He had not withheld his testimony to God's truth, now in return he begs his Father not to withhold his compassion. This

verse might more correctly be read as a declaration of his confidence that help would not be refused; but whether we view this utterance as the cry of prayer, or the avowal of faith, in either case it is instructive to us who take our suffering Lord for an example, and it proves to us how thoroughly he was made like unto his brethren. "*Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.*" He had preached both of these, and now he asks for an experience of them, that he might be kept in the evil day and rescued from his enemies and his afflictions. Nothing endears our Lord to us more than to hear him thus pleading with strong crying and tears to him who was able to save. O Lord Jesus, in our nights of wrestling we will remember thee.

12. "*For innumerable evils have compassed me about.*" On every side he was beset with evils; countless woes environed the great Substitute for our sins. Our sins were innumerable, and so were his griefs. There was no escape for us from our iniquities, and there was no escape for him from the woes which we deserved. From every quarter evils accumulated about the blessed One, although in his heart evil found no place. "*Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up.*" He had no sin, but sins were laid on him, and he took them as if they were his. "He was made sin for us." The transfer of sin to the Saviour was real, and produced in him as man the horror which forbade him to look into the face of God, bowing him down with crushing anguish and woe intolerable. O my soul, what would thy sins have done for thee eternally if the Friend of sinners had not condescended to take them all upon himself! Oh, blessed Scripture! "The Lord hath made to meet upon him the iniquity of us all." Oh, marvellous depth of love, which could lead the perfectly immaculate to stand in the sinner's place, and bear the horror of great trembling which sin must bring upon those conscious of it. "*They are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.*" The pains of the divine penalty were beyond compute, and the Saviour's soul was so burdened with them, that he was sore amazed, and very heavy even unto a sweat of blood. His strength was gone, his spirits sank, he was in an agony.

"Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God,
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

There my God bore all my guilt;
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God;
Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love, his blood;
Sins against his name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

13. "*Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.*" How touching! How humble! How plaintive! The words thrill us as we think that after this sort our Lord and Master prayed. His petition is not so much that the cup should pass away undrained, but that he should be sustained while drinking it, and set free from its power at the first fitting moment. He seeks deliverance and help; and he entreats that the help may not be slow in coming; this is after the manner of our pleadings. Is it not? Note, reader, how our Lord was heard in that he feared, for there was after Gethsemane a calm endurance which made the fight as glorious as the victory.

14. "*Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it.*" Whether we read this as a prayer or a prophecy it matters not, for

the powers of sin, and death, and hell, may well be ashamed as they see the result of their malice for ever turned against themselves. It is to the infinite confusion of Satan that his attempt to destroy the Saviour destroyed himself; the diabolical conclave who plotted in council are now all alike put to shame, for the Lord Jesus has met them at all points, and turned all their wisdom into foolishness. "*Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.*" It is even so; the hosts of darkness are utterly put to the rout, and made a theme for holy derision for ever and ever. How did they gloat over the thought of crushing the seed of the woman! but the Crucified has conquered, the Nazarene has laughed them to scorn, the dying Son of Man has become the death of death and hell's destruction. For ever blessed be his name.

15. "*Let them be desolate,*" or amazed; even as Jesus was desolate in his agony, so let his enemies be in their despair when he defeats them. The desolation caused in the hearts of evil spirits and evil men by envy, malice, chagrin, disappointment, and despair, shall be a fit recompense for their cruelty to the Lord when he was in their hands. "*For a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.*" Did the foul fiend insult over our Lord? Behold how shame is now his reward! Do wicked men to-day pour shame upon the name of the Redeemer? Their desolation shall avenge him of his adversaries! Jesus is the gentle Lamb to all who seek mercy through his blood; but let despisers beware, for he is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and "who shall rouse him up?" The Jewish rulers exulted and scornfully said, "Aha, aha;" but when the streets of Jerusalem ran like rivers deep with gore, "and the temple was utterly consumed," then their house was left unto them desolate, and the blood of the last of the prophets, according to their own desire, came upon themselves and upon their children. O ungodly reader, if such a person glance over this page, beware of persecuting Christ and his people, for God will surely avenge his own elect. Your "ahas" will cost you dear. It is hard for you to kick against the pricks.

16. "*Let all those that seek thee, rejoice and be glad in thee.*"—We have done with Ebal and turn to Gerizim. Here our Lord pronounces benedictions on his people. Note who the blessed objects of his petitions are: not all men, but some men, "I pray for them, I pray not for the world." He pleads for seekers: the lowest in the kingdom, the babes of the family; those who have true desires, longing prayers, and consistent endeavours after God. Let seeking souls pluck up heart when they hear of this. What riches of grace, that in his bitterest hour Jesus should remember the lambs of the flock! And what does he entreat for them? it is that they may be doubly glad, intensely happy, emphatically joyful, for such the repetition of terms implies. Jesus would have all seekers made happy by finding what they seek after, and by winning peace through his grief. As deep as were his sorrows, so high would he have their joys. He groaned that we might sing, and was covered with a bloody sweat that we might be anointed with the oil of gladness. "*Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.*" Another result of the Redeemer's passion is the promotion of the glory of God by those who gratefully delight in his salvation. Our Lord's desire should be our directory; we love with all our hearts his great salvation, let us then, with all our tongues proclaim the glory of God which is resplendent therein. Never let his praises cease. As the heart is warm with gladness let it incite the tongue to perpetual praise. If we cannot do what we would for the spread of the kingdom, at least let us desire and pray for it. Be it ours to make God's glory the chief end of every breath and pulse. The suffering Redeemer regarded the consecration of his people to the service of heaven as a grand result of his atoning death: it is the joy which was set before him; that God is glorified is the reward of the Saviour's travail.

17. "*But I am poor and needy.*"—The man of sorrows closes with another appeal, based upon his affliction and poverty. "*Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.*" Sweet was this solace to the holy heart of the great sufferer. The Lord's thoughts of us are a cheering subject of meditation, for they are ever kind and

never cease. His disciples forsook him, and his friends forgat him, but Jesus knew that Jehovah never turned away his heart from him, and this upheld him in the hour of need. "*Thou art my help and my deliverer.*" His unmoved confidence stayed itself alone on God. O that all believers would imitate more fully their great Apostle and High Priest in his firm reliance upon God, even when afflictions abounded and the light was veiled. "*Make no tarrying, O my God.*" The peril was imminent, the need urgent, the suppliant could not endure delay, nor was he made to wait, for the angel came to strengthen, and the brave heart of Jesus rose up to meet the foe.

Lord Jesus, grant that in all our adversities we may possess like precious faith, and be found like thee, more than conquerors.

Jesus Mine.

BY TIMOTHY HARLEY, OF ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

JESUS! I've many loving friends,
But have not one like thee;
So dear, so precious as thou art,
No earthly friend could be.

Thou hast the meekness of a lamb,
The fondness of a dove,
More than a woman's tenderness,
More than a mother's love.

What human virtue does not shine
In thy humanity?
Or what perfection dwells in God
That does not dwell in thee?

Most blessed centre of all good,
Both human and divine;
'Tis worth ten thousand worlds to me,
That I can call thee mine.

Sinners may round their tapers dance,
I never shall repine;
My light is nature's central Sun—
Jesus himself is mine—

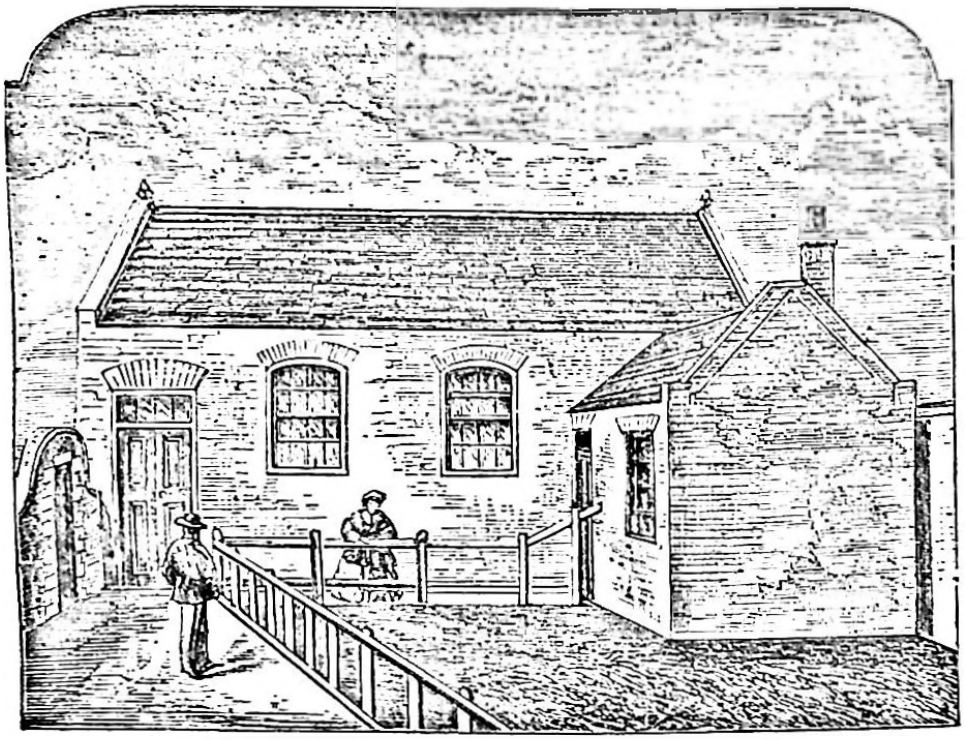
Mine in a bond which cannot break,
Which cannot broken be;
Though I shall part from all beside,
I cannot part from thee.

And soon shall dawn the eternal day,
When I shall take my rest,
Encircled with thy loving arms,
And folded in thy breast.

Presumption from Two Aspects.

A VENERABLE Christian woman was accustomed to use some such language as this, when describing her own spiritual condition: "I trust I have looked alone to the Lord Jesus, and I have a humble hope that through his precious blood I shall be saved at the last; but it's not for the likes of me to be confident and sure. I could not have the presumption to say that I know I am saved." In process of time the good woman sickened, and her last hour drew on apace, and with it light and peace; then she was heard to say, "I

never felt myself more a sinner than I do now, and my unworthiness and my inward corruptions rise up clear before me; but I have believed in the Lord Jesus, and it's not for the likes of me to question his power to save. I dare not have the presumption to doubt the word of the Lord my God, and hath he not said, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life'?" See, trembling Christian, the true presumption, and be afraid of it; the other so-called presumption is but simple faith, of which none can have too much.



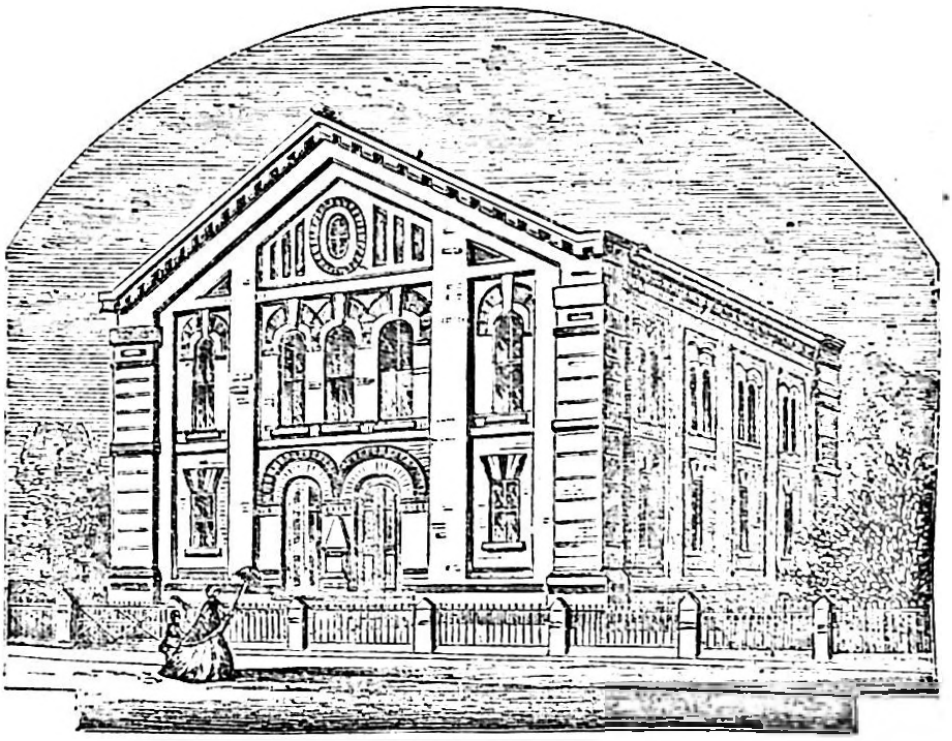
Newhaven Baptist Chapel.

ONE of the finest walks in the world is along the cliff from Brighton to Newhaven. We went on foot the other day, continually up hill and down dale, with the foaming sea on our right; and when we came upon the heights above the harbour, we were charmed beyond measure with the glorious bay, which is one of the most beautiful in Europe. The bold front of the enormous white cliffs, the verdure of the swelling hills, and the deep blue of the sea, make a view of which one might almost say, as of Naples, "see it and die." The interest which we felt was, however, quite other than that which mere scenery could evoke. We walked into the town to see one of the results of our College work. In the growing town, religious matters were very stagnant, till our young brother, Mr. Sargeant, a native of the place, resolved to raise a church in it. God has honoured his faith and raised up a generous friend, who, though a churchman, has been a friend indeed. That gentleman has built a large school-room, which will hold from three to four hundred, which is placed in the rear of a piece of ground suitable for a chapel, when the people are numerous enough to require one, and strong enough to raise funds for the erection. For this our friend charges only the interest on his money, and receives in return the great pleasure of seeing a full congregation, and many conversions. Humble though the building appears in our woodcut, it is

commodious, and in every way well arranged. As the fulcrum for the lever of hard work and prayer, and a barracks for a good and true band of recruits, we look upon it with intense satisfaction. May God enable many of our men to go and do likewise. We hope friends who read this will help us in our College work when they see that the results are tangible, and that cases like this are many.

The ministry of Mr. Sargeant has been much blessed. A church was formed by Mr Wigner, of New Cross, on October 5th, consisting of eighteen members, and conversion work is still going on. The services are well attended, the place being usually filled on the Sunday evenings. There is a Sunday school of about eighty scholars, and eight teachers, with a Young Men's Christian Association of thirty-five members. Tracts are distributed every Sabbath, and a little is being done to help the mission cause—so that the place once barren as the desert is now bringing forth fruit to God's glory. There was no Baptist church at Newhaven before.

We were pleased to see a huge flagstaff in front, on which the Bethel flag is hoisted, so as to be seen all down the harbour—the sign to seamen that there is gospel provision near at hand for those who go down to the sea in ships.



Shooter's Hill Road Chapel.

SHOOTER'S Hill, famous in the days of Prince Hal and Falstaff, is gradually being linked on to London. In the district at the foot of the hill, nearest the metropolis, our students have preached in small rooms, and a church has been formed, which is now under the care of our esteemed young brother, Mr. Henry Brown. The friends so gathered are now erecting a new chapel, to cost £1,300, and we are helping them; indeed, we are their treasurer, and shall have to find a considerable sum to carry the work through. Here is one of the goodly results of our College work; and here also is one of those burdens which we trust the Lord will lead his people to bear with us as fellow servants in his work.

Reviews.

A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, critical, doctrinal, and homiletical, with special reference to ministers and students. By JOHN PETER LANGE, D.D., in connection with a number of eminent European divines. Vol. I. *Genesis.* T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

THIS volume we regard as an absolute necessary for every well-furnished library. It is rich to repletion. Its wealth of thought is like the lavish splendour of Oriental royalty. To praise Lange, would on our part, be to hold a candle to the sun, his compilations are so bright with information and clear suggestion. We do not agree with all his comments, but we sit at the feet of the author as a child in the school of a master. No praise which our pen could write, would exaggerate our sense of the extreme value of this volume on Genesis; and those volumes of the New Testament with which we are acquainted are equally precious. The two new volumes upon the epistles, we have not had leisure to examine.

John Ploughman's Talk. By C. H. SPURGEON. Alabaster & Passmore.

THE sale of this brochure has quite surprised us. In a few weeks, nearly 30,000 have been disposed of, without pushing advertisements. We have received many cheering words of commendation, for which we are grateful to the writers.

The Life of Thomas Collins, Wesleyan Minister. By SAMUEL COLEY. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A RICH biography can be made dull as the grave by a mere collector of letters, and spinner of reflections, but a genial, overflowing writer can make much out of small capital; of this last the present "life" is an instance. Thomas Collins was a valiant and useful man, but his life does not rise out of the current standard of worthy and successful preachers. He had not attained unto the first three, yet his estimable biographer has produced a most charming book, to which something more than a brief notice is due; and therefore next month, if possible, we shall make excerpts from it for our readers' behoof. Meanwhile, money will be well invested in its purchase. There is a quotation from the volume in our article upon *Ear-muffs.*

The Question of the Irish Church calmly considered; a Book of Testimonies and Arguments. By WILLIAM DYER. Longmans, Green & Co.

A MOST valuable contribution to the controversy. It is, indeed, high time that the church which the Bishop of Oxford declares was made "the worst and meanest instrument of English misrule" should be put upon another trial, that it may be seen whether her faults were her own, or those of her masters. Our own belief is, that with her gilded manacles removed, the Episcopal Church in England will do service to the cause of truth and righteousness, for which she is while in bondage utterly incapacitated.

A Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. By JOHN EADIE, D.D. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

THOSE familiar with Dr. Eadie's former expositions of the epistles will welcome this new arrival. It is, as the author claims, "an earnest and honest attempt to discover the mind of the Spirit in his own blessed word." We ought to have written a long article upon so exceedingly valuable an addition to the rich stores of modern biblical exposition; but it may possibly do as much service to the publishers if we say that we wish every preacher in the three kingdoms possessed and studied the work; we are sure it would be a large benefit to the church of God.

The Apostle of Kerry; or, the Life of the Rev. Charles Graham. By Rev. W. GRAHAM CAMPBELL. Dublin: Moffat & Co.

WE ought to have given title and publisher in connection with our sketch, but having forgotten to do so, we give it here, and perhaps need not add, that we commend the work to all our readers.

The Confessions of a Clock. By W. J. B. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

In the form of an amusing story, a great deal of good morality and religious truth is brought forward. The boys and girls will like it.

The Rainbow, edited by Dr. W. Leask. W. Kent & Co., Paternoster Row.

We are sorry to see the line of doctrine which this periodical is taking, for we have much respected its editor, though we never cared for the speculations of his magazine. Its present light is not equal to the production of a solar rainbow, such as lovers of the old-fashioned gospel of covenant grace delight to look upon; in its prophetic moonshine and short punishment theorisings we see no rainbow, unless it be a lunar one.

Light at Eventide. Large Print Readings for the Sick and Aged. Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly; and W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

Where old age has crept on, and the soul is still in the dark as to the things which make for its peace, the Christian visitor will gain much assistance in his instructions, by giving the unlettered sinner such a book as this. Even in second childhood the unconverted may be blessed by so suitable an instrumentality. There must be thousands in want of just such a book as that which is now before us.

Memoranda.

When Elijah trusted in the Lord for temporal support in time of famine, the ravens brought him bread and meat, and he drank of the brook Cherith; we also depend for the maintenance of our orphan boys upon the gracious providence of the Father of the fatherless, and we shall not be disappointed; but we would remind our friends that the means which God uses at this time are very different from those employed in the prophet's case. No ravens convey the morning and evening meals to our little ones, but, on the contrary, other creatures in black call for taxes, and no brook Cherith meanders through the Orphanage ground, but the pipes will be cut off unless the water-rate is regularly paid The manner of our support differs from that of the prophet of Horeb, but it is in some points a great improvement. The ravens who brought the provision remained ravens still, and had no personal blessing; while as to the brook Cherith, in due course it dried up; but the Lord has so ordered our case, that his people who are led to give to his work get a blessing in the deed, and their substance is far less likely to fail than if they had withheld. The sums hitherto sent in would not warrant us in taking more children, but we mean to do so, being assured the Lord will provide. As this provision will come through his people, we venture to ask our readers how much of their store as stewards ought to be given in this direction? May their Master direct them.

Mr. Richard Weaver's sermon in the Tabernacle gathered together a crowded audience of persons who were deeply moved by his fervency and zeal. Our friend is a workman not needing to be ashamed, and in all his works we pray our Lord to speed him.

The London Baptist Association held its meetings last month at Walworth Road Chapel. The warmest brotherly love reigns among the hundred associated churches. Did our friends know and feel the value of unity and brotherly affection, no district would be without its association. The isolation of our churches has been their weakness; true union will minister much to their strength.

Mr. Grant, late of Barrow-in-Furness, has sailed for Tasmania, to take the oversight of the church in Perth.

Mr. Kerr is labouring with much success in St. Helena.

Mr. A. McDougall, late of Rothesay, has become a missionary pastor in the Hebrides.

A Baptist church is being gathered in Hounslow with every prospect of success.

The recognition of Mr. John Smith as pastor of the Baptist church, at the Tabernacle, Billingborough, in Lincolnshire, took place on Good Friday. Mr. Swift, of Morton, read the Scriptures, Mr. W. Orton, General Baptist, of Bourne, offered prayer, and Mr. G. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor. In the evening a public meeting was held, in which Mr. Swift, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Smith, took part. On Sunday, March 28th, Mr. Rogers preached both morning and evening. The collections were good, and the prospects are encouraging.

The appeal issued by Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney, for aid in erecting a large place of worship for his overflowing congregation, has our fullest sympathy.

Our friend, Mr. Gange, of Portsmouth, late a student of our College, has accepted the invitation of the ancient church worshipping in Broadmead, Bristol.

The friends with Mr. Eames, have opened their iron chapel in Battersea. We wish them abundant success.

On Sunday, the 4th of April, and the Monday evening following, the first Anniversary of the formation of a Baptist church, in the Town Hall of Tunbridge, Kent, was held. Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, preached twice on the Sabbath. At the Meeting on Monday evening, Mr. Turner, the pastor, presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Smith, of Red Hill, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Carter, of Pembury, and three of the neighbouring ministers in the town. The services of Mr. Turner have been highly appreciated, and the infant cause, amidst many difficulties, has been well sustained. There is every probability of a good and permanent interest being established, if the required help for the erection of a suitable chapel could be speedily obtained.

On Wednesday, March 31, services were held in connection with the recognition of Mr. Charles A. Davis, as pastor of the church at Durrant Green, Chesterfield. At the afternoon service, which commenced at three o'clock, Mr. Davis related the circumstances which led him to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Mr. J. G. Dowson, of Chesterfield, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. G. Rogers of the Tabernacle College, delivered the charge to the pastor, and Mr. Charles Short, of Sheffield, concluded with prayer. The evening meeting was opened by singing and prayer. Mr. C. Short gave an address to the church, and Mr. G. Rogers specially addressed the congregation.

An effort is being made by a bazaar, of which a notice will be found in another part of this Magazine, to clear off the debt remaining on the Baptist chapel at Red Hill. Mr. Smith has laboured there with great diligence and with much acceptance. The church, which commenced in 1864, with seven members, now numbers about 100. These facts present a strong claim upon the kind assistance of others.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. P. F. Pearce (late of Coleraine, North of Ireland) as pastor of the Brookside Baptist church, Darlington, were held on Thursday, April 1st. Nearly all the ministers of the several denominations in the town were present, and many from the district around connected with the Baptist denomination. At the afternoon meeting, the chair was occupied by Mr. G. T. Congreve, of London, Mr. W. Peachy (deacon), gave a sketch of the history of the church, the difficulties arising from the ill-health and resignation of the late pastor (Mr. J. H. Gordon), at a time when extra effort was required to gather a congregation to the new building, the steps which led to the invitation of the new pastor, the prospects of the church in the future, its financial position, especially as regards the building fund, and the help that was needed and asked for, to remove the debt of about £1,000 upon the present buildings—which, although partly occupied for worship, are only the schools—and the land for the erection of a commodious chapel and lecture-room. Mr. P. F. Pearce gave a short statement of his call to the ministry, &c., Mr. W. Walters, of Newcastle, gave an address founded on Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, and Mr. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, addressed the church in a very able and impressive manner. After tea, a public meeting was held, presided over by David Dale, Esq., J.P., when interesting and stirring addresses were delivered to a large audience by Messrs. J. P. Chown, W. Walters, P. W. Grant, W. A. P. Johnman, W. L. Green, and J. Charter. The tone and character of the meeting was most encouraging to the church and pastor, all denominations having given a most cordial welcome to one who it is hoped will be spared to labour long and successfully in the important sphere to which he has been called.

The anniversary services of the Baptist Chapel, Thetford, took place on Sunday and Monday, April 18th and 19th. On Sunday three sermons were preached by Mr. T. A. Williams, of Swaffham. On Monday, at ten o'clock in the morning, a Bazaar was held in the school room; the proceeds of which exceeded expectations. A public meeting was held in the chapel, in the evening, the pastor, Mr. Welton, in his opening remarks, said, "If ever a people had reason to bless God, it was the Baptist church at Thetford. The Lord had given them many blessings: during the year the debt had been greatly reduced, the congregations had much increased, and many souls had been saved." Addresses were given by Mr R. Taylor, Mr. W. A. Linington, and Mr. T. A. Williams. Mr. Joslin, deacon, read the annual report, which stated that during the past year the debt had been reduced £120 4s. 3d., leaving a residue of £219.

On Tuesday, the 13th of last month, Mr. Asquith, of the Pastors' College, was recognised as pastor of a Baptist church recently formed in Cornwall Road, Brixton. A room having been taken in that neighbourhood as a preaching station, chiefly through the active efforts of Mr. Archibald Brown, of Stepney, Mr. Asquith was sent to preach there during the principal part of his college course. A church was formed about a year ago, consisting of seven or eight, who were removed from the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle for that purpose. To these, during the year, fifty-two new members have been added, and others are seeking admission. A small chapel, with the assistance of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Brown, and other friends, has been erected. The cause, though yet small, through the zeal and activity of the church and congregation, is already self-sustaining; and Mr. Asquith has just devoted himself entirely to the pastorate. The recognition took place in Trinity Chapel, Brixton, which was kindly lent by Mr. Eldridge and his friends for that purpose. In the afternoon Mr. Goddard read and prayed; Mr. Akehurst gave an account of the origin and progress of the church in Cornwall Road; Mr. Asquith gave a full statement of his experience and views of the Christian ministry; Mr. Eldridge offered prayer; Mr. Rogers addressed the pastor; and Mr. Rowe, of Camberwell, the church. An evening meeting was held at which Mr. Eldridge presided. Mr. Mummery, from the college, offered prayer. Addresses were given by Mr. Jones, of Park Road, Brixton; Mr. Wilkins, of Leighton Buzzard; Mr. Rogers, Mr. Priter, from the College; Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Akehurst. Some few pounds were cheerfully raised to increase the Pastors' library.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—April 1st, thirteen; April 8th, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1869, to April 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Higgs	50	0	0
Miss Ann Thick, collecting card ...	0	16	0
Mr. John Benham	2	2	0
Messrs. Wrigley and Son	10	10	0
J. S.	100	0	0
A Lincolnshire reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	10	0	0
S. Cullen, N. B.	0	5	0
M. A. R.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	1	0
Mr. W. Izard	5	5	0
Mr. J. Balfour	10	0	0
Mr. B. Scott	5	5	0
Mr. Alexander	2	2	0
Mr. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. T. J. Field	1	1	0
Mr. W. P. Balfern	5	0	0
Mr. T. Pickworth	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Reeve	0	3	0
Mr. G. Graham	0	10	6
A Friend, per Mr. Phillips	5	0	0
Mr. E. Sargent	1	0	0
Maryport	0	11	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Amicus, Glasgow	0	5	0
Two readers of Sermons, Westerkirk ...	1	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mr. Mills	5	0	0
M. H., per Mr. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Higgs	2	0	0
Mr. Rickett	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips ...	3	15	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. R. Pickworth	3	3	0
Miss Pickworth	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Mr. A. Downing	1	1	0
Miss Downing	1	1	0
Miss E. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Bond	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell	2	2	0
Miss Murrell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Murrell	1	1	0
Two Sisters at Greenford	0	6	0
A Friend and his Boy	0	4	0
M. A. R.	0	2	6
O. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Gover	25	0	0
A Thursday-night hearer	5	0	0
Miss Meeking	0	10	0
The Elders' Bible-class	6	6	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	5	0
Mr. Redgate	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	3	3	0
Mrs. David	20	0	0
Cornwall Road, Brixton, Sunday-School	1	0	0
Collection at Breachwood Green ...	1	15	6
Collection at Grantham, per Mr. Bowler	2	0	0
Part proceeds of Lecture at Cambridge Heath, by Mr. Spurgeon	26	3	10
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle,, Mar. 21	34	1	5
,, ,, ,, ,, 28	36	7	0
,, ,, ,, April 4	37	1	2
,, ,, ,, ,, 11	33	1	6
,, ,, ,, ,, 18	40	0	5
	£505	15	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1869, to April 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
A reader of Magazine	0	5	0
S. Cullen, N. B.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mc Millan	0	10	0
A friend per Miss Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Attew, Collecting Card ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Ann Hall, Collecting Card ...	1	5	0
Messrs. J. and H. Smith	1	1	0
No. 60	0	2	6
Mrs. Cropley	0	10	0
M. and D. per Mr. Cook	1	1	0
Miss Withers, per Rev. J. Jackson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Clifton	0	5	0
Mr. E. Sargent	1	0	0
Maryport	0	11	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	3	0
B.	0	10	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	2	0	0
Mr. Simon Hobbs	0	10	0
Mrs. Berry, Collecting Box	0	5	9
Mr. F. Morgan	0	5	0
M. N. N., Salop	5	0	0
Mrs. Reynolds	0	2	1
Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart	2	0	0
95,996	5	0	0
Amicus, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Dicks	0	1	3
C. B. and H. M.	0	4	0
Bones	0	1	9
L. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. S. Dowding	3	8	0
Mr. Lockhart	0	10	0
M. H. per Mr. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Norton	0	10	0
Miss H. per R. B. L.	1	15	0
W. G. Jackson	0	0	6
P. C.	0	10	0
Baptist Denomination Houses, per Mr. Wigner	100	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies, for the late Mrs. Darby	1	0	0
Miss Carr	0	10	0
Mr. J. Eycroft	0	10	0
Mr. J. Northcot	0	5	0
Mr. W. Gover	25	0	0
H. S. G., Norwich	0	5	0
A reader of "The Sword and Trowel," Wisbeach	0	5	0
A Church Member at Communion ...	0	2	0
A Thursday-night hearer	5	0	0
Friends at Winterstow, per W. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. G. J. Marshall, Collecting Box ...	0	17	0
Mrs. Mooro	1	0	0
Church at Westbourne Grove, per Rev. W. G. Lewis	5	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	5	0
Mrs. Handford	0	3	0
Young Men and Young Women's Bible Class, Sandhurst	0	10	0
Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0
	£176	6	10

Fund for Erection of Two Orphanage Houses by Baptist Denomination.—Mr. Wigner acknowledges the receipt of £4 from two Baptist Churches in Prince Edward's Island.

Received for the Orphanage.—Two Cwt. of Rice, from Mr. J. W. Fidge; Two Cwt. of Rice, from Mr. E. Avery; Two Clocks from the Misses Pearce; Parcel of Clothing from Mr. J. D., Hackney.

Stockwell Orphanage, College House.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1869 to April 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Tebbutt's Children	0	10	0
Per Mr. Willis	1	0	0
Per Mr. W. O. Ripper	0	5	0
Per Mr. H. Bool	0	8	0
Mrs. M. Dyke	0	10	0
A Pence Collection, Edinburgh ...	0	10	0
	£3	3	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations—			
Anonymous	0	13	10
Mrs. Pugh, Bedford	0	2	6
Anonymous	1	0	0
A Believer	0	2	6
Mr. A. L. Brander	0	10	0
J. H.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	8	8
Anonymous	0	2	6
S. T. E.	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Moiety of Collection at Town Hall, Hemel Hempstead, per Mr. Fulks ...	2	2	6
Amicus, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Alston	2	0	0
Collected by			
Mr. T. G. Dunn	0	15	6
Mr. G. F. Day	0	3	7
Mr. J. E. Smith	1	7	6
Mr. T. H. Cook	2	7	6
Miss Powell	0	8	0
Subscriptions—			
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. T. Scott	0	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, (quarterly) ...	7	10	0
A. B., (do.)... ...	7	10	0
Eythorne District—			
Per T. Pledge, Esq. (do.)... ...	7	10	0
	£36	7	1

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermongers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Mr. W. Laing, 2s. 6d.; M. M. G., £1 1s.; W. S. Gibson, £5; Miss Glass, 10s.; O. H., 5s.; Amicus, 5s.; J. Carter, £3; parcel of clothes from Mrs. Doggett; parcels of books and magazines from R. W. Moir and Mrs. Gostling; Little Harry, 10s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1869.

Order is Heaben's first Law.

A SERMON, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk everyone in his path."—Joel ii. 8.

THOSE who have been able to observe the marching of an army of locusts, have been amazed beyond measure with the marvellous regularity of their advance. Solomon, who must surely have seen them, says, "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." The wonder is, that creatures comparatively so insignificant in size, and so low down in the scale of intelligence, should maintain such more than martial order, both in their long flights and in their devouring marches. The ablest commanding officers would be at their wits' end if ordered to marshal a multitude numbering even a thousandth, or perhaps a millionth part of the countless hordes of these destructive marauders; and yet by instinct, the locust soldiery can and do, keep rank better than the most veteran regiments of the line, as I can personally testify, from having seen miles of them in one of the Italian valleys. "They shall march every one on his ways," says the prophet, "and they shall not break their ranks; neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

As I considered this remarkable fact in insect life, my meditations led me to note the order which reigns, not amongst locusts only, but throughout the whole of God's world; and then I said within myself, after this fashion should there be order and arrangement in the Christian church. God has trained his great insect army, and among them order reigns; but this is no exception to the general rule, for all the hosts of God are marshalled in rank and file, and are never left to be a disorganised mob of forces. From the most minute to the most magnificent, all creatures feel the sway of order, and they well observe the laws imposed by their Creator."

"The very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source.
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

Look up to the heavens, and observe the innumerable stars that glisten there so plenteously, that numeration fails. Looked at through the telescope, stars are so abundant that the heavens appear to be covered with dust of gold; and yet we have no record that one of these bodies has ever interfered with the orbit of its fellow sphere, or if such a catastrophe has ever been permitted, it has been part of the all-comprehending scheme. The majestic orbs move, each one in its own orbit, and all in perfect harmony. Even the aberrations, as we call them, are nothing but the result of regular law, and the astronomer finds that he can calculate them with the greatest possible accuracy. There are no irregularities, discords, or failures among the constellations; and if to the student of the heavens such should appear to be the case, he has but more fully to master the universal law, and he discovers with astonishment, that every eccentricity is a necessary incident in a system grander than he had thought. Mere tyros in astronomy talked of irregularities, but Newton and Kepler found a mathematical precision manifest in all. At no point need we be afraid that the universe will be thrown out of gear. If a man had placed innumerable wheels in a machine, there would be in due time a break down somewhere. Oil would be wanted here, a cog would be broken there, a band would be snapped in this place, or a piston would be immovable there; but God's great machine of the universe, whose wheels are so high that the sublime Ezekiel, when he saw them, felt that they were terrible, has continued to revolve these many thousands, perhaps millions of years, and has never yet been stopped for cleaning or repair, because God has impressed upon every atom of it the most docile spirit of submission, and his powerful hand is at work every instant amidst the machinery giving force to his laws.

Nor is it so in the coarser inanimate forms of matter only, but the *same law holds good with the whole animal creation.* Not locusts alone, but the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, all observe their Maker's bidding, and both live and move according to rule and order, all forming portions of the perfect circle struck out by the divine compasses. What a wonderful thing it is that mighty streams of fish should come during certain seasons from the North, and swarm near enough to our coasts to afford our fellow citizens so large a portion of their daily food! If there be complaining in our streets, there need not be, for extended fisheries would supply all the inhabitants of Britain, even if they were multiplied a hundred times; and yet there would be no perceptible diminution in the teeming population of the sea; for God has so arranged it that there shall be most of those kinds which are most required for food. But what a marvel that at the fixed period the unguided fish should migrate in such countless shoals, and should return again in due season to their old abodes among the Arctic waves! Mark, too, how every tribe of animals is needful to all the rest. So beautiful is the order of nature, that we cannot wantonly destroy a race of little birds without suffering from their removal. When the small birds were killed in France by the peasantry, who supposed that they ate the corn, the caterpillars came and devoured the crops. Man made a defect in an otherwise perfect circle, he took away one of the wheels which God had made, and the machine did not work perfectly; but let it alone,

and no jars or grindings will occur, for all animals know their time and place, and fulfil the end of their being. You spoil the harmony of nature's concert if even the sparrow's chirrup is unheard. The stork and the crane fly at God's bidding, the swallow and the marten know their pathway; the prowling beasts and rapacious birds, as well as the domestic cattle, all hold their own in nature's arrangements. Like the bejewelled breastplate of the high priest, nature is full of gems, each one in its setting, and the glory is marred if one be wanting. Be assured that the wild ass and coney, leviathan and behemoth, eagle and dove, gnat and lizard, are all arranged for the highest good, and are beautiful in their season. "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

Rising a little higher, *there is also order in the providence of God.* When you view the great world of human history, it looks like a skein of thread much twisted and tangled. When you study it, you see nations rise and fall, like boiling waves of a foaming sea. You read of horrible wars, wantonly commenced and wickedly continued. The human race seems to have destroyed its sons without a motive. Men rush upon each other with all the fury of fiends, and tear each other like wolves, and yet they eat not that which they have killed. The history of mankind appears at first sight to argue the absence of God. We say, How is this? We expected to find, if God were in providence, something more orderly and regular than we see here. Instead of a grand volume from a master pen, we see words flung together without apparent connection. We expected to find a sublime poem, such as angels might love to read; but all this is confusion, void and unintelligible—strokes and dashes to us without meaning. Ay, my brethren, and so it is, but we are little children, and do not yet understand God's hieroglyphics; we write in large text, and have not the cypher of the celestial shorthand. Our limited field of vision only lets us see a brick or two of the great house, and straightway we begin to criticise the infinite Architect and his work. After all, supposing this world to have existed six thousand years! What is that? In God's sight it is but as a day, or as yesterday when it has passed: we see but one thread of history, a ravelling of life, and then we vainly fancy that we can form a fair judgment of the tapestry curiously fashioned by the finger of the Lord.

If we shall be privileged to sit down, in some age yet to come, and look at all God's wondrous works, and see the end from the beginning, we shall lift up our hands in astonishment, as we perceive the perfect symmetry of providence, the consummate wisdom reflected in every event. The history of the world will astonish principalities and powers in the ages yet to come. How apt we are to think that our own corner of human history is the major part, if not the whole! The prophets, not of Scripture, but of fancy, lately foretold that the world was coming to an end in 1866, and yet we have survived the fatal year, as perhaps we may yet survive another such silly scare, and yet another. Our Lord comes quickly, but many thousands of years may come and go in the meantime. We should expect him constantly, but his promise will be well kept, even if he tarry till both saints and sinners cry out in weariness, "Where is the promise of his coming?" If the history of the world should have ended in 1866, it were hard to have seen

its completeness: but if there are to be long centuries in which God shall gather in his elect, it is easier to understand the recompense of the Redeemer's sufferings. If there are to be seasons of refreshing in which the called ones shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and the south, we can more readily perceive the grandeur of the cross, and its surroundings, and the magnitude of the great work which God laid upon Christ in redeeming "a number that no man can number." The wicked have had the predominance up till now, and Satan has been triumphant; but what if this should only be the beginning of brighter days, and what if all the rest of history should continue to increase in light and brightness till the light of the sun shall be as the light of seven days! then may we begin to rejoice in the glory of history as it is written by the finger of God. But, let the era of the church militant be long or short—and we may not speculate, for we know nothing at all about it—we shall find in the consummation of it all, that none of the events of history did thrust another, but that they proceeded every one in his own path, all tending to one sublime result, namely, the glory of God.

Coming down from these great things to our own selves, *depend upon it that all the events in our own little lives are marching straight on to a gracious consummation.* You, child of God, sometimes say, "What can be the design of this cross? What can be meant by that bereavement? Why am I perplexed by this dilemma? Why is this difficulty piled like a barricade across my path?" Well, you know not now, but you shall know hereafter; meanwhile settle it firmly in your faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." Your affliction does not jostle your prosperity, but promotes it. Your losses do not cause your loss, they really increase your true riches. Onward still, laden with untold blessings, every event is marching for the righteous and for the humble spirit. God has his way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet: only be you patient, and wait upon him with childlike confidence, and the day shall come when you shall wonder and be astonished, that there should have been such order in your life when you thought it was all confusion, such love when you thought it unkindness, such gentleness when you thought it severity, such wisdom when you were wicked enough to impugn the rightness of your God. Brethren, the events of our history march on as rightly as a victorious legion under a skilful leader. Do not let us arraign the wisdom of that which happens to us, or fancy that we could order our affairs in better style. Our good and ill, our joy and grief, all keep their places. "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path."

But we must rise a little higher. We have come from the world of matter to the world of living creatures, and up to the world of intellectual beings, and *now let us think of God himself. We may say of all his attributes* that neither doth one thrust another, but each one walketh in his path. Let us be careful at any time in thinking of God, that we indulge not in reflections upon one attribute to the forgetting of the rest. Many Christians are much soured in their disposition by considering God only in the light of sovereignty. Now, that he is a sovereign is a

most great, deep, mysterious, but at the same time blessed truth, and we would defend divine sovereignty with all our might against all comers; but, at the same time, absolute sovereignty is not the only attribute of God, and those who keep their eye fixed upon that to the exclusion of all other qualities and prerogatives, get an ill-balanced idea of God, and very likely they fall into errors of doctrine, and, more likely still, they become hard-hearted towards their fellow men, and forget that the Lord hath no pleasure in the death of sinners, but had rather that they should turn unto him and live. On the other hand, many injure their minds very greatly by reflecting solely upon the one thought of God, that he is good. It is a blessed truth, that he is good, and benevolent, and full of compassion, and Holy Scripture tells us that the Lord is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works. God forbid that we should seek to diminish the kindness of God, or think lightly of it, "for his mercy endureth for ever." Yet some look at that one emerald ray as though it were the whole of the spectrum; they gaze upon one star, and think it the Pleiades, Orion and Arcturus, all in one; and, alas! worse results follow, for they are tempted to think sin to be a mere trifle, since they ignore the justice and sovereignty of God. God's righteousness and vengeance they so exclude from their minds that when they hear of hell, and of the wrath that will come upon the impenitent, they shudder with inward unbelief, and try to doubt it, and perhaps, manage to find texts of Scripture which look as if they helped them in their perverted and jaundiced view of the Most High. They think they are glorifying God, but they are really dishonouring him, for God is no more altogether mercy than he is altogether sovereignty, and he is no more altogether sovereignty than he is altogether mercy. The fact is, that every glory meets in God. All that is good, and excellent, and great, may be found in him in complete perfection. God would have thee so to think of him, for in the atonement, which is his grandest revelation of himself, he has been pleased to show thee

> "How grace and justice strangely join:
> Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
> To make the choicest blessings thine."

God is so merciful towards us in Christ Jesus, that his mercy shines full orbed; but, at the same time, in the sacrifice of Christ, God is so righteous that justice is uneclipsed. The various attributes do not darken, but illustrate each other; grace magnifies justice, and vengeance extols mercy; righteousness meets with peace, and love kisseth holiness. There is a blessed agreement in all the divine attributes, so that when you look at the cross, as Dr. Watts says, you cannot tell

> "Which of the letters best is writ,
> The power, the wisdom, or the grace."

Now, as God has fully revealed himself in Christ, let us think of him correctly, and not attach undue importance to any one attribute of God above the rest, seeing that "neither doth one thrust another; but each one walketh in its own path."

This leads me on a step further, to observe that the same order is perceptible in the DOCTRINES OF THE WORD OF GOD.

Doctrines which look as if they contradicted each other, are nevertheless fully agreed. It is the defect in our mental vision which makes separate truths appear to cross each other's orbit, for it is certain that the truths of Scripture do not thrust each other, but each one goeth on in its own path. Perhaps the fiercest of fights has been all the world over between the great fact that salvation is of grace, and the equally certain fact that man is responsible to God under the gospel, and that if he perishes, his ruin is at his own door, and is not to be charged upon God in any sense whatever. This has been the arena in which intellectual gladiators have fought with each other from the very foundations of the world; and up till lately, no contest could be much more bitter than that between the Calvinist, who affirmed that salvation is all of grace, and the Arminian, who testified that damnation is the result of sin. If they had stood side by side with one another, and fought the common enemy, they would have done good service, for I believe in my soul that they both hold some truth, and that either of them will hold error unless he will yield something to his rival. There are some who read the Bible and try to systematise it according to rigid logical creeds; but I dare not follow their method; and I feel content to let people say, "How inconsistent he is with himself!" the only thing that would grieve me would be inconsistency with the word of God. As far as I know this book, I have endeavoured in my ministry to preach to you, not a part of the truth, but the whole counsel of God; but harmonise I cannot, nor am I anxious to do so. I am sure all truth is harmonious, and to *my ear* the harmony is clear enough, but I cannot give you a complete score of the music, or mark the harmonies on the gamut, I must leave the Chief Musician to do that. You have heard of the two travellers who met each other opposite the statue of Minerva, and one of them remarked—"What a glorious golden shield Minerva has!" The other said "Nay, but it is bronze." They argued with one another; they drew their swords; they slew each other, and as they fell, dying, they each looked up, and the one who said the shield was made of bronze discovered that it had a golden side to it, and the other, who was so bold in affirming that it was gold, found that it had a bronze side too. The shield was made of two different metals, and the combatants had not either of them seen both sides. It is just so with the truth of God, it is many sided and full of variety. Grand threefold lines run through it; it is one yet three, like the Godhead. Perhaps you and I have only seen two of the lines—many persons refuse to see more than one—and there may be a third yet to be discovered which will reconcile the apparently antagonistic two, when our eye shall be clarified by the baptism in the last river, and we shall ascend the hill of the Lord to read the truth of God in the light of the celestial city. However, it is clear that salvation is altogether of grace, and equally clear that if any man perishes it is not for want of invitations on God's side, honest invitations to come to Christ. We hear our Master saying, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." We hear him bidding the labourer to come, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Some friends are so afraid of that text that they generally quote it "weary and heavy laden," which is

not the true reading; but the labouring ones are invited to Jesus. Such invitations did Christ give, and yet did he not also say, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him"? Amid the soft rain of tenderness we hear thundering overhead that truth, "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "Therefore, hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." As we listen to that thunder we bow to the sovereignty of God; yet amid the pauses we hear an angel voice sweetly saying, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," and we hear the Master say, "Go into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." We cannot tell you how it is that the thunder chimes in with the fall of the grace-shower and the angel whisper, for we are dwelling down below: but if we could soar above, somewhere between the two, we should be able to discover the full clear harmony. Let us be content to believe both sets of truths, and not oppose ourselves to friends who hold either the one or the other, but seek to bring them to believe both; for as the Bible is true, they are both of them the truth of the living God, and neither need one thrust another, but each doctrine goeth on in its own path. Observation leads me to believe that those persons who are willing to hold the whole of revealed truth are generally Christians of a more active spirit, and more desirous for the conversion of souls than those who contract their minds, and will only hold some one or two great theological dogmas. If we will but lay aside our Chinese shoes, and allow our feet to grow as they should, we shall find it far better walking on the road to heaven, and we shall be more ready for any work which our Master may call us to do.

Such thoughts as these flitted across my mind on reading the text—God is a God of order everywhere, in himself, his creation, his providence, and his word.

Now we turn to the second holy and practical lesson, namely, AS TO THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dear friends, you and I who have entered into the kingdom of grace, and have received a life which the worldling cannot understand (for the carnal mind knoweth nothing of the spiritual life) *must remember that our thoughts, graces, and actions, ought all to keep their proper position*, so that it may be said of them, "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk everyone in his path."

As *to our thoughts*, we ought to endeavour, as God shall teach us by his Spirit, to keep our thoughts of God's word in their due harmony. Some brethren, for instance, are altogether doctrinal in their inclinings. Doctrinal study is admirable; may God send us much of it! Yet doctrine is not all that we are taught in the sacred word; there are duties and promises also. Why despise these? Then, again, other professors of religion are altogether of a practical turn; and, while they value James, they depreciate Paul. They do not like an expository sermon; they cannot endure it; but if you give them a precept, they rejoice greatly. They are quite right as far as they go. The Lord send us much more practical Christianity! But then this is not all. There are others who are altogether experimental, and some of these will hear no sermon except it treat upon the corruption of the human heart, or

upon the dark frames of the child of God: others will have no experience but the bright side, you must always preach to them out of the Canticles, inditing the good matter concerning the sweet love of Christ towards his spouse. Now, each of these forms of preaching is good in its season, but he who would keep close to the Scriptures, and preserve completeness in his thoughts, must weigh well the doctrines, and seek to get a clear view of the covenant of grace, and the economy of salvation; he must study the precepts, and ask the Holy Spirit to give the fleshy heart, upon which those precepts may be written as upon living tablets; and then he must watch his experience, mourning over inbred sin, but rejoicing also in fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, through whose blood we have the victory. We must endeavour as much as possible to exercise our thoughts upon all the subjects which God has given us to think upon in his word, and applied to our hearts by the workings of the Holy Spirit. Where this is done we shall avoid one thought thrusting another, and each will go in its own path. I have heard of doctrinal preachers who hated the very sound of the word, "duty;" I have also heard the practical brother declare that "election" he detested; while the experimental brother has affirmed that the doctrinal preacher was merely "a dead letter man," and so on. Oh, naughty words for God's children to use to one another! Bitter sentences which they only use because they know so little. If they had gone to school, and learned out of all books instead of sitting at home to play with their favourite toy, the one would have confessed, "How much my excellent brother excels me in doctrinal information!" and the doctrinal brother would have said, "How much more forcibly my dear brother James can inculcate practice than I can!" While the third would have said, "How experimental our dear friend is! What a master he must be of the science of the human heart! I can sit at his feet and delightedly learn from his teaching." Shame upon us that we say, "I am of Paul," and "I am of Apollos," and "I am of Cephas," for all these are ours to profit by if we are Christ's. Learn from the doctrinal, learn from the practical, learn from the experimental. Blend the whole together, and let not one thrust another, but allow each to go straight on in its path.

The same should hold good in the graces which we cultivate. The Lord Jesus Christ is pleased to put, by his Holy Spirit, into the hearts of those whom he has saved, certain lovely and precious things, but it is not always easy to get these in due harmony. For instance, I know a brother who is very faithful; he does not mind telling you of your faults, but then, he is not affectionate in spirit, and so he never warns you of your infirmities in a way that does you good. Now, if that brother could get affection to balance his fidelity, what an admirable man he would make! I remember well another brother who was all affection, and nothing else. He was so affectionate as to be effeminate, and I poor rough creature as I am, could never bear the sight of him. He always reminded me of a pot of treacle, and his office appeared to be the anointing of everybody he met. If he could but have mixed a little fidelity with his sweetness, he would have been a much better and stronger man. Secker says, that Christianity ought first to make "a man more of a man, and then more than a man;" and so it would if we

sought, by the power of the Spirit, to cultivate all the graces. The beauty of the human countenance does not consist exclusively in having a bright eye; no, the fine eye helps, but all the other features of the face must balance it. A man may have the finest possible forehead, and yet he may be extremely ugly because his other features are out of proportion; so it is with character, character must have all the graces, and all the graces in harmony. Take, for instance, the virtue of meekness. it is a lovely thing to be of a meek and quiet spirit, but then, my brethren, how could reforms ever be wrought if everybody were so meek that they could not speak out against error? Where would you find your Luthers and your Calvins? Meekness must be balanced by the virtue which is its compensating quality, namely, courage. Affection must be strengthened by fidelity. A man must be patient under affliction, but he is not to be so patient as to be idle; he must couple energy with his patience, in order to manifest a practical faith. When we have each of these, so that neither doth one thrust another, but each one goeth on in his path, we shall be what Paul calls "perfect." Then shall we have come to be "entire, wanting nothing," having reached the "measure of the stature of men in Christ." Christian men should be men-Christians. If your child should have a rapid growth in its arms, but not in its legs, or if its legs should lengthen, but not its arms, what a strange being it would be! What a monster! It is the growth of each limb in proportion that brings the man to perfection. So, my brethren, when our heads grow faster than our hearts, it is an ill sign; yet how many know a great deal more than they feel, and criticise much more than they believe! It is also an evil thing when a man's tongue grows bigger than his head; when he has more to say than he knows or does: when, like Mr. Talkative, he can talk about the road to heaven, but makes no progress in it. God give you an abundance of his Holy Spirit, that you may never deserve our Lord's rebuke to the Pharisee, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone," but "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." May you have them all.

The same proportions and balancings should be found in our Christian duties. This is too large and difficult a subject to go fully into now, but we will have a word or two about it. A man is not in his outward action a complete Christian because he is attentive to one duty, for God would have his people attend to all. It will sometimes be a question with you as to how much time should be given to private devotion, how much to family worship, and how much to church-worship; and you may easily make great mistakes here. I recollect a brother, a very excellent man too, who was always at prayer-meetings and public services; but unfortunately, being always away from home, his family was so neglected that the sons grew up one after another to be the most precocious specimens of depravity that the parish could exhibit. We thought, and we hinted as much to our brother, that if he could be at home sometimes to teach the children, whose mother was as neglectful of them as the father was—and so the mischief became

doubled—he would be infinitely more in the path of duty than in running after public services to the neglect of family piety; I only wish he had been able to see the propriety of our advice, for he has had to smart for his folly. It is not often that a man's private devotions obtrude in this way, but I knew one professor who used to spend so long a period in private prayer, that he neglected his business, and also the assembling of himself with God's people; it was, indeed, an unusual vice, but it came to be quite a sin in his case. This last is a very unusual fault, and one that I could almost excuse, because it is so unusual; but I recommend far more strongly the careful thinking of how much time is due to God in the closet, how much at the family altar, how much at the prayer-meeting, and how much to the week-night services, for we must give to each according to its due proportion.

Again, the difficulty will often occur to you, my brethren, as to how much is due to diligence in business and how much to fervency in spirit. No one can draw the line for another. Each one must judge for himself, but this must be the law: "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path." There may be a season in which you may lawfully give all the hours of the day to business. Your business may require it, and there are junctures with commercial men when to go to week-day services would be almost insanity; they must keep to their work, or else there will come a failure; and then the name of Christ will be evil spoken of. There will be times, too, with the working-man when, if he were to insist upon coming to the Monday evening prayer-meeting, or to the Thursday night lecture, he would be altogether out of the path of duty; there is a demand for labour just at some particular time, and he must obey the call, and he is in the path of duty in so doing. I am afraid that there are not many who fail in that way, but crowds who err in the opposite direction. Some will keep the shop open so late that there is no time for family-prayer; and others will confine their servants so strictly, that they can never get out on the week-nights to hear a sermon. It does not strike the employer's mind that some of the young people would perhaps like to be at the prayer-meeting on Monday night, nor will the employer be there himself. Some employers so grasp at the world with both hands, that they cannot go to this service nor that; and thus God's service is left uncared for by professing men who, if they were not false to their profession, would give much more of their time, and of their ability, to the promotion of God's cause. Now I cannot say to you, you must give so much time to God, and so much to business; you yourselves must ask God the Holy Spirit to guide you; but recollect, you must not let one thrust another. It is a good saying of an old divine, "Never bring to God one duty stained with the blood of another." As much as lieth in you, give to each distinct relationship its proportion.

There is a greater difficulty still with regard to the arrangement of distinct duties, *when they are likely to run counter to one another.* Here is a servant. His master expects him, after he has entered into an engagement with him, to do such-and-such unnecessary work on the Sabbath. The young man says "No, I cannot do that; it is clearly unscriptural, and I must obey God rather than

man." But there are certain things which come somewhere between the necessary and the unnecessary, and the servant may properly enquire, "What is my duty?" You must settle it carefully within your own mind. Have you any sordid or selfish motive for deciding in any particular way? If so, be very cautious how you so decide; but seek the Lord's glory and the Lord's glory alone, and say, "While I am as a servant to serve man, yet I am the Lord's free man, and I must walk both as a servant and the Lord's free man, and not forget either." Sometimes the matter of the conduct of children towards parents has come under our notice. A harsh parent has said, "My children shall not carry out their religious convictions." In such cases we have had occasionally to recommend the child to wait until he has grown a little older; at other times we have bidden the child break through the parent's evil command, since we cannot hold that the parent can have any right to make his child disobey God. In the matter of the child's religion, when it is able to judge for itself, it is as free as its parent, and has a right to choose for itself; and while the parent should seek intelligently to guide it, coercion must never be tried. If the parent be ungodly, the child is free from all obedience to wicked commands; and must act then in obedience to a higher parent and to a greater law, namely the law of God. The like happens, at times, with regard to the husband and the wife. Of course, a good wife continually wishes to do that which will please her husband, and she is happy to be subservient to him as far as may be; but when it comes to a point of conscience, and the two relations clash, the relations of the heavenly Bridegroom and the earthly husband, it is not always easy to decide upon a fitting course of action; but we may at least be certain that we must not be actuated by selfishness, nor by a desire to avoid persecution, nor to please men; but we must stand on the side of honesty to God, fealty to the King of kings, and a regard for the truth as it is in Jesus. Do try if it be possible, and I believe it is possible, in every case to harmonise all your relationships, so that neither one of them shall thrust another, but each shall walk in its own path.

So, brethren, my last concluding remark shall be, that if this is to be true in the little commonwealth of the heart and the home, it ought also be true of the church at large.

Pray note this, you church members—

It is a great blessing when the members of the church do not thrust one another, but every one goeth in his own path. There are different orders of workers, and these must co-operate. Alas! workers in a Sabbath school do not always agree with one another. Then, workers in Sabbath schools are not always so fond, perhaps, of workers in ragged schools as they might be, and perhaps the workers in ragged schools may sometimes look down with coldness upon the distributors of tracts. It should never be so. We are like the different members of the body, and the eye must not say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," neither must the hand say to the ear, "I have no need of thee." Every man must work according to the gift of the Holy Spirit which dwells in him after the divine will. When a man steps out of his proper office into another, he makes a great mistake, both for himself and for the church at large; and when

one brother envies another, and picks holes in his coat, and finds fault with his service, he needs to hear the Master's word "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." I pray all the bands of workers to maintain a holy unanimity, being of one accord, minding the same thing, provoking one another to nothing but love and good works, striving for nothing except that they together promote the glory of the Lord Jesus.

And so as it is true in any one church with regard to the labourers, so it should be also with regard to the different ranks and classes of Christians. The rich should never say, "We do not want so many poor in the church," neither should the poor man say, "Our minister favours the wealthy; there is more thought of the rich than there is of the poor." There is just as much fault on the one side as there is on the other, in these things. While we sometimes find the purse-proud man looking down on the poor, it quite as often happens that the poor man takes umbrage where there is no need for it, and is much more wicked in his jealousies than the other in his purse-pride. Let it never be so among Christians, but let the brother of high degree rejoice that he is exalted, and the rich that he is brought low. We want both, and cannot do without either, and having both in the church, neither should one thrust another, but each should go in his own path.

So with the educated and the uneducated. I have been saddened oftentimes when I have heard a sneer against a brother who cannot speak grammatically. The brother who *can* speak grammatically, perhaps, does not try to speak at all; and yet he sneers at the other, and says, "Well, really I wonder that such fellows should preach; what is the good of them?" Now, now, until you have done better than he, do not find fault with him. God uses him, surely you ought not to despise him! The fact is, brethren, that the learned and educated minister is necessary and useful; we have no right to sneer at those who have gone through a college course and earned a high degree of learning, for they are useful; but, on the other hand, who among us hears of such men as Richard Weaver and Mr. Carter, and others labouring amongst the poor, and dares to despise them? If I might have my choice I should prefer to work with them rather than with the fine-spun gentlemen; but still, every man in his own order, each man after his own fashion; let the one take his position and the other take his position, and never say a jealous or an angry word of each other, neither let one thrust another, but each one go straight on in his own path.

So it ought to be with all our churches. In this great city of London there is no excuse for anything like jealousy amongst the various Christian churches. If we were to build as many places of worship as would reach, set side by side, from here to London-bridge, on both sides of the road, and without a single house or shop in all the distance, and if we were to put gospel preachers into them all, I believe they could all be filled without any of them being a hindrance to another, for the mass of three millions and more in this city is so perfectly enormous that there is no chance at all of our being jostled by one another. We are like fishermen in the deep sea; because there are a hundred boats they need not any of them come off the worse. If there were fifty thousand boats they could all be full where the fish are so abundant.

Do not you say, "I hear Mr. So-and-So, and what a dear man he is"? Very likely he is, but so is somebody else. It would be a great pity if everybody could hear only one man. It would be a very sad thing if everybody wanted to come to the Tabernacle, for we cannot make it any bigger than it is; and it would be a very wretched thing if everybody wanted to go somewhere else, for then we should have an empty house: but now, each one listening according as his own spiritual taste may guide him, or as his spiritual appetite may dictate to him, we are formed into different communities, which prosper individually, but which would glorify God much more if all disunion were cast aside, and if we sought each other's good, and profit, and edification.

And so, to conclude, *it ought to be with the different denominations.* I sometimes think that these will continue for ever. They are of no hurt to the church of God, but a great blessing; for some of them take up one point of truth which is neglected, and others take up another; and so, between them all, the whole of truth is brought out: and it seems to me that the church is even more one than if all the various sections were brought together into one grand ecclesiastical corporation: for this would, probably, feed some ambitious person's vanity, and raise up another dynasty of priestcraft, like the old Babylon of Rome. Perhaps it is quite as well as it is; but let each body of Christians keep to its own work and not sneer at the work of others. Let each one feel, "Now we have this to do, and we will do it in the name of God." Let each body of Christians try to correct its neighbour in its errors and mistakes, but let each work hand in hand, and stand foot to foot in the common battle and the common service; for, O my brethren, the time will come when our little narrow jealousies will all melt away like the hoar frost when the sun arises. When the King shall come in his glory, or we are carried to the other side of the stream of death, and see beyond the curtain which parts us from the invisible world, we shall look with very different eyes upon some things which seem so important now. We shall then see that God has forbidden us to glory in anything but the cross of Christ, and that the one thing needful, after all, to contend for was, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

Now, may the Lord help us to go straight on in our paths, not one thrusting another, but all working together for God. And if there be any among us who are not converted, let me remind them that they are out of order, and let me tell them what comes of that. When a man sets himself in opposition to God's laws, they crush him as sure as he is there. Throw yourself from the monument, and gravitation will not be suspended to save you. Even so, if you are out of order with God, there is no help for it, but your destruction is certain, if you remain opposed. O that you may be led by divine grace to get into order with God; to be reconciled unto God by the death of his Son. He tells you the way to get into order. It is this—simply trust Jesus. That is the way to rectify all errors. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ, shall be saved. May God bless us with that salvation, for his name's sake, Amen.

Conversion Work.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

ANY one who occupies the position of a pastor, will be sure, if a blessing rests upon his labours, to come into contact with marked cases of conversion, and we are persuaded that the right mentioning of these will be of service to many. It is not without a purpose that we have given us no less than three inspired recitals of one Christian's experience, as passing from death unto life by the saving power of our Lord Jesus Christ. We allude, of course, to the case of the apostle Paul, a glorious instance of the power of sovereign grace. We purpose mentioning a few cases which have, in recent times, come under our notice, and which stand out from the multitude of others, either as illustrating the benefits of a particular mode of working for the Master, or as displaying some peculiarly gracious operation of the Holy Ghost. A short time since, an Irishman presented himself for baptism. He was an old soldier, and had, up to that date, lived as an ardent Roman Catholic. He married a Protestant wife, and they mutually agreed to continue their respective modes of worship, but as each was anxious about the other's conversion, and opposed to the other's faith, the result was anything but satisfactory. The Sabbath was a misery to them, as it brought its inevitable disputes and discussions on return from church. Another plan was tried, they both agreed to discontinue their attendance on their places of worship, and speak no more about any religion, but as each was then conscious of neglect, the Sunday was a day of sadness and gloom; they sat on either side of the fire-place and held their tongues for fear of another dispute on the subject of their creeds and churches. At last the good man said one Sunday morning, "We must alter this, I will become a Protestant; let us go to church, and I will be baptised and become like to you." Off they went to the parish church to ask the administration of the ordinance, but judge of their surprise when the clergyman declined, and stated that his church accepted the acts of the church of Rome, and held its baptism to be valid! The good couple were perplexed, and felt that to mark a change like that proposed, something visible was required. At last a thought struck them, they had heard of a Mr. Spurgeon who was called a Baptist, and they supposed that, of course, he would baptise anybody, believing that to be his business. It was resolved, therefore, to go in the evening to this Baptist place, and get the needed baptism. The service that evening was on the intercession and priesthood of Christ, and on the acceptance of our persons and prayers through him. This was the truth needed, and like water to the thirsty soul, it came with a power and sweetness which was never to be forgotten. They learned that there was a power in true religion far above anything which water could bestow. Both of them have witnessed a good profession, and are now walking before God in all true unity of heart, and, to use the man's own words, "Sunday which we used to dread, is now the happiest day of the week." Compromises in religious matters will never answer, and the surest way to sow a bitter harvest for after reaping, is to compound for

religious differences, and to hush the voice of conscience. Our distinctive views may be misunderstood, but in the long run, God will honour a conscientious acting up to our knowledge of the truth, and of his will concerning us.

We have received a family of four—father, mother, and two sons, who date their conversion from an incident which greatly touched our hearts. They had recently lost a little girl—evidently the darling of the household, who had attended the Tabernacle for some time alone, and for whom a sitting had been taken by the father, though he did not himself attend any place of worship. The little one fell ill, and sadness darkened the household, as it was evident that she must die. One day she called her father to the side of her bed, and said, "Father, pray for me, and teach me how to pray." No words can tell the sorrow of him who then did not know how to pray even for his dying child. In anguish, he came to be taught how to pray, and the word of God was so blessed to him that he was led to plead, not only for her, but for himself, and his wife, and all their children. The prayer-hearing God has answered, and will answer, and we shall see yet further that praying breath cannot be spent in vain. This incident may come under the eye of some who do not pray for their little ones. Oh! do so at once, as it will be a sad, sad sting in your heart for ever, if you have to think that any of your departed ones asked you to teach them to pray and you knew not how to do it.

One young man stated in his narrative of divine dealings with him, that he was living with friends, who, on one particular day, had determined that he must leave their society, because of his evil courses. He went from home, bent upon going into some low haunts of sin, though he knew that the resolution had been taken by his friends that if he did so he must not return to them any more. He reached the door of the den of iniquity, and as he was about entering, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear, "That is the devil's house, I am going to the house of God; come with me." The young man was led away, as if, to use his own words, he were "under a spell;" and that evening, the power of the truth was made manifest in his salvation.

Another case will illustrate the effect of invitations in bringing sinners under the sound of the word of God. We have a man and his wife in our fellowship, who, at one time, occupied a small house in one of the many courts, within an easy walk of the Tabernacle. Two of our young men had, with others, devoted themselves to the calling upon the inhabitants of these localities, to persuade them to attend some place of worship. In their rounds, one of the two had called for some months regularly at the door of a house, where only abuse and sometimes violence was used, to resent the supposed insult; but this time, to his surprise, the man was willing to go. The version he gives of the case is something like this:—"A young man kept calling every Sunday morning at my house, for six months, to ask, 'Won't you come and hear Spurgeon to-day?' I swore at him every oath I could lay my tongue to, and threw at him nearly every movable thing in the house, but no use, he always went away smiling, and saying, 'Ah, you will come one day.' At last, to get rid of him, I said, 'I will go with him once, and have done with it.'" That

morning the Spirit of God worked upon his heart, and he became a new man. In the evening he brought his wife, and she, too, was led to seek a Saviour, and they are both rejoicing in newness of life. Laying as we do much stress upon this work for the Lord, we will give another instance of its blessed result.

We were told by a brother minister in the West of England, that at the early age of seventeen he was baptised, and on his return home, his mother shut the door in his face, and merely handing him out his small bundle of clothes, she said, "You have no longer any home here. Your father is so angry that I think he would murder you if you came in now." That night he slept with the calves, and for a fortnight he knew no better bed. He ascribed his ejectment from home not so much to his parents, as to the lady of whom they rented their small farm; she having said, "That if they did not turn him out when he was dipped, she would turn them out, and if they could not whip his nonsense out of him, she could for them." Time passed by, and she was as bitter as ever against the young man; but after years, when in the order of providence the young disciple was preaching the gospel in the full strength of manhood, the lady now advanced in years, came on a visit to London, and lodged with one of our members. She was at once invited to go and hear the pastor preach, and out of curiosity to see the man and the building, she went; there the might of sovereign grace was manifest, the persecutor was laid low, and at once she submitted to the terms of mercy. The next day she wrote to this once-despised minister, telling of the change, and promising help in every way for the carrying on of the work of God, which in ignorance she had tried to check. For some years she was the comfort and help of his life in every good work, and at last she fell asleep in Brighton, rejoicing in that gospel which once she would have destroyed. There is much to be done by an earnest invitation: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Another set of conversions comes up before us, resulting from a different source. We received into our fellowship a husband, who on being baptised, returned home, to be received by an outburst of passionate reproach from his wife, who was strongly opposed to his baptism. He retained his peace of mind, and calmness of spirit, though his wife had determined to give him no rest that night. She continued her persecution, till two o'clock in the morning, and all the result was to elicit expressions of affection and utterances of a devout and Christian nature; at last, overawed by the force of Christian spirit, she burst into tears, asked her husband's prayers for her that she might be made the possessor of such a spirit, and together they knelt down, and there found another bond of unity and peace than ever they had known before, as the Lord gave them to be alike believers upon his name. We have these in our church, and long may they exemplify the graces of Christianity. One other case occurs to us as illustrating the force of Christian life and obedience. A mother died rejoicing in the Lord, and in the *prospective* salvation of her daughter and two sons, then unsaved, but the objects of many believing prayers. In full assurance of her own present and their ultimate salvation, she fell asleep. After a time the daughter was savingly impressed, and anxious to follow her Lord, she resolved

to be baptised. She wrote to her brothers, living in the country, stating what she was about to do, and pleading with them to follow her example. They were in consternation at what appeared to them as madness, and one of them at once agreed to hasten to London and "stop his sister from making a fool of herself." He reached London the day of her baptism, and hurried to the Tabernacle, bent upon interrupting the ceremony, if needs be, rather than allow his sister to be immersed. He was arrested on the threshold by the speaker's voice, and was compelled to listen to the service which precedes the ordinance, and there found words which made for his everlasting peace. He rejoiced with his sister, and went home to persuade his brother to consider these things, and with the blessing of God his efforts were not in vain. All three are now loving and serving the Lord, and the mother's prayers were answered through the daughter's obedience and steadfastness to the truth.

Sometimes the "goodness of God leadeth us to repentance," and abundant evidences of this come under our notice. One of our present members, before her conversion, was in an hospital for diseases of the eye; an operation had been successfully performed, and sight was restored, but no joy and peace filled her heart, though she had some sense of gratitude to God for his mercy. She noticed, however, that some of those whose cases were hopeless, and who knew they could never look upon the beauties of nature again, nor see the face of friends this side the grave, were far more contented and much happier than herself, though she was expecting soon to return to home with all its joys, now made more dear to her by the trial and separation through which she had passed. What was the secret spring of joy which gladdened the hearts of these poor dwellers in darkness? She asked, and soon found that they knew a Saviour's love, and were filled with a sense of his presence with them throughout the long night of life, which thus became one perpetual day to them, because He was with them and in them. She came to the Tabernacle to hear more of this gospel, and found eventually her part in the "good news" which radiates from the cross, and is as light shining in a dark place; telling of pardon and peace for all that sit in the land of darkness and shadow of death.

Many times, however, the Lord is pleased to employ the ploughshare of affliction to break up the hard ground and prepare it for the reception of the truth. Bereavements are thus often great gains. We have in our fellowship two who became sadly bereaved ones; within ten days they had lost three of their children, and on the Sunday following the burial of the last one, they started out to go to some place of amusement in the suburbs of London, so as to spend the day away from the home thus made so desolate. They were on the road to the gardens, when it was impressed upon them that it was not right to spend the Sunday in such amusements, when the day before they had been to the grave of their little ones; they turned round and went to the only chapel they had ever been to for many years, and entering the building, they could find no seat, so they stood, hiding themselves out of sight as much as possible, when the minister gave out his text, "There is but a step betwixt thee and death." It was as if God had spoken, and their hearts, made soft by sorrow, drank in the good news of life from the

dead, through a crucified Lord. They are now with us, having found him who is the resurrection and the life.

We can testify that the work of the Spirit is in its effects as mighty as ever. It can still change the lion into a lamb, the raven into a dove. A drunken man once began to disturb the congregation at the end of the Tabernacle, and was about to be removed, when one of the members pleaded that he might be left for a time, saying, "Perhaps he may never come to hear the gospel again;" these words, or something to that effect, were all that he could remember of that morning's service, and the rest of the day was spent in a drunken debauch. When sobered the following day, the faint recollection of the incident was clinging to him, with some conception of his misbehaviour. He resolved to return the following Sunday, being alike ashamed of himself and shocked at having insulted God. He came, and on that occasion was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Nor less conspicuous was the work of God upon the heart of a waterman to a cab rank, who, from being one of the ringleaders in swearing and drinking, is now labouring to help on the good cause, and is regularly with us whenever opportunity permits. Formerly the sound of his footsteps returning home was the signal for fear and consternation, as his violence was terrible in the extreme; but as the messenger from the church reported, his wife says she has now got "a new husband." Another case recently came under our notice. A navvy, who was the foreman on some works in connection with a London railway, was made a partaker of divine grace under the preaching of the word. On asking whether the change of his heart was making any corresponding change in his life, he replied, "I think it is. I often get a half brick or clod of earth heaved at me; at one time, I should have off with jacket and given them a thrashing, or else done my best to do so, and now I feel that I must pray for them, and never yet have I returned an angry word; I only think that they will tire at that first." On being asked if the temptation to swear was not a hard one to resist, he said, "Well, I am glad to say, that, by the grace of God, that is past. I had my watch stolen last week as I was going into a music hall, and when I found out my loss I at once thought, well, thank God, I shan't swear for a fortnight, as I did last time I lost my watch." What was he doing at a music hall? Why, he is now, from being a drunkard, become a total-abstainer, and they have services there, and he is one of the helpers in the temperance movement. One other case of a change will suffice. At one of our annual prayer meetings, a young lady from an educational convent in Belgium was over in England to pay a visit to her friends, preparatory to taking the veil and entering a nunnery for life. She was induced to come and see what a prayer meeting could be, and there the service was blessed to the salvation of her soul. She relinquished the thought of devoting herself to the church of Rome, and now she is living as a child of God; a believer not in a crucifix, but a cross, and relying not on a priest like unto ourselves, but on the one High Priest, who has for ever perfected them that are sanctified. Reader, the great question is, are you saved? Have you been born again? You need it as much as any, for you have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is no other hope for you than the one set before us all in the gospel. Jesus is

waiting to save you, and he is as able and as willing as in any of the cases here related. Trust him then at once. Believe, and you shall be saved. If not, you are undone and lost for ever. You cannot begin too soon. You may put it off till it is too late. You cannot come at a wrong time; any hour is the right one, if it is the hour present with you; for "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

The Aggressive Work of the Pastors' College.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

AS a listener to the earnest and hearty short speeches addressed to some of the supporters of the Pastors' College, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, last March, we were greatly struck by the fact, illustrated and amplified as it was in varied forms, that the institution was almost entirely of an aggressive character. To those who are best acquainted with its working, its power and success, this may appear but a trite reflection. To others who, like ourselves, have watched, as spectators, not uninterested we trust, its marvellous career, the fact comes with an acceptance second only to that felt by those who have been closely allied to its welfare and most prayerful for its success. With not a few, we fear, this distinctive character of the College is not sufficiently well understood; while some good brethren, whom from our soul we honour and love, misapprehend it altogether. Presidents and tutors have more difficulty to meet the objections of such dissidents, than to justify th existence of an institution, the fruits of which testify most to th wisdom of its origination. An outsider may best write in defence o a movement. He may not be in possession of all the information which has filtered through the official mind; he may not be so enthusiastic as its promoters; but at least he is capable of judging from a point of view not so easily taken by the official, and he may be more dispassionate. Not that we propose to take up the cudgels in defence of an institution which courts no other defence than that supplied by its own acts. If its works speak not well for it, no other praise is needed. Let it fall, "why cumbereth it the ground?" But it is right and just that the character of its work should be known. The heavy-laden fruit-tree hides not its head. It fears no light from above, no scrutiny from beneath. The College has borne fruit of which it need not be ashamed. Under a hardy clime, it has grown until the smiles of heaven and the fructifying dews of divine grace have brought it unto a fair stature. It has blossomed; it will do so again. Winds may blow—they have blown—but, well-grounded and firm, it will strike down its roots into the soil, and be stronger yet. It may not be perfect; its symmetry may be complained of; its boughs may sometimes be crooked; its leaves worse than green; its bark may be rough; its branches unequal in strength and length. But if it bear fruit it shall prosper, and the husbandman shall rejoice. It may not live for ever; but its fruits will. It may not be immortal; but it will be immortal till its predestined work has been done. In the year of grace 1969, its machinery may appear out of date—we hope it will; but the machinery is needed

now, and, the prophet of Crown-court notwithstanding, may work well for some years to come. Its appliances were not devised for another generation, but for the present. We all work for to-day, and sufficient for the day is the work that is earnestly and faithfully executed with eyes open and minds free. The appliances are for to-day; the muscles, sinews, brains, are for immediate exercise—the results shall be for eternity.

Of the majority of the students, it may be said, they have formed for themselves their own spheres of labour and influence. It is on this point, especially with reference to our villages, that we wish to dwell. In ordinary life, the man who carves his own fortune is regarded as little else than a hero. Every petty tradesman that has worked his way up to a suburban villa and a footman, is held to be a genius of no common order. We all honour if not the rising, yet the risen, man. It is no disgrace to genius that it has striven in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and by the strength of an unconquerable perseverance has vanquished them all. There is no reason why the honour due to a young preacher who struggles might and main to plan and prepare his own field of usefulness should not be cheerfully paid him. The work is heroic. The difficulties are disheartening. The disappointments are heart-breaking. By so much the more then are the courage, faith, patience, and perseverance praiseworthy. If the College deserved kindly co-operation on no other ground, it should obtain it on this—that it does seek, and has so far succeeded, to train up a race of heroes for God's service. These men are not allured by prospects of large salaries. They do not enter College with the expectancy of occupying at some future time distinguished posts of Christian usefulness. They are not animated by any morbid love of popularity. It is well-nigh a matter of certainty that in business they might succeed better in obtaining riches. Nor are they encouraged in the College to expect high emoluments when out of it. We have known some of these brethren sufficiently well to have observed that, come weal or woe, they have surrendered their prospects, and their earthly future to the cause of God. We believe Mr. Spurgeon can corroborate our testimony that they have been more anxious to be in the *right* sphere than in the *best* sphere; more ambitious of serving God where he designs them to labour than where they would like to work; and that be the field small and the position unenviable, or untried, or apparently hopeless, it should nevertheless be tried, and never relinquished until failure is written indelibly on the attempt.

Few of our readers can understand the difficulties of a young village minister in starting a new effort. He goes down to a village, hitherto untried by, say, that portion of the Baptist denomination which aims to be aggressive. A room is hired. Three persons dissatisfied perhaps with the high sentiments and low practices of "Rehoboth" chapel are his only supporters. The unodorous traditions of the unpeaceful clique that has given the public such unpleasant notions of what Baptists are, are dead against him. The Congregational minister looks shy upon his impertinence in poaching near his manor. The high minister comes down low enough to preach against "the boy's" Arminianism, charges the young people who wish to hear him with having "itching

ears," though he probably has imparted the disease by his incapacity to understand the young. The student is called one of "Spurgeon's cubs." The curate condescends to stare at him. The parish clerk frowns: the charity boys laugh; the old women dependants on sick funds wonder at his impudence. He preaches in a lecture-hall; and he is aiming to "do the grand." He takes to the open air; and he is vulgar. He visits the people at their homes; and he is said to be proselyting. He converses with them in the streets, and he is aiming after show. He takes up special topics for special services; and he is sensational. He preaches comforting sermons in the morning to Christians, and he goes "beyond his depth." He seeks to arouse the sinner in the evening, and he goes beyond the Bible and the five points, and consequently the whole five are maliciously turned against him. He preaches simple elementary sermons to people who need instruction; he is devoid of thought, is always harping on one string, is unprofitable and stale. He urges Christians to practical duty, and complaints arise that he doesn't "feed" enough—as if the sole purpose of religious instruction were to make religious gluttons, fattening on "comfort," until they become like Jeshurun, so fat that they kick remorselessly. To add to his bewilderment, he is favoured with the scum of other churches of all kinds; men who, finding their level among better Christians, sink into a distasteful obscurity; men who, ever aspiring after some petty authority, will forego convictions for honours; men who believe they were predestined to the diaconate, and who, if not believers in the "perseverance of the saints," are firm upholders of the doctrine of the perseverance of the ambitious. Some of these new-comers are Arminians, and happily they soon get offended with the young preacher's Calvinism; some are very "high," and these fly away to more seasoned food; some are intellectual, and an illustration makes them dyspeptic; others are too latitudinarian, and cannot find sufficient chaff to feed their empty souls. Thus, no sooner has the congregation been got together than the operation of weeding begins, and the process seems unending. The lecture-room is not so well filled. A few who cannot worship at all unless they worship respectably, are disappointed at the small numbers who are left. No one of position has come to hold the helm. The principal man is a butcher, and he has only just emerged from a journeyman into a tradesman in a poor way, with a small wife and a large family. Another—a veritable village gossip, with nothing to do and a superabundance of time to do it in—objects to the preacher's notes, or else want of notes, dislikes his method and his reception of criticism; fancies he can preach better himself, and so carries off a few relatives, dependants and children, and commences *very* independent services on his own account, where he can sing and bawl, and rant and rave, to his own delight and other people's wonderment.

The young minister has now, at least, this satisfaction: the sediment, earthy and gross, has fallen to its natural condition—the bottom; and the glass of the future is clearer. A few earnest souls are one in heart with him. They are not numerous; they are but poor; but they have "a mind to work," and a heart that is capable of generous impulses. It is true that their capacity is extremely limited, and their experience in encountering difficulties small. Authority may in time make them

autocrats, unless the minister be sufficiently prudent and foreseeing to exercise his discriminative judgment. They have much to make them dispirited—the weak become cold, but the strong remain and grow more earnest. Strangers are brought in, and good is done. Perhaps the preacher may wait, with an anxious heart and an aching head, for months ere a conversion is known. We remember one case of an esteemed friend whom God has blessed to the salvation of many souls, who laboured for six months without hearing of any conversions. Then came the tide of divine favour; the set time to encourage, commenced and continued for four years, and is not concluded yet. Conversions do come when watched for with tears and looked for with faith. A small church is formed. A small salary is given. Bread and water are sure; but little else. Then the feeble folk begin to talk of building; without the slightest prospect of success, they pray for it. Oh, the agonising prayers that have been offered in quiet villages for a few pounds wherewith to commence the erection of an inexpensive house for God! Oh, the contumely, bitter and plausible, heaped upon those earnest hearts, who believe God *can* be moved, and that he who possesses the silver and gold *can* give it to his cause, obscure and unknown though it be! Collectors canvass the congregation, and seek contributions from the composite "powers that be," who hold the village in their supremacy. They are rebuffed where they anticipated pounds; they are rewarded with silver where they looked for gold. For months the task seems hopeless; they draw near to the gates of despair. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saves them out of their distresses." The righteous see their faith, their courage, and their enthusiasm, and rejoicing over the work their Master has given his people to do, they help to turn "the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings." Man's extremity becomes God's opportunity. Some generous friend sends a cheque which would be small in amount were the exigencies like those of a large effort, but which is a substantial sum in a little cause with which to commence operations. This gift necessarily stimulates others. The President of the College has his eye upon the movement, and in the "nick of time," when additional help is absolutely needed, promises a sum which sends the fire of enthusiasm into the ranks, and is like a reviving cordial to the faint-hearted. The foundation-stone is laid; the edifice reared. Its progress is daily and lovingly watched, as if it were to be a cathedral of massive proportions and delicate prettinesses, instead of a plain, substantial, inelegant structure. And ere the day of opening arrives, pastor and people spend restless nights of feverish excitement, with joy looking for the dawning morn when the as yet unfinished doors shall be opened for the friends and neighbours to hear some of those choice sermons one hears about in our peregrinations with which our friend, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon favours these interesting gatherings.

The building opened, part filled, church increasing, earnest preaching, fervent praying—but still a debt, very heavy to the feeble folk, and a badly paid ministry, the stinted remuneration barely covering mere necessaries. The preacher perhaps is unmarried. He hears the glowing eloquence of married people, who move his very heart by the fervid strains in which they speak of matrimony. He makes pitiful contrasts

between his cheerless home and the snug dwelling where love and sunshine are supposed perpetually to bless and to cheer. Some high-souled female, of heroic temperament, though not of exalted expectations, of suitable taste and genius, hovers around his vision, and surreptitiously gains an entrance into his heart. By-and-by, the Rev. Mr. Titus, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Timothy, conducts a ceremony that links the fortunes of poor minister and high-souled female indissolubly together. What is regarded as the inevitable blessings—though they are not always inevitable—come as intruders into the charmed circle, and add, if to the joys, yet to the expenses of life. For some years the pastor labours amidst the usual discouragements and vexations of early ministerial life, determined to succeed if success be possible, often pinched, often shunned, yet presenting a cheerful countenance, and never breathing a word to head-quarters about his difficulties. We once heard a tale of despondency that was confided to our ear with the strict injunction that not a word was to be breathed to the "governor" —a *sobriquet* by which Mr. Spurgeon was never christened, save by these Baptist followers who should be truer to their traditions. Indomitable energy and perseverance seem pre-eminently to characterise these young brethren. They defy the rules of logic and propriety in their estimate of duty. They have inverted the order which prudence has enjoined. Thus one young brother writes of those among whom he is settled:—"They shun Baptists as they would a viper; *therefore*, there is great need that we should have a Baptist cause here." Why, such a resolution deserves, if anything can, a successful issue. Such heroism, in obedience to an inner impulse, if it permeate the whole character, must make the word "failure" so to tingle in the ear that, brave and self-denying, the whole soul will be poured out in living flame of enthusiasm upon the altar of divine service.

Two speeches delivered by two earnest brethren, Mr. C. Williams, of Southampton, at the British and Irish Home Mission meeting, and Dr. Landels, at the Exeter Hall gathering of the Foreign Missions, ought to be printed and circulated together, with such applications and comments as a judicious writer might append. The one speaker showed how fearfully we have neglected the villages. He pointed out how Dissent unquestionably prospered in towns, and how villages retrograded. He argued with much force and judgment that if it was desirable that healthful life-giving streams should be turned into the large towns, the salt must be cast in at the source of those streams, the villages, and then most probably an improved religious life would be found in the great cities and towns. The other speech, brilliant and manly, urged in eloquent words the need of more self-denial and heroism in the propagation of the gospel in foreign climes. But truth to tell, England also wants enthusiasm, not only in foreign missions, but also in home labours. If the spirit of Dr. Landels' thrilling speech could but possess British Christians at home, evangelistic work would not cut so ridiculous a figure. The obstructive prudence to which Dr. Landels referred in such caustic terms, sits like a nightmare upon all aggressive work. These young brethren, who have eschewed all cold calculation, and armed with the panoply of divine truth, have sought to fight their way through hindrances and impediments that have damped the ardour of

better, more cultured, but not more fervent men, demand, and deserve the smile of approval they need in the prosecution of their noble enterprise. We honour the men who, subsisting on scanty and humble fare, battling with adversity, and living down prejudice, are seeking to the best of their ability to plant new churches in apparently unhopeful districts. With the accent of conviction on their lips, the truth of God in their hearts, and undying perseverance leading them on, they must succeed in breaking the dreary monotony of a sinful village life. Their preaching may not please the highly cultured; their methods of working may not suit this decorous age; their unambitious lives may fall flat upon the feverish world; but their faithfulness to God, and persistency in his service, shall be rewarded with the divine "Well done, good and faithful." We know no greater heroes than these sufferers of contumely and hatred, who so gloriously bear up and strike dismay into the enemy's camp. Their imperfections are not worthy to be weighed with their virtues. If England is to be evangelised, it must be by such men. Fit them, train them to as great a degree of perfection as mortal man can bear—no standard is too high for God's ministers; but let not culture destroy Christian simplicity (it does not in the truly great); let not learning quench earnestness and enthusiasm; let not supercilious affectation snub them, or selfishness despise them. A future generation may be proud of men who to-day are but lightly esteemed. Our hope is that the College will turn out many more such men; for our conviction is that as soon as it, as well as similar institutions, ceases to be aggressive, its days will be numbered.

Distance lends Enchantment.

ON the island of Ledo, within hail of Venice, one hears on the Sabbath a very heaven of music floating over the lagune from the church bells of "that glorious city in the sea." The atmosphere seems to ripple with silver waves akin to those which twinkle on the sea of glass before you. A mazy dance of sweet clear sounds bewilders you with delight; it is a mosaic of music, or, if you will, a lacework of melody. One would not wish to lose a note, or hush the glorious clangour of a single bell. How changed it all is when the gondolier's fleet oar has brought you close under the campaniles, when you are gliding smoothly along those marvellous streets, where "the salt seaweed clings to the marble of the palaces," then the booming of the bells, incessant, impetuous, thundering, garrulous, discordant, becomes an almost unbearable affliction. On your right a little noisy demon calls from the hollow of his cracked shrine in a voice dolefully monotonous, and yet acutely piercing, awakening a whole kennel of similar sprites, each one more illconditioned than his brother; these, in turn, arouse a huge and monstrous Diabolus, who groans at you as if longing to grind your Protestant bones, and feed the departed souls of Inquisitors with the dainty bread. Two or three sweet little bells cast in their dulcet notes, but the ear resents as an impertinence their unrequested addition to the deafening din; while worse than all, if perchance a moment's pause should occur, and the discordant and the

booming noise-makers should rest, as though from sheer exhaustion, some miserable cur of a bell close at hand is sure to yap out like a scalded puppy, to the utter despair of the wearied traveller. Charles Lamb may talk of bell-ringing as "the music nighest bordering upon heaven," but too much of it is more suggestive of another place. At certain hours in Venice, the bells of a hundred churches, all near at hand, make day hideous to the ear, and cause one to wish for night, when—

"Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all."

Thus and thus is it with this world everywhere and evermore. Far away and outside the world is harmony and delight, nearer and more closely known it is horror and confusion. To the young and inexperienced, the cadence sweet of love and mirth is rapture, and the towers of earth ring out a concert, filling hope with transport; but when the gondola of experience has brought the man into the very city of life, he hears a horde of bells—

"Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing their dole."

He is startled by mighty knells; wearied with piercing tones of care; and worried out of hope, as with mournful accents, troubles cleave the air, and the crazing clamours of peals of controversy, bobmajors of nonsense, and chimes of slander, frighten sacred quiet from the scene, and sound a hideous requiem to peace. "Things are not what they seem." From afar, society is full of friendship; nearer, it is hollow and hypocritical; pleasure dreamed of is Elysium, but, mingled in, too much of it is Gehenna: philosophy seems deep and solid at a distance, but searched with care, it is proven to be vapid and pretentious. All the world's a mirage; heaven alone is real. From thy din, O earth, we turn to the divine Sabbath bells of heaven, which from the far off hills proclaim the everlasting joy of the New Jerusalem.

C. H. S.

Mr. Grant on "The Darby Brethren."*

MR. GRANT has with very great diligence collected much valuable information as to that section of Plymouth Brethren who follow Mr. Darby. As on all hands, with a diligence never exceeded, and a subtlety never equalled, they are labouring to seduce the members of our churches to the subversion of the truth and the overthrow of the needful order and discipline of our Zion, it may be well to disseminate information concerning their sentiments and tactics. There is nothing which they have so much to dread as being thoroughly unearthed and exposed; for their grosser errors are not generally made known to their dupes until they are fairly in their meshes. Mr. Grant has done real service to the churches by his treatise on "The heresies of the Plymouth

* From "The Religious Tendencies of the Times." By James Grant. W. Macintosh.

Brethren," which we trust he will publish in a separate form. It is almost impossible for even his heavy hand to press too severely upon this malignant power, whose secret but rapid growth is among the darkest signs of the times. Our large extracts are meant to stimulate a desire for the entire work. *On their errors*, Mr. Grant says:—

"Mr. Darby maintains that a part of Christ's sufferings on the cross, were what he calls 'non-atoning,' that is, that in 'smiting' him as the shepherd on the cross, God did not do so with a view to an atonement for our sins, until a particular point of time, while Christ was hanging on the tree, and that then the wrath of God, in its atoning character, coalesced with his legal wrath. In association with the doctrine that much of the sufferings of Christ on the cross were without any atoning object or effect, Mr. Darby, advancing a step farther, denies that the atonement for our sins consisted even in Christ's death. But as it is probable some persons will find it difficult to believe that any man, professing to hold evangelical principles, and especially the leader of an important religious sect, also professing to be sound in the faith, could entertain such notions, and that I must have misunderstood Mr. Darby's meaning—it is due to him, and may be desirable for the reader, that I should quote his own words. They are given, in substance the same as in his monthly organ, 'The Present Testimony,' for August, 1866, a later date than that in which his other publication, 'The Sufferings of Christ,' made its appearance, and, therefore, notwithstanding all the remonstrances addressed to him by some of his followers against that dreadful doctrine, they are proved to have been without effect. He then stands before the religious world as still adhering to these fearful doctrines :—

"'There was, too, to him,' says Mr. Darby, 'in addition to the pain of the death, the *legal curse* appended, by God's righteous judgment as King of Israel, to the form of the death; as it is written, 'Cursed is is every one that hangeth upon a tree.' But this *curse of the law* was not the same thing *as the wrath*, when he cried out, 'My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?' *The thieves bore it as he did;* that thief, too, who went with him to paradise the same day, and who could go there to be with his Lord, because *he*, the Prince of Life, had borne the wrath due to sin in his own body on the tree. But the cross had been endured by many an unrepentant rebel against man and God; and *the cross in itself would not take away sin.* Yea, more, while the time in which he endured the cross was the period in part of which the wrath came on him (when he endured the wrath of God's judgment against sin), he only of *the three that were crucified together*, could or did bear the wrath; and the agony of that wrath, if his alone *of the three then and there crucified*, was distinct from, though present to him at the same time as the agonies (infinitely lesser) of the cross of wood!'

"The italics are not mine; they are those of the Rev. W. H. Dorman, who was for twenty-eight years the friend and admirer of Mr. Darby, and resigned the pastorship of a Congregational church in Islington to join his section of the Plymouth Brethren.

"The same sentiments are expressed in various other portions of Mr. Darby's writings; and even in some respects in language more objectionable still. That part of his theory, that Christ suffered much

and long on the cross before there was anything of an atoning nature in his agonies, and simply as lying under the wrath of God in his character as King of Israel, is brought out more fully and more plainly than in the extract I have given. This is, in effect, to say that Christ actually had sins of his own in virtue of the relation which he sustained to the Jewish nation, as their king or head. There is something inexpressibly painful in the idea that our Lord suffered on the cross in any other capacity than as the Substitute or Sin-bearer for us. There is not a sentence in the word of God which gives the slightest sanction to it, but the contrary:—'While we were yet sinners Christ died for *us*;' 'He was made sin for *us* who know no sin.' Mr. Darby says he *did* know sin as the King of Israel. 'He died for *our* sins and rose again for our justification; he died for *our* sins according to the Scriptures;' 'Who gave himself for *our* sins;' 'He is the propitiation for *our* sins;' 'Who bore *our* sins in his own body on the tree;' 'Who washed us from *our* sins in his own blood,' etc.

"The effect of this fearful theory of Mr. Darby, believed in and taught, be it remembered, by all the Brethren of his party, would be (?) as is well remarked by the author of a pamphlet written in reply to the theory, in the following words:—'Let the reader distinctly notice that in place of the single view of Christ's obedience unto death which the apostles set before us, who see God in the cross only as the smiter of his own fore-ordained Lamb, the sufferer is, by this teaching, placed under a *triple* necessity of dying under the *hand of God*. He kills him as Messiah; he smites him as the companion of others on the cross, and apart from atonement; and he makes him *also* an atoning substitute.' What a strange theological jumble, to say nothing of its pernicious tendencies wherever adopted.

"To say that our Lord suffered on the cross in any other way than as *our* sin-bearer, or as paying for us the debt which we owed to the justice of God, would be, to the poor law-condemned and self-condemned sinner, to divest the sufferings of Christ on the cross of much more of the grace and glory of his atoning sacrifice than language can express; while it would be to deprive the believer in them, in a corresponding measure, of that supreme comfort which he derives from looking back to the cross, and feeling that all that Christ suffered on the cross was solely for his disciples. . . . . .

"There is one of their doctrines which I regard as so vital that it appears to me it would, were it true, prove fatal to the whole scheme of man's redemption.

"The doctrine to which I allude is, that Christ's obedience to the law was not vicarious—was no part of the work which he wrought out for those for whom he became surety; in other words, that believers are in nowise interested in his obedience. Until Mr. Darby advanced this astounding doctrine, I am not aware that the notion was ever before even hinted at. The fathers, in the second, third, and fourth centuries, did entertain doctrines which were equally novel, astounding, and pernicious; but I am not aware that any of their number ever dreamt of advancing the notion that we had no interest whatever, directly or indirectly, in the obedience of our Lord when on earth. Yet there is

not one single follower of Mr. Darby that does not unhesitatingly—I might almost say indignantly—repudiate the idea that our Lord obeyed for a single individual that ever lived, or now lives, or that will hereafter live, till the end of time. Were they right, the obedience, or the spotless life of Christ would, so far as relates to believers in him, be no part of the work which his Father gave him to do, and which he himself came to accomplish. This extraordinary notion involves an entire and lamentable misunderstanding of the whole scheme of man's redemption. The law demanded obedience to its requirements, just as inexorably as it exacted the infliction of penalties because of its violation. And, therefore, it behoved him, who became our Substitute, to render obedience on our behalf, as well as to suffer in our stead the punishment to which we had, because of our violation of the law, rendered ourselves liable. . . . . .

"In connection with the Plymouth Brethren's rejection of the doctrine—most surely believed by all evangelical denominations in every age of the church's history—of the vicarious purpose of Christ's obedience, there is the equally unreserved rejection of another doctrine which the great bulk of believers regard as one of vital importance. I allude to the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ. Not contented with pronouncing this doctrine as entirely unscriptural, the Plymouth Brethren seem to regard it with special aversion. . . . . .

"With the deadly heresies entertained and taught by the Plymouth Brethren, in relation to some of the most momentous of all the doctrines of the gospel, and to which I have adverted at some length, I feel assured that my readers will not be surprised at any other views, however unscriptural and pernicious they may be, which the Darbyites have embraced and zealously seek to propagate. Among these, is the doctrine that the moral law is a thing with which believers in Christ have nothing to do, not *even as a rule of life*. This doctrine pervades the writings of the Darbyites, as well as their oral 'teaching.' . . . . .

"As the Plymouth Brethren will not use the Lord's Prayer because it contains the expression 'forgive us our trespasses,' so they make no confession of their sins in the sense in which the words are usually understood. In acting thus, they are, at least, entitled to the credit of consistency. If one has no sins to be pardoned, it logically follows that he can have none to confess. The Brethren will, it is true, admit in general terms that we are all 'poor weak creatures,' but when they do so, they attach no definite meaning to the phraseology. It was but a few weeks ago that I had some conversation on this very point with one of the most intellectual and spiritually-minded lady members of the Darbyite party. In answer to my statement that the Brethren did not make any confession of sin, she said, 'Where is the use of always looking at or confessing our sins, when we have Christ to look to?' If, indeed, we had not Christ to look to, there would be no 'use in looking at and confessing our sins,' but it being our mercy to have Christ to look to, we shall all the more clearly discern his preciousness the deeper our sense of our sins and sinfulness. And unless we have vivid perceptions of the greatness of our guilt, we shall never sufficiently appreciate the merits of the Saviour, to lay hold of his finished work for our salvation. Job and Moses, and David and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and all the most

eminent Old Testament saints of whom we read, had views on this point which were the opposite of those of the Plymouth Brethren, as is abundantly testified by the frequency and depth of their confessions of sin. Job could say, 'Behold! I am vile, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' And David had such a sight and sense of his sin that his Psalms are full to overflowing with heartfelt confessions of them. 'Mine iniquities,' he says, in one place, 'have taken hold on me, so that I am unable to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me.' In another place we hear him saying in his address to the throne of grace, 'I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.' No Plymouth Brother would adopt this language of either Job or David. Nor is that of Isaiah ever heard in their assemblies, as applicable to those who compose them, when he says:—'Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips.' Neither did Paul's sentiments accord, in relation to this point, with those of Mr. Darby and his disciples. Paul could say from the depths of his soul, in the overwhelming sense which he had of his guilt in the sight of God, notwithstanding the abundance of grace given him: 'I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this sin and death?' I cannot doubt that if the question were put to Plymouth Brethren, they would admit that Paul was at least as good a Christian as they. And yet no one ever heard a Darbyite employing this language as being applicable to himself."

As to their modes of action and general spirit Mr. Grant writes largely, and we believe from correct data. Many facts which have come under our notice are confirmatory of Mr. Grant's severe criticisms; we only hope none of our brother ministers may experimentally have so clear a revelation of the Darby spirit as has occurred to us. "Let me, then, first of all mention that, though as I have before stated, their numbers in London and the suburbs do not exceed 1,600, and their numbers throughout Great Britain do not exceed 20,000, they are so very active in their endeavours to make proselytes, and are so continually involved in controversies and quarrels among themselves, that they are more frequently before the public than sects of Christians who are more numerous. Take the sect called Bible Christians, for example. Their numbers in this country exceed 20,000, if, indeed, they be not considerably more; and yet for once that the name Bible Christian meets the eye we see that of the Brethren half-a-dozen times. The Plymouth Brethren, meaning the Darby section, are, indeed, at once the most active and most noisy sect of Christians of which we have any record in the annals of Christianity. And yet they have no missionary institutions, no organised propaganda of any kind; but what, I have no doubt, they find answer their purpose much better—they have their individual aggressive agents. They are first-rate tacticians. They have an intuitive perception as to who 'among those who are without,' to whom they have access, are likely to make the best 'Brothers' or 'Sisters,' and that conclusion come to, all their appliances are brought to bear upon them. And they are singularly happy as to the way in which they go about the

work of proselytising. But before I proceed farther, I ought to remark that, with very few exceptions, the women are the great propagandists of Plymouth Brethrenism. And, as a natural consequence, women are almost invariably the parties whom they seek to 'convert.' They are wise enough in their generation to know that if a man's wife is got over, she will give her husband no rest until she has made a resolute effort to prevail on him to join the 'gathering' along with her. Of course, it will be understood that I do not mean it to be inferred that there are no exceptions to this, but I do say—and I speak with no small knowledge of the philosophy and history of Plymouth Brethrenism—that the exceptions are rare indeed. In fact, I will go so far as to affirm that it would be almost incompatible with Plymouth 'Sisterdom' not to be a zealous and unwearied labourer in the field of proselytism. It is as true of them as a body as it was of those women to whom Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy alludes when he represents them as creeping into houses. Their favourite plan is to single out the best members of other evangelical churches, and endeavour to get them over; and when they have succeeded in inoculating them with Brethrenism, they are advised not at once to leave the church of which they are members, but to remain for a time, in the hope of being able to convince others of the error of their way in 'sitting under such teachers.' The new convert to Darbyism is carefully instructed as to the way in which he or she is to proceed. They are not to seem to obtrude their denominational views on those at whose 'conversion' they aim, but to appear deeply grieved that so few 'excellent Christians' see, because they have never been taught by their ministers, the whole truth; and that this is all the more to be deplored because if they—the parties addressed—saw the truth in all its blesedness and fulness 'they would be able to teach others also.'

Of course, in many cases this ingenious mode of propagating Plymouth Brethrenism fails, but in many it succeeds. And the proselyte, fired with a zeal, which is proverbial in new converts, to bring others to embrace the new views which he or she has just adopted, applies him or herself at once to the task of bringing over others to the new fold which he or she has just entered. The new 'Sister' commences with certain stereotyped phrases in endeavouring to bring over the party aimed at, by remarking that the pastor of the particular congregation is a good man—a very excellent man according to the amount of his knowledge of the truth—but that he is not sufficiently taught of the Spirit on certain important points of doctrine. His deficiences are specifically pointed out. On the next Sunday the device is to say to the party whose conversion to Brethrenism is sought to be accomplished, something to this effect: 'That was, in some points, a very good sermon of Mr. Smith's yesterday morning, but there was something wanting. At any rate, I was not fed. Mr. Smith has not got the same clear views of the truth which Brother Black at the gathering at Blank Street has. I should like you to hear him a few times.' The other agrees; and the chances are that in a month or so she comes out a full-fledged Darbyite, accompanied by expressions of wonder that she should have been so blinded as not sooner to have seen such important truths, mingled with thanksgivings at being now mercifully brought into the light of the

glorious gospel—as, of course, understood and taught by Mr. Darby. And, while the process of proselytism is going on, the kindest words are spoken, and the most winning manners practised, on the part of the domestic missionary. A minister of the gospel, who knows from painful experience what these proselytisers are, assures me that he was personally cognisant of one instance in which a Plymouth 'Sister,' in her anxiety to make another 'Sister,' spoke to her within a few minutes of their meeting, though they had never seen or heard of each other before, in terms of endearment as strong and as frequently employed as if they had been sisters in the flesh. 'Oh, yes, my dear sister;' 'oh, no, my dearest sister,' were phrases spoken in the most tender tones, and were among the weapons which were liberally employed with the view of ensuring another recruit to the Darbyite army.

"What I have said will give some idea of the stereotyped way in which the Plymouth Brethren proceed to work in their mission of seeking to make proselytes to Darbyism. Other plans, varying according to circumstances, are resorted to. No one outside their circle can have any idea of the zeal and ingenuity which they display in their endeavours to bring other Christians over to Darbyism. The words of our Lord may, in a sense, be applied to them—'They would compass sea and land to make one proselyte.' That one object consecrates every expedient to which they resort, no matter what it may be, to accomplish it. They may not be able to deny that a particular person is an eminent Christian, but still the party is not a Darbyite, and that is enough to justify whatever means they may have recourse to to bring the particular party within the fold of Brethrenism.

"It matters not to them that, by going into churches or chapels in this way, in parts of the country where the minister, owing to the smallness of the number of his congregation, has the greatest difficulty imaginable to continue to maintain the Christian ministry. That does not cause them the slightest compunctious visiting, even though he may be a man eminent for his personal piety and his devotedness to the cause of Christ. The minister, with his wife and family, may be thrown destitute on the world. The minister's heart, indeed, may be literally broken—still that will not cause them to experience a momentary pang. No amount, indeed, of misery they may have brought on God's faithful ministering servant will give them even a moment's uneasiness. On the contrary, they will rejoice at the ruin they have wrought in breaking up a church, because believing they are thereby doing God service. Many a provincial minister's heart have they literally broken, while hundreds of others have been made miserable for life by the dissensions which these 'troublers in Israel' have occasioned in their churches, and the dissatisfaction they have caused in the minds of many members who have not left, with the same kind of preaching to which they had for years before listened with pleasure and profit.

"A Congregational minister in the country, writes to me on this matter as follows:—'What the Plymouth Brethren have done in country towns no one but those who are intimate with the life of country churches can tell. There is no Congregational minister, either Baptist or Independent, who is not ready to denounce them as the greatest troublers of the peace of Israel since the days of Ahab. Much in these days is said

about the *Jesuits*, but the Plymouth Brethren will compare with them, both in respect to stealthy slyness and persistent effort to make converts. There are always in every church a few disaffected spirits, who only need the voice of the tempter to make them cantankerous. These are so much tinder to the spark of the Plymouth Brethren's tongue of fire, and straightway we have the following results:—The minister does not preach the gospel—the poor people are perishing for lack of food—another minister in the town cannot give it them; only let us get away from all this, and have no church, but just read the Bible for ourselves. A division ensues, and soon, instead of reading the Bible for themselves, one man gets the whole thing into his own hands, and another church is formed, virtually where there was to be *no* church and *no* minister.'

"This witness is true, and his testimony will be endorsed by hundreds of other ministers of the gospel in the country, all, like him, speaking from what they have seen and felt. . . . . .

"Plymouth Brethren have no feeling wherever their principles are concerned. I know indeed of no sect or denomination so utterly devoid of kindness of heart. It is the most selfish religious system with which I am acquainted. It is entirely wrapped up in itself. It recognises no other denomination, whether the Church of England, or either of the Nonconformist denominations, as a church of Christ. Mr. Darby has again and again said in print, as well as written in private, that those who belong to his party in the metropolis, constitute the *only* church of Christ in London. . . . . .

"No one ever saw a Darbyite at any of our Bible, or Missionary, or other Evangelical Society meetings. The Brethren look upon all other denominations, however evangelical in sentiment, and however high their standard of personal religion, as so largely infected with error in doctrine, as well as wrong in relation to church government, that they believe it would be sinful to associate with them for the promotion of religious ends. And this conviction, which is never absent from their minds, naturally has the effect of puffing them up with spiritual pride. Believing that they alone of all religious bodies have attained to the knowledge of the truth, it could hardly be otherwise than that they should look down on every other Christian sect with supreme pity, mingled, even according to the admission of some of their own number, with contempt. . . . . .

"With this feeling is naturally associated an amount of arrogance in the assertion of their own views, which those who differ from them often find to be unbearable. And in this respect their leader, Mr. Darby, sets them an example. In his case it assumes the form of infallibility. Mr. Darby is, to all intents and purposes a thorough Pope, though under a Protestant name. He will never admit that he is in error; and therefore very naturally declines to argue with those who controvert the soundness of his views. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? If Mr. Darby holds, which he does, with a firm grasp, the principle that whatever conclusions he and those acting in conjunction with him may come to, express beyond all question the mind of the Spirit; and if those Darbyites who gather together in London, can go so far as to exclude all other denominations, even the most godly among them, 'believing themselves to be the *one* or *only*, assembly of God in

London,' how need we feel surprised that Mr. Darby, as the 'prophet, priest, and king' of the party, should exercise a perfect despotism within the domains of Darbyism? . . . . .

"I have before glanced, but barely glanced, at the intensely controversial spirit which is a universal characteristic of the Plymouth Brethren. I say universal, because though I know much of them personally, as well as through the testimony of others, I know not a single instance where this controversial spirit did not exist in greater or less force. It is not for me to say that there are no exceptions to this rule; but I do advisedly say, that I am unacquainted with any single case to the contrary. This controversial feeling, often degenerating into something resembling regular quarrels, is the chronic condition of Plymouth Brethrenism. They are in a state of constant antagonism with the Bethesda party;* and a minister of the gospel, who has seen much of them, seriously assures me that when they have no one of the opposite party to quarrel with, they will disagree among themselves. I can verify this statement, to a certain extent, from my own personal knowledge. . . . . So great, indeed, is their disposition to engage in controversy, often ending in something like a quarrel, that it would be a thing quite new to see two of their number remain together for many minutes without a decided disagreement on some one point or other.

"Their quarrels, too, occasionally acquire an intensity which bring them before the public. In the year 1860, they had what they call a Conference at the London Bridge Hotel, met together for the purpose of examining certain charges preferred by Mr. William Kelly, 'pastor of the assembly' in Guernsey, against a Mr. Havent, of the same island. Many of the 'Brethren' came from all parts of the country to this Conference. Referring to this great gathering, in connection with the leaders of the Darby party, by whom it was called, and by whom it was carefully packed, Mr. Culverhouse, a man of standing among the Brethren, says in his published 'Statement of the Guernsey and London Case:'— 'It is impracticable to describe the true state of things, either in the gatherings or at the Conference. Every remonstrance is unheeded; and the simple fact of the services being conducted chiefly by these Brethren is of itself apalling. *Insinuations, slanders, insolence, threats, and violence are resorted to* for the maintenance of their position. At a meeting of Brethren, held at the Hoxton Assembly on the 25th instant, our brother, Mr. Lean, publicly avowed, in answer to enquiries by myself, that the London Bridge Conference is a 'private' meeting. This being so, and regarding the character of its *acts* and usurpations, I designate it an '*Inquisition.*' At the meeting of the 21st instant, the doors were guarded and locked. A Brother, on applying for entrance, was seized by the throat and thrust back. The fact of the doors being guarded and locked excludes, as you see, even the ordinary excuse of 'excitement.' Surely, 'these things ought not so to be.' Do you sanction, my Brethren, such a state of things? Will you, my Brethren, submit to be governed by an *Inquisition?*'

* This party differs as much from the Darbyites as the day from the night. We do not admire their peculiarities, but they are usually a fraternal, evangelistic race, with whom communion is not difficult, for their spirit is far removed from the ferocity of Darbyism.

"'Behold,' says David, 'how good a thing it is for *brethren* to dwell together in unity!' Behold a picture of the unity of *Plymouth Brethren* as drawn, printed, and published by one of themselves! It is a sorrowful description of the spirit and conduct of men who call themselves Brethren. Certainly this is not 'Brethrenism' according to what is usually understood as the scriptural meaning of the word. . . . .

"So late as March last one of the most extraordinary scenes of religious discord ever witnessed took place in the Freemasons' Hall. Between four and five hundred Brethren were asked to come from all parts of the country to hold a conference together. The Darbyites and Bethesdaites were equally invited. Those who invited them did not mention for what special purpose they were to come. It was simply said it was desirable they should assemble together, and that the Holy Ghost would direct them as to what they should say and do when they met together. The expenses of the poorer Brethren were paid by some unknown and wealthy Brethren. They had only been met an hour or so before they were found controversially fighting with each other with a fierceness which could hardly be believed. And this state of things lasted four or five hours for three successive days. It by-and-by transpired that the real purpose for which the Conference was called was to endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between the Darby and Bethesda sections of Brethrenism. The very idea was enough to plunge the Darbyites into a state of something more than indignation. Scenes of indescribable uproar, mingled with expressions of the very worst feelings, took place on each of the three days. And I am assured by one who was present, who does not belong to either the Darbyite or Bethesda section of the Brethren, that not only the prime, but the sole movers in these most unseemly scenes were the Darbyites. What the exhibitions were which occurred may be inferred from the fact that a lady who was present said she could have wept tears of blood at what she saw and heard; and a gentleman of education and social position, who also witnessed these lamentable scenes, remarked to me that it was enough to have made even angels weep. This may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact.

"But the saddest of all in connection with these deplorable scenes is that they are actually, in effect, represented as the results of the guidance of the Holy Ghost. There is no principle which the Darbyites more firmly hold, or to which they give greater prominence in their 'teaching,' than this—that the Holy Ghost is with them in all their assemblies, and that whatever conclusions they come to are the result of his special guidance. . . . . .

"But I may be asked by some one incredulously, can it really be possible that the Darbyites should ascribe the distressing scene at the London Bridge Hotel as the result of the special guidance of the Holy Spirit? Deplorable as is the fact, it is even so. The question, as stated in Mr. Grove's pamphlet, entitled 'The Exclusive Brethren,' meaning the Darbyite section of the Brethren, was put to some of the leaders of the Darbyite part in reference to this very meeting, and an affirmative answer was at once given. The question was put in various forms, that there might be no mistake in the matter, and the answer was in every instance unhesitatingly and explicitly in the affirmative. One of the forms in which the question was put was this: 'Suppose an assembly

err, what should then be done?' The answer was, 'Still, while you acknowledge it as an assembly, you must accept its *action* as that of the Holy Ghost.' Then, continued the querist, 'Is it the Lord's mind that I should accept an error of judgment?' Answer, 'Yes.' Again, 'Then you would rather accept an *official blunder*, knowing it to be so, than act upon what you believe the Lord had shown you to be the truth?' Answer, '*Certainly.*'"

The effect of Darbyism upon family life is perhaps its most awful feature. With a passage upon that point we close our extracts.

"There is just one point more to which I wish to advert for a moment before I conclude. It refers to the influence which Darbyism exerts on the social comfort of families. I shall be fully borne out, by the concurrent testimony of thousands of persons, all of them speaking from painful experience, when I say, that no tongue can tell what an amount of domestic unhappiness has been caused by the circumstance of some leading members of a family adopting Darbyite opinions, when the other members of the family were opposed to those opinions. I could unfold specific tales of this kind which could scarce be credited; but that would not be expedient. It might be attended with unpleasant consequences to individuals, even without mentioning names. Parties might be supposed to be pointed at in the cases in question, which I had not at all in my eye. Indeed, a greater or less number of persons, of whose names I never even heard, would imagine that either themselves or some members of their families were alluded to. I will content myself, therefore, with stating the broad fact, and giving three illustrations—that Darbyism, as a rule, changes one's whole character, as regards the social relations of life, where a leading member of a family has plunged over head and ears into it. The former geniality, however great it may have been, disappears. The party, indeed, is no longer, as regards what is called amiability of manners, the same as before. It is a curious fact that a generous, open, agreeable Darbyite is very rarely to be met with. Plymouth Brethrenism changes the most kind, courteous, and winning manners into the opposite. And this is the case even where the family previously lived in perfect Christian harmony and happiness. I can testify from personal knowledge to an illustrative case of this kind which took place not long ago. A gentleman of high rank in the army lived for years in as great happiness with his wife as perhaps any husband ever did. They were both eminent Christians. In an evil hour, the wife, one of the most amiable of women, fell into the hands of a Plymouth Sister, and the result of the intercourse was, that in a few weeks she became a thorough proselyte to Darbyism. The very firstfruit of her 'conversion' was her refusal to join in social worship with her husband and the other members of the family. Nor did the consequences of this lady's 'conversion' to Darbyism end even there. She would no longer even kneel with her husband alone in prayer before retiring to rest—a practice which they never omitted from the day of their marriage until the unhappy hour in which she was entangled in the meshes of Brethrenism. None but a truly godly man can form any conception of the misery of which this change in the opinions, the feelings, and the conduct of this lady, proved productive in a formerly happy household.

"Another illustration of the estrangement which Brethrenism causes in families, consisting with my own personal knowledge, presents itself at this moment to my mind. A Plymouth Sister, whose family do not share her views, cannot help expressing her dissent from any and every act of worship in the family. She even turns away her face when the head of the house asks the divine blessing on the meals of which they are all about to partake. Is not this sad? Does it not display a lamentable state of feeling on the part of the individual, and gives a deplorable view of the denominational system that could produce it.

"I am also acquainted personally with another case, in which it happened that a mother and daughter had adopted the opposite views on Brethrenism. The result was, that the two would not sit down together at the same Lord's-table. What an unhappy condition it must have been, for each to be living together in this state of antagonism in relation to religious matters!"

Notes on Ritualism.

THE Ritual Commission has issued its report, and with it a vast appendix. From amid dustheaps almost as huge as those which Dickens has immortalised, we have, by dint of riddling and using the sieve, extracted a few pieces of gold and silver, which we hope will pass for good metal and be as useful now as they were in the days long past.

Many of the reformers were evidently as disgusted with the ceremonials tolerated in the Anglican church as ever we can be. Royal rather than spiritual authority, was the reason for sparing those Popish mummeries which have survived the reformers' pruning knife. Bishop Hooper, if we mistake not, was always a greater admirer of vestments than plain Hugh Latimer, but the very meagre lengths to which he would have gone are illustrated by the following extracts, which it must have been to the edification of the lords and gentlemen of the Commission to have heard read. They are from his work on the prophet Jonah.

In Hooper's fourth sermon he remarks:—

"This prayer of Jonas is so acceptable, it might be thought of some men, that the place where Jonas prayed in, should have bettered it, as the foolish opinion of the world is at this time, that judgeth the prayer said at the *high altar* to be better than that which is said in the quire, that in the quire better than that said in the body of the church. . . . . This I would wish that the magistrates should put both the preacher, minister and the people, in one place, and shut up the partition called the chancel, that separated the congregation of Christ one from the other!"

Good advice indeed, and worthy to be carried out instanter, even if half the church edifices should need levelling to effect it. What are are architecture and art compared with the vantage-ground afforded to error! If the nests were pulled down, or thoroughly altered, the birds might be led to fly to their proper quarters in the dark woods of Popery, and Protestantism would be well rid of them.

In his sixth sermon, in allusion to Baptism, he observes:—

"The matter and element of this sacrament is pure water; whatsoever is added, oil, salt, cross, *lights*, and such other, be inventions of men, and better it were they were abolished than kept in the church. . . . . I pray the King's Majesty and his most honourable Council to prepare a ship, as soon as may be, to send them home again to their Mother Church."

In the same sermon Hooper says in reference to the Holy Eucharist:—

"If we have bread, wine, and a fair table cloth, let him ['the minister'] not be solicitous nor careful for the rest, seeing they be no things brought in by Christ, but by Popes; unto whom, if the King's Majesty and the honourable Council have good consciences, they must be restored again; and great shame it is for a noble king, emperor, or magistrate, contrary unto God's word, to detain and keep from the devil and his minister any of their goods and treasure, as the *candles*, *vestments*, *crosses*, altars, for if they be kept in the church as things indifferent, at length they will be maintained as things necessary."

How truly did Hooper foresee! for at this hour, the tolerated millinery is cried up as essential to acceptable worship. Blessed would be the vessel which should transport all such trumpery to the Holy Fathers' own haunts, where Garibaldi and his waiting band would be glad to make a bonfire of them like that at Ephesus.

About that same time one of the reformed, who had returned from exile, wrote to his friend Peter Martyr:—

"What can I hope when three of our lately appointed bishops are to officiate at the Table of the Lord, one as priest, another as deacon, and a third as subdeacon, before the image of the crucifix, or at least not far from it, with candles, and habited in the golden vestments of the Papacy, and are thus to celebrate the Lord's Supper without sermon!"

Archbishop Leighton, whose piety makes every word weighty, said in one of his sermons:—

"What is the shining of the true church? Doth not a church then shine when church service is raised from a decent and primitive simplicity, and decorated with pompous ceremonies, with rich furniture and gaudy vestments? Is not the church then beautiful? Yes, indeed; but all the question is, whether this be the proper genuine beauty, or no! Whether this be not strange fire. as the fire that Aaron's sons used, which became vain, and was taken as strange fire? Methinks it cannot be better decided than to refer it to St. John in his Book of Revelation. We find there the description of two several women; the one riding in state, arrayed in purple, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls (Rev. xvii. 3); the other in rich attire too, but of another kind (chap. xii.), clothed with the sun, and a crown of twelve stars on her head. The other's decorement was all earthly; this woman's is all celestial. What need she borrow light and beauty from precious stones, that is clothed with the sun and crowned with stars? She wears no sublunary ornaments, but, which is more noble, she treads upon them. The moon is under her feet. Now, if you know (as you do all, without doubt), which of these two is the spouse of Christ, you can easily resolve the question. The truth is, those things seem to deck religion, but they undo it. Observe where they are most used, and we shall find little or no substance of devotion under them; as we see in the apostate church of Rome. This painting is dishonourable for Christ's spouse, and besides, it spoils her natural complexion. The superstitious use of torches and lights in the church by day, is a kind of shining, but surely not commanded here. No, it is an affront done both to the sun in heaven and to the Sun of Righteousness in the church."

The notorious Puritan, Henry Burton (as the appendix calls him), most wisely, with almost prophetic foresight, wrote:—

"But besides all this, these men have one special sanctuary to fly into, and that is their cathedral churches. . . . . These be their old high places not removed. . . . . These be those nests and nurseries of superstition and idolatry wherein the old beldame of Rome had muzzled up her brood of popelings, and so preserved her *usum Sarum* in life to this present day. And now these are become impregnable bulwarks to patronise our re-builders of Babel in all their innovations. 'Innovations,' say they. 'We bring in no innovations, no new rites, but what hath been in use ever since the Reformation, and that in the most eminent places, even the mother churches of the land. Now, all that we go about is to reduce inferior churches to an unity and conformity to their mother churches.' . . . . . Thus do our master builders plead."

It is no doubt true that the gaudy performances of the cathedrals have kept alive the Popish spirit in the church, and there will be no end to Ritualism while cathedral services are kept up in their present semi-popish fashion. Of course, what is good in a big church is good in a little one, and the cathedrals are little better than drill-grounds for Ritualistic performers.

The Puritan Smart, complains that:—

"Most of the bishops of our time . . . . busy themselves in nothing more than in setting up altars with all manner of superstitious furniture, crosses, crucifixes, candles, candlesticks, &c. Our bishops think it their bounden duty, as soon as ever themselves are consecrated, to fall to the consecration of churches, churchyards, altars, organs, images, crucifixes, tapers, &c. Our bishops think they seek the Kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof, when they persuade his Majesty (Charles I.) to restore altars, organs, images, and all manner of Massing trinkets, more than ever they were in the time of Popery. Our bishops teach and maintain stoutly that altars, images, crosses, crucifixes, candlesticks, &c., are not repugnant to our religion, nor contrary to the authority of Scripture; [and] . . . . would have them brought in again according to the pattern, and after the example of the King's Royal Chapel, and . . . . . labour with all their might and main that the offence may be spread through all the king's dominions, both cathedral and parish churches."

Hickeringill writes with force and common sense:—

"He," the 'ceremony-monger,' "does not say the mass indeed in Latin; but his hood, his cope, his surplice, his rochet, his altar railed in, his candles, and cushion and book thereon, his bowing to it, his bowing, or rather nodding, at the name of Jesus, his organs, his violins, his singing men, his singing boys, with their alternate jabbering and mouthings (as unintelligible as Latin service), are so very like popery, that I profess, when I came from beyond sea, about the year 1660, to Paul's and Whitehall, I almost thought, at first blush, that I was still in Spain and Portugal; only the candles on our altars, most nonsensically, stand unlighted, to signify, what? The darkness of our noddles, or to tempt the chandlers to turn downright papists, as the more suitable religion for their trade? for ours mocks them with hopes only. He gapes and stares to see the lucky minute when the candles should be lighted; but he is cheated, for they do not burn out in an age."

O for an hour of John Knox or Martin Luther! Our comfort is that God reigns yet, and Antichrist must come down, defend her who may! He who removed the frogs from Egypt with a word, can yet send us a Moses whose uplifted rod shall consign to the Tiber a pest more dire than that which disappeared beneath the floods of the Nile.

Lyrics for the Heart—"Truth."

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

BY the way side poor and weary,
Lone her homestead cold and dreary
Eyes all swollen, red with weeping,
With the outcasts often sleeping;
Feet all sore and scarred and bleeding,
To her tears and moans few heeding;
Lies fair truth her sweet voice pleading,
Words of love and wisdom reading.

Lives she as a sad disaster,
Scant her clothing like her Master;
Well she's housed, though in a stable,
Hers the crumbs from rich man's table;
Learnéd hate for ever leering,
Thoughtless crowds for ever jeering;
Thus she lives, and lives as ever,
Men to wound her think it clever.

Round her temples thorns still cleaving,
Still the scorn of unbelieving;
Still a reed her right hand grasping,
Empty brains vain questions asking;
Now exposed to shame and spitting,
Youngsters' verbal crotchets splitting;
Lives she now as lived she yonder,
Many hate and many wonder.

Still with all this idle dreaming,
Empty prattle, hollow seeming;
Still with all her woes and weeping,
Truth shall have a long sweet greeting;
Those who live her shame despising,
Ne'er shall see her bright uprising;
Here who will not share her sorrow
Shall not see her bright to-morrow.

Sunday Recreation.

THE other day in a first-class railway carriage, running between London and a suburban town, the following dialogue was overheard by the writer; the speakers being a young gentleman and an elderly man of business. "Well, sir, I maintain that Sunday ought to be a general holiday, and the people ought not to be kept out of such places as the Zoological Gardens, and the Crystal Palace grounds, where they would find both health and amusement. I would have the Sunday used for recreation." The elderly gentleman listened attentively to his young friend, and then very quietly replied. "*Recreation!*" Yes that is the very word, and quite meets my views. The Sabbath is meant for re—creation, and if some people whom I know were once re—created, they would want very little of the so-called recreation which they now make so much of. Conversation on that subject ended.

Have you pulled up the Anchor?

WE have heard a story of two drunken sailors who had to cross a Scotch frith at night. They leaped into the boat and pulled away at the oars with all their might; they pulled, and pulled, and wondered they did not reach the shore. In their maudlin state they thought the tide was set against them, and so, in a wild fashion, they took spells of pulling, but no shore did they reach. Great was their astonishment, for the frith was narrow, and a quarter of an hour should have seen them at the opposite beach. "Surely," they said, "the boat is bewitched, or we are." The night wore on, and the morning light explained the mystery to their soberer eyes. "Why, Sandy, mon, we never pulled up the anchor!" Just so; and thus tug as they might, they laboured in vain.

Many and many a sinner has been in like case. He has tried to believe, always a strange thing to do, but all his trying has come to nothing; peace has been as far off as ever. The means of grace have been unavailing, prayer has brought no answer of joy, the man has been ready to despair, and blamed fate and the devil, and a thousand other things. Meanwhile the real cause of the soul's long delay has been unnoticed; the heart has never really loosed its hold of its self-righteous hopes, never fairly pulled up the anchor and trusted itself to Jesus. Reader, how is it with you? Have you heaved the anchor? Have you done with self? If not, all your efforts are idle, all your prayers and tears are fruitless, and you see clearly that they must be so. Man, up with the anchor, let go every trust but Jesus, and you will soon be at the desired haven.

Reviews.

We are so behindhand with the bookmakers and booksellers, that we resolved to recover lost ground, even if we excluded more valuable matter. Our readers will, therefore, be so good as to excuse the excessive space allotted to this department.

Exposition of Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS. Wesleyan Conference Office; and at 66, Paternoster Row.

WITH very much of this work we are in hearty sympathy, but on the doctrine of election we must divide as far as the poles asunder. We do not believe "that the *election*, the *predestination*, of God," "has respect to *character*;" or "that the feature of character to which God's election has respect is our *coming to Christ*, in the confession of our helplessness and ruin, to embrace him as our own, and to trust our interests into his hands." Now what character to base the election upon can there be found in an unbeliever to suggest to God (to use no stronger term) the bestowal of faith, when it is written, "Without faith it is impossible to please God"? Is election limited to the designation of that element of character which leads to the coming to Christ, and the embracing him as our Saviour? If so, what is the good of predestination, and where the necessity for it if man has an element of character which brings him, apart from election, to the arms of a Saviour. Election is not required at all if this is the limit of its influence; men will sort themselves, without a divine selection, into those willing to believe and the unwilling ones. We rather agree with the author when speaking of Jacob and Esau; he says, "God exercises *his own free and sovereign will*, and sometimes sees fit to dispense his favours in a manner which, to us, appears strange and startling." We apply this rule to his highest acts in grace, and are not prepared to confine it merely to his dealings in temporal matters with individuals and nations.

The Reason of Hope, &c. By a Glasgow Merchant. Paisley. J. & R. Parlane.

WE commend this little book not for its literary worth so much as for the piety and evident earnestness of spirit which pervade the whole.

The Religious Tendencies of the Times; or, How to deal with the Deadly Errors and Dangerous Delusions of the Day. By JAMES GRANT. Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," "Seasons of Solitude," etc., etc. Vols. I. & II. London: William Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

MR. GRANT has, with great fearlessness, and some rigour, done good service in denouncing the views of the non-eternity of future punishments, which he too clearly shows are very prevalent. We only differ from him as to our own denomination, for among the Baptists we know of few who are carried away by the modern views, and we earnestly hope the plague may not devastate our ranks. These volumes sound an alarm in no uncertain manner. Would that the evils here discovered to open view, were as easily removed as exposed.

Spiritual Fables, Apologues and Allegories in Prose and Verse. By E. B. London: Reeves & Turner, 196, Strand.

WE set great store by books of this class. He who invents a new metaphor is as great a benefactor of his race as he who discovers a new island. These allegories are not of equal merit; some few are rather second-rate, but there are many out of the hundred and ten which are truly beautiful. The style reminds us of Mrs. Prosser, whose somewhat similar volume we reviewed a few months ago. We thank the writer of the book before us very heartily, and wish her the widest circulation for her useful and entertaining chapters. We append two apologues as average specimens.

THE SKYLARK AND PAPER KITE.

"A paper kite floated high in the air: sometimes perfectly still, it seemed to survey the grandeur of the scene below; and then again it swayed from side to side; while its long tail swung with graceful motions in the evening breeze.

A sky-lark was ascending near, and sung its beautiful notes, as if rejoicing in the freedom of wing and song.

The kite felt proud of its own elevation: 'How superior I am to you,' it called over to the lark; 'I ascend with none of the labour you are obliged to use. How weary, I judge, your wings must be in supporting your weight so high and so long! and how small a creature you appear against *me*, who am fifty times as great.'

The lark would scarcely cease its song to attend unto and answer the boasting kite; but at length it replied:

'It is by the exercise of living power that I rise above the earth. I love to soar towards the sky; for which purpose strong pinions have been given me. It is therefore natural for me to fly, and my happiness is manifested by the notes with which I delight the ears of listening rational beings.

'But you, notwithstanding all your boast, are but a poor flimsy thing; scarcely a body, and without natural motion.

'If now lifted by the wind, you are not in your safest situation; and only let the string break, to which you are fastened, and your downfall is inevitable. Adieu.'

The lark rose higher and higher, till it was hidden in the clouds, and its melody could no longer be heard from the earth. But a sudden gust had indeed broken the twine, and the kite helplessly hurried about at the will of the wind, was at last *precipitated* to the ground, and was *shattered* to pieces.

Empty vanity may aspire, but only living piety will find its home and element on high.

To live above the world is to have occasion and matter for *holy singing*; and while true faith bears the soul upward to the atmosphere of heaven, whatever is but earthly in its nature, however high it rises, will be drawn again unto it, whose downfall is ruin, and the end thereof to perish for ever."

HIGH AND LOW.

"'You are almost come to *your* end,' said the newly-painted sign-board of the public-house, to the stump besom lying beneath. 'There is no chance of *your* being renewed! Just look up and see how spruce I appear;' and the sign-board swung itself to and fro on the hinge which suspended it above.

But the old besom remained silent.

'A very servile, as well as laborious employment yours has been all your days,' continued the sign-board with another swing.

But the old besom still kept silence.

'It is plain enough that your sweeping offices are almost ended,' observed the swinging sign; 'at all events, you look shabby enough now against my bright appearance.'

'Ah, well; some are fitted for high stations, like myself' (taking another swing), 'and some must be down in the world, like to your own low condition. However, don't be offended.'

So the besom meekly answered—

'There is some truth, no doubt, in what you have advanced, although perhaps for want of better education or more modesty, not delivered with the best of manners.

'I confess that I have been used to rough and hard work, as brooms usually are; but notwithstanding, I am thankful that throughout my time I have been usefully, though you may think, not enviably employed; and when

I can be used no longer, shall humbly submit unto my end. All must have an end, you know, sometime—sooner or later—besoms or sign-boards as they may happen to be.

'Tis true, you are higher up in the world than has fallen to my lot; but your services are not, in my opinion, of the most praiseworthy character.

'All that you are fit for, as far as I can see, is to say, 'This is a public-house,' and to entice to spending and drinking.

'No, no, friend; you have nothing to glory in, or to be proud of, depend on it, with all your boasting and easy swinging; for where would be your beauty if not painted? And only let the little pin slip out or be worn out, which attaches you to the hinge, and down you would come, and very likely be shattered by the fall.'

'And so, I say, Give me rather the humble but honest work of the broom, that sweeps clean, keeps tidy, and brings no sorrow, than of the highly lifted, gaudily painted, swinging sign-board, whose main object is to tempt to dissipation, and to lead the unthinking to ruin.'

Whether it felt displeased, is not to be said; but it is certain the sign stopped swinging for the time, and returned no reply unto the old besom's observations.

Not place, but principle; not gain, but character, is everything.

'Finally, brethren,' St. Paul writes, 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things' (Phil. iv. 8).

'For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth' (2 Cor. x. 18)."

Emmanuel, or the Titles of Christ; their Teaching and Consolation. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

Dr. Winslow commands a considerable body of readers, to whose spiritual wants he ministers richly, suiting precisely their ability to receive the truth. We wish there were scores altogether like him, except his gown and bands. He has a pleasant way of putting the gospel, and he is perfectly reliable as to his orthodoxy; at the same time, he rather excels in milk for babes than in meat for men; his interpretations are rather popular than profound, and his observations are more godly than striking. Like a good householder, he brings forth things new and old, especially the old; but then the word saith "the old is better." The present volume contains sermons upon ten of the names of our Lord. We selected that upon "the everlasting Father" for reading, and do not hesitate to say that the excellent discourse ought to have had quite another heading. Christ is, according to Dr. Winslow, called the everlasting Father because of his oneness with the Father, his revealing the Father, and so on; but this, though blessedly true, appears to us to be quite apart from the text. Why not have spoken of the Fatherhood of Christ, and of that age of which he is the august sire?

"Wonderful in counsel He;
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of Kings and Prince of Peace."

Affliction; or, the Refiner watching the Crucible. By the Rev. Charles Stanford. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A delightful little book on a subject upon which the author can speak experimentally above many. Full of quiet thought and power, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the Lord's afflicted people.

Self-culture and Self-reliance. By William Unsworth. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A small volume with good matter and better intentions. The author has evidently enlarged upon a subject which he has much at heart; but not having sufficient method and arrangement he repeats himself, and runs the risk of wearying his readers. Recast and condensed, the book will be of service to such as are willing to help themselves.

Blanche Gamond, a Heroine of the Faith. Preface by Dr. Merle D'Aubigne. Religious Tract Society.

A gem of a book. One that young and old will alike read with pleasure. The preface has all the sweetness and power of this great writer thrown into it, and is a fit introduction to one of the most interesting narratives we have had the pleasure of reading for many days. The only fault of preface and book is the brevity of both. The paper, and type, and binding, are suitable and elegant. It will be a favourite book for a present.

Bible Exercises for Family Reading; and the Temperance Bible Class. By Mrs. Lucas Shadwell. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Very homely and watery.

Commentary on Ezekiel. By E. W. Hengstenberg, D.D. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Intended mainly for clerical readers, though adapted for thoughtful ones amongst all classes. Not so much, perhaps, a commentary to consult as to peruse. We are not prepared to agree with some of the opinions advanced by the learned author, but they are worth thinking over, and generally strike out some fresh thought, though we may disagree with the view propounded. We heartily commend these volumes of the "Foreign Library," and think that they are likely to be of much service in an age when the letter of the Word is receiving so much attention, both from friend and foe.

The Words of the Apostles. By Rudolph Stier, D D. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Any work by this well-known and highly esteemed author can need no word of praise from us. Here scholarship and devotion are blended to do homage to the voice of inspiration. He does not expound the words of the apostles as if they were *their words merely*; but he regards them as the words of the *Holy Ghost through* the apostles. The writer presupposes, on the part of his learned readers, the presence of all requisite appliances; and has striven to impart to the less favoured, in a lowly form, such thoughts concerning the "divinely-loving" words of the Spirit as have suggested themselves to his own mind. Our ministerial readers will not fail to appreciate this book.

Daily Thoughts on Christ alone. By Zeta. Wm. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

The writer begins in Genesis and finishes in Revelation, and gives a moderately interesting jotting or two of his journey by the way. We are repaid for the perusal, but should hardly like to repeat the reading every month, and as this is the design of the book, we must, so far, hold it to be a failure. The book is enlivened by incidents of travel in the East, and by other illustrations which are well chosen.

One Hundred Hieroglyphic Bible Readings for the Young. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A splendid book indeed. We hardly know which to praise most, the ingenuity of the author who devised the hieroglyphs, or the skill of the engraver and printer in executing them. Everything is true to nature and the best principles of art. Much of instruction and an immensity of amusement can be found in this book, which is one of the most lasting volumes which has come under our notice. It is a treat for any youngster, and many older folk will not be sorry to look through it.

The Foreign Protestant Pulpit. R. D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

Luchart, Monod, Bersier, and Osterzee are names which will not need commendation, and all are speaking in this first part of a series of translations from the sermons of the leading preachers on the Continent. There is a capital mine to be worked, and we hope that this enterprise will have success. Monthly parts at sixpence containing as good matter as this first one will surely find a large sale.

Chinaits: spiritual need and claims, with brief notices of Missionary effort past and present. By J. Hudson Taylor. Third Edition. Price Sixpence. Nisbet & Co.

A deeply interesting pamphlet by one who knows most thoroughly the subject upon which he writes. We are glad to see it in the third edition, and hope it will go on to another hundred editions at the least. Mr. Taylor ought never to be forgotten in our prayers.

Poor George; or, the World of Love. By Miss Sargeant. W. Macintosh.

A godly story of a sick boy, whose gracious spirit became a light to all the rustic household in which he dwelt. Very suitable as a gift to any poor bedridden lad or girl.

Friendly Words with Fellow Pilgrims. By Dr. Kimball, Boston, U.S. Tract Society.

A very readable little work on foundation truths, illustrating in an agreeable manner the all-sufficiency of Jesus as our sole source of pardon, life, strength, peace, and joy. There is a directness and freshness about the book calculated to make it very useful.

Girlhood. By Marianne Farningham. Jas. Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street.

A capital book, and will have many readers amongst the maidens, and much more good will be gotten out of it than from a library of novels.

Bible Sea Pictures. Tract Society.

Twelve good pictures from the Bible about the sea. A very cheap and instructive present for a young Sunday-school scholar.

Topics for Teachers. By James Cowper Gray. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A very superior manual for Bible-class leaders. The author of that useful work, the "Class and the Desk," has done good service here in condensing the Bible Encyclopædia, the Concordance and the Text-book, into one work, forming a first-class manual for any class-leader. The book is being issued in parts, and is worth the notice and purchase of all. Vol. I., containing eight parts, is now before us; and for printing, matter, illustrations, maps, and general appearance, it leaves nothing to be desired.

Responsibility: Thoughts on the Guilt and Doom of the Impenitent. By William Norton. Elliot Stock.

Owing to an oversight this work has not been noticed by us; but it deserves our best word. To minds afflicted with the hyper notion of non-responsibility to the gospel, this most convincing treatise should be given, and if ordinary fairness be an attribute of the reader, he will see the untenable nature of his views: candour, however, is a rare commodity, and hence the best arguments fail to convince. Mr. Norton has our warmest thanks for his sententious work.

Gleanings for Mothers' Meetings. Religious Tract Society.

It is often a matter of serious difficulty what to read to a Mothers' Meeting, or during a cottage visitation. Here is the book for such a purpose. It contains good practical papers, not too long nor yet too prosy. We call the attention of district-visitors to this work as just adapted to their wants.

Quality Fogg. By Mrs. Prosser. *Bertie's Birth-day Present; Tim Pegler's Secret.* Tract Society.

All of these works, though not instructive in the ordinary sense of the word, nevertheless convey sound moral and gospel truths, and will be good reading for our young folk. Librarians wishing to purchase new works for their lending libraries in our Sunday-schools, will find these very suitable, and they are sure to be popular amongst the scholars.

Christianity Re-examined: Lectures, by Samuel Cowdy, Minister of Arthur Street Chapel, Camberwell Gate. London: J. R. Lynn, 10, Camberwell Road.

A series of lectures, delivered by our estimable friend and neighbour, Mr. Cowdy, before the members of a Young Men's Association. Such terse plain-speaking would, we are sure, command the deepest attention, and we do not wonder at the request to print. Much information is compressed into a small compass, and earnestly presented.

Bible Proofs. No. I. History and the Bible. A lecture delivered in Brighton, by W. Townsend. Brighton: E. Shrubshall, Ship Street. Price 3d.

A most commendable effort. The man who could produce this has no mean powers of reasoning. The tract should have a publisher in the Row; no bookseller would go to Brighton for it, even if it were ordered.

The Praying School-Boy. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

An interesting little memoir.

Life in Christ. By J. Denham Smith. S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

A series of reprints from the "Latter Rain." Simple, earnest, and scriptural.

Plymouth Pulpit, containing Four Sermons. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

MR. BEECHER'S amazing genius is not seen to advantage in these four sermons, which are lean as poverty itself in everything which makes a gospel discourse doctrinally valuable. We do not know what is meant, by "I do not say *totally*; for I do not believe in the doctrine of total depravity. They are depraved and that is enough. There is very little difference between *enough* and *totally*—not enough to dispute about." Nor can we quite see the correctness of another statement: "And throughout the vast heaven, throughout time and the universe, the blood of the world comes from the heart of God." Some evil genius seems to select for the English market just those sermons in which the great Brooklyn divine is least evangelical and most erratic; could not some friend both of Mr. Beecher and the gospel gather out his soul-winning discourses, and with such a selection, our friend Mr. Dickinson might count upon golden success.

Memoranda.

THE Meetings of the Baptist Union manifested that a holy and gracious spirit of unanimity pervades the denomination, and afforded auguries of brighter days yet to come. To abounding brotherly love the dew of Hermon is never denied, and therefore we predict a joyful future for our brotherhood.

We are not flattered by the following estimate of our value which the "Church Times" has been pleased to publish:—"*The only person we have heard of that illustrates in the smallest degree what the dean of a great city should be like—and he is but a caricature—is Mr. Spurgeon, who has not merely his huge Tabernacle, and his 'monster services,' but is, by all accounts, creating a very remarkable group of agencies around him. Of course, no one will suspect us of much sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon as he is, but we have often thought that if he could only be licked a little into shape, it would be a good bargain for the church if we could get him in exchange for any half-dozen deans that we happen at this moment to possess.*"—If Mr. Hugh McNeile is a fair specimen of a dean, and his letter to Mr. Gladstone is a fair specimen of his deanship's character, we should be very sorry to be equal to half-a-dozen of such deans. We have always respected him as a minister, and do still; but as a letter-writer and dean we cannot make him out. The season for mad dogs has hardly come, or we should fancy that both the dean and several others of the clergy had been bitten; for more raving, ungentlemanly utterances could hardly have come from men in the paroxysms of hydrophobia. We must confess, that while we deprecate such falls from evangelical soundness of speech, we congratulate ourselves upon the sure result, viz., the further education of Mr. Gladstone as to the nature and character of that Establishment, which at this present moment he appears to look upon as a tree whose branches no woodman must dare to touch. The late frequent scandals in the sale of livings are also working in the right direction, and the days of state favouritism to England's proud hierarchy, are as surely numbered as those of Irish injustice.

Wounded and dying animals are frequently more furious and venomous than ever. It appears that in certain parishes church rates may still be lawfully levied, because of outstanding debts not yet fully discharged; and this affords fine opportunities for infuriated clergymen to manifest their venom. Our friend, Mr. Walker, of Fenny Stratford, and his deacon, have been deprived of chairs and calico on account of rates, and into the bargain, our good brother has been prosecuted on the unfounded charge of laughing at his reverence the priest, which we are quite sure our friend would not do, for he never laughs at foolish things. The result has been great excitement in the district, and another shake to a rotten institution. Everywhere, in every place, let our men stand to their guns, for injustice and false doctrine have no immortality.

Frequent letters are sent us about the Irish Church and Popery. To one and all we answer we hate Popery a great deal more than any of the writers can do, but we will never hold it right to treat a Romanist unjustly; and to maintain by state funds a church for a small minority and make it the state church, is an injustice and an indignity which no man ought to be suffered to endure. The yoke is heavy enough in England, and we rejoice that Ireland will soon be rid of it. Delenda est Carthago, Carthago being to us

every particle of state patronage or control in matters of religion. For the sake of Protestantism and of all that is good in the Irish and English Episcopacies, may the end be speedy.

With great sorrow we lament the death of our brother and late student James Scott, late pastor of the Baptist Church, Forres.

The London Baptist Association has secured an admirable site for a new chapel in Battersea Field, and the first stone will, if all be well, be laid in a few weeks.

Mr. Hall, of our College, has become pastor of the second church, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

On May 25th, a chapel at Wood Green, was opened for the Baptist denomination. The London Association made a subscription for its purchase: the President and other friends were present.

Mr. A. Brown, of Stepney, is most vigorously and successfully pushing on his scheme for a larger building, which his growing congregation and remarkable abilities abundantly justify. We wish him every success; friends cannot invest their money better than by contributing.

Mr. Charlesworth, late assistant minister to Mr. Newman Hall, has now become the resident master of the Stockwell Orphanage. We hope now to receive fifty more boys. A festival is to be held at the Orphanage on June 18, to celebrate the Pastor's thirty-fifth birthday. Admission free to those who have collecting cards; to the public, one shilling. Time of opening 2.30. Will not our friends rally in large numbers and support the work!

Should any gifts or donations to any of our works remain unnoticed this month, friends will please excuse it, as the secretary is taking a brief holiday abroad.

The Colportage Association is extending its agency, and now employs eleven men. It is one of the best and cheapest modes of evangelisation yet discovered.

The first Anniversary of the Baptist Tabernacle, in Bourne, Lincolnshire, was celebrated on April 25th, and on the two following evenings. On Sunday, the 25th, three sermons were preached; that in the morning, by Mr. W. H. Smith, pastor of the church: those in the afternoon and evening, by Mr. G. Rogers, theological tutor of the College. On Monday evening, at five o'clock, a tea-meeting was held, at which about 150 persons were present. After tea addresses were given by Messrs. W. Orton and S. Chisholm, of Bourne; J. J. Irving, of Melton Mowbray; and J. Smith, of Billingborough. At half-past seven o'clock on the same evening, and on the Tuesday evening, two sermons were preached by Mr. W. H. Burton, of Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn. The collections, which amounted to over £16, were devoted to the chapel debt.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—April 22nd, sixteen; April 29th, eleven; May 20th, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, 1869, to May 19th, 1869

	£	s.	d.
Ebenezer	2	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	1	0
Sale of Old Guineas	2	1	6
Emily	0	10	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	6	0
W. T., Worcester	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hayman	0	3	0
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
John Ploughman, Willingham	0	4	0
Mr. G. Gamage	0	10	6
Lillah	1	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
Mr. W. Gibson, per Mr. Huntley	10	0	0
Mutual Improvement Society, Glasgow, per Mr. Medhurst	1	3	6
Mr. J. Deverell	2	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Coventry	0	1	0
A Thankoffering, for special answer to prayer	10	0	0
H. A.	0	2	6
Mr. Fitchett	0	2	0
Miss Brees	0	5	0
Mr. Simpson, per Mr. Murrell	2	2	0
Mr. E. Ryder	1	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards	5	0	0
T. B.	1	1	0
Mr. R. B. Warren	2	0	0
Mr. W. Olding	3	3	0
Mr. Davison	0	2	6
Dr. Simpson	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Tarrant	1	1	0
Mr. Balls	3	0	0
Mrs. John Anderson, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
A Friend, Glasgow, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mrs. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. Stiff	10	0	0
A. S. L.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Sturton	1	0	0
B. C. M., per Mr. W. Davison ...	0	2	9
Mr. Wyles	1	0	0
Miss Walker, Collecting Box	0	16	7
Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. Henry Varley	7	7	0
Mr. D Tagg	2	10	0
Mr. James Johnston	1	0	0
Mr. F. Wilson	0	10	0
S. C. C., Monaghan	4	0	0
Mr. J. Todd	1	1	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
H. O.	1	0	0
Mrs. Bartlett's Class	101	16	0
Profit of Tea-meeting	31	15	4
Moiety of Proceeds of Lecture at Cambridge, by Mr. Spurgeon	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Green, Stogumber	2	6	6
M. T.	2	0	0
B. C. M.	0	5	9
A Plain Person	0	5	0
Mrs. Edwards and Daughter	1	0	0
Mr. John Davey	0	2	6
Friends in Littledale	23	8	6
Mr. C. A. Davis	5	0	0
A reader from Tubbermore	0	2	0
Little Bobbie and Sist rs	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, April 25	25	14	6
" " " May 2	40	0	5
" " " " 9	42	15	4
" " " " 16	38	1	6
	£166	9	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, 1869, to May 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
On account, Students' House	5	14	6
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
Sale of Jewelry	2	19	3
Tee Hay	0	10	0
E. W. S.	0	5	0
In College Box	0	1	0
Mr. J. M'Alley	0	10	0
A half Orphan	0	2	6
Rebecca	0	2	6
N. A. M.	0	3	6
A Friend	20	0	0
Little Sydney	0	5	0
H. A.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. Dunn	0	15	0
Mrs. Wood	1	0	0
Mr. Fitchett	0	2	0
A Believer	0	10	0
Mr. D. Tagg	2	10	0
Two Friends at Kirkdale	1	0	0
Mr. F. Wilson	0	10	0
W. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Whateley	5	0	0
Mr. M. Tutton	2	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Miss Brees	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from a widowed Mother	2	0	0
Mr. D. Morris	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mrs. Whittemore ...	0	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Band of Hope	3	3	0
Mr. F. W. Cobb	0	10	6
Mr. T. Moonlight	2	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Ward	5	0	0
R. A.	15	0	0
Mr. E. Leach	2	0	0
Infant Class, Chipping Norton ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	3	9
Mr. W. T. Buckland	0	10	0
Little Bobbie and Sisters	0	10	0
C. K.	0	17	3
"Nemo" Frome	1	0	0
Mr. Jose h Naylor	0	3	0
C. R. Glasgow	0	2	6
Mr. William Bristowe	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Styles	1	1	0
M. H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Eastly	0	2	6
Rollins	0	2	4
J. B.	0	5	0
Mr. Mason, Annual Subscription ...	0	5	0
Mr. Edwards, " " ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mortlock, " " ...	1	1	0
	£83	15	0

Received for the Orphanage.—Sack of Flour; Two Sacks of Parsnips, Sack of Cabbages, Two Sacks of Spinach, Bushel of Spinach, Bushel of Greens, from a Friend, Borough Market; Twelve Slates, from Mrs. Gisbey; Five Dozen Bedding Plants, from Mr Storer, Welling; Sack of Flour, from Mr. Medhurst, Tower Hill; a Quantity of Rhubarb, from Mr. Murrell; Two Bags of Rice, from Mr. Hanley, Winslow.

Received for the College House.—Wandsworth, per Mr. Barnard, 1s.; J. Clissold, Esq., Shortwood, 10s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations—			
Mr. W. Davison	0	2	6
Mr. E. West	0	1	0
Anonymous	1	0	0
A. D.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions—			
M. W., Salop	30	0	0
Collected by			
Mr. G. F. Day	0	3	9
	£31	9	3

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermon ers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Mrs. L. R. Doggett, £3; Mrs. Bennett, 5s.; Little Harry, 10s.; O. H., £1.

Received for the Churches in Germany.—Mr. W. P. Lawrence, 3s.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Dr. *General Account, from the Foundation of the Institution to 31st March, 1869.* **Cr.**

	During the year ending 31st March, 1869.	Previously up to 31st March, 1868.	Total Receipts.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Donations—			
By Mrs. Hillyard	... ...	20,000 0 0	20,000 0 0
,, An Unknown Friend	1,000 0 0	2,000 0 0	3,000 0 0
For the "Merchants'" House ...	... ...	600 0 0	600 0 0
,, Silver Wedding" House ...	200 0 0	500 0 0	700 0 0
,, "Unity" House	... ...	500 0 0	500 0 0
,, A "House"	... ...	500 0 0	500 0 0
,, "Sunday School" House ...	353 10 2	250 0 0	603 10 2
,, "Students'" House	286 16 4	339 11 10	626 8 2
,, "Workmen's" House ...	200 0 0	... ...	200 0 0
,, "Memorial" House ...	1,300 0 0	... ...	1,300 0 0
,, General purposes	3,955 13 9	4,303 6 6	8,259 0 3
	7,296 0 3	28,992 18 4	36,288 18 7
To Legacy	225 0 0	... ...	225 0 0
To Annual Subscriptions	15 17 6	14 13 0	30 10 6
To Balance of Rents and Interest ...	803 7 7	768 2 9	1,571 10 4
	8,340 5 4	29,775 14 1	38,115 19 5
			£38,115 19 5

* Exclusive of £425 interest on debentures due and unpaid.

	During the year ending 31st March, 1869.	Previously up to 31st March, 1868.	Total Payments.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Property—			
Freehold Land, &c., Stockwell ...	... ...	2,881 9 10	2,881 9 10
Roads, Drains, Grounds, &c. ...	865 7 0	150 0 0	1,015 7 0
Building and Furnishing—			
Houses, Lodge, &c.	4,780 1 8	1,761 12 8	6,541 14 4
Dining Hall, Kitchen, &c. ...	3,392 12 0	6 5 0	3,398 17 0
Play Room	225 0 0	323 8 5	548 8 5
	9,263 0 8	5,122 15 11	14,385 16 7
By General Expenses—			
Printing and Stationery	26 3 3		
Salary	62 10 0	239 1 11	349 12 0
Travelling and other Expenses ...	21 16 10		
By Maintenance and Education ...	491 14 6	133 6 0	625 0 6
	9,865 5 3	5,495 3 10	15,360 9 1
By Balance—			
Debentures, part of Mrs. Hillyard's Gift ...		*12,900 0 0	
Freehold Houses do		1,400 0 0	
Freehold Ground Rents		5,425 0 0	
India Four per Cent. Stock £2,500		2,500 0 0	
Cash at Bankers		525 10 4	
,, with Master		5 0 0	
			22,755 10 4
			£38,115 19 5

Audited and Approved, May 26th, 1869.

BENJAMIN SCOTT,
THOMAS GREENWOOD, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1869.

Tidings of Mrs. Bat's-eyes.

BY SEARCHWELL.

A FEW years after Christian had crossed the river, having gotten a warrant from the Lord of pilgrims, to go to the City of Destruction, and fetch thence divers of his rebellious servants, I went thither and tarried therein, dwelling in a tent by the wayside; the reason whereof being that it is forbidden the king's messengers in any wise to become citizens of so evil a city, but they are commanded to abide as strangers and sojourners, being aliens in the town, and not burgesses of it.

Now it came into my mind that I would search out and enquire for those ancient inhabitants of this city, who lived in the days of Christian and his wife Christiana, the fame of whose pilgrimage hath gone abroad unto the ends of the earth, if perchance any of them should be yet alive. It was my hap to light upon one Mistress Talkative, the wife of him who joined company with Christian and Faithful, just before they came to Vanity Fair. She is somewhat aged, and withered in her limbs, but in her mouth and cheeks she looketh like a young maiden, and certainly she hath lost none of her power of speech, but is withal so glib with her talk, that the selfsame which Christian said of her husband is true of her, she will beguile with her tongue twenty of them that know her not. She dwelleth still in the old house in Prating Row, and like her husband, she is something more comely at a distance than at hand. From this woman I learned the history, pedigree, age, marriage, character, health, wealth, temper, repute, and dealings of so many of her neighbours as I asked after, and many more besides; and moreover she desired to tell me of their children, their lovers, their eating, drinking, clothing, and such like; and if I could have borne to hear her, I dare affirm, she would fain have told me their very hearts, and inward and secret thoughts, for these escaped not the reach of her tongue.

She seemeth to be as the bird, which uttereth that which is spoken in the bed-chamber, but withal she is an arrant liar and twister of the truth, whensoever she hath an ill-will to any of her neighbours. From her I took words as men take apples which they pare before they eat; or as eggs, the one half of which are rotten, and therefore need testing before they be eaten; and indeed, when I had winnowed her talk, and blown away nine parts out of ten as worthless chaff, there was great plenty left, even good measure, pressed down, and running over, which if I had been so inclined, would have even smothered me in its heaps. She is a woman of some use to such a stranger to the town as I am, for she knoweth every house, and keepeth a register of every one that lodgeth in it; so that one needeth not to knock at a peradventure at any door to seek one whom he desireth to know of, but hath only to ask of her; and let the place be in the darkest lane, or winding alley, straightway she saith, "Yea, I know it right well;" and she beginneth some history concerning the dwellers in it.

At my first sight of her she was sitting at the door of her house, taking the air in the cool of the evening with two or three gossips, whose names none need enquire after, seeing that the less that is known of them the better for the peace of one's mind. Seeing me to be a newcomer to the town, she saluted me of her own accord, hoping to gather some new thing at my mouth; but withal in a few moments she had forgotten to seek news of me, being so pleased with the sound of her own tongue and taken up with the desire of telling me concerning her acquaintance and kinsfolk. She told me that she remembered Christiana well, and that she was a decent woman, who would take a dish of tea and be merry with her neighbours, till she took up with the melancholy, peevish tempers of her husband, and must needs follow him in his mad pilgrimage. "One would have thought," said she, "that one fool was enough in a family; but, no doubt it runneth in the blood, for that woman was quite crazed after her husband's death. They tell me there is a book written concerning her, but they that lived near her, and ought to know, could tell a many things of her that for my part I should not care to utter, for I hate all backbiting and tale-bearing. This much, however, I do know, she was as unmannerly and haughty towards me as her husband was to my dear spouse who hath lately departed, who was as fair-speaking and good-natured a gentleman as ever talked; and, moreover, a very religious man, and one who could argue and dispute like the best of pilgrims. I was with her neighbours when they called in to see Christiana in her fits, and a more notable company of women cannot be found within the walls of this city, but the wilful woman would have none of them, and went her ways like one bewildered, befooled with her own obstinacy."

When Mistress Talkative waited a second to take breath, I made speed to ask her whether she knew one Mrs. Bat's-eyes, who was of those who would have kept Christiana from seeking the Celestial City. "Ay, ay," said she, "I know her well enough; she is as good a woman as will be met with in a day's march, and she is a great lady too, only Bat's-eyes is not now her name, for she is married into a rich family of great title and repute. Her first husband was so weak in the eyes as not to be able to see anything in the sunlight, and once upon a time,

walking abroad at noon with the blind priest of his own parish, that is to say the parish of St. Elymas the Great, they both fell into a ditch, and the poor man perished in the mire. A very fine funeral sermon there was preached for him from the text, 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness.' Now it was so, that her husband being dead, the widow had many suitors, and among the rest one Sir Herod Hatelight, who was of the honourable jury that condemned that scandalous fellow, Faithful. He being a personable man, and having large estates in Blindmanshire, commended himself much to the widow, and the more so because they both agreed to love darkness rather than light, and delighted much with thick curtains and dark shutters to keep out every beam of sunshine from their chambers. She liveth at this day in the finest square of this city, and her husband is an alderman, and was not long ago mayor of the town; a rare hater of your canting pilgrims, I warrant you, though the times are so altered that he cannot despatch them out of the way as he once did, and the more's the pity."

How much more I might have heard I know not, but this sufficed me; and as I would fain learn more of Mrs. Bat's-eyes, that is now Lady Hatelight, I first would see her husband; and therefore, in due time, I turned my feet towards the court wherein he sat as an alderman and as justice of the peace. His honour—for so they called him, for the men of the City of Destruction are very lavish in giving and taking honour one of another—had haled before him a prisoner whom I at once perceived to be in very truth a son of the famous Evangelist who, in the days of Christian, was employed by my Master in the suburbs of this city. This man, being very valiant for the truth, had dared to preach and teach such as might gather around him in the streets, having chosen out-of-the-way corners, where he did by no means hinder the lawful traffic, or molest those who passed by the way. Nevertheless, certain of the men of the city being angered that he taught the people had laid to his charge that he did obstruct the king's highway, and bawl and shout at so lusty a rate as to disturb the quiet of the city, and create a stir and hubbub whereby the authority of the great prince Beelzebub was much endangered.

Now, because there sat upon the bench with him one Mr. Smooth-man, who thought it ill to be severe upon such fools and bedlams as he lightly judged the young man Evangelist to be, and as, moreover, the old cage for pilgrims was in a ruinous state, this Hatelight determined within himself to dismiss the prisoner at the bar with a warning and an admonition. Thus spake he, in high wrath and dudgeon, "Sirrah, thou art again brought before us, upon the charge of gathering together a company of lewd fellows of the baser sort, who stand in the ways and places of concourse, hindering those that pass by the ways, and troubling the respectable inhabitants of this ancient and loyal city. Thinkest thou that we will suffer thee to cry aloud in our streets, railing at and reviling the great lords Beelzebub and Apollyon and Legion, with their companions, who are the patrons of our fairs and markets, and by whom we get our wealth? Thy voice is as the roaring of the bulls of Bashan, and thy speech is utterly contemptible. Thou shalt be silenced, and the town shall be in quiet, or it shall cost thee dear.

I remember well when such as thou art would have been laid in the stocks, or their tongues cut out. I would that even now I could stop thy fanatical rant by the gallows. The gospel! A pretty gospel! Thou preachest hell and damnation! Who among us ever sought thee or paid thee for thy gospel? We hate it: our old parish religion is good enough for us, and I tell thee plainly we will have none of thy hypocritical cant dinned into our ears. Go about thy business, and keep thyself quiet or I'll teach thee and the fanatics that howl at thy heels, that the law knoweth how to shut your naughty mouths." My Master's young champion was fain to speak and ask a question, and after some ado they gave him audience. He said that he did in no way whatever let or stay the lawful trade of the city, that he had chosen a place wherein there was large room and but few who passed thereby, and therefore he was not guilty as his accusers had falsely witnessed. Moreover, whereas it was alleged that the sound of his voice was so great and terrible as to molest the quiet of the householders, he affirmed that this also was a charge whereof no man could maintain just cause. For he made bold to tell the court that certain musicians who aforetime had created no small noise in Vanity Fair, had been hired to make great sound with drums, bugles, fifes, and horns in a public place of the city, and that, too, on the day which by the laws of a greater prince than Beelzebub was ordained to be a day of rest and worship. And whereas these players on instruments, notwithstanding their outrageous din, were by no means seized by the officers and charged with being breakers of the peace, it seemed to be but sorry justice, and even a perverting of fair dealing, that he who used no trumpet, save only his tongue, should be said to disturb the peace of the city. To which Hatelight answered, in a towering rage, "We care nothing concerning thy Sabbath and thy gospel cant. These players on instruments of music are worthy and notable men, and by no means shall they be hindered or evil entreated. They are in the pay of honourable gentlemen, friends of mine own, who do well to spite both thee and thy Lord's day. They ravish the ears of the inhabitants of this city, even as did the multitude of their brethren, who served the great king Nebuchadnezzar, with their flutes, harps, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music. Knowest thou not that this ancient borough is, always hath been, and always shall be, loyal to Apollyon; and therefore both thou thyself, and thy melancholy doctrines and bedlamite discoursings are an offence to them, a very stink in their nostrils, and a grating in their ears. Sirrah, I take thee to be an arrant knave, and doubtless thou makest a fine market of thy preachments and prayings; I warrant thee thou art well paid, or as the proverb hath it, 'No penny no paternoster.' I'll stop thy music for thee, therefore beware how thou dost defy the law a second time. I hate this gospel and thee also; stand down, and hold thine impudent tongue, or I will make thee rue the day."

How truly is it written by the wise man of old, "Evil men and transgressors will wax worse and worse"! When men cannot act as they desire, because somewhat is abroad which hindereth them, yet their stomachs are as high as ever against the gospel, and their heart burneth like a flaming oven against the Lord and against his Anointed.

Verily the time cometh in which those who labour to quench the light of Israel shall have their own candle put out for ever.

"Hatelight, beware, in vain thou dost essay
To quench the sun which bringeth day;
For as God lives and loveth light,
The hour draws nigh which endeth night."

Madame Hatelight is a meet companion and fit wife for her lord. She hateth schools and books, especially if they be cheap and teach the ways of godliness. "Why," saith her ladyship, "nothing has gone well since every Tom, Dick, and Harry, hath learned his letters and set up for a scholar. The lower orders respect not their betters as they used to do, and they talk even to admiration, concerning their rights and their souls. The world is at a sorry pass indeed when men prate of their souls; and will not leave such things to their clergy and the gentlefolk, who have understanding and learning. A parcel of noisy fellows set themselves to entice away the people from the old religion, and cry up what they call education. I cannot endure their prating. A set of ploughmen and servants pretend to know better than the parish priests, and say that the common herd are to judge for themselves. Not one single crown will I give to their schools, and their classes, and their missions. By these cometh all manner of evil, for they set men by the ears jangling about matters which are none of their business, and they puff up the vulgar with such conceit that they follow after men who are given to change, and they pull down the old customs, and go about to turn the world upside down." Her ladyship waxeth very wrath if she chanceth to meet a pilgrim, but she herself is wonderfully religious and goeth to a church at the corner of the English street, which hath a door in the Roman Row, for in this church they burn candles, the light whereof suiteth her eyes. She cannot away with the word of God, but she doateth on her Prayer-book, and more especially on those places thereof which tell her that she was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven when the priest did bespatter her forehead while yet she was in the arms of her nurse. She loveth a shaven crown and a black hood, and dealeth much in all Roman wares. She weareth a cross though she hateth the religion of him that died on it. A cloud of incense charmeth her. She believeth darkness to be light and the darker the city becometh the happier she is. And truly she has much to please her at this present; for what with the smoke from Mr. Sacramentarian's new forges, and the fogs from the old marshes of unbelief, and the general smother of all sorts of smiths and potters, and especially of the brewers, the city is often dark as pitch, and even at noonday one can hardly see the sun. However, my Master's servants still find out chosen men in this City of Destruction who feel their burden of sin, and therefore are willing to go on pilgrimage, and therefore Hatelight and his spouse are ill at ease; but as for the servants of the Great King, our souls abide in patient waiting, being stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in our Lord's work.

Much more might I have written, but it may fall to my lot to use my quill hereafter.

On Commenting.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PREACHING in the olden time consisted very much more of exposition than it does now. I suppose that the sermons of the primitive Christians were for the most part expositions of lengthy passages of the Old Testament; and when copies of the gospels, and the epistles of Paul, had become accessible to the churches, the chief work of the preacher would be to press home the apostolical teachings by delivering an address, the back-bone of which would be a complete passage of Scripture: there would probably be but faint traces of divisions, heads and points, such as we employ in modern discoursing, but the teacher would follow the run of the passage which was open before him, commenting as he read. I suppose this to have been the case, because some of the early Christian modes of worship were founded very much upon that of the synagogue. I say some of the modes, since I suppose that as the Lord Jesus left his disciples free from rubrics and liturgies, each church worshipped according to the working of the free Spirit among them, one with the open meeting of the Corinthians, and another with a presiding minister, and a third with a mixture of the two methods. In the synagogue, it was the rule of the Rabbis that never less than twenty-two verses of the law should be read at one time, and the preaching consisted of notes upon a passage of that length. Such a rule would be a mere superstition if we were slavishly bound by it, but I could almost wish that the custom were re-established, for the present plan of preaching from short texts, together with the great neglect of commenting publicly upon the Word is very unsatisfactory. We cannot expect to deliver much of the teaching of Holy Scripture by picking out verse by verse, and holding these up at random. The process resembles that of showing a house by exhibiting separate bricks. It would be an astounding absurdity if our friends used our private letters in this fashion, and interpreted them by short sentences disconnected and taken away from the context. Such expositors would make us out to say in every letter all we ever thought of, and a great many things besides far enough from our minds; while the real intent of our epistles would probably escape attention. Nowadays, since expository preaching is not so common as it ought to be, there is the more necessity for our commenting during the time of our reading the Scriptures. Since topical preaching, hortatory preaching, experimental preaching, and so on—all exceedingly useful in their way—have almost pushed proper expository preaching out of place, there is the more need that we should, when we read passages of Holy Writ, habitually give running comments upon them.

I support my opinion with this reason: that *public reading of the abstruser parts of Scripture is of exceedingly little use to the majority of the people listening.* I can recollect hearing in my younger days long passages out of Daniel, which might have been exceedingly instructive to me if I had obtained the remotest conception of what they meant.

Take again, parts of the prophecy of Ezekiel, and ask yourselves what profit can arise from their perusal by the illiterate, "unless some man shall guide them"? What more edification can come from a chapter in English which is not understood, than from the same passage in Hebrew or Greek? The same argument which enforces translation demands exposition. If but a few explanatory words are thrown in by a judicious reader, it is wonderful how luminous obscure portions may be made. Two or three sentences will often reveal the drift of a whole chapter; the key of a great difficulty may be presented to the hearer in half-a-score words, and thus the public reading may be made abundantly profitable. I once saw a school of blind children among the charming ruins of York Abbey, and could not help pitying their incapacity to enjoy so much beauty: how willingly would I have opened their eyes! Are ignorant people wandering among the glories of Scripture much less to be pitied? Who will refuse them the light?

Abundant evidence has come before me that *brief comments upon Scripture in our ordinary services are most acceptable and instructive to our people.* I have often heard from working men and their wives, and from merchants and their families, that my own expositions have been most helpful to them. They testify that when they read the Bible at home in the family, the exposition makes it doubly precious to them; and the chapter which they had unprofitably read in course at family prayers, when they peruse it the next time, recollecting what their minister has said upon it, becomes a real delight to them. The mass of our hearers, in London at least, do not, to any appreciable extent, read commentaries or any other books which throw a light upon the Scriptures. They have neither the money nor the time to do so; and if they are to be instructed in the Word of God in things which they cannot find out by mere experience, and are not likely to have explained to them by their associates, they must get that instruction from us, or nowhere else; nor do I see how we are to give them such spiritual assistance except through the regular practice of exposition.

Besides, if you are in the habit of commenting, *it will give you an opportunity of saying many things which are not of sufficient importance to become the theme of a whole sermon*, and therefore would probably remain unnoticed, to the great loss of the Lord's people and others. It is astounding what a range of truth, doctrinal, practical, and experimental, Holy Scripture brings before us; and equally worthy of admiration is the forcible manner in which that truth is advanced. Hints given in the way in which the word of God offers them are always wise and opportune; as, for instance, the rebukes which the Word administers might have seemed too severe had they been made by the pastor, unsustained by the Word and unsuggested by it, but arising out of the chapter they cannot be resented. You can both censure sins and encourage virtues by dilating upon the histories which you read in the inspired records, whereas you might never have touched upon them had not the chapter read brought the matter before you. If you want to make full proof of your ministry, and to leave no single point of revelation untouched, your easiest mode will be to comment upon Scripture habitually. Without this, much of the Word will be utterly unknown to many of your people. It is a very sad fact that they do

not read so much as they should at home; the ungodly in England scarcely read the Bible at all; and if only that part which we preach upon be expounded to them, how little of the Bible can they ever know! If you will mark your Bibles with lines under the texts from which you have spoken, as I have always done with an old copy which I keep in my study, you will discover that in twelve or fourteen years very little of the book has been gone through: a very large proportion of it remains unmarked, like a field unploughed. Try, then, by exposition, to give your people a fair view of the entire compass of revelation; take them as it were to the top of Nebo, and show them the whole land from Dan to Beersheba, and prove to them that everywhere it floweth with milk and honey.

Earnestly do I advocate commenting. It is unfashionable in England, though somewhat more usual beyond the Tweed. The practice was hardly followed up anywhere in England a few years ago, and it is very uncommon still. It may be pressed upon you for one other reason, namely, that *in order to execute it well, the commenting minister will at first have to study twice as much as the mere preacher*, because he will be called upon to prepare both his sermons and his expositions. As a rule, I spend much more time over the exposition than over the discourse. Once start a sermon with a great idea, and from that moment the discourse forms itself without much labour to the preacher, for truth naturally consolidates and crystallises itself around the main subject like sweet crystals around a string hung up in syrup; but as for the exposition, you must keep to the text, you must face the difficult points, and must search into the mind of the Spirit rather than your own. You will soon reveal your ignorance as an expositor if you do not study; therefore diligent reading will be forced upon you. Anything which compels the preacher to search the grand old Book is of immense service to him. If any are jealous lest the labour should injure their constitutions, let them remember that mental work up to a certain point is most refreshing, and where the Bible is the theme, toil is delight. It is only when mental labour passes beyond the bounds of common sense that the mind becomes enfeebled by it, and this is not usually reached except by injudicious persons, or men engaged on subjects which are unrefreshing and disagreeable; but our subject is a recreative one, and to young men like ourselves the vigorous use of our faculties is a most healthy exercise. Classics and mathematics may exhaust us, but not the volume of our Father's grace, the charter of our joys, the treasure of our wealth.

A man to comment well should be able to *read the Bible in the original*. Every minister should aim at a tolerable proficiency both in the Hebrew and the Greek. These two languages will give him a library at a small expense, an inexhaustible thesaurus, a mine of spiritual wealth. Really the effort of acquiring a language is not so prodigious that brethren of moderate abilities should so frequently shrink from the attempt. A minister ought to attain enough of these tongues to be at least able to make out a passage by the aid of a lexicon, so as to be sure that he is not misrepresenting the Spirit of God in his discoursings, but is, as nearly as he can judge, giving forth what the Lord intended to reveal by the language employed. Such knowledge would prevent his founding

doctrines upon expressions in our version when nothing at all analagous is to be found in the inspired original. This has been done by preachers time out of mind, and they have shouted over an inference drawn from a *shall*, or an *if* gathered out of the translation, with as much assurance of infallibility and sense of importance as if the same language had occurred in the words which the Holy Ghost used. At such times, we have been reminded of the story told by the late beloved Henry Craik, in his book on the Hebrew language. At one time, the Latin Vulgate was so constantly spoken of as the very word of God, that a Roman Catholic theologian thus commented upon Genesis i. 10:—"The gathering together of the waters called he seas." The Latin term for seas is *Maria*. On this ground, the writer asks, "What is the gathering together of waters but the accumulation of all the graces into one place, that is, into the Virgin Mary (*Maria*)? But there is this distinction, that *Maria* (*the seas*) has the (i) short, because that which the seas contain is only of a transitory nature, while the gifts and graces of the blessed Virgin (*Maria*) shall endure for ever." Such superlative nonsense may be indulged in if we forget that translations cannot be verbally inspired, and that to the original is the last appeal.

Fail not to be expert in the use of your *Concordance*. Every day I live I thank God more and more for that poor half-crazy Alexander Cruden. Of course you have read his life, which is prefixed to the concordance; it exhibits him as a man of diseased mind, once or twice the inmate of a lunatic asylum, but yet, for all that, successfully devoting his energies to producing a work of absolutely priceless value; which never has been improved upon, and probably never will be; a volume which must ever yield the greatest possible assistance to a Christian minister, being as necessary to him as a plane to the carpenter, or a plough to the husbandman. Be sure you buy a genuine unabridged Cruden, and none of the modern substitutes; good as they may be at the price, they are a delusion and a snare to ministers, and should never be tolerated in the manse library. To consider cheapness in purchasing a Concordance is folly. You need only one; have none but the best. At the head of each notable word, Cruden gives you its meaning, and very often all its particular shades of meaning, so that he even helps you in sermonising. When you have read his headings, by following out the concordance you will observe connections in which the word occurs, which most advantageously and correctly fix its meaning. Thus will the Word of God be its own key. A good textuary is a good theologian; be then well skilled in using Cruden.

I make but small account of most *reference Bibles;* they would be very useful if they were good for anything; but it is extremely easy to bring out a reference Bible which has verbal and apparent references, and nothing more. You will often turn to a reference, and will have to say, "Well, it is a reference, certainly, in a way; for it contains the same word, but it contains no reference in the sense that the one text will explain the other." The useful reference cuts the diamond with a diamond, comparing spiritual things with spiritual; it is a thought-reference, and not a word-reference. If you meet with a really valuable reference Bible, it will be to you what I once heard

a countryman call "a reverence Bible," for it will lead you to prize more and more the sacred volume. The best reference Bible is a thoroughly good concordance. Get the best, keep it always on the table, use it hourly, and you will have found your best companion.

Need I, after my previous lectures, commend to you the judicious reading of *commentaries!* These are called "dead men's brains" by certain knowing people, who claim to give us nothing in their sermons but what they pretend the Lord reveals direct to themselves. Yet these men are by no means original, and often their supposed inspiration is but borrowed wit. They get a peep at Gill on the sly. The remarks which they give forth as the Spirit's mind are very inferior in all respects to what they affect to despise, namely, the mind of good and learned men. A batch of poems was sent to me some time ago for *The Sword and the Trowel*, which were written by a person claiming to be under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit. He informed me that he was passive, and that what was enclosed was written under the direct physical and mental influence of the Spirit upon his mind and hand. My bookshelves can show many poems as much superior to these pretended inspirations as angels are to blue-bottles; the miserable doggrel bore on its face the evidence of imposture. So when I listen to the senseless twaddle of certain wise gentlemen who are always boasting that they alone are ministers of the Spirit, I am ashamed of their pretensions and of them. No, my dear friends, you may take it as a rule that the Spirit of God does not usually do for us what we can do for ourselves, and that if religious knowledge is printed in a book, and we can read it, there is no necessity for the Holy Ghost to make a fresh revelation of it to us, in order to screen our laziness. Read, then, the admirable commentaries which I have already introduced to you. Yet be sure you use your own minds too, or the expounding will lack interest. Here I call to mind two wells in the courtyard of the Doge's palace at Venice, upon which I looked with much interest. One is filled artificially by water brought in barges from a distance, and few care for its insipid water, the other is a refreshing natural well, cool and delicious, and the people contend for every drop of it. Freshness, naturalness, life, will always attract; whereas mere borrowed learning is flat and insipid. Mr. Cecil says his plan was, when he laid hold of a Scripture, to pray over it, and get his own thoughts on it, and then, after he had so done, to take up the ablest divines who wrote upon the subject, and see what their thoughts were. If you do not think, and think much, you will become slaves and mere copyists. The exercise of your own mind is most healthful to you, and by perseverance, with divine help, you may expect to get at the meaning of every understandable passage. So to rely upon your own abilities as to be unwilling to learn from others is clearly folly; so to study others as not to judge for yourself is imbecility.

What should be the manner of your public commenting? One rule should be always to *point out very carefully wherever a word bears a special sense;* for rest assured, in Holy Scripture the same word does not always mean the same thing. The Bible is a book meant for human beings, and therefore it is written in human language; and in human

language the same word may signify two or three things. For instance, "a pear fell from a tree:" "a man fell into drunken habits." There the meaning of the second word "fell," is evidently different from the first, since it is not literal, but metaphorical. Again. "the cabman mounted the box;" "the child was pleased with his Christmas box;" "his lordship is staying at his shooting box." In each case there is the same word, but who does not see that there is a great difference of meaning? So it is in the Word of God. You must explain the difference between a word used in a peculiar sense, and the ordinary meaning of the word, and thus you will prevent your people falling into mistakes. If people will say that the same word in Scripture always means the same thing, as I have heard some assert publicly, they will make nonsense of the Word of God, and fall into error through their own irrational maxims. To set up canons of interpretation for the Book of God which would be absurd if applied to other writings is egregious folly: it has a show of accuracy, but inevitably leads to confusion.

The obvious literal meaning of a Scripture is not always the true one, and ignorant persons are apt enough to fall into the most singular misconceptions: a judicious remark from the pulpit will be of signal service. Many persons have accustomed themselves to misunderstand certain texts; they have heard wrong interpretations in their youth, and will never know better unless the correct meaning be indicated to them.

We must make sure in our public expositions that *obscure and involved sentences are explained.* To overleap difficulties, and only expound what is already clear, is to make commenting ridiculous. When we speak of obscure sentences, we mean such as are mostly to be found in the prophets, and are rendered dark through the translation, or the Orientalism of their structure, or through their intrinsic weight of meaning. Involved sentences most abound in the writings of Paul, whose luxuriant mind was not to be restrained to any one line of argument. He begins a sentence, and does not finish it, perhaps, until eight verses further on, and all the interstices between the commencement and the end of the sentence are packed full of compressed truth, which it is not always easy to separate from the general argument. Hints consisting of but two or three words will let your hearers know where the reasoning breaks off, and where it is taken up again. In many poetical parts of the Old Testament the speakers change; as in Solomon's Song, which is mostly a dialogue. Here perfect nonsense is often made by reading the passage as if it were all spoken by the same person. In Isaiah the strain often varies most suddenly; and while one verse is addressed to the Jews, the next may be spoken to the Messiah or to the Gentiles. Is it not always well to notify this to the congregation? If the chapters and verses had been divided with a little common sense, this might be of less importance, but as our version is so clumsily chopped into fragments, the preacher must insert the proper paragraphs and divisions as he reads aloud. In fine, your business is to make the Word plain. In Lombardy I observed great heaps of huge stones in the fields, which had been gathered out from the soil by diligent hands to make room for the crops; your duty is to "gather

out the stones," and leave the fruitful field of Scripture for your people to till. There are Orientalisms, metaphors, peculiar expressions, idioms, and other verbal *memorabilia* which arise from the Bible having been written in the East; all these you will do well to explain. To this end be diligent students of Oriental life. Let the geography of Palestine, its natural history, its fauna and its flora, be as familiar to you as those of your own native village. Then as you read you will interpret the Word, and your flock will be fed thereby.

The chief part of your commenting, however, *should consist in applying the truth to the hearts of your hearers*, for he who merely understands the meaning of the letter without understanding how it bears upon the hearts and consciences of men, is like a man who causes the bellows of an organ to be blown, and then fails to place his fingers on the keys; it is of little service to supply men with information unless we urge upon them the practical inferences therefrom. Look, my brethren, straight down into the secret chambers of the human soul, and let fall the divine teaching through the window, and thus light will be carried to the heart and conscience. Make remarks suitable to the occasion, and applicable to the cases of those present. Show how a truth which was first heard in the days of David is still forcible and pertinent in these modern times, and you will thus endear the Scriptures to the minds of your people, who prize your remarks much more than you imagine. Clean the grand old pictures of the divine masters; hang them up in new frames; fix them on the walls of your people's memories; and their well-instructed hearts shall bless you.

Is a caution needed amongst intelligent men? Yes, it must be given. Be sure *to avoid prosiness.* Avoid it everywhere, but especially in this. Do not be long in your notes. If you are supremely gifted, do not be long; people do not appreciate too much of a good thing; and if your comments are only second-rate, why, then be shorter still, for men soon weary of inferior talking. Very little time in the service can be afforded for reading the lessons; do not rob the prayer and the sermon for the sake of commenting. This robbing Peter to pay Paul is senseless. Do not repeat incessantly commonplace things which must have occurred even to a Sunday-school child. Do not remind your hearers of what they could not possibly have forgotten. Give them something weighty if not new, so that an intelligent listener may feel when the service is over that he has learned at least a little.

Again, *avoid all pedantry.* As a general rule, it may be observed that those gentlemen who know the least Greek are the most sure to air their rags of learning in the pulpit; they miss no chance of saying, "The Greek is so-and-so." It makes a man an inch and a-half taller by a foolometer, if he everlastingly lets fall bits of Greek and Hebrew, and even tells the people the tense of the verb and the case of the noun, as I have known some do. Those who have no learning usually make a point of displaying the pegs on which learning ought to hang. Brethren, the whole process of interpretation is to be carried on in your study; you are not to show your congregation the process, but to give them the result; like a good cook, who would never think of bringing up dishes, and pans, and rolling-pin, and spice box into the dining hall, but without ostentation sends up the feast.

Never strain passages when you are expounding. Be thoroughly honest with the Word: even if the Scriptures were the writing of mere men, conscience would demand fairness of you; but when it is the Lord's own Word, be careful not to pervert it even in the smallest degree. Let it be said of you, as I have heard a venerable hearer of Mr. Simeon say of him, "Sir, he was very Calvinistic when the text was so, and people thought him an Arminian when the text was that way, for he always stuck to its plain sense." A very sound neighbour of ours once said, by way of depreciating the grand old Reformer, "John Calvin was not half a Calvinist," and the remark was correct as to his expositions, for in them, as we have seen, he always gave his Lord's mind and not his own. In the church of St. Zeno, in Verona, I saw ancient frescoes which had been plastered over, and then covered with other designs; I fear many do this with Scripture, daubing the text with their own glosses, and laying on their own conceits. There are enough of these plasterers abroad, let us leave the evil trade to them and follow an honest calling.

Use your judgment more than your fancy. Flowers are well enough, but hungry souls prefer bread. To allegorise with Origen may make men stare at you, but your work is to fill men's mouths with truth, not to open them with wonder.

Do not be carried away with new meanings. Plymouth Brethren delight to fish up some hitherto undiscovered tadpole of interpretation and cry it round the town as a rare dainty. Let us be content with more ordinary and more wholesome fishery. No one text is to be exalted above the plain analogy of faith, and no solitary expression is to shape our theology for us. Other men and wiser men have expounded before us, and anything undiscovered by them it were well to put to test and trial before we boast too loudly of the treasure-trove.

Do not needlessly amend our authorised version. It is faulty in many places, but still it is a grand work, taking it for all in all; and it is unwise to be making every old lady distrust the only Bible she can get, or what is more likely, mistrust you for falling out with her cherished treasure. Correct where correction must be for truth's sake, but never for the vainglorious display of your critical ability.

If I were bound to deliver a sermon upon the subject in hand I could not desire a better text than Nehemiah viii. 8: "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Here is a hint for the reader as to his *reading*. Let it always be distinct. Aim to be good readers, and be the more anxious about it because few men are so, and all preachers ought to be so. It is as good as a sermon to hear our best men read the Scriptures, they bring out the meaning by their correct emphasis and tone. Never fall into the idea that the mere utterance of the words before you is all that is required of you in reading; good reading is a high, but rare attainment. Even if you do not comment, yet read the chapter previously, and become familiar with it; it is inexcusable for a man to betray the fact that he is out of his latitude in the reading, traversing untrodden ground, floundering and picking his way across country, like a huntsman who has lost his bearings. Never open the Bible in the pulpit to read the chapter for the first time, but

go to the familiar page after many rehearsals. You will be doubly useful if, in addition to this, you "*give the sense.*" You will then, by God's blessing, be the pastor of an intelligent, Bible-loving people. You will hear in your meeting-house that delightful rustle of Bible leaves which is so dear to the lover of the Word; your people will open their Bibles looking for a feast. The Word will become increasingly precious to yourself, your knowledge will enlarge, and your aptness to teach will become every day more apparent. Try it, my brethren; for even if you should see cause to discontinue it, at least no harm will come of the attempt.

William Knibb: His Life and Work.

NOTHING can be more instructive than Christian biography, though perhaps of all kinds of religious literature, this branch has fared the worst. Some few examples are still in existence of manly records of the lives and thoughts and doings of Christian men; but we seem rarely to meet with vivid and truthful portraitures, tersely and instructively written, of lives that have left their impress upon "the sands of time." Our evangelical literature in this department certainly needs much improvement ere it will rank with the biographies of the world's heroes. We say this because we have long been convinced that genuine biography—imparting as it does real views of life, and giving us an insight into Christian character—is of the greatest value as a means of education. When men look at the *results* of a life that God has honoured, they are not so much moved to copy deeds which stand out from ordinary human action like the greater Alpine summits, towering above the lofty line of the surrounding hills, as they are awed and amazed at a life too grand and great for them to copy. It is the province of biography to bring down a great life to our comprehension—to enable us to grasp the spirit which animated it, and to feel that the processes by which God educated the man for the accomplishment of his purposes are really within our reach. The nearer biography brings a man's life in its details to us, the greater is our sympathy with his work; and when we see that ordinary means sanctified by God, may, if well used, bring about extraordinary results, we derive good from the study of the history, and are encouraged by the example to attempt greater things for God. We may not reach the supreme altitudes of Christian service which such men gained; but aspiring with holy ambition after higher results, we may yet wisely and well serve our generation according to the will of God.

Not without hope that some such desire may be kindled in the heart of our readers, we venture to give a sketch of the life of one of the most illustrious of God's heroes of modern days. We hear much on missionary platforms—those at least connected with our own denomination—of the results of the labours of William Knibb. The mention of his name gives *éclat* to almost any speech, and the loud applause of a soul-stirred audience testifies to the esteem in which his memory is held. We are not, however, sure that his life is so well known as one

might judge it to be from such hearty demonstrations. The Rev. J. Howard Hinton's admirable biography should certainly be placed in the hands of our young men. The time may come when Knibb's heroism may fire many of their hearts with a missionary spirit, and lead them to consecrate their lives to Christian work in heathen lands.

Northamptonshire may lay claim to having produced some of the noblest men that have adorned our denomination; and of all consecrated spots in the county, the quiet market town of Kettering is the most hallowed by blessed associations. It was here that Knibb was born in September, 1803. His father was a tradesman, and not a professor of religion. His mother was an intelligent godly woman, whose tender care and Christian nurture were greatly useful in developing the characters of her children. Knibb appears to have been a vivacious lad, quick at learning, fond of play, and a generous defender, even with the fists, of any boyish companions whom he deemed injured. He and his brother Thomas became teachers in the Sunday-school at Broadmead, Bristol; and it was while labouring in this school that he was struck with the thought that his teaching others the way of salvation and not walking in that way himself, was but ministering to his own condemnation. His experience at this time was intensely painful, leaving bitter impressions which nothing could change into joyous emotions but the smiling look of a pardoning God. As a sinner, he sought the Saviour; as a Saviour, Jesus sought him; and finding mercy and peace, God his Father became from thence the guide of his youth. Dr. Ryland baptised him at the age of nineteen, and, as if by prophetic insight, charged the ruddy youth in the words of the apostle, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." His brother Thomas, at this time was animated with desires for usefulness abroad. He had been useful in the Sunday-school and in preaching in the streets of Bristol. He had not to wait long for an opening; and in 1822, he sailed for Jamaica, to become master of a free school in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. Meanwhile William Knibb, with all the glowing enthusiasm of early piety, laboured in all spare hours for his new-found Master. Not satisfied with working in connection with two Sabbath-schools—one at Broadmead, the other in the village of Stapleton—he assisted in the voluntary efforts of the students of Bristol College, to evangelise the most degraded and sin-polluted inhabitants of the city, and the most ignorant of the neighbouring villages. He visited for this purpose what was called by some the "Beggar's Opera," and by the less musical, the "Beggar's Uproars"—a street famous for the carousals of those well-to-do scamps among whom hunger is unknown and a well-lined stomach an ordinary dispensation of Providence. We have ourselves once addressed some of these well-fed but ill-clad members of society, and are not surprised to know that Knibb's efforts were well received, since our humble endeavour was not deemed impertinent. By these means God was gradually preparing the young man for further service. He was earnestly working, instead of being engaged in the brickless and mortarless task of building airy castles; and by prayer was imploring the divine guidance as to whether he should be honoured to teach the poor children of the negroes of Jamaica. To be a schoolmaster was at this

time his greatest ambition. Preaching, he humbly thought, was not his gift, since his talents for public speaking were but small. We all know that the future reversed this estimate of himself; still a modest valuation of personal abilities is not so universal that we can afford to omit Knibb's lowly opinion of his qualifications. In a letter which he wrote to his brother in Jamaica, he refers to the endeavours then being made by public agitation in this country, to emancipate the slaves of the West, and expresses his ardent wishes that they may be successful. His biographer well remarks on this incident—"Little did the movers of that question at Bristol know into what a heart their proceedings struck a spark of inextinguishable fire, or the possessor of that heart himself the blaze which it was subsequently to kindle."

A melancholy event now cast its dark shadow across the heart and mind of Knibb. It was the somewhat sudden death of his much-loved brother, Thomas, whose work in Jamaica, though short, was ended by a wise overruling will. The first outburst of grief was not over before he heard, as it were, from the far-off grave, a call, solemn and irresistible, to occupy the post at which his brother had died. "Then," was his characteristic resolve, expressed to Andrew Fuller, the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, "if the society will accept me, I'll go and take his place." He was accepted by the society, and publicly designated for the work. We have all heard the memorable words with which Mrs. Knibb parted with her son. "Remember," said she, "I would rather hear that you have perished in the sea, than that you have disgraced the cause you go to serve." Brave woman! those holy words shall ever abide with thy noble son—thy second noble son—and arm him with courage in seasons of weakness and conflict!

Knibb did not go out as an unmarried missionary. He found a fit helper in Miss Williams. It is only two or three years ago that this devoted lady joined her departed husband's spirit in the haven of bliss. Husband and wife arrived in Jamaica in the year 1824—ten years after the commencement of the Baptist Mission in that island. At this time there were only six missionaries in Jamaica, and he became the seventh. It is well to remember what was Knibb's peculiar temperament, since all men's natures and actions are more or less affected and moulded by such peculiarities. Knibb was noticeable from his youth for his remarkable vivaciousness—a dangerous temperament that is easily susceptible to gloom and despondency at one time and frolicsome gaiety at another. A vivacious person is invariably of a sensitive nature. He feels a slight, and rebels against a snub. He receives impressions quickly; scenes are photographed with great accuracy upon his mind, although his memory may be most faulty. But such a nature, when influenced by earnestness of soul, becomes absorbed in the work which it undertakes; and the man's very earnestness makes him eloquent, and his vivacity gives his imagination wing and his poetry fire. It was so with Knibb. His vivaciousness formed the keynote to his character. His frolicsome ways as a youth only showed what there was in the man, which time, opportunity, and grace would one day subdue and use. My dolorous critic exclaims, How wicked! how incongruous—as if incongruity were necessarily wicked! People call it "throwing off,"

as if vivacity were a kind of perspiration. I rather call it "throwing *in*" —adding new fire to the heart and new freshness to the brain. At any rate, Knibb's leviathan power was due in no small degree, as events show, to his genial, vivacious temperament. Upon his first entering Jamaica, it enabled him, with much poetic feeling, both to get into the very heart of the woes of slavery and to get the woes of slavery into his heart. He viewed the poor negroes in their debauched, benighted condition, the victims of disease, the captives of Satan—enslaved by their own sin, enslaved by the sin of their oppressors. His pictures of their state, found in his letters, are full of light and colouring, and consequently are pleasant to read, except to my gloomy friend, the Rev. Dolorous Dumps. Knibb was delighted with the extreme gladness which the slaves evinced in hearing the gospel preached: in one place, surrounded by all that was romantic and enchanting, he preached to a thousand plantation slaves, whose reception of the word of truth was particularly pleasing. But his whole nature was aroused at the scenes of slavery by which he was surrounded. He began to denounce it in his letters to friends in England, as a "cursed blast," a pestilence that withers almost every moral bloom, a child of hell, an odious monster, and by similarly polite terms of equal strength and vigour. It was this that kept him to his work; the hope that the glorious gospel of the blessed God, as preached by him, might free the captives that were bound both by sin and sinful man. He built a new and more commodious school-room, and his work became increasingly prosperous; but his more important work was to preach the gospel. His own and his wife's health, and the pressing necessities of the people, made it necessary for him to leave the school at Kingston for the chapel at Port Royal, where his brother had preached. He formed a church, consisting of one hundred and thirty members, established a Sabbath-school, obtained suitable teachers, and enlarged his chapel, and preached also at Kingston. He rejoiced in the conversions God gave him as the reward of his labours; his baptisms were frequent; and he was cheered and encouraged, as standing by the dying beds of poor slaves, he heard their cheerful testimony to the goodness of the Lord. "Oh, massa," said one poor female slave, who had been lying ill on a mat in her wretched hut for a year, "me glad to see you; me thought me should die, and not be able to tell you how good our Lord is. Oh, massa, him too good, too good for me, poor neger."

But his excessive labours so undermined his health, that he was compelled to resign his work at the school. He begged of the committee of the Society that a successor might be appointed; and in the hope of his coming, he clung to his work, though it nearly cost him his life. "Afflicted in body and distressed in mind," he had to quit the scene of his first labours in the island, doubtless feeling keenly, according to the law of a sensitive nature, the committee's action at home.

The outbreak in Jamaica, and the revival of hostilities to Christian work in that island, forms a sad chapter. Its general outlines are so well known, that one need only group together its many details in as few words as possible. The House of Assembly, in 1826, passed a most iniquitous law, prohibiting all slaves from preaching without permission from the owner or the quarter sessions for the parish; ordering

that no missionary should keep open his chapel between sunset and sunrise, and threatening prosecution to all religious teachers who accepted the voluntary offerings of the slaves. The law was so palpably unjust, that the Home Government refused to allow it to take effect; and thus the persecutors were foiled in their attempt to put down the missionaries. They, however, with a cowardice worthy of slave-planters, turned the engine of calumny against those whom they could not destroy. Knibb was especially marked out, and every name of reproach was levelled against him. The grossly indelicate and odious falsehoods which were employed to ruin his character and that of his brethren, were too outrageous to have been believed by any intelligent creatures. None but those who have seen how morally low and degraded slavery makes its upholders, can thoroughly understand the natures of the men who brought such infamous charges against the missionaries, as were alleged by a committee of the House of Assembly. One of the charges was, that their object was to recommend females to prostitute themselves in order to get money to support their places of worship. These and other charges were forwarded to the home government, and distributed in this country, that the character of the missionaries might be for ever blasted. Eight missionaries, including Knibb, still further aroused the enmity of the planters by replying to these falsehoods. But the violence of the planters thwarted their own designs. People at home as well as the more reflecting inhabitants of Jamaica, refused to believe in such accusations, and indeed protested against their being made. However, the hostility of the colonists was not diminished. It still burnt like a volcanic fire beneath the earth, awaiting a fearful eruption. One of Knibb's deacons—poor Sam Swiney, a young man of irreproachable life—during his pastor's illness, met with others, at the sick man's house, to pray. He was led off to a magistrate, who would have it the offence was proved, since "praying and preaching were all the same," and for this crime of praying for his pastor he received twenty lashes on his bare back, and was ordered to work in chains on the roads for a fortnight. England heard the story of the inhumanity of one of her own sons, and friends were found to subscribe for Sam Swiney's freedom. Knibb procured the poor fellow's freedom; and through the exertions of the Baptist Missionary Society, the brutal magistrate was dismissed from his office. Meanwhile the heat of persecution was getting tropical. Yet the more opposition Knibb encountered, the more gloriously did the Great Master's work succeed. Thousands heard the word of truth joyously, many of whom, but for the repeated slanders to which we have referred, would never have listened to the missionaries' preaching. At Falmouth, Knibb enlarged the chapel, and built—and better still, frequently used—a baptistery. Here he had a church of 700 members, and about 2,000 or more enquirers. So excessively did he labour that his health once again broke down, and help had to be afforded him.

It was in 1831 that Mr. Fowell Buxton brought before the House of Commons, the question of abolishing slavery in the British colonies. The planters at once adopted a course very much like some of the tactics of the Irish churchmen afflicted with the Orange fever in its most violent forms—they clamoured against the disestablishment of their favourite god with all the fury of maddened zealots. Were I to

place the vituperative language of the planters by the side of the expletives of some of our "Protestant," and violently protesting, clergy, the difference in virulence would be imperceptible. Insolent and insane speeches generally precede the obsequies of a doomed wrong. The planters told their slaves that England was going to set them free, but before then they would be shot. It was the excitement of the masters that aroused the dormant passions of the poor negroes. They irritated and drove them to desperation. Their masters' unguarded and violent conversation led the slaves to believe that they ought to be free, and that the planters were opposing the King's wishes. It was in vain that Knibb informed them that the King had not set them free. They plotted for the burning of the sugar works and determined to fight for freedom. The planters were informed of the scheme, and so had everything ready. The sad night of the twenty-seventh of December came; the sugar works were destroyed, and the work of slaughter commenced. It was a fearful scene, and the brutality of the military forces made the terrible affair inhumanly atrocious. The missionaries held special prayer meetings, at which large numbers of slaves were present, and "many sent to say," Knibb states, "that the reason they absented themselves was, that they wished to defend the estates from those who might come to burn them." Knibb was forced to enlist as a private soldier—a hazardous position, since he feared the infuriated whites would attempt his life; but he was relieved from this difficulty by being arrested and conveyed to the barracks. After a tedious voyage of seven hours, he was landed at Montego Bay, extremely unwell. He was taken to the court-house, and put under a guard of four English soldiers. Such Englishmen! "Every epithet of abuse," writes Knibb, "that infuriated malice could invent was heaped upon me. The most horrid oaths that men or devils could conceive were poured upon us, with the most vulgar allusions that depraved nature could imagine. Twice was the bayonet pointed at my breast; and when I requested permission to lie down on the floor, being ill and fatigued (having been harassed since the morning), I was damned and blasted, and told that if I moved I should be instantly shot. Hell could scarcely be worse." The charge made against Knibb was, that he aided the insurrection; but he was discharged, since there was no evidence to support a criminal prosecution. Returning to Falmouth, he found the whites so furious that his landlord refused to permit him to occupy his house. A party was bent upon tarring and feathering him, but from this God delivered him. He was again prosecuted on the old charge, the planters thinking that another custos might not be so favourable towards him. The grand jury found a true bill, on the illegal evidence of four slaves, two of whom refusing to criminate him, were unceremoniously and with characteristic dignity, kicked out of the jury room, and called, "d——d Baptist liars." Singularly enough, while Knibb was awaiting his trial, he was applied to by a magistrate to assist him in discovering the plan of the revolt. The trial was abandoned, and subsequently Knibb came over to this country with Burchell, to plead the cause of the missionaries, and to obtain some redress for their wrongs. It was fortunate that he accepted this mission, since a number of planters had sworn to

put him to death. It was unfortunate for the planters, for Knibb had sworn to spare no effort until the cursed system of slavery had been destroyed.

Knibb's fame in the whole of this trying time, gainsay it who will—and none but the ignorant defenders of the planters dare do it—was untarnished. Out of nearly one thousand members of his church, only three were found in any degree guilty of complicity in the insurrection, while none of the eighty-four estates, on which his members worked, were destroyed. Some of the local authorities gladly and warmly testified to the noble conduct of men who had been as exasperated as those who had joined in the insurrection, but whom the grace of God had preserved from falling into their error. E. L.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

God seen in Little Things.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY THOMAS CRANE.*

CHAPTER I.

THE meanest and least of the creatures set off the more the beauty of the universe. A giant is the more conspicuous when a dwarf is brought forth on the stage with him. *Behemoth*, or the elephant, is said to be the chief of the ways of God (Job xl. 19): the vast extensions of the elephant are the more illustrious, when compared with the small dimensions of a worm or fly.

2. The very smallness or littleness of the creatures doth set forth the wisdom of God. The curious workmanship about a watch or some lesser piece of artifice, doth commend the skill of the artificer. Creeping things, and birds flying, as well as beasts and cattle, do bear a part in the choir, to sound forth the praises of their Maker and Preserver. Psalm cxlviii. 10, with verse 7.

3. The creatures by reason of their meanness, did not hold back the sentence of approbation at their creation, or when they were first ushered into the world. The history of the creation comprehends little fishes, birds, and creeping things; God saw what was then created, that it was good. Gen. i. 20, 21, 25.

4. The meanest creatures have their ordinary use for which they serve. They are not dumb cyphers in the world's arithmetic. The herb is said to be for the service of man. Psalm civ. 14. Even serpents and vermin are serviceable, in attracting to themselves that venom which otherwise might be of dangerous consequence to man. Worms and flies are baits for fishes, and food for birds.

5. What is wanting in the meanest of creatures one way, is salved up another. "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet

* From one of the rarest of books in our possession we borrow two pithy and instructive chapters. We think it one of the best uses of our space to publish some of the "hid treasures" of the Puritanic period.

make they their houses in the rocks ; the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." Prov. xxx. 24—28.

6. There is a display of the glorious attributes of God in and about the meanest of creatures; and that in a more than ordinary way, as he is pleased to make use of them. We may behold as in a glass (1.) The goodness or mercy of God. (2.) His wisdom. (3.) His power. (4.) Justice or severity.

1. The *goodness or mercy* of God is seen as when he useth them for the help of man. The ravens in a time of famine bring Elijah bread and flesh. 1 Kings xvii. 6. The stories are known how Moulin, at the time of the Parisian massacre, was cherished for a fortnight by a hen, which came constantly and laid her eggs there where he lay hid. And at Calais, how an Englishman who crept into a hole under a pair of stairs was there preserved by means of a spider, which had woven its web over the hole, and so the soldiers slighted the search there. There are other stories which I have met withal, as that of Aristomenes, who, being thrown into a ditch for dead with others, found out his way for egress by means of a fox which came thither, and pointed a passage. The Lord Mountjoy, coming from Ireland, had likely perished, with his company in the ship, had not Providence befriended them to a wonder, and that by means of certain sea-birds. The story is thus: "The sky being overcast with a thick fog, and we bearing all sails, fell suddenly upon the Skirries, a hideous great black rock, where, after so many dangers escaped in the wars, it pleased God miraculously to deliver us from being cast away (as it were) in the very haven ; for certain birds, called gulls, seeing our ship ready to rush upon them, and their desert habitation, with full sails, rose crying and fluttering round about us; whereat the governor of the pinnace, being amazed, looked out, and beholding that terrible spectacle, cried to the steersman, 'Aloof for life,' which fearful voice might have daunted him, as it did most in the ship; but he stoutly did his work, answering, 'Helm aboard;' which done, the ship, by force of the stern, and by the help of the tide coming in between it and the rock, turned about with strange swiftness, and swam along by the rock, so near to it that the boat hanging at the stern dashed against it." Hither may likewise be referred that in Exodus xxiii. 28: "And I will send hornets before thee." These creatures (as some observe) by their stings cause a fever. These were Israel's forlorn hope, and did notable execution, as Joshua intimates. Joshua xxiv. 12. Camerarius relates how some who were besieged, and were hard put to it by the Turks, having a store of beehives on the walls of the place besieged and furiously assaulted by the Turks, tumbled down the beehives on the enemies, who were sorely stung, their long loose garments opening a passage for the bees; and so gave off in a pang of indignation, to the joy of the besieged Christians, who were helped by these new and wonderful recruits. Thus much for mercy displayed in the meanest creatures.

2. The *wisdom* of God is displayed when in and by the meanest creatures he exalts his wisdom to check the pride of the greatest of men. Zebah and Zalmunna say to Gideon, "Rise thou and fall upon us." They looked on it as a dishonour to be slain by a boy, Jether, Gideon's

son. Judges viii. 20, 21. The Lord takes down the swelling humour of men by means contemptible, and yet not to be contemned. Frogs and lice shall teach a Pharaoh who is the Lord to be obeyed. The magicians, who would not see the hand of God in the frogs, acknowledge the finger of God in the lice. Exodus viii. 18, 19. Herod, who is voiced up for a god, is found to be a mortal man; worms lay his honour in the dust. Acts xii. 23. Thus, as the wisdom of God is seen in unbracing the rattling drums of the world,* and cutting sometimes the heads of them out by means inconsiderable, so likewise in helping distressed ones. They were not the captains of fifties, hundreds, and thousands, that did help Israel out of Egypt. God doth with weak and contemptible tools, in the eye of reason, erect the stately house of some gracious dispensation for his people to shelter themselves in. Theodoret tells how Sapor, King of the Persians, besieged the city of Nicibis, in the which the Christians were sore distressed. On a sudden a vast company of wasps and flies came, got into the snouts of the elephants and the ears of the horses, and other beasts, so that elephants and horses brake their harness, cast their riders, and forced the disordered ranks to fly. The king hereupon, beholding the hand of God, was necessitated to withdraw the siege.

3. The *power* of God is wonderfully seen in matters of this nature. The Lord exalted his power in the slaughter of Goliath by a stone cast out of a sling. Goliath is stoned for a blasphemer, whom the trembling Israelites reached not with their swords and spears. The trumpets of rams' horns, if the Lord breathe forth his power in and by them, shall quickly blow down the walls of Jericho. Joshua vi. 20.

4. The *justice and severity* of God may be viewed, as in the foregoing instances; for the attributes of God do concentre, or notably meet, in one and the same dispensation. God doth by one dispensation stroke his people and strike the adversaries of his people. The saints' crutches are the sinners' thunderbolt. The Lord writes bitter things by the hand of the meanest creatures when he will make use of such amanuenses. "The palmerworm, locust, cankerworm, caterpillar, shall lay desolate and waste the country if he so dictate in his Providence." Joel i. 4—7; Amos iv. 9. Yea, dogs shall tear their own masters, as Optatus relates the story of some who, in contempt, threw the elements in the Lord's Supper to dogs, and so were torn by them.

CHAPTER II.

1. Beware of slighting Providence with respect to the meanest of creatures. God, who is the highest being, hath regard to the lowest of creatures. Solomon was a great searcher into the works of God; he speaks of the ant, which, as little a creature as it is, creeps into Solomon's pulpit as a subject fit enough to be spoken of. Prov. vi. 6.

2. Observe the display of Providence in and about the meanest of the creatures; and the rather, seeing God may otherwise afflict by them. A worm doth remotely bite a Jonah to the quick. It is an instrument, according to the position of circumstances, for his no little smart and vexation. Jonah iv. 7, 8. Much of kindness, both negatively and

* Referring, perhaps, to the old story of the mice in Egypt, which ate the bow-strings, etc., of an army.

positively, is handed by these creatures, as the great Creator doth extend his Providence in and about them. How much are men beholden to God, not only in the daytime, but in the night season, in defending them from perils by reason of the least or meanest of the creatures! Pope Adrian was choked by a fly or gnat. A spider might creep into the nostrils whilst one is asleep, and so a man might sleep the sleep of death. And as for positive kindness handed by these, instances have been given, and others might be made mention of. The great God who made use of a great fish to preserve a Jonah (Jonah i. 17), can make use of little fishes for the help and relief of persons. The inhabitants of Rochelle (a known story) were as well supplied by a multitude of shell-fish in the time of their scarcity of provision as if so be a whale had been cast ashore amongst them. Yea, a little fish may, at some times, be more subservient for the help of distressed ones than a greater one. I remember a pertinent story which a worthy minister, now with God, told me: "Some pious passengers were in a ship which had sprung a leak; they pray whilst others labour at the pump, and that to little purpose, till at length they espy the water within to be at a stand, and then take heart to ply the pump, and so get into a harbour; the ship, when in the dock, is searched, and there is found a certain hole, with a fish commensurate to or exactly filling the said hole." "Thus, whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he, in heaven and in earth, in the seas, and in all deep places." Psalm cxxxv. 6.

3. Learn such moral instructions as God in his Providence whispereth into our ears from the meanest of his creatures. There are two things, amongst others, which the Scripture doth lesson man here.

1. An industrious and prudent pursuit of such work as God calleth unto in his Providence. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Prov. vi. 6, 7. To consider the ant and play the earthworm is not to consider and be wise; but to consider her industry, the timing of her work, yea, her manner (as some observe) in following her work, as she dries her grain in the sun, and breaketh them, so as to prevent the growth of the grain gathered, for otherwise she would starve in a long winter siege if her provision should not be thus hoarded up.* To consider the ant in a wise management of our own affairs, to God's glory, and our own good, is to consider and be wise.

2. Learn dependence upon God, both for provision and protection for this mortal life, as God shall be pleased to vouchsafe one or the other. This lesson Christ teacheth: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Matt. vi. 26. And, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. x. 28—31.

* Crane is in error, since ants are torpid in winter. *Solomon*, however, was not in error, for *he* does not say that the ant gathers food *for the winter*.

Wanted—Men.

IN our skimmings of books and papers, we somewhere met with the following paragraph :—"The great want of the age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor."

It is even so ; but a knowledge of the want will not ensure the supply. It remains for each man to aim at the highest manliness, and the only way to it is godliness. A conscience pacified by the atonement is the groundwork of moral courage ; a mind fired with zeal for divine truth is the propelling power of dauntless perseverance. The Holy Ghost within a man gives greater force to his manhood than any other conceivable power. Our young men would do well to see to this : our Christian men are under an imperative necessity to do so. None of us would wish to give the impression to the world that the modern followers of Jesus Christ are a set of milksops and effeminate make-believes : our noble predecessors in the faith certainly gained a very different reputation among their enemies ; they might be reputed to be fanatical, bigoted, mad, or cynical, but no one ever dreamed of calling them dilettanti, weak, or time-serving. The martyr's eye looked at the headsman's axe and blenched not, peered into the blazing furnace and was not afraid ; the confessor's tongue could only be silenced by being torn from his mouth, and even then his patient countenance preached a sermon which the deaf might hear. Manliness was the most apparent of all the human features of primitive Christianity, it was the very genius of the Reformation, it will be the leading virtue in any prosperous church to-day.

MEN are wanted for our pulpits ; not mimics, but original men ; not spiritual red-tapists, whose vitality is questionable, but whose formality is known and read of all men ; not bloodless statues, but true, living, enlightened, sanctified men. Puling complaints against deacons, singers, Sunday-school teachers, and evangelists, come not from a minister whose manliness is balanced by his grace, and his grace proved by his manliness. Your ministerial whiners, who find that the voluntary principle does not work well, and who therefore incline to the state-church, are men without backbone, imperfectly-developed women, more masculine in their dress than in their minds : it were a pity that such excellent spaniels should be kept from wearing the state collar, and

fawning at the heels of dignity and power. Their secession is the best homage that they can render to Nonconformity; in the ranks of our opponents, their imbecility will do us admirable service. Meanwhile, our churches should remember, far more than they hitherto have done, that the gifts which the ascended Saviour received for men are MEN. The tendency to undervalue the ministry is very strong at this present, but our Lord Jesus was not of such mind; his triumphal largesses to his church are her pastors and teachers; these are among the choicest gifts of his generous hand. To obtain MEN the church must pray for them. Our students must be the distinct objects of supplication at every prayer-meeting; and our promising young men must be wisely encouraged to distinguish themselves in holy service. "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children," is a promise to be pleaded and valued. The leaders of our times are passing away, and we long to see others coming forward to fill their places; "pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest."

Manliness in its highest forms is not alone manifest in independent modes of speech and action, it lies deeper and reveals itself in vigorous thought. Men are not common who do their own thinking. Although a magazine writer ought, according to the manner of each craft to cry up his own, and, declare that as there is nothing like leather, so there is nothing more useful than reading, we shall make free to follow the opposite course, and confess our fear that many ministers read too much, and meditate too little; and for this reason never rise above a dull mediocrity.

Bacon asserts that reading makes a full man; but without digestion fulness is dyspepsia, and creates sleepiness and inert fat incapable of action. Hazlitt says you might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or without a miracle to take up his bed and walk, as expect the learned reader to throw down his book and think for himself. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of others. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources, enfeebles all internal strength of thought, as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The word of God is pre-eminently a book for direct reading, and is never seen in its glory, if we will persist in wearing the coloured spectacles of another man's comment. Pure and cool are its streams if we drink immediately from the well-head, but when the precious crystal has long stood in earthen vessels, its freshness is gone; the truth is there, perhaps, but not the life. We should let texts lie on our hearts till they melt into them like snowflakes dissolving into the soil. The chewing of the cud is essential to the clean animal; personal meditation is equally needed in a sincere Christian. Children in grace may be content with the Bible at second hand, and, feeding on the diluted nourishment, may remain children evermore; but men in Christ Jesus search the Scriptures for themselves, and the manly habit generates a manly spirit. To use one's own faculties is far better than relying upon another man's; to use those faculties earnestly in spiritual things is every way safer and more beneficial than to trust our minds to the guidance of others. The Reformation, as we have already hinted, sprang from manliness of thought, and it can only be pushed onward to its completion by the

same means. Humble submission to the authoritative teaching of Scripture is a needful pre-requisite for a scholar in the school of Christ; but this quality, so far from making the mind servile, nerves it to defy all other authority but the divine. Implicit faith in the teaching of the Holy Spirit prevents an infantile love of speculative novelty, but it also braces the soul for muscular discussion of truth, and honest discernment of the precious from the vile. If our age shall be favoured by divine grace with a company of preachers who are *men* in heart and brain, there need be no question as to the vigour of their speech and action, or any doubt as to their adaptation to the present peculiar phase of a dissolving dispensation.

Prayer-meetings and Sabbath Schools in Gaols.

WE remember once being struck with an announcement in a New York or Boston paper, headed, "Stolen—a prayer-meeting." The paragraph bearing this sensational introduction was a record of a noticeable incident which once occurred in a prison. A number of prisoners, seriously impressed with thoughts of God, were found to have stolen half-an-hour from their day of toil for the purpose of praying together in a shed in the prison yard. We wonder how many gaol-birds in this country would feel inclined for such a service? Imprisonment does not, under ordinary circumstances, render our culprits less callous and indifferent to Christian instruction. Prisoners are either crushed in spirit or callous. Society is their enemy. They have been in warfare against it, have been defeated, their prospects are doomed: and they nourish in their hearts sentiments of revenge against the power that has overcome them. Or, they cherish hopes of retrieving their fortunes when delivered from the fangs of the law, and so become absorbed in thoughts of what they may yet be. But very few are known to become converted to God while in prison, though many leave the gloomy walls sadder and wiser men. It would gladden our hearts immensely to know that in this country such a thing as a prayer-meeting is held in a prison; though we know that many a hard-working prison chaplain has sought to elevate the fallen men and women under his care, both morally and religiously. But though we are not acquainted with any such efforts in this country, we have been rejoiced to learn that in the United States' prisons, both prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools are known to flourish.

Thus, we have before us some interesting reports from the corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York, Dr. Wines, which treat of both these movements in that country. The prayer-meetings are not held in any large proportion of the gaols, or the Christian public would in all probability have become acquainted with these gatherings. In one prison it was found impossible to continue them, because of the inconvenience caused to the officers, in requiring them to come to the prison to let the prisoners out of their cells. In others, however, the convicts' prayer-meeting has been the means of benefiting them to such an extent that the experiment is continued, with the hope that it may ultimately become a great blessing. The

origin of this attempt to extend the kingdom of Christ in such unlikely spots is not known. But the first effort of the kind with which Dr. Wines is acquainted commenced in 1862, at the male prison in Sing Sing. Both the chaplain and the governor were earnest Christians, and the first gentleman presides at the meetings. At first, about half-a-dozen men were present. Of course, the meeting was voluntarily attended, and therefore does not partake of the nature of Sunday services in our English gaols. From so small a beginning, the numbers have increased until one hundred and fifty now sometimes attend, and a hundred generally. The convicts engage in prayer, and their supplications have been characterised by all the elements of true devotion. Occasionally a visitor takes part in the service. Not a few, it is believed, have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus through these gatherings. Many have become consistent and active members of Christian churches, on their discharge from prison. "I have seen scores of letters," writes Dr. Wines, "written by members of the meeting after their release, addressed either to the chaplain or fellow members left behind, and the spirit of penitence, humility, faith, prayer, resolution, and apparent sincerity breathing in them was very cheering, and gave promise—evidence, perhaps, I should rather say—of permanent fruit." Similar meetings were commenced during the same year by the matron for the female prisoners. Either the matron or the wife of the chaplain opened the service, and in course of time the meeting became largely attended and highly appreciated. Indeed, the matron confesses that the prayer-meeting had more power in subduing the restless spirits of the female prisoners than the shower-bath and the ordinary modes of discipline. So deeply were the prayers felt by them that very often they would be reduced to tears; and not a few were rescued from sin and led to the Saviour, becoming in after-life honourable professors of religion. The young who have fallen under the influence of evil associations have thus been rescued: while some who, after years of intemperance, descended into crime, have been converted to God. The Illinois state prison has maintained a similar prayer-meeting for more than a year past. The chaplain observed that under his ordinary ministrations, a deep solemnity and an earnest spirit of enquiry manifested itself among the men. He took advantage of this favourable condition of mind among the criminals, and gathered into a church such as were found to be genuine converts. We fear such an event is not likely to take place in our country while the state church exists, and is entrusted with the spiritual charge of our criminals. But it is one of the advantages of the voluntary system in America, that such a religious organisation is possible in one of her gaols. From fifteen members, the church has increased through the divine blessing to some three hundred. Indeed, quite a revival has occurred in this prison, and the chaplain has faith to believe that during the present year the membership will be doubled. In a letter dated January 12th, 1869, he writes:—"After the regular Sabbath service, the society holds its weekly prayer-meeting. Hundreds of convicted criminals flock to that gathering, and yet the meeting is held without the presence of the prison guards. The utmost decorum is preserved, and the prison officials have no hesitation in extending their confidence to the organisation." The results seem almost too great

for human credence; but it is not remarkable that such a work should produce extraordinary results, and that the lives of the men are such as to win the utmost confidence of both chaplain and prison authorities. From Leavenworth, the state prison of Kansas, we hear of the organisation of two weekly prayer-meetings, and the founding of a church consisting of forty-two men. It appears that "the apostles' creed is the only symbol of this religious association, constituting its basis and external bond of union." The Sabbath morning prayer-meeting is attended by almost eighty men, and sometimes one of the convicts presides at the interesting gathering. Then, too, at Richmond, there is a similar movement on foot, an officer or guard being always, for the present, in attendance. It is hoped however in this respect ultimately to adopt the plan found so successful in the other prisons—to dispense with the police. In this prison, the convicts manage the service themselves, and eighty-seven profess to have been converted to God. None of them give any trouble to the prison superintendent, who speaks favourably of the results of the meetings. At Detroit, a similar effort has been largely successful, many of the criminals having been reclaimed. The chaplain says, "Most of these manifest as profound conviction of sin, and give as clear evidence of conversion, in the transfer of things earthly to things heavenly, in their trustful repose in the Saviour of sinners, in their lamentations over the evil of their past lives, and in their yearning for the reformation of others, as are usually found outside of prison walls. The sifting time of temptation will, of course, reveal the presence of chaff with the wheat. Thus it is everywhere." We greatly admire the fervour and zeal of this good brother, who only accepted the chaplaincy on the condition that he might be free to do such a work as he has been enabled to carry on. He has evidently worked with the conviction of the truth of his remark, that there is no impassable gulf between the chief of sinners and the Friend of sinners.

We might quote another instance, and give cases of conversion to show the kind of work which is going on; but the facts related are surely sufficient to prove that God's hand is really in this good and great movement.

Sabbath-schools in prisons are of much older date. Auburn has given rise to more than one good measure of prison rule. It appears to have given birth to a system of prison discipline, which has been largely adopted by other countries than America. It established the first resident prison chaplaincy, and in the same year, 1827, the first prison Sabbath-school in America. The teachers were obtained from a theological college, and religious and secular knowledge was imparted. In six years this plan was adopted in ten other prisons, which have been, and still are, the means of great good among the convicts. The institution began to be regarded as indispensable to a prison, and its popularity among the prisoners testified to the high service which it rendered them. Indeed, so greatly was it prized, that nearly all the convicts regularly attended; and the work was found to prosper greatly. One prisoner having broken some prison rule, begged hard that any punishment, however severe, might be inflicted on him, rather than that of removal from the Sabbath-school. In sixteen or so of the state prisons of America, this institution now flourishes, and it is estimated that the number of convicts who avail themselves of the instruction

afforded by the officers of the schools is between two and three thousand. The teachers' work is, of course, voluntarily undertaken; and with the exception of superintendents, chaplains, and matrons, all the labourers come from outside the gaol. In some instances, all the prisoners who wish to receive instruction are permitted to do so; in others a wise selection is made; but in no case, so far as we can gather, is there any kind of pressure put upon the men and women. Indeed that would obviously be opposed to the genius of the system, and would certainly tend to defeat the purposes of its promoters. It is not easy in all cases to obtain teachers; for the labour is one of great self-denial, and is not openly paraded before men. But in one town, no fewer than thirty ladies and gentlemen walk five miles every Sabbath of the year, even through storm and rain and snow, to undertake this blessed work. Verily they have their reward—a reward which ease-loving Christians might well covet. In one prison—that at Rhode Island—in which the late Dr. Wayland took considerable interest, there are no fewer than seventeen male and three female classes, while such has been the devotion of Christian men to their work, that several of them have been thus engaged for ten years. The secretary of the Prison Association tells us that "not only do these faithful workers in a field which would be commonly regarded as arid and sterile, impart general lessons to the members of their classes; but many times they seek to win the prisoners to Christ by the more familiar and kindly method of personal conversation. Nor do they limit their efforts to these spiritual objects; but follow the convict after he is released, find employment for him, and where this cannot be done at once, sometimes take him to their own home, and keep him there till a suitable place can be procured for him." In this way they follow in their Master's footsteps. It was his familiar mission—he proclaimed it in the face of men who would not touch pollution themselves, and despised all others who did not despair with them of alleviating the world's misery—"to seek and to save that which was lost." And these men, conscious that the world is too ready to frown upon the fallen and to despise and brand the degraded, have been privileged to save many from relapsing into crime who would probably have been driven to it by the cold-heartedness of society and the pressure of want. Dr. Wines affords us a glimpse of the way in which this excellent work is conducted. "Two general questions," he says, "are given out every Sabbath for investigation by the members through the succeeding week—such as, What is the Bible testimony concerning theft, repentance, faith, prayer, &c.? A spirit of enquiry and research on the most important subjects is thus awakened, and the study of the Scriptures promoted, to a remarkable degree." That this plan is eminently successful may be judged from the fact that, after the school has been opened by singing and prayer, the examination commences, and sometimes the interest in the exercise will be so great that the whole hour will be hardly sufficient for the Scripture citations and the conversation which grows out of them. This exercise over, "the convicts recite in classes to their respective teachers, using for this purpose Dr. Clark's Questions on the Heroes of the Bible." The result is "a growing interest in the Bible, and a growing knowledge of its truths." The chaplain's services are as a consequence more frequently solicited; and in more

than one case—(publish it not in those regions where the poor old doctor's five closely-printed volumes are left uncut and unread)—they have been known to achieve the wonderful result which should render them for ever memorable, of reading every line of Timothy Dwight's Theology. We ourselves look upon such men with profound awe, and our veneration increases as we learn how truly beneficial such a study has been to them. So Timothy Dwight has his uses after all, as we always thought he ought to have.

In the Penitentiary at Richmond all the convicts (numbering 500) attend the school, all the classes of which are superintended by estimable members of the Society of Friends. "Old Father Willet," says the superintendent, "takes charge. Good old gentleman! the prisoners worship him, and I love him." We are told that one hundred conversions have been known to result from this one effort at Richmond.

In all cases, we have noticed that the men who have organised and who labour in connection with both these undertakings are men of great faith. They have confidence in God that he can save by his Spirit a man in prison as well as a man on the cross. They are strong in their conviction—a conviction to which we frequently give utterance, but which we only half believe in, and to that extent not half so firmly as we ought—that while there is life in a man, be he ever so degraded, there is hope. There are men outside prisons whose lives have betrayed as great a callousness as many who are suffering the award of human justice. Yet these have been snatched as "brands from the burning." Why not others at least no deeper sunk in sin? We believe in the power of the gospel—in the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement—in the swift-winged flight of prayer, and in the heavy-weighted answer of God's returning blessing. Why should not the wilderness of a prison-life blossom as the rose? At present, however, we hear very little that is pleasant of such a life. The anxious, despairing faces, cast in a sullen dogged mould, we sometimes see through the grating of their cells, do not look particularly engaging; and one is tempted perhaps to think that American prisoners are more susceptible to Christian influences than are the convicts of our own country. But it cannot be so. The God that blesses such efforts as prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools (or more properly, perhaps, Bible classes), would bless them if instituted in our own land. We have very much to learn yet in our dealings with men who have fallen into crime; and America seems to be teaching Christian England an important lesson. A popular writer has well said:—"In former years we simply tried to get rid of our criminals, sent them to the other side of the world; and if they gave trouble there, coerced them with merciless severity. The end was a state of things so bad, that the society where it existed could not have gone on had not the conscience of this country, once aroused, refused to permit its longer existence. Then we tried to manage our convicts by placing them under a routine of the most carefully contrived discipline at home, and we have failed there too, because this alone could not get at the men's *will*. We shall have to fall back on that very ancient principle, which our modern efforts only illustrate, that it is only when, in the strictest sense of the words, 'We seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' that 'all these things are added unto us.'"

Expositions of the Psalms.

PSALM XLI.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician, A Psalm of David. *This title has frequently occurred before, and serves to remind us of the value of the Psalm, seeing that it was committed to no mean songster; and also to inform us as to the author who has made his own experience the basis of a prophetic song, in which a far greater than David is set forth.*

Jesus Christ betrayed of Judas Iscariot is evidently the great theme of this Psalm, but we think not exclusively. He is the antitype of David, and all his people are in their measure like him; hence words suitable to the Great Representative are most applicable to those who are in him. Such as receive a vile return for long kindness to others, may read this song with much comfort, for they will see that it is alas! too common for the best of men to be rewarded for their holy charity with cruelty and scorn; and when they have been humbled by falling into sin, advantage has been taken of their low estate, their good deeds have been forgotten, and the vilest spite has been vented upon them.

DIVISION.—*The psalmist in verses* 1—3, *describes the mercies which are promised to such as consider the poor, and this he uses as a preface to his own personal plea for succour: from verses* 4—9 *he states his own case, proceeds to prayer in verse* 10, *and closes with thanksgiving, verses* 11—13.

EXPOSITION.

BLESSED *is* he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.

2 The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive; *and* he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

3 The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

1. "*Blessed is he that considereth the poor.*" This is the third Psalm opening with a benediction, and there is a growth in it beyond the first two. To search the word of God comes first, pardoned sin is second, and now the forgiven sinner brings forth fruit unto God available for the good of others. The word used is as emphatic as in the former cases, and so is the blessing which follows it. The poor intended, are such as are poor in substance, weak in bodily strength, despised in repute, and desponding in spirit. These are mostly avoided and frequently scorned. The worldly proverb bequeathes the hindmost to one who has no mercy. The sick and the sorry are poor company, and the world deserts them as the Amalekite left his dying servant. Such as have been made partakers of divine grace receive a tenderer nature, and are not hardened against their own flesh and blood; they undertake the cause of the downtrodden, and turn their minds seriously to the promotion of their welfare. They do not toss them a penny and go on their way, but enquire into their sorrows, sift out their cause, study the best ways for their relief, and practically come to their rescue; such as these have the mark of the divine favour plainly upon them, and are as surely the sheep of the Lord's pasture as if they wore a brand upon their foreheads. They are not said to have considered the poor years ago, but they still do so. Stale benevolence, when boasted of, argues present churlishness. First and foremost, yea, far above all others put together in tender compassion for the needy is our Lord Jesus, who so remembered our low estate, that though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor. All his attributes were charged with the task of our uplifting. He weighed our case and came in the fulness of wisdom to execute the wonderful work of mercy by which we are redeemed from our

destructions. Wretchedness excited his pity, misery moved his mercy, and thrice blessed is he both by his God and his saints for his attentive care and wise action towards us. He still considereth us; his mercy is always in the present tense, and so let our praises be.

"*The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.*" The compassionate lover of the poor thought of others, and therefore God will think of him. God measures to us with our own bushel. Days of trouble come even to the most generous, and they have made the wisest provision for rainy days who have lent shelter to others when times were better with them. The promise is not that the generous saint shall have no trouble, but that he shall be preserved in it, and in due time brought out of it. How true was this of our Lord! never trouble deeper nor triumph brighter than his, and glory be to his name, he secures the ultimate victory of all his blood-bought ones. Would that they all were more like him in putting on bowels of compassion to the poor. Much blessedness they miss who stint their alms. The joy of doing good, the sweet reaction of another's happiness, the approving smile of heaven upon the heart, if not upon the estate; all these the niggardly soul knows nothing of. Selfishness bears in itself a curse, it is a cancer in the heart; while liberality is happiness, and maketh fat the bones. In dark days we cannot rest upon the supposed merit of almsgiving, but still the music of memory brings with it no mean solace when it tells of widows and orphans whom we have succoured, and prisoners and sick folk to whom we have ministered.

2. "*The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive.*" His noblest life shall be immortal, and even his mortal life shall be sacredly guarded by the power of Jehovah. Jesus lived on till his hour came, nor could the devices of crafty Herod take away his life till the destined hour had struck; and even then no man took his life from him, but he laid it down of himself, to take it again. Here is the portion of all those who are made like their Lord, they bless and they shall be blessed, they preserve and shall be preserved, they watch over the lives of others and they themselves shall be precious in the sight of the Lord. The miser like the hog is of no use till he is dead—then let him die: the righteous like the ox is of service during life—then let him live. "*And he shall be blessed upon the earth.*" Prosperity shall attend him. His cruse of oil shall not be dried up because he fed the poor prophet. He shall cut from his roll of cloth and find it longer at both ends.

> "There was a man, and some did count him mad,
> The more he gave away the more he had."

If temporal gains be not given him, spirituals shall be doubled to him. His little shall be blessed, bread and water shall be a feast to him. The liberal are and must be blessed even here; they have a present as well as a future portion. Our Lord's real blessedness of heart in the joy that was set before him is a subject worthy of earnest thought, especially as it is the picture of the blessing which all liberal saints may look for. "*And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.*" He helped the distressed, and now he shall find a champion in his God. What would not the good man's enemies do to him if they had him at their disposal? Better be in a pit with vipers than be at the mercy of persecutors. This sentence sets before us a sweet negative, and yet it were not easy to have seen how it could be true of our Lord Jesus, did we not know that although he was exempted from much of blessing, being made a curse for us, yet even he was not altogether nor for ever left of God, but in due time was exalted above all his enemies.

3. "*The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing.*" The everlasting arms shall stay up his soul as friendly hands and downy pillows stay up the body of the sick. How tender and sympathising is this image; how near it brings our God to our infirmities and sicknesses! Whoever heard this of the old heathen Jove, or of the gods of India or China? This is language peculiar to the God of Israel; he it is who deigns to become nurse and attendant upon good men. If he smites with one hand he sustains with the other. Oh, it is

blessed fainting when one falls upon the Lord's own bosom, and is upborne thereby! Grace is the best of restoratives; divine love is the noblest stimulant for a languishing patient; it makes the soul strong as a giant, even when the aching bones are breaking through the skin. No physician like the Lord, no tonic like his promise, no wine like his love. "*Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.*" What, doth the Lord turn bedmaker to his sick children? Herein is love indeed. Who would not consider the poor if such be the promised reward? A bed soon grows hard when the body is weary with tossing to and fro upon it, but grace gives patience, and God's smile gives peace, and the bed is made soft because the man's heart is content: the pillows are downy because the head is peaceful. Note that the Lord will make *all* his bed, from head to foot. What considerate and indefatigable kindness! Our dear and ever blessed Lord Jesus, though in all respects an inheritor of this promise, for our sakes condescended to forego the blessing, and died on a cross and not upon a bed; yet, even there, he was after awhile upheld and cheered by the Lord his God, so that he died in triumph.

We must not imagine that the benediction pronounced in these three verses belongs to all who casually give money to the poor, or leave it in their wills, or contribute to societies. Such do well, or act from mere custom, as the case may be, but they are not here alluded to. The blessing is for those whose habit it is to love their neighbour as themselves, and who for Christ's sake feed the hungry and clothe the naked. To imagine a man to be a saint who does not consider the poor as he has ability, is to conceive the fruitless figtree to be acceptable: there will be sharp dealing with many professors on this point in the day when the King cometh in his glory.

4 I said, LORD, be merciful unto me: heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.

5 Mine enemies speak evil of me, When shall he die, and his name perish?

6 And if he come to see *me*, he speaketh vanity: his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; *when* he goeth abroad, he telleth *it*.

7 All that hate me whisper together against me; against me do they devise my hurt.

8 An evil disease, *say they*, cleaveth fast unto him: and *now* that he lieth he shall rise up no more.

9 Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up *his* heel against me.

Here we have a controversy between the pleader and his God. He had been a tender friend to the poor, and yet in the hour of his need the promised assistance was not forthcoming. In our Lord's case there was a dark and dreary night in which such arguments were well befitting himself and his condition.

4. "*I said*"—said it in earnest prayer—"*Lord, be merciful unto me.*" Prove now thy gracious dealings with my soul in adversity, since thou didst aforetime give me grace to act liberally in my prosperity. No appeal is made to justice; the petitioner but hints at the promised reward, but goes straightforward to lay his plea at the feet of mercy. How low was our Redeemer brought when such petitions could come from his reverend mouth, when his lips like lilies dropped such sweet smelling but bitter myrrh! "*Heal my soul.*" My time of languishing is come, now do as thou hast said, and strengthen me, especially in my soul. We ought to be far more earnest for the soul's healing than for the body's ease. We hear much of the cure of souls, but we often forget to care about it. "*For I have sinned against thee.*" Here was the root of sorrow. Sin and suffering are inevitable companions. Observe that by the psalmist sin was felt to be mainly evil because directed against God. This is of the essence of true repentance. The immaculate Saviour could never

have used such language as this unless there be here a reference to the sin which he took upon himself by imputation; and for our part we tremble to apply words so manifestly indicating personal rather than imputed sin. Applying the petition to David and other sinful believers, how strangely evangelical is the argument: heal me, not for I am innocent, but "*I have sinned.*" How contrary is this to all self-righteous pleading! How consonant with grace! How inconsistent with merit! Even the fact that the confessing penitent had remembered the poor, is but obliquely urged, but a direct appeal is made to mercy on the ground of great sin. O trembling reader, here is a divinely revealed precedent for thee, be not slow to follow it.

5. "*Mine enemies speak evil of me.*" It was their nature to do and speak evil; it was not possible that the child of God could escape them. The viper fastened on Paul's hand, the better the man the more likely, and the more venomous the slander. Evil tongues are busy tongues, and never deal in truth. Jesus was traduced to the utmost, although no offence was in him. "*When shall he die, and his name perish?*" They could not be content till he was away. The world is not wide enough for evil men to live in while the righteous remain, yea, the bodily presence of the saints may be gone, but their memory is an offence to their foes. It was never merry England, say they, since men took to Psalm-singing. In the Master's case, they cried, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, it is not fit that he should live." If persecutors could have their way, the church should have but one neck, and that should be on the block. Thieves would fain blow out all candles. The lights of the world are not the delights of the world. Poor blind bats, they fly at the lamp, and try to dash it down; but the Lord liveth, and preserveth both the saints and their names.

6. "*And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity.*" His visits of sympathy are visitations of mockery. When the fox calls on the sick lamb his words are soft, but he licks his lips in hope of the carcass. It is wretched work to have spies haunting one's bedchamber, calling in pretence of kindness, but with malice in their hearts. Hypocritical talk is always fulsome and sickening to honest men, but especially to the suffering saint. Our divine Lord had much of this from the false hearts that watched his words. "*His heart gathereth iniquity to itself.*" Like will to like. The bird makes its nest of feathers. Out of the sweetest flowers chemists can distil poison, and from the purest words and deeds malice can gather groundwork for calumnious report. It is perfectly marvellous how spite spins webs out of no materials whatever. It is no small trial to have base persons around you lying in wait for every word which they may pervert into evil. The Master whom we serve was constantly subject to this affliction. "*When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.*" He makes his lies, and then vends them in open market. He is no sooner out of the house than he outs with his lie, and this against a sick man whom he called to see as a friend—a sick man to whose incoherent and random speeches pity should be showed. Ah, black-hearted wretch! A devil's cub indeed. How far abroad men will go to publish their slanders! They would fain placard the sky with their falsehoods. A little fault is made much of; a slip of the tongue is a libel, a mistake a crime, and if a word can bear two meanings the worse is always fathered upon it. Tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, that the daughters of the uncircumcised may triumph. It is base to strike a man when he is down, yet such is the meanness of mankind towards a Christian hero should he for awhile chance to be under a cloud.

7. "*All that hate me whisper together against me.*" The spy meets his comrades in conclave and sets them all a whispering. Why could they not speak out? Were they afraid of the sick warrior? Or were their designs so treacherous that they must needs be hatched in secresy? Mark the unanimity of the wicked—"*all.*" How heartily the dogs unite to hunt the stag! Would God we were half as united in holy labour as persecutors in their malicious projects, and were half as wise as they are crafty, for their whispering was craft as well as cowardice, the conspiracy must not be known till all is ready. "*Against*

me do they devise my hurt." They lay their heads together, and scheme and plot. So did Ahithophel and the rest of Absalom's counsellors, so also did the chief priests and Pharisees. Evil men are good at devising; they are given to meditation, they are deep thinkers, but the mark they aim at is evermore the hurt of the faithful. Snakes in the grass are never there for a good end.

8. "*An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him.*" They whisper that some curse has fallen upon him, and is riveted to him. They insinuate that a foul secret stains his character, the ghost whereof haunts his house, and never can be laid. An air of mystery is cast around this doubly dark saying, as if to show how indistinct are the mutterings of malice. Even thus was our Lord accounted "smitten of God and afflicted." His enemies conceived that God had forsaken him, and delivered him for ever into their hands. "*And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.*" His sickness they hoped was mortal, and this was fine news for them. No more would the good man's holiness chide their sin, they would now be free from the check of his godliness. Like the friars around Wickliffe's bed, their prophesyings were more jubilant than accurate, but they were a sore scourge to the sick man. When the Lord smites his people with his rod of affliction for a small moment, their enemies expect to see them capitally executed, and prepare their *jubilates* to celebrate their funerals, but they are in too great a hurry, and have to alter their ditties and sing to another tune. Our Redeemer eminently foretokened this, for out of his lying in the grave he has gloriously risen. Vain the watch, the stone, the seal! Rising he pours confusion on his enemies.

9. "*Yea.*" Here is the climax of the sufferer's woe, and he places before it the emphatic affirmation, as if he thought that such villany would scarcely be believed. "*Mine own familiar friend.*" "The man of my peace," so runs the original, with whom I had no differences, with whom I was in league, who had aforetime ministered to my peace and comfort. This was Ahithophel to David, and Iscariot with our Lord. Judas was an apostle, admitted to the privacy of the Great Teacher, hearing his secret thoughts, and, as it were, allowed to read his very heart. "*Et tu Brute*" said the expiring Cæsar. The kiss of the traitor wounded our Lord's heart as much as the nail wounded his hand. "*In whom I trusted.*" Judas was the treasurer of the apostolic college. Where we place great confidence an unkind act is the more severely felt. "*Which did eat of my bread.*" Not only as a guest but as a dependant, a pensioner at my board. Judas dipped in the same dish with his Lord, and hence the more accursed was his treachery in his selling his Master for a slave's price. "*Hath lifted up his heel against me.*" Not merely turned his back on me, but left me with a heavy kick such as a vicious horse might give. Hard is it to be spurned in our need by those who formerly fed at our table. It is noteworthy that the Redeemer applied only the last words of this verse to Judas, perhaps because, knowing his duplicity, he had never made a familiar friend of him in the fullest sense, and had not placed implicit trust in him. Infernal malice so planned it that every circumstance in Jesus' death should add wormwood to it; and the betrayal was one of the bitterest drops of gall. We are indeed, wretched when our *quondam* friend becomes our relentless foe, when confidence is betrayed, when all the rites of hospitality are perverted, and ingratitude is the only return for kindness; yet in so deplorable a case we may cast ourselves upon the faithfulness of God, who, having delivered our Covenant Head, is in verity engaged to be the very present help of all for whom that covenant was made.

10 But thou, O LORD, be merciful unto me, and raise me up, that I may requite them.

10. "*But thou, O Lord, be merciful unto me.*" How the hunted and affrighted soul turns to her God! How she seems to take breath with a "but, thou!" How she clings to the hope of mercy from God when every chance of pity from

man is gone! "*And raise me up.*" Recover me from my sickness, give me to regain my position. Jesus was raised up from the grave; his descent was ended by an ascent. "*That I may requite them.*" This as it reads is a truly Old Testament sentence, and quite aside from the spirit of Christianity, yet we must remember that David was a person in magisterial office, and might without any personal revenge, desire to punish those who had insulted his authority and libelled his public character. Our great Apostle and High Priest had no personal animosities, but even he by his resurrection has requited the powers of evil, and avenged on death and hell all their base attacks upon his cause and person. Still the strained application of every sentence of this Psalm to Christ is not to our liking, and we prefer to call attention to the better spirit of the gospel beyond that of the old dispensation.

11 By this I know thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.

12 And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity, and settest me before thy face for ever.

13 Blessed *be* the LORD God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen and Amen.

11. We all are cheered by tokens for good, and the psalmist felt it to be an auspicious omen, that after all his deep depression he was not utterly given over to his foe. "*By this I know that thou favourest me.*" Thou hast a special regard to me, I have the secret assurance of this in my heart, and, therefore, thine outward dealings do not dismay me, for I know that thou lovest me in them all. "*Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.*" What if the believer has no triumph over his foes, he must be glad that they do not triumph over him. If we have not all we would we should praise God for all we have. Much there is in us over which the ungodly might exult, and if God's mercy keeps the dogs' mouths closed when they might be opened, we must give him our heartiest gratitude. What a wonder it is that when the devil enters the lists with a poor, erring, bedridden, deserted, slandered saint, and has a thousand evil tongues to aid him, yet he cannot win the day, but in the end slinks off without renown.

"The feeblest saint shall win the day
Though death and hell obstruct his way."

12. "*And as for me,*" despite them all and in the sight of them all, "*thou upholdest me in mine integrity;*" thy power enables me to rise above the reach of slander by living in purity and righteousness. Our innocence and consistency are the result of the divine upholding. We are like those glasses without feet, which can only be upright while they are held in the hand: we fall, and spill, and spoil all, if left to ourselves. The Lord should be praised every day if we are preserved from gross sin. When others sin they show us what we should do but for grace. "He to-day and I to-morrow," was the exclamation of a holy man, whenever he saw another falling into sin. Our integrity is comparative as well as dependant, we must therefore be humbled while we are grateful. If we are clear of the faults alleged against us by our calumniators, we have nevertheless quite enough of actual blameworthiness to render it shameful for us to boast. "*And settest me before thy face for ever.*" He rejoiced that he lived under the divine surveillance; tended, cared for, and smiled upon by his Lord; and yet more, that it would be so world without end. To stand before an earthly monarch is considered to be a singular honour, but what must it be to be a perpetual courtier in the palace of the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible?

13. The psalm ends with a doxology. "*Blessed be the Lord,*" *i.e.*, let him be glorified. The blessing at the beginning from the mouth of God is returned from the mouth of his servant. We cannot add to the Lord's blessedness, but

we can pour out our grateful wishes, and these he accepts, as we receive little presents of flowers from children who love us. Jehovah is the personal name of our God. "*God of Israel*" is his covenant title, and shows his special relation to his elect people. "*From everlasting and to everlasting.*" The strongest way of expressing endless duration. *We* die, but the glory of God goes on and on without pause. "*Amen and amen.*" So let it surely, firmly, and eternally be. Thus the people joined in the psalm by a double shout of holy affirmation; let us unite in it with all our hearts. This last verse may serve for the prayer of the universal church in all ages, but none can sing it so sweetly as those who have experienced as David did the faithfulness of God in times of extremity.

Springs Uncovered.

STANDING near the remarkable spring at Ewell, in Surrey, and watching the uprising of the waters, one sees at the bottom of the pool innumerable circles with smaller circles within them, from which extremely fine sand is continually being upheaved by the force of the rising water. Tiny geysers upheave their little founts, and from a myriad openings bubble up with the clear crystal. The perpetual motion of the water, and the leaping of the sand are most interesting. It is not like the spring-head in the field, where the cooling liquid pours forth perpetually from a spout, all unseen, till it plunges into its channel; nor like the river head where the stream weeps from a mass of mossy rock; but here are the fountains of earth's hidden deeps all unveiled and laid bare, the very veins of nature opened to the public gaze. How would it amaze us if we could in this fashion peer into the springs of human character and see whence words and actions flow! What man would wish to have his designs and aims exposed to every onlooker? But why this aversion to being known and read of all men? The Christian's motives and springs of action should be so honest and pure that he might safely defy inspection. He who has nothing to be ashamed of has nothing to conceal. Sincerity can afford, like our first parents in Paradise, to be naked and not ashamed.

If other men cannot read our motives we ought at least to examine them carefully for ourselves. Day by day with extreme rigour must we search into our hearts. Motive is vital to the goodness of an action. He who should give his body to be burned might yet lose his soul if his ruling passion were obstinacy, and not desire for God's glory. Self may be sought under many disguises, and the man may be utterly unaware that thus he is losing all acceptance with God. We must not impute ill motives to others, but we must be equally clear of another more fascinating habit, namely, that of imputing good motives to ourselves. Severity in estimating our own personal character very seldom becomes excessive; our partiality is usually more or less blinding to our judgment. We will not suspect ourselves if we can help it; evidence must be very powerful before it can convince us of being governed by sordid aims. The stream of generosity does not always spring from gratitude to God. Zeal is not at all times the offspring of deep-seated faith. Even devotional habits may be fostered by other

than holy affections. The highest wisdom suggests that we spend much patient and impartial consideration upon a matter so fundamental as the heart's intent in the actions which it directs. "If thine eye be single, thine whole body shall be full of light." Dear reader, stand by thine inner springs and watch, and make faithful notes of what thou seest, lest thou be deceived.

The "Darby Brethren."

[*From one of the most earnest workers in London we have received the following letter. We only withhold the name at our own discretion, the author was quite willing that his signature should be printed with his letter. We have also received an explanatory letter from Mr. W. Kelly, denying many of the statements of Mr. Grant, but such a disclaimer has first of all a bearing upon Mr. Grant, and only secondarily upon us, and we must leave him to corroborate his own evidence, or to withdraw it. Until that is done, we can only say that our own experience leads us to believe that all alleged may very well be true; for much else of like nature we have seen and felt.*]

Dear Sir,—If any more testimony were needed in confirmation of the admirable and truthful article in this month's *Sword and Trowel*, I could give much from personal experience, and the more so that I had a narrow or rather providential escape from falling into the meshes of this truly Jesuitical system, which would probably have dried up every loving feeling in my heart, and sapped away every earnest desire for winning perishing souls for Jesus. I can endorse from personal observation almost every sentence in your article as to the effect of Darbyism on personal character, though I was not aware before of the extent of the unscripturalness of their doctrines. It would be well if your article could be put into the hands of every Darbyite not too deeply inoculated with the pernicious principles of Darbyism, and circulated far and wide in every evangelical congregation of Christians.

The following story illustrating the principles and effects of Darbyism, and which I fear is only a sample of many others, I can vouch for:—Some years ago I attended an evening meeting for studying the word of God where believers of various denominations met, and for some time it went on very happily. In an evil hour an old Darbyite joined our meeting, and by his winning ways, gained a considerable influence, invited several of the brethren to his own house, to instruct them more fully in the new doctrines. The result was, they left the various churches in which they had been earnestly working for God, not to become unsectarian, but to unite with a sect more exclusive than any save the church of Rome. Three were members of the Tabernacle; one was a fellow worker with myself, one of the most loving spirits, my own son, in the Gospel, with a conscience so tender that he could not rest at night without doing something for his Lord. Those among them whom I still know personally have become the most selfish, unfeeling, and censorious of any Christians I know. Darbyism has so changed them as to quench every earnest purpose, to make them live only for the mutual edification of their narrow clique, and render them oblivious to the claim of the perishing millions around them. From being successful workers in the Master's cause, they have settled down at their ease in Zion, only to make a spasmodic effort when the Spirit moves them, which is very seldom. Were these brethren to allow the same liberty to others that they claim for themselves, we should not complain, but this they refuse —"They are the people," every other Christian is wrong; no matter how earnestly a man is working, or how many souls are added to the Lord by his ministry, if he cannot utter the Shibboleth of Darbyism, he is counted

the veriest heretic. The scriptural text, "every tree is known by its fruit," is utterly ignored; and while compelled to recognise the paucity of converts to the gospel through their preaching, and the mighty results through unorthodox labourers, it all goes for nothing: they tell you, with the greatest calmness, God is sovereign, and works as he wills, though it is certainly strange that God refuses to bless the select company to whom alone he has revealed the true interpretation of his will. Two other facts concerning them might be added, in addition to Mr. Grant's evidence. First, preaching the gospel to sinners is but a secondary consideration, their main thought being "breaking bread on Lord's-day morning;" and though this precious ordinance is called by them by so simple a name, it is exalted to almost the same position and importance as the lying Romish sacrifice. The Christian brethren who are not actually taking a share in the preaching, by their own testimony, seldom attend the "gospel preaching," not needing to hear a reiteration of such simple principles, but remain at home on Sunday afternoon and evenings "studying the word," gaining more and more light while shutting it out from a dying world. Secondly, the Lord's-day is utterly ignored; about its claim they have literally no conscience. One of the most intelligent of them assured me he would as soon buy and sell on that day as any other except so far as it hindered worship; and those weak minded believers who are so foolish as to testify against the desecration of the day of rest, are looked upon with supreme contempt. Much might also be added of the guiltiness of the Darby brethren in neglecting missionary and benevolent works; unlike him they call their Master, they cannot descend to the earthly wants of poor sinners, but leave them to the tender mercies of their fellow sinners; and such a man of God as George Muller, before whose mighty faith they might well shrink, comes in for a fair share of their execration.

To any earnest workers for Jesus who want to take ease without compunction, to shut their hearts and pockets to the cries of those who seek their compassion, to shirk the responsibilities God has laid upon them as Christian men and citizens, to shut up the genial sympathy they now feel to all who love the Saviour, and to sneak into heaven without having a jewel to deck their crown—I would say join the Darbyites.

Yours very truly in the Lord,

Splinters.

What a mistake to imagine that, by hearing first one preacher and then another, we can derive benefit to our souls! More is wanted than such hearing. A raven may fly from cage to cage, but it is not thereby changed into a dove. Go from room to room of the royal feast, and the sight of the tables will never stay thy hunger. Reader, the main thing is to have and hold the truth personally and inwardly; if this be not seen to thou wilt die in thy sins, though ten thousand voices should direct thee to the way of salvation. Pity indeed is it that the bulk of hearers are hearers only, and are no more likely to go to heaven than the seats they sit on in the assembly of the saints.

A neighbour near my study persists in practising upon the flute. He bores my ears as with an auger, and renders it almost an impossibility to think. Up and down his scale he runs remorselessly, until even the calamity of temporary deafness would almost be welcome to me. Yet he teaches me that I must practise if I would be perfect; must exercise myself unto godliness if I would be skilful; must, in fact, make myself familiar with the word of God, with holy living, and saintly dying. Such practice moreover will be as charming as my neighbour's flute is intolerable.

No Fear in Love.

BY TIMOTHY HARLEY, ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Jesus! the noon of heaven above,
The dawn of heaven here:
Thy pure, peace-speaking, perfect love,
Casts out tormenting fear.

"There is no fear in love;" its light
Knows neither cloud nor shade:
And when thy love absorbs my sight,
I cease to be afraid.

Why should I fear? If I am thine,
I shall be dear to thee:
And, precious thought! if thou art mine,
Thou wilt be all to me.

What should I fear? thy latest breath
Proclaimed the overthrow
Of Sin—the only sting of death,
Earth's only curse and woe.

Why should Satanic hate alarm?
Or tongues of men annoy?
Whom God preserves no man can harm,
No devil can destroy.

When duty calls my thoughts abroad
On life's unquiet sea,
Be thou my harbour, dearest Lord,
And hold my heart with thee.

Thou art my hope of bliss above,
My source of comfort here:
Then let me know thy perfect love,
Which casts out every fear.

The Eleventh Hour.

He runs a tremendous risk who neglects his soul's welfare until the eleventh hour. Inspiration tells of one dying thief, and one only, who went from the Cross to Paradise. This, that no poor sinner need despair, and that none should become reckless. Peradventure these lines may fall into the hands of some aged seeker. Let him read them, and taking courage, knock yet more loudly.

Faint, and worn, and aged,
One stands knocking at the gate,
Though no light shines in the casement
Knocking though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blessed angels wonder
At his earnest will.
Hope and fear but quicken,
While the shadows thicken,
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock,
Yet within, the unseen Porter
Hearkens to the knock.
Doing and undoing,
Faint and yet pursuing,
This man's feet are on the rock.

With a cry unceasing,
Knocketh, prayeth he;
"Lord, have mercy on me,
When I cry to thee."
With a knock unceasing,
And a cry increasing,
"O my Lord, remember me."

Still the Porter standeth,
Love-constrained, he standeth near,
While the cry increaseth,
Of that love and fear,
"Jesus, look upon me—
Christ, hast thou forgone me,
If I must, I perish here."

Faint the knocking ceases,
Faint the cry and call,
Is he lost indeed for ever,
Shut without the wall?
Mighty arms surround him,
Arms that sought and found him,
Held, withheld, and bore through all.

O Celestial Mansion!
Open wide the door,
Crown and robes of whiteness,
Long prepared before.
Flocking angels bear them,
Stretch thy hand and wear them,
Sit thou down for evermore.

Reviews.

WANT of time will render this department of our magazine very bare this month. We work as hard as any mortal man can do, and we ask for considerable forbearance if this or anything else should sometimes suffer postponement. We do not like to forego a personal investigation of books sent to us. Almost every notice of books is written either by the Editor or his brother, and we know from many correspondents that our brief notes are valued, so that we do not like to relinquish our practice, though it involves great labour.

Victorian Baptist Magazine. Edited by THOMAS NESS and WM. BRYANT. T. M. Buzzard, Melbourne.

THIS is a capital periodical, quite to our liking. It is very racy, sound, interesting, and well conducted.

WE feel bound to say a good word for the Baptist Newspaper, the FREEMAN, which appears to us to improve weekly. It is, as far as its means will allow, a most worthy representative of the Baptist body, and ought to have a far more extended circulation. Its politics and religious tone are such as we can, as a rule, heartily endorse: we wish it had always been so.

The First Series of Hazlitt's Table Talk. Essays on Men and Manners. Bell and Daldy, Covent Garden.

A MOST entertaining shilling's worth of wit and wisdom. The article on William Cobbett is especially good, and that on the ignorance of the learned very pungent and instructive. Literary men know too well the free and forcible style of Hazlitt to need any recommendation of these reprints. Religious men will not endorse or admire all they find here, but will be glad that railway readers should here be offered pabulum far more nourishing and profitable than those horrible novels which pollute every bookstall of our stations.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated by the late CHARLES H. BENNETT. Bradbury, Evans, and Co., Bouverie Street.

ANOTHER drawing-room edition of honest John's matchless allegory. A sumptuous volume indeed, embellished by engravings worthy of the old masters, mostly consisting of imaginary portraits of the various personages in the story—portraits which bring out the characters most vigorously. The artist has hit off to the life Faithful and Charity, Hypocrisy and Civility, and the whole company, honourable and dishonourable. We have spent an hour or two delightfully in seeing how the pencil can help the pen, and give form and fashion to conception and thought. Bunyan would delight to see the effigies of his old friends so limned to the life.

Sword and Trowel. Vol. I. 1865. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR circulation has each year very greatly increased, and this is no small encouragement to us, but the fact that at this date we have been obliged to reprint the volume which dated so far back as 1865, is the best evidence that our magazine is appreciated. Friends wishing to complete their sets can, by an early application, obtain Volume I. of the publishers.

Bright Examples. Dublin Tract Society. 9, Paternoster Row.

WHEN we say that this small work contains sketches of the lives of six distinguished servants of our Lord, including John Newton, M'Cheyne, Henry Martin, and David Brainerd, we have said enough to tempt all our readers to secure a copy. Familiar as we were with all the incidents mentioned, we were much refreshed with the reading of this book. God bless it to the raising up of many more like unto those whose lives are here recorded.

Thoughts on Preaching, Specially in Relation to the Requirements of the Age. By DANIEL MOORE, of the Golden Lecture. Second Edition. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly.

WE are not agreed with Mr. Moore's homiletical directions in all matters, but he gives much very practical instruction, and no young preacher can read his work without benefit if he be such a man as he ought to be. The volume occupies a high place among treatises upon preaching as it is practised in the Church of England.

The Sunday-School Union: its History and Work. By WM. HENRY WATSON, late Secretary of the Sunday School Union. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

OUR dear and valued friend has gone to his rest, but his work is established by his God; and this is the fittest memorial of his gracious career. The portraits of the Sunday-School leaders in the frontispiece are exceedingly good, and the "history" is succinct and interesting. These few pages embalm the records of a work far more important to the world's best interests than the Crusades or the conquest of Mexico, not to mention the lives of the Popes and the memories of all the Emperors that ever wore a diadem.

Thoughts about Class Meetings: a series of Letters to an Enquirer from a Methodist Pastor. By FREDERIC WM. BIGGS. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

PERSONS who are not Wesleyans would, we think, be benefited by reading this treatise; and of course the regular Methodist will be charmed with so able a defence of the institution which is the strength of Methodism. We ourselves believe that a pretty general adoption of the system in all our churches would be a very great blessing, and would tend to guard our people against the insidious errors of the day. We see no warrant in Scripture for making attendance at class a test of membership, but we do see much in the Word which requires us to provide frequent meetings for mutual edification. The little treatise before us is masterly, temperate, and valuable.

A Body of Divinity, contained in Sermons upon the Assembly's Catechism. By the Rev. T. WATSON, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and ejected by the Act of Uniformity. A new and complete edition, revised and adapted to modern readers, by Mr. GEORGE ROGERS. With Preface, etc., by C. H. SPURGEON. Printed and published for the Pastor's College, by Passmore and Alabaster.

WISHING to make this invaluable body of divinity more widely known, we reprinted it, and have stereotyped it, so as to produce it in future in any quantity. This noble volume we shall be glad to see on the shelves of all students ministers, and lovers of pure theology. It is a rich treasury of sermonising material.

Memoir, including Letters and Select Remains of John Urquhart, late of the University of St. Andrew's. By WM. ORME. With Recommendation. by ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

THIS life of one whose fervent zeal was the blaze of a secret fire of consecration, has already passed through one edition and is well worthy of wide circulation, What he might have been, had not official societyism hindered his desires, we cannot tell; his life and his death are warnings to prudence of the unbelieving order, both in secretaries and committees. We shall return to the volume next month, if opportunity be given.

Christ and his Church in the Book of Psalms. By ANDREW A. BONAR. James Nisbet and Co.

OUR honoured brother, the author of this invaluable work, has kindly sent us a copy, modestly fearing that we had never seen his exposition. We can assure him that we have long known and prized his volume, and we take the first opportunity in saying how we wish that all believers were acquainted with this goodly treasure. Into a comparatively small space very much of choice interpretation is compressed, and often by a few sentences a flood of light is thrown athwart "the dark sayings upon a harp," in which David abounds.

Memoranda.

On June 18th the Pastor's Birthday was made the occasion for a festival at the Orphanage. The weather had been most threatening, and therefore expectation was at the lowest ebb, but the orphans' God bade the stars in their courses fight for his work, and the day was remarkably pleasant and suitable. Our ever-faithful people rallied in large numbers, with their usual loving enthusiasm and good temper. At three o'clock two crowded meetings were held in the dining hall and the schoolroom. Both the gatherings were full of zeal, and hearty goodwill to the institution; they were addressed by Brethren Stott, Varley, A. G. Brown, Wigner, and W. Olney, of our own community, and we were also favoured with the presence and assistance of Dr. McFarlane, of the United Presbyterian body, Mr. Crump, of the Wesleyan, and Mr. Rogers, of the Independent Church, Clapham. Tea was a business of no small trouble, as our arrangements were not made for so great a number, the wisest of the weather-prophets assuring us that we could not expect people to be present in such weather as would be sure to befall us. We wonder why the twopenny prophets of our time do not try their hands at the weather; it would be a far less profane task than foretelling coming struggles, casting nativities for Louis Napoleon, and dragging in Holy Scripture to lend a countenance to their wretched soothsaying. It would have been no small comfort if we could have understood the face of the sky, but as we could not, our friends were patient, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The pastor commenced an open-air meeting, and the masses gathered around, but as this wintry summer provides piercing cold for its evenings, the crowd broke up, after the pastor's speech, into two assemblies, the one in the great play-hall, and the other in the dining hall. A bazaar was held for the sale of goods left from the last occasion, and this contribu ed towards the success of the day in a pecuniary sense. With the kind offerings of friends, and the collecting cards, we have received about £680 as the net proceeds of the day. All praise be unto the Lord our God!

The young ladies of the admirable scholastic establishment, over which our dear friends the Misses Dransfield, of Camberwell, preside, have made and given to the Orphanage no less than 600 shirts, which will be a noble stock for the first hundred boys.

The *Saturday Review* has favoured John Ploughman with its splenetic criticism; so laborious an attempt to be forcible never before ended in such dreary feebleness. Our only remark to the *Saturday Review* shall be that it need not lie in order to have a fling at us. Its critic accuses us of "passionate insolence against all other teachers of religion, as *ipso facto* knaves, and hypocrites, and impostors, because they do not conform to the Tabernacle type of teachers" Now this is a gratuitous falsehood, as the passage quoted shows on the face of it. We denounced *priests*, not teachers of religion; and so far from being too severe on priestcraft, we believe that no human pen can ever sufficiently expose the wickedness of a man's pretending to be a priest in any sense except that in which priesthood is common to all believers. We never intended to assail a single man calling himself a *religious teacher*, when we said, what we say again, "never believe in any priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest, he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree."

The fact that the lords have allowed Mr. Gladstone's bill to pass the second reading is not so encouraging to us as it appears to be to our cotemporaries. If the peers had thrown it out the Tory party would have gained nothing, but the demand for the whole bill and nothing but the bill would have gone up with increasing force, until the lords would have yielded all, and left open a door for the next step in advance. Now we fear the bill will be sadly mutilated, and concessions will be made which will disappoint those who hoped to see the equitable measure now before the public become a fact accomplished. There has been some talk of a reaction in the country upon the question of the Irish Church, but we see no trace of foundation for such an assertion. As far as Nonconformists are concerned, we have no hesitations, much less repentances. Some of us think Mr. Gladstone's bill faulty only in its excessive liberality to the clergy. When they turned our Puritanic forefathers out of their churches and manses without a penny, the episcopal party did what they conceived to be justice, and if the like measure had been meted to them the retribution would have been remarkable. We have always advocated generosity, but half the amount accorded by the bill would have been liberal. No sect has a right to a penny of national money, and when an unrighteous dole is withdrawn, no compensation is due as matter of pure justice; with the enormous sums now offered, if the Irish clergy are

not content, it would be well to agitate the country against the excessive liberality which is now proposed. The state cannot afford to dismiss its ecclesiastical servants with their full pay in their pockets; they are already offered far too much as a solatium, and if they will not be satisfied therewith, generosity may well retire in favour of justice. Threatening sedition, and foaming at the mouth with revengeful slander, the advocates of the Irish church rave like madmen; our government will now be able to see the character of the gentlemen they have to deal with, and we trust they will not be bullied into yielding to clamour what sanity would never have demanded.

Mr. Ness is enjoying the Divine blessing upon his College at Melbourne; we have sent him out £100 as he is short of funds, for we regard this institution as a branch of our own, and are as deeply interested in it as if it were under our own eye.

Mr. Charlesworth is now in full command at the Orphanage, and when this magazine is in our readers' hands, we hope to have a hundred boys in the houses. Funds, as far as our readers are concerned, come in very slowly, but the Lord will provide. We have to thank many donors for gifts in kind. As we intend to have a permanent sale-room at the Orphanage, we shall be glad of all sorts of contributions, and our lady friends can serve the orphans' cause by their needles as often as they see fit. Goods should be directed to The Orphanage, Stockwell.

Our esteemed friend John Offord, of Palace Gardens Chapel, has just fallen asleep in Jesus. He was a man mighty in the Scriptures, and a father in Israel. May our Lord raise up a succession of faithful men, that the ranks of his army be not broken.

Mr. A. G. Brown, of Stepney, continues with vigour his efforts to erect a large place of worship in that crowded region. He is *the* man for such a work, and when the Lord has given him the house, we believe that he will not only fill it, but keep it filled. What is best of all, souls are saved in great numbers. We wish our friend the most abundant success.

In reference to the church at Redhill, which called itself a Presbyterian Baptist church, we would explain that the title was taken because the church maintains the eldership, and has a presbytery within itself, similar to that at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The name may not be correct as nomenclature is commonly used, but it is *really accurate*.

Mr. Wm. Banks, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has become pastor of the Baptist Church, Jarrow-on-Tyne. The recognition services will be held (D.V.) July 26th, 1869.

On the 8th of last month, recognition services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Wilkins, as pastor of the Baptist Church, at Hockcliffe Road, Leighton Buzzard. In the afternoon, Mr. Bradford, of Tring, read the Scriptures and prayed; Mr. R. Purser, one of the deacons, gave a statement on behalf of the church; Mr. Wilkins gave an address; Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the pastor; and Mr. Hands, of Luton, to the church and people. Mr. Jones, a Wesleyan minister in the town, and many other ministers were present. A public tea meeting was held in the school room of the Wesleyan chapel, at which about 200 were present. In the evening a meeting was again held in the Baptist Chapel. The chair was taken by Mr. C. B. Sell. Addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Andrews, J. W. Duncan, A. Walker, of Winslow, J. Walker, of Fenny Stratford, Mr. Mummery, and Mr. Bradford. All the ministers of Nonconformist denominations in the town showed much sympathy and good-will towards Mr. Wilkins and his church and people on this occasion.

On Friday, June 11th, services were held in the East Street Chapel, Newton Abbot, Devon, to publicly recognise and welcome Mr. W. C. Jones, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church. In the afternoon Mr. George Rogers, theological tutor from the college, gave the charge to the minister, and the devotional exercises were conducted by Messrs. Field of Exeter, Blackmore of Bovey, and Doke of Chudleigh. A public tea was provided, of which a goodly number partook. A very profitable meeting was held in the evening, at which Peter Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, presided. Mr. Jones made a brief statement of his conversion and call to the ministry, and suitable addresses were given by the following ministers: Messrs. Dowding, Kingskerswell, Field, Edwards, of Torquay, Brown, of Newton (Wesleyan), Doke, Curtis of Brixham, and Mr. Rogers. All the ministers of the town were present, and expressed fraternal esteem and goodwill.

The Baptist Chapel, Stogumber, Somerset, after being almost completely rebuilt, was reopened for divine worship, on Lord's-day, June 13th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. In the afternoon of the same day, a large prayer meeting was held for the purpose of seeking the Lord's presence continually in the place,

and its effects were truly seen in the signs which followed in the subsequent meetings. On the 15th, Mr. J. Wilshire, of Taunton, preached a sermon in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was convened under the presidency of W. Pethick, Esq., of Bristol, a generous contributor and practical friend of the cause. The following gentlemen were present—Mr. G. W. Humphreys, B A., Wellington; Wilshire, Taunton; J. Cruickshank, Uffculme; G. W. Roughton, Watchet; J. Green, the pastor of the church; and Messrs. W. Rawlinson, and G. Gunton, of Taunton. The whole of the proceedings were of a very interesting and profitable character: the sermons were excellent and appropriate, and the addresses earnest and pointed. The proceeds of the services, £110, with what had been previously raised, met the whole of the expenses, £485; so that the congregation have entered their new sanctuary free of debt, for which they and their pastor feel very grateful to God, and to the many friends in almost every county in Great Britain, who, by their subscriptions, have rendered them such efficient help.

Mr. Walter, of our College, has settled at Whitehaven, Cumberland.

Mr. Anderson leaves the College this month, to undertake the pastorate of the church in Warkworth, Northumberland.

Mr. Hall has accepted a call from the second Baptist church, in Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon: May 27th, thirteen; June 3rd, eighteen; June 14th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th, 1869, to June 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hargreaves	2	0	0
Mr. Parton	2	0	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	4	8
M. G. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
One who would do more	0	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Hillrow, Cambs.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Goddard	2	0	0
A young Friend at Harrow, per Mr. H. Hill	1	10	6
Per Mr. H. Hill, Harrow	0	2	6
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	0	0
Cumberland, per Mr. Walter	0	10	0
Mr. F. Petford	1	0	0
Mr. D. McPherson	0	5	0
Auckland, New Zealand	1	0	0
B. C. M.	0	6	3
Collected by M. A. Jephs	1	6	0
W. B. Wootton, Bassett...	0	5	0
Ellon	0	2	6
E. J. P., in Memory of a much-loved Mother	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodwell, per Mr. White	0	10	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. & Mrs. T.	50	0	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Miss Gray, collected at Reedham College	2	2	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Olney	1	0	0
Miss S. B. Pavey	0	10	0
Miss Farquhar	5	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore	40	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore, Quarterly Subscription	2	0	0
Mr. Wells, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst...	0	10	0
F. & M. W.	0	4	0
Bovington	0	1	6
M. A. Richardson	0	2	0
A. B. C.	2	0	0
Mr. S. Wright	1	0	0
Lieutenant Woodhouse	1	0	0
Mr. G. McCleery	1	10	0
Mr. A. Perrin	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 23	42	15	5
" " " " 30	40	0	4
" " " June 6	39	3	11
" " " " 13	25	14	6
	£297	7	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th, 1869, to June 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Willcox, Wellington, New Zealand	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Gosling	0	5	0
Two Friends, Ultra Tories	2	2	0
A Member, Mr. H....	1	0	0
C. F....	0	5	0
Masters Edwin and Alfred Walter ...	0	2	0
Louisa J. Mallows, a Thankoffering ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. T. Smart	0	1	0
A Friend	0	4	6
Tee Hay	0	10	0
A Sister in Christ	0	5	0
P. T., Leicester	4	11	3
E.	0	4	0
Per Mr. H. Hill, Harrow...	0	2	6
Mr. James Green, Collecting Box ...	0	13	8
Mr. Wagstaffe	5	0	0
Mrs. Andrews	5	0	0
A Friend, Pershore...	5	0	0
M. W. T. Buckland	0	10	0
Mr. H. S. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. R. Bock...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Smythe	1	0	0
Sale of Gold Ring	1	10	0
Cumberland, per Mr. Walter	0	10	0
Miss Day	0	5	0
R. A.	15	0	0
Miss Helen Marchant	1	1	0
C. B., Sutton	0	5	0
E. S.	0	5	0
I will praise the Lord	1	0	0
Bessells Green, by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Churchill	0	10	6
M. A. R.	0	2	0
Mr. T. Tucker	0	10	0
Mr. Tanner, Collecting Box	0	9	10
Miss Wade "	0	10	6
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0
Mr. L. Jackaman	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by an Orphan, Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh	1	10	0
Mrs. P. Derby, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Two Readers of Sermons, Island of Tyree	6	0	0
Stento...	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	0
J. B.	0	5	0
W. G.	0	1	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	3	6
Percy and Amy	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood	1	10	0
Walter	1	0	0
Lieutenant Woodhouse	1	0	0
Mrs. Macbeth, (Annual Subscription)...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Goddard " " ...	2	0	0
Mr. G. Brown	1	1	0
	£80	2	9

Donations, Collecting Cards and Books received June 18th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Wade	0	5	0
J. W., Dawlish	0	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. T.	50	0	0
Mr. Croker	0	16	5
Miss O'Leary	0	10	0
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	1
Miss R. Gilbert	1	8	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Langbotham	5	0	0
Mr. W. T. Brook	0	13	6
Mr. & Mrs. Fisher	5	0	0
Miss E. Fisher	1	0	0
Per Miss Marshall:—			
Mr. J. P. Matthews £5 0 0			
Rev. J. W. Todd 0 10 6			
Mr. H. Heath ... 2 2 0			
Bessie 0 5 6			
Miss Marshall ... 2 2 0			
Mr. J. G. Marshall 10 10 0			
	20	10	0
Miss Burrows	2	6	6
A Yankee Brother	0	2	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Catlin	1	0	0
Mr. Honan	1	0	0
Mrs. Anstey	1	1	0
Mrs. Herschell	2	2	0
Mr. Whitehead	0	10	0
Mrs. Greenfield	0	5	0
Mr. Oliver	0	7	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
Miss Parker	1	1	0
Mrs. Ranford	0	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	8	0
Mrs. Webster	4	4	0
Mr. Edgley, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. Edgley, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. Buckmaster	1	0	0
Mr. Jones	1	5	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Little Ada	0	15	0
Mrs. Gardner	0	5	0
Mr. Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. Price	0	5	0
Miss Ford	0	5	0
Mr. S. Chew	2	0	0
Mrs. Counsell	0	5	0
Miss Shevier	0	2	6
Mr. H. Olney	5	0	0
Miss Farquhar...	5	0	0
Mrs. Nicholson	0	5	0
A Friend, per W. Olney ...	1	0	0
Mr. Enoss Dawson	0	10	0
Mr. T. Godwin	1	0	0
Mr. R. Broodbank	1	1	0
Miss Dummer...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Heard	0	10	0
Mr. Court	0	11	0
S. A. L.	0	10	0
Miss Duncombe	0	6	0
Mr. Chamberlain	0	10	6
Mr. H. Hobson	1	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0
Miss Ellwood	0	10	0
Miss F. Ellwood	0	10	0
Mr. Ellwood	0	10	0
Mr. A. W. Jennings ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Smith	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
E. B.	35	0	0
Sale of articles from late Bazaar	43	14	5
Mr. J. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. J. Goodwin	2	2	0
Mr. R. S. Bennett	10	0	0
Ruth	0	5	0
Miss Cornish	0	10	0
Mr. Davies	2	0	0
Mr. Turner	0	15	0
Miss Clark	1	4	6
Mrs. Tunstall	1	6	6
Miss Jephs	1	0	6
Miss Lawson	1	18	7
Mr. Edwards	0	8	5
Mrs. Edwards	0	7	0
Miss Belsham	0	7	0
Miss R. Turner	0	4	0
Mr. Latimer	2	2	2
Miss Alderson	2	5	6
Mrs. Copeland	1	2	6
Mrs. Turner	0	17	10
Mrs. Abbott	2	13	0
Mrs. White	2	12	0
Miss Gilbert	1	10	4
Miss Anderson...	0	7	6
Miss Wright	0	11	6
Mrs. Mayne	0	5	7
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Miss Limebeer...	0	5	0
Mrs. Foster	3	1	9
Miss Foster	0	13	3
Mr. Hellier	15	0	0
Mrs. Medhurst...	0	9	6
Miss McAlley	0	7	6
Mr. R. Corrick	2	0	0
Miss Partridge...	0	15	0
Miss Bullands	1	0	0
Mr. Hewell	0	8	6
Miss Pantin	2	6	6
Miss Davies	0	3	6
Miss Joyce	1	0	0
Mr. Gleed	1	10	0
Mr. Berry	2	0	0
Mrs. Read	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Young	3	5	0
Miss Mayes	1	0	3
Mr. N. Heath	2	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	14	6
Mr. Crofts	1	1	0
Miss Charlton	0	15	0
Miss Payne	0	18	3
Master Robinson	0	3	7
Mrs. Abbott	1	14	0
Mrs. Fergusson	4	12	0
Miss Phillips	2	18	3
Master Phillips	2	14	7
Miss H. E. Phillips	1	14	4
Miss Thompson	0	12	1
Miss Bucknaster	1	0	0
Miss E. Robinson	0	14	0
Mrs. Nugent	1	9	0
Miss Weare	0	12	1
Miss S. E. Cockrell	11	0	0
Mr. Padgett	1	13	6
Mrs. Atkew	0	9	4
Master J. Boon	0	2	0
Miss Dunn	0	12	0
Mrs. Chater	1	5	0
Miss Gover	11	1	0
Miss Wood	0	15	3
Miss E. Fryer	2	7	0
Miss Wilton	1	4	8
Miss Bage	0	5	6
Miss Goodchild	2	7	6
Miss Knight	0	4	0
Mrs. Butler	0	9	1
Miss Law	3	1	6
Miss Brooks	0	11	0
Mrs. Windett	3	16	0
Mr. Thorne	2	13	0
Mr. Bantick	0	16	4
Mr. Morris	2	6	9
Miss Sutcliffe	0	11	6
Miss R. Sutcliffe	0	10	0
Mr. Day	1	7	1
Miss Butcher	1	0	6
Mrs. Drayson	1	12	0
Mrs. Briggs	0	11	9
Mr. Mayo	0	10	0
Mrs. Alldis	3	0	0
Miss Henry	0	11	0
Miss Hart	0	13	4
Mrs Evans	5	2	6
Miss Cawood	3	2	6
Miss Chapman...	0	8	6
Miss Beves	0	8	6
Mrs. Craig	0	10	0
Miss Heath	4	4	0
Mrs. Rixon	0	3	6
Mrs. Pope	1	11	6
Mrs. Whitehead	2	6	9
Mrs. Buckingham	0	7	0
Mrs. Speller	1	0	0
Miss Mann	1	10	0
Mr. Hollis	1	0	6
Miss Payne	1	0	0
Master Simpson	0	7	6
Mr. Wainwright	1	6	7
Mrs. Sedcole	0	11	3
Mrs. Samuel	1	10	6
Mrs. Fisher	1	2	0
Mrs. Jumpson...	1	7	0
Miss Smith	0	12	0
Miss Saunders...	0	12	6
Mrs Copping	2	19	0
Mrs. Russell	0	13	0
Mrs. Mackrell	2	0	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	6	0
Mr. G. Ely	0	18	6
Miss C. Perkins	0	11	0
Mrs. Field	6	10	9
Miss Bonsor	4	14	0
Miss E. Franks	0	14	9
Mrs. Boddington	1	4	2
Miss Sutcliffe	0	11	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. Sutcliffe	0	11	1
Master Whitby	0	15	5
Mrs. Baldwin	0	17	2
Mrs. Hellear	0	6	0
Miss Baker	0	11	0
Mrs. Newman	1	15	0
Mrs. Towersey	0	8	0
Mr. J. Cromby	2	3	3
Mrs. Quinnell	0	14	0
Miss M. Ling	0	15	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	12	0
Miss Gregory	0	5	6
Mrs. Groom	0	15	0
Miss Coates	0	3	6
Mrs. Willcox	1	2	1
Mrs. Williams	0	11	0
Mrs. Christmas	0	3	3
Miss Stocks	0	12	0
Miss Hughes	0	8	0
Mr. E. Watts	0	6	7
Mr. W. Leaver	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	1	2	10
Miss Prust	0	3	0
Miss Lovegrove	1	2	6
Miss Simpson	0	5	6
Mrs. E. Stiff	0	5	6
Mrs. Gisbey	1	6	1
Mrs. A. Lyne	0	12	4
Miss Culverwell	0	7	6
Master Cook	2	7	4
Miss Williams...	0	12	0
Miss Gawkroger	1	10	6
Mrs. Augar	0	12	1
Miss King	2	2	0
Mr. J. Hyde	0	9	0
Miss A. Harding	0	5	0
Miss Bunby	0	18	8
Mrs. McGatley	0	15	2
Miss Kemp	0	4	0
Miss Stansfield	0	7	0
Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Miss Moseley	0	1	6
Miss Howard	0	4	0
Mr. Lloyd	1	10	0
Master Joiner	0	12	6
Mr. Gardner	0	16	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	8	6
Master Gardner	0	12	0
Mr. Good	3	10	6
Mrs. Priestly	0	11	1
Mrs. David	1	1	0
Miss Spencer	0	10	0
Miss White	1	5	6
Miss Chapman...	0	10	0
Miss Coombes	0	13	9
Miss Blackman	1	13	0
Mrs. Davis	0	7	6
Miss Ratcliffe	1	8	6
Miss E. Russell	1	10	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	7	6
Miss F. Perkins	0	8	0
Mr. Sanders	3	14	6
Mr. Davey	0	7	6
Mrs. Rossitter...	1	12	0
Mr. Horsley	1	5	6
Mrs Saunderson	0	10	0
Master G. Cole	1	5	0
Master Raybould	0	4	0
Miss Raybould	0	7	0
Master Turner	1	5	6
Mrs. Hubbard	1	8	0
Mrs. Evans	2	0	0
Master Clark	0	7	6
Miss Parkins	1	13	8
Miss Clements	0	13	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	2	0
Master Holmes	0	6	9
Miss Bartlett	1	1	0
Miss Graves	0	10	0
Mrs. Chamberlain	0	6	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Master Everest	0	4	0
Mrs. Hooper	0	10	0
Master Crawford	0	6	10
Mrs. Cropley	0	7	0
Mrs. Chapman	1	3	4
Mrs. White	0	5	9
Mrs. Mackrell	0	5	8
Mrs. Cook	0	9	6
Mrs. Hatt	0	7	11
Mrs. Underwood	0	11	6
Mrs. Hubbard	1	3	1
Mrs. Everett	0	15	8
Miss Shipway	0	9	6
Miss Baldock	0	17	0
Miss Z. Shipway	0	4	9
Miss Langton	0	5	6
Master H. Olney	0	9	0
Miss Gain	1	4	0
Mrs. Read	0	18	1
Mr. E. Saunders	1	2	0
Mr. White	1	11	4
Mr. Bowker	1	6	6
Mr. Bowker	0	12	0
Miss Goslin	0	15	0
Miss Annie Dransfield ...	10	0	0
Mr. Dougharty	4	0	0
Mrs. Gregory	1	17	0
Mrs. Alfred Smith	1	12	6
Miss Hudson	0	7	0
Mrs. Clark	0	10	4
Mr. Faulkner	1	14	0
Mrs. Bradley	0	5	0
Miss Holmes	1	1	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	17	6
Miss Terrey	0	8	0
Mrs. Croker	2	11	0
Miss J. Cockshaw	1	10	0
Mrs. Glover	2	1	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	2	5	6
Miss Wickes	0	7	6
Miss Lindsey	3	0	0
Miss Davey	0	12	0
Miss S. Hazell	0	3	2
Mr. G. Smith	0	7	0
Miss Chilvers	0	11	0
Mr. Mitchell	0	8	8
Miss Simmons	0	11	2
Master Robinson	1	13	9
Master E. Brook	0	6	6
Mr. Randall	0	13	0
Miss J. Hill	0	17	0
Miss Brown	1	6	6
Miss Messent	2	5	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	1
Miss Hill	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		
Miss Eycott	1	0	0		
Mr. Bassett	0	12	6		
Mr. Brown	0	12	6		
Miss Martin	0	10	0		
Miss Meakin	0	17	0		
Adams Miss	1	2	6		
Browne Mr. G.	2	1	3		
Mrs. Marsh	3	12	6		
Mr. W. Bassett	0	17	6		
Mrs. Boxall	3	5	2		
Mrs. Butler	0	7	4		
Mr. Clark	0	17	6		
Mrs. Lewis	0	17	6		
Mrs. Smith	0	3	10		
Miss Baverstock	1	10	1		
Miss Banks	0	12	0		
Mr. R. Petherick	0	5	2		
Mr. Sandle	0	12	0		
Mr. Simmonds	0	10	0		
Mr. Selwood	1	1	0		
Mrs. Osborne	0	18	6		
Mrs. Healy	1	0	4		
Miss O'Leary	0	15	0		
Miss Godbold	0	10	2		
Sundries, by C. H. Spurgeon	0	13	0		
Mrs. Scott	2	14	0		
On account Baptist Denomination Houses	40	0	0		
Miss B. Sanderson	5	0	0		
Miss Mary Bainbridge ...	1	0	0		
Miss E. Woolnough	1	4	6		
Mr. Watkins	1	3	0		
Mr. Farrier	0	4	0		
Miss Weeks	0	19	0		
Mrs. Bridges	1	2	0		
Mrs. Lloyd	0	8	0		
Mrs. Stokes	1	0	0		
Miss Duncombe	0	12	0		
Miss F. Jones	1	0	0		
Mr. J. Philips	1	3	6		
Master Spence	0	17	6		
Mr. Coe	1	0	0		
Miss Powell	1	2	6		
Mr. W. H. Reading	0	13	0		
Miss Gray	1	6	0		
Miss Abrahams	0	12	6		
Miss Lancaster	0	12	0		
Miss Knibb	0	15	0		
Miss Bateman	1	1	0		
Miss Webb	1	4	0		
Miss Powell	0	9	6		
Mr. Lott	5	0	0	678	11 4
				£758	14 1

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. L. Thompson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Goldard	1	0	0
Mr. J. Gibson	0	2	6
W. B., Wootton Basset	0	2	6
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	5	0	0

Collected by	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Watts	0	10	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	8	0	0
Mr. G. F. Day	0	4	11
	£15	12	5

Erratum.—One shilling acknowledged last month as received from *Mr.* E. West instead of *Mrs.* E. West. A parcel of tracts has also been received from the same.

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermongers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Mrs. W., 5s., and a parcel of old magazines; O. H., £1; S. S., 3s.; Mrs. Goddard, £1; Miss L. Curling, £1; Mrs. Bickmore, £5; Mrs. Moody, £10, and a promise of £25 towards establishing a "House of Industry for Homeless Boys."

Received for the Orphanage:—3 pairs boys' shoes, by "A newly-awakened sinner;" 1 suit boys' clothes and a jacket; 1 parcel second-hand clothes; 1 parcel containing 16 shirts; 1 ditto, 6 shirts; 1 ditto, 12 shirts; 1 ditto containing 6 night shirts; 1 box of tea; 1 small parcel of grocery; 4 cricket-bats and stumps, and 2 small bats and ball-traps, and 14 balls; sack flour, from Mr. A. Ladbrook; 216 yards of towelling, from Mr. W. Mathewson.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1869.

William Knibb: His Life and Work.

(SECOND PAPER.)

KNIBB arrived in this country at a time when the nation needed to be stirred to its very depths by the recital of the wrongs done to the slaves of Jamaica which only a passionate orator could give. The hour had come and the man. Knibb had scarcely sufficient prudence to calmly sit down and count the cost of the conflict. The time was short and the burden heavy. His natural temperament led him to throw himself, body and soul, into the fray. His elastic spirits greatly helped him, and gave him hope and faith that were deeply tried in hours of solitude, when his nature rebounded into those fits of depression from which vivacious spirits suffer most. His extraordinary enthusiasm must have startled quiet folks; he seemed so like a "prophet of fire." Men said he was an enthusiast with one idea; they little knew how that "one idea" was to him an all-consuming passion. That he should meet with the "cold shoulder" is not surprising, for Christian Englishmen needed education even on so simple a subject as slavery. The Missionary Society had been compelled to exhort all its agents labouring in Jamaica not to interfere with civil or political affairs; for it would be impossible otherwise to conduct missionary operations in that land. Slavery was then regarded in this country as a political arrangement, which, however obnoxious to Christian feeling and opposed to the spirit of Christ's religion, must be dealt with by politicians, and not by professors of godliness. And there was a considerably large element of rank Toryism even in old Baptists—an obstructiveness, and a wrong-headedness, which was the peculiar genius of the age of knee-breeches and shoe-buckles. By these good old fathers who had never been enlightened by Radical wisdom, Knibb was looked upon with some suspicion. They were not sure that he

was doing right in making such a fuss about the overthrow of slavery. That was a political subject which he might leave alone. I am inclined to believe that some had a sneaking regard for the slaveholders, and had imbibed the notion that they were anxious to civilise, educate, and Christianise their slaves. Knibb was not at first welcomed to the pulpits of his brethren in this country; and a dear friend, who still retains his juvenile Radicalism in full force and vigour, was about the first to open his pulpit to the earnest agitator, and so to lead the way for others who would not shrink from following his example. Then, too, it was an open question what the Society would do. A committee meeting was about to be held to determine whether the Society should sustain their missionaries, and whether they would assist Knibb in his anti-slavery agitation. It was a critical time. We remember hearing, quite recently, Mr. Stovel describe the agitated restless feelings of Knibb at this period, and his sturdy purpose, come what might, to prosecute his enterprise. "There, there—sit down—calm yourself," said Mr. Stovel, "and let's see what can be done." The late Dr. Price exhorted him, if necessary, to break with the committee rather than be gagged. The day of decision came. Knibb detailed his sufferings and those of his brethren in Jamaica; and exhorted (as I suppose was highly proper) by the secretary, Mr. Dyer, to cultivate prudence and temperance, Knibb, as if aroused like a lion, answered, "Myself, my wife, and my children, are entirely dependent on the Baptist mission; we have landed without a shilling, and may at once be reduced to penury. But, if it be necessary, I will take them by the hand, and walk barefoot through the kingdom, but what I will make known to the Christians of England what their brethren in Jamaica are suffering." The effect of this manly avowal was magical. Not a word of opposition was spoken. Prudence had been transformed into enthusiasm; and Knibb's cause became the Committee's. He was not elated by success; for he retired to pray, and spent the best part of the night on his knees. "I cannot dream," said he, "nor sleep, till I know what is to be done for my poor people in Jamaica. O that I knew how they were getting on." His appearance, for the first time, at the annual meeting (held in Spa Fields Chapel) of the Missionary Society, would be a test of public appreciation of his cause. The moderates quaked with fear; the conservatives were feverishly anxious: Knibb was calm and determined. His speech was thrilling. He showed how the oppressors of the Christians of Jamaica had forced the subject of slavery upon the attention of the Society. The missionaries did not seek it. They would still have kept silence, though the wrongs were enormous, and the cruelty revolting; but since the slaveowners had deprived them of the privilege of preaching the gospel to the African, they could keep quiet no longer. And in the highest strains of oratory, the speaker went on to appeal to the tenderest feelings of his auditory, whose excitement was extraordinary. It was in vain that Mr. Dyer pulled the tail of the speaker's coat, Knibb would not listen to remonstrance. "Whatever," he exclaimed, "may be the consequence, I will speak." If he failed in arousing their sympathies, then he would retire from the meeting, and call upon God to hear him; and, he added, "If I die without beholding the emancipation of my brethren and sisters in Christ, then, if prayer is permitted in heaven, I will fall

at the feet of the Eternal, crying, "Lord, open the eyes of Christians in England, to see the evil of slavery, and to banish it from the earth." That speech won the battle, so far as the Baptist community were concerned. They saw that it was their duty to support Knibb in his anti-slavery work. We are not disposed to blame the Committee for their tardy conversion to what proved the right course of action. It would be easy to satirise their fears. But it is better to acknowledge that, having found their supporters willing that they should embark in this movement, they gladly bore the burden. From henceforth their co-operation with Knibb was all that could be desired. They organised plans for large meetings to be held in Exeter Hall, and in the largest towns of England, and Knibb commenced his anti-slavery campaign with great spirit. For more than two years he went through the country, preaching and speaking on behalf of the great cause; his labours were incessant, and must have been wearying. He met, in some instances, with fierce opposition, and detractors appeared who most ruthlessly slandered his character; but from these he had little to fear, since an intelligent Christian public was on his side. Some of his addresses were marvels of oratorical power. His must be a cold and indifferent nature that could not be moved by even reading them. Their effect upon the public has been variously described, but no description could adequately represent the influence of his irresistible appeals. Mr. Eustace Carey wrote: "I have witnessed congregated masses in that city (Edinburgh) burning and almost raving with indignation at the system, as he depicted its cruelties and demonstrated its crimes." "His public addresses," says Mr. Hinton, "had a power altogether overwhelming. Nothing could stand before them. Sceptics were convinced, waverers were decided, the apathetic were aroused, and vast auditories were kindled to irrepressible enthusiasm. With perhaps a single exception, the eloquence of no one man made a larger or more distinguished contribution to that commanding excitement of the public mind, before which British Colonial slavery at length cowered and fell." His examination before the committees of the two Houses that were appointed to report on the extinction of slavery, added to the deep debt of gratitude which all must feel to the memory of this distinguished man. Prior to his return to Jamaica, the government were appealed to on the question of restitution for the destroyed chapels. The total loss had been estimated at £17,900. The government were willing to grant £5,510, and expressed their willingness, if the Society would raise one-half of the large balance to recommend Parliament to grant the remainder. The proposal was not a fair one, but it was accepted, and the country subscribed at once, not £6,000, but more than double that amount, £13,000.

Knibb now returned to Jamaica, not to preach to slaves but to free men. His reception by the negroes was noble. As they gathered round him, with tears in their eyes, they gave utterance to their gratitude in words of childlike simplicity. "Now, massa, me see enough. Him dead, him live again. God bless you, massa, for all the good you do for we." "Him fight de battle, him win de crown." "On they rushed," says Knibb, "to the chapel, where we knelt together at the throne of mercy." At a subsequent service, two African women came to him,

each with an infant, born after the memorable first of August, and therefore free-born, and thanked him for their freedom. He was completely overcome, and retired to weep. The church during his absence had been ministered to by Mr. Dendy: and greatly to his delight, he found the brethren at peace, having enjoyed the blessings of God. Mr. Gurney had given Knibb a tent, and this was erected for the accommodation of the people, until the chapel had been rebuilt. This work, without school-rooms, was to cost £6,000—one-half of which was subscribed by the Society, and the other half was obtained in the island, numbers giving every penny they had for this purpose. And when the people found the debt liquidated, they rejoiced exceedingly—"each eye seemed to say, as it gazed upon the building, 'tis all our own." Prior to the opening of the chapel, application was made for the use of the court-house, and singularly enough, it was granted. Thus Knibb preached on the very spot on which he once had stood as a prisoner. The opening services of the new chapel were of a most interesting character, while the progress of the church, the immense number of enquirers, and the cases of decision for God, were greatly encouraging. So large were the additions to the church, that fears were expressed by some Christians outside the denomination as to the genuine character of the conversions, and statements were made to the disadvantage of the Baptists of the island. This led Knibb to vindicate the brethren, and that by facts which were unassailable. He showed how plainly he had dealt with his people, how fully they were aware of their own responsibility in confessing Christ; how, in consequence of their being able to read, they were well acquainted with the Scriptures; how strict was their church discipline, and how careful indeed they had been in keeping the negroes in the classes for periods varying from two to nine years prior to baptism. And as for the liberality of the poor blacks, "I have," wrote Knibb, "collected money both in England and Jamaica, and I assure you I much prefer the latter."

Knibb's enterprising spirit was marvellous. He had a wonderful faculty for getting into debt, and quite a passion for venturing upon new enterprises for God which looked impossible to carry out. If a new building were required, or a new school, or new mission-station, he would feel "exceedingly desirous" of taking immediate steps to undertake the responsibility. Sometimes his zeal in this respect sorely taxed, not so much his faith—that was as bright as the sun in its noonday strength—as his and other people's resources. He was just the man, with that keen eye and enterprising genius of his, to break up new ground. Had he been entrusted with immense sums of money, it would have been no difficult task for him to lay it out judiciously and well. He was constantly occupied with some new scheme for the glory of God, and his self-denial was so great, that more than once he used his own salary, failing other sources, to meet liabilities arising from these efforts.

Not only did he labour with much perseverance for the education of the negroes, he also entered upon the great struggle with the planters on the labour question, during the apprenticeship period. By the new law of the House of Assembly, apprentices were valued at so high a rate—higher indeed than when slaves—that they could not purchase

themselves. This he rightly deemed iniquitous, and as such he openly denounced it. He also laid before the governor cases of merciless severity, of which several justices had been guilty, such as flogging pregnant women, and afterwards forcing them to the treadmill. His boldness in defending the oppressed created some uneasiness at home, and the Committee's timidity was ludicrous. With such distressing facts of inhumanity before them, one wonders how they should have administered "cautions" instead of assisting in bringing to light the inhumanities which, if published, would have made the ears of the Christian public to tingle. But committees can afford to be prudent, and are never likely to be guilty of the injudicious venturesomeness of those who rush where angels fear to tread. Knibb, being on the spot, was the best judge of the line of action which he should pursue. He pursued it in the fear of God, and happily the system was changed. It is very evident that the Committee were afraid of Knibb's earnest and impetuous philanthropy. His conduct could not easily be restrained; and Mr. Dyer's freely dispensed remonstrances had but little effect upon his action. However suitable he may have been as a financial secretary, it does not seem that Mr. Dyer had any special qualifications as an adviser of missionaries who were placed in critical positions. He was as timorous as a nervous old lady in presence of a ghostly shadow, and as cautious as a man who would rather escape out of a difficulty than face it. Knibb must have given both him and the Committee an immense amount of trouble and anxiety; for no sooner was he out of one trial than he was in another. He was a man who felt strongly. Nothing aroused his leonine nature more than oppression. Whatever form it might take, the victims of other men's crimes were certain of his sympathy. The evils arising out of the apprenticeship system were so great that he feared an insurrection among the natives. Indeed, from a document addressed to Mr. Dyer, and signed by nine Baptist missionaries, we learn that it was believed that a secret and powerful combination was forming among the interested advocates of slavery to effect a commotion among the apprentices, "that they may thus be furnished with a pretext for coercing those who will be then entitled to their freedom, and for sacrificing the lives of those missionaries who have advocated the rights of the negroes, and protected them from the lawless violence of their oppressors." Happily the apprenticeship system was abolished, and the threatened evil averted. Then he entered into conflict with the planters respecting a fair remuneration for native labour, and through his exertions—which, though characterised by great zeal for the interests of the blacks, were sobered by much good judgment in taking into consideration the position of the planters—he succeeded in raising the social condition of the emancipated slaves. Meanwhile, all kinds of calumnious charges were published in the Jamaica papers regarding him—charges which unhappily the Committee at home were stupid enough partly to believe. The events of the past—the moral, or rather immoral, tone of the colonial newspapers, the degraded state of the whites through the curse of slavery, the devilish acts of the lovers of oppression, should have taught our brethren at home how little the charges that were uttered against Knibb could be true. A clergyman of the establishment, and a slaveowner, who had resided in Jamaica,

made imputations upon his character and upon the Baptist churches in Jamaica, which were utterly false. These slanders did not hinder his work. He longed to establish schools for the young. "The abolition of slavery," he wrote to Dr. Holy, "more clearly reveals the moral enormities it has engendered; and surely Egypt was not more cursed in her plagues than we are by the settled filth and pollution of this bottomless-pit monster. The mental imbecility is distressing." It was necessary to raise the female character, and the establishment of schools would be the best means to promote this end. The zeal with which he entered into this great work was marvellous, considering the indifference by which he was surrounded. Few men struggled against greater difficulties, encouraged by less sympathy. It was not altogether smooth work, even with those who should have heartily sympathised and helped him. Much was doubtless due to ignorance of Jamaica's needs, much to a fear that prevailed lest he should involve the Society in schemes it could not effectuate, and not a little to lack of that support which his fellow missionaries might have given. He was rather suspected of loving power and pre-eminence of position—of being, to use a homely phrase that will be well understood, "too fast." But these are charges that all men must suffer from that strike out with vigour and amidst opposition new courses for which the world is scarcely prepared. Knibb, in most of his movements stood alone, a giant will and a determined purpose rising superior to difficulties that would have crushed less heroic natures. Of course, now that he is dead, friends and half-friends unite in extolling his great virtues and noble deeds of hardy daring. Even the most lukewarm can be aroused by general enthusiasm. Only one wishes they had not postponed so long the praises which, if due to the dead hero, were certainly due to him when living.

Knibb, foreseeing the intention of the planters to deprive the native Baptists of their homes, bought plots of land to resell to the members of his church who might be ejected. To do this, he borrowed money and sold nearly all his own furniture. The opposition of the planters was once more furious. They adopted every artifice which craft and cunning and cowardice could conceive, to crush the character of the Baptists. But Knibb was unflinching. The storms of malignant fury beat upon the rock on which in manly courage he stood, but the surge touched not his feet. Two actions for libel—one brought against the editor of a Jamaica paper, and another against an English one—were tried, but so corrupt were the jury in the one case that Knibb lost the day, and in the case at home only £70 damages were awarded by an unsympathising jury. It was partly to vindicate his character and that of the members of his church that he again re-visited his native land. He was also commissioned by his brethren to attend the Anti-slavery Convention of 1840. With his matchless eloquence, he appealed on behalf of the Jamaica mission, which needed enlargement, and for the projected mission to West Africa, a cause which was dear to his heart, and which he had long urged the Baptist society to espouse. The Committee complied with his request, and in order to obtain increased funds, he was employed in appealing to the churches. In five months he travelled

six thousand miles, and spoke at one hundred and fifty-four public gatherings, and everywhere he was received with the greatest honour and enthusiasm. His reception also by the friends of the anti-slavery movement was no less cordial. Some of our friends who remember this visit so well, testify that, so far from being elated at his popularity, he manifested a humility and a true brotherly heartiness of spirit, that won their undying affections. His vivacity and childlike simplicity of heart were indeed very beautiful traits of his character.

He returned to Jamaica in 1841, with a missionary party of fourteen, who were to be helpers of his joy, and agents in the extension of his much-loved work. His members had intended to give him a grand public dinner; but he urged them to give the money to the African mission instead, which they did willingly. Eighteen hundred of his people subscribed at once, in addition to this, one shilling each towards £500 which he had promised to raise on behalf of this same mission. One feels tempted to linger upon this part of Knibb's life, but we must draw to a close. Charges which had been made against the Baptists of the island by some Scotch missionaries, rendered it necessary for him once more to visit England, to refute them. These charges referred to "the exaction of money; to the lavish waste of it when thus exacted, in the erection of splendid and ill-advised chapels; in extravagantly-furnished houses, and in style of living inconsistent with Christian simplicity; to a reckless admission of members into the churches of Christ; and to a careless keeping in of those whose conduct is adverse to the principles of Christianity." We need not now trouble ourselves with the details of his answer to these serious allegations. It is sufficient that they were most triumphantly refuted, and the ungenerous, if not base, insinuations that were made against him only recoiled on the heads of his unbrotherly accusers. Again he returned to Jamaica, and in consequence of the distressed state of the mission, through the drought which had caused so much misery in the island, he paid his fourth visit to England. The debts upon the chapels in Jamaica were so great that the brethren there who were not now dependent on the Society for their support—a result to be attributed to Knibb's exertions—could not meet their liabilities. The Committee, after hearing Knibb, made the churches a grant of £6,000, which was just one-half of the debt that remained on the chapels when the missionaries voluntarily surrendered their salaries, but only one-third of what it was when the application for assistance was made. The chapels, mission-houses, and schools, cost £157,000, and it speaks favourably of the liberality of the island, that so large a sum as £139,000 had been paid, and that the missionaries were now no longer dependent on the society at home.

Knibb, on resuming his wonted labours in Jamaica, found indications of decreasing physical strength. Being a man of iron constitution, he paid little heed to these symptoms. He seemed to have disregarded colds and minor ailments, and exposed himself, after preaching in a hot atmosphere, to the chills of the evening. The result was, he was taken seriously ill, low typhoid fever set in, and after two days a malignant type of yellow fever supervened, and on Saturday, November 15th, 1845, death relieved him of his sufferings. He was but in the prime of his manhood, forty-two years of age, and yet his race was won. The end

of a life of useful toil, of blessed service, of high honour had come. The hot and prolonged warfare was over.

"No more low-caring,
No more way-faring,
These soil'd sandals loos'd and flung away.
Done with the soiling,
Done with the toiling,
All my burdens lay I down for aye.
Ended the jarring,
Past all the warring,
Quit I gladly life's rude war array;
Victory crying,
Enemies flying,
Thus my armour put I off for aye."

The last sermon he preached was on a theme on which his mind loved to dwell—"The glorious gospel of the blessed God," or as he loved to say, "the happy God." And among the last coherent words he uttered were these: "All is well." And indeed it was!

Knibb may not have been a man of profound learning, or of deep research, or of high classical attainments, but he was a useful man, serving fearlessly his God and his fellow men. Never man cared less for human applause. He never measured his duty by his safety. He loved truth and freedom so well, and hated oppression and all that was false so heartily, that he seemed to be little else than an incarnation of protestation again the wrong. Mr. Hinton, in his memoir, regards his language as too strong; but it was the very felicitous strength of his epithets that made them so weighty, and so destructive of the evils against which, with giant force, he levelled them. He had to denounce one of the most hideous abominations that ever festered in society, and galled the wounds of the oppressed, and degraded beyond expression the lives of the oppressors. Hard to kill, this hydra-headed monster needed the most vigorous blows which he could give it: and in all his orations, the most effective parts were those in which he assailed the evil with all the heavy artillery of his copious vocabulary. To use soft and mild words for his great purpose would have been as useless as if a hunter should seek to kill a fierce elephant by pricking his skin with a pin. Never man had a greater evil to combat; and never man combatted it so wisely and so well. He broke the chain of slavery and gave freedom to the slave. God rarely raises up such a man; and when he does, men do not always welcome him or well treat him, or even understand him. Knibb had his share of popularity; it never unduly exalted him. He had to bear his share of reproach; and though it may have stung his honourable nature to the quick, it never made him a coward. He was a man of industrious and simple habits; his speeches were carefully prepared, and that elaborately, as some of our friends who were his intimate friends can testify. He was a "man of one idea"—yes, but he never soared above it; never relinquished it until the flag of liberty floated gaily over the ruins of colonial slavery.

E. L.

Hindhead.

ON one of the hottest days of a sultry July, two of us, weary and worn from a long and dusty tramp along the Portsmouth road, reached at length the top of Hindhead. Not a tree or a shrub within hail, and the sun pouring down remorselessly a flood of fire, there was no sign of shadow except from a large stone cross which garnished Hindhead's summit. That cross was elaborately adorned with Latin inscriptions, and in form was accurate and classical; but its shadow was too narrow to furnish perfect shade even for one, much less for two. The shadow was most refreshing, but there was not enough of it, and one traveller must, parched as he was, stand or lie down beneath Sol's blazing beams, for there was no room for him within the cooling shade. Thus may it be with the gospel of Jesus as set forth by some ministries. Jesus is eloquently talked of, but the freeness of his grace and the abundant power of his blood are not enforced; or it may be systematic theology is the preacher's idol, and Christ is narrowed down to the creed; accuracy of doctrine is fostered, but the Christ who is set forth has no breadth of love, no vastness of shade for the refreshment of weary sinners. At the same time too many take away the solid character of the atonement altogether, and, while aiming at breadth, give us instead of a granite cross a mere gauze with no shade at all. The true scriptural idea of the atonement is "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The motto of the gospel of Jesus is, "And yet there is room."

Oh, the blessed shadow of Christ's cross! All the flocks of the Lord lie down under it, and rest in peace; millions of souls are delivered by it from the heat of vengeance, and myriads more shall find a covert within it from the wrath to come. Dear reader, are you within the shadow of the Crucified? Does he stand between God and your soul to ward off from you the burning beams of justice, which your sins so richly deserve, by bearing them himself? If you perish from want of shelter it will not be because there was no room for you in Christ, for no sinner was ever sent away for that reason, and none ever will be. If you die in the fierce heat of divine wrath, you will have yourself alone to blame, for there is the shadow of the great propitiation, cool and refreshing, and it is at every moment accessible to simple faith. If you refuse to believe, and count yourself unworthy of salvation, your blood must lie at your own door. Come, now, into the sure and blessed shelter, lest the sunstroke of despair should wither thee. Once beneath the shadow of Jesus, the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night; thou shalt abide under the shadow of the Almighty. "The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand." He who would fain find the shelter of the cross, let him sing and pray with all his heart.

"Where is the shadow of that rock
Which from the sun defends thy flock!
Fain would I feed among thy sheen,
Among them rest, among them sleep."

From my Note Book.—C. H. S.

Rags.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

NOT a very inviting subject, gentle reader; but have you not found in this world that names and titles are not always descriptive of persons and things? It does not follow that your friend, whose father was called Wiseman before him, is a sage because of his name; nor is it a fact that everyone who has the title of "Your Grace" is conspicuous for piety and goodness. Mr. Small may be six feet and some inches in height, and his neighbour Samson may need the help of a footstool to keep his feet from dangling when he is sitting on an ordinary chair; and he may systematically wear cork soles in order to gain the extra quarter of an inch. Does it always follow that D.D. after a name implies a profound theologian, and are all members of the Royal Council "Right Honourable" men? No! No! Then you must not decline to proceed any further in the perusal of our paper because of its title, for it may not, after all, lead you into a marine-store shop, where you will find little else than many bones very dry, to say nothing of their being dusty, musty, fusty, and everything else that your silk or broadcloth may despise. And for all that, the said silk and broadcloth has much in common with our subject "Rags;" for it occurs to us that a fraction taken from either would be well labelled by this very inferior name. We suspect that if some awkward foot were placed on that elegant train as you are descending the stairs, it might produce out of its loveliness and splendour—ah! yes, "a rag!" Why, the very thought of this makes you shudder. The memory of that delicate sky-blue still haunts you which that very disagreeable young man tore, and whose mother actually said it was your fault because you did not, like a sensible lady, keep it off the floor, and away from the soles of the boots of the sterner sex, who never feel sterner than when stranded on some satin waste of extravagance and pride, for which some other unfortunate brother will have to pay. You remember that gem of millinery and its fate, which made your face flash such a look of an angel, though of the fallen sort, upon that frightened youth. Well, then, by its remains remember to cast off all pride of clothing, seeing that all silk dresses may become rags. Yes, there is an end to garments, and be it remembered, there is also an end to their wearers. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of grass. At our best estate we are vanity, and as a vesture we are changed. Corruption will seize upon us as the moth does the robe. What will the end of it all be? Rags pass the mill and reappear as paper, and thus, when written upon by the hand of genius, may have a more glorious existence then they ever knew before. Are such hopes of another existence before us, can we cherish the thought of dissolution and of resurrection? Do we hope for a life higher, brighter, and more permanent? That we decay and fade, and the garment of our flesh is crumbling, is very clear. What is our destiny? May it be to appear in the whiteness of the heavenly state and the perfection of our Father's home!

We do not regard rags as a recommendation even to a beggar. Ragged coats suggest too vividly ragged characters, but even here we may

make a mistake: purple and fine linen cannot make a Dives superior to a Lazarus, whose garments we fear were somewhat worn. You can never dress up a mean and vicious person into a nobleman and a gentleman,

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

A truer heart may beat under a threadbare coat than under the robes of a peer, though there is every reason why the better dress should lead the wearer to strive to be the nobler man. It must be hard to keep up one's self-respect in a coat out at the elbows, and with boots down at the heels, and with a hat that seems likely to belong to a scarecrow before long. We should fancy that much of manhood would leak out of these openings, and much of degradation of spirit would flow in. What must be the result of self-reflection in the case of a tramp dressed up in a canvas suit, ornamented by the initials of the poor-house, where he tore up his own clothes because of their intolerable character? Poor creature, he finds in his debasement a depth beyond. So we do not advocate dressing in rags, nor have we any partiality for them. We remember well the strange uncomfortable sound, and the thrill which pervaded us when, on rushing through a hedge, some deliberately mischievous branch or thorn inserted itself into our clothes—they always had a spite against us then; they have improved of late years, and have now a more benevolent turn, but then we wondered at their untiring persecutions. We never expected a warmer welcome at home because our knees had worn away holes in garments, which, once our pride, became in turn our plague, because they would out of spite as we thought, constantly split, rend, and tear, in the most mysterious ways, even on the most ordinary occasions. We never advocate holes, they were once a perennial fount of grief to us; but why dress in such a method that there is no comfort to the wearer because of the costliness of the apparel and its liability to damage and decay? Why wear as a Sunday dress that delicate article of attire which prevents your appearance at chapel if there are any signs of a shower? Some people seem to dress on the Lord's-day so as not to be able to go to God's house in a becoming state of mind. If the day is fine, they show off such magnificence as ill consorts with the worship of Christ, and distracts their own and others' attention; or else they stop at home to preserve its transient hues from the damp which would wash its beauty into merited confusion. Better by far to put on an old dress which can rough it, and come to the house of God. To stay away to spare our clothes, or because we do not like to appear in old ones, is a sin, from which, good Lord, deliver us.

We remember well a venerable old woman whose dress was as mottled as a patchwork quilt, from its frequent repairs; it was a perfect marvel of the darning art—but it was a decent Christian dress, and sufficed for a covering, which is more than can be said for some fashionable styles of dress we have seen. Verily, our clothes ought to cover us, and if they do, that will be enough for God, if it be not for man. We wonder if any of the birds and beasts, going into the ark, had any qualms of spirit, because their coats or feathers were a little worn by use! Did Mrs. Cow cast an envious look at Miss Lamb because her dress was more modern, and resolve that she would stay away

because she was not so gaily attired as Mrs. Leopard? We have a notion that Mr. Rhinoceros, in his strong work-day suit, which he very seldom removes, was as glad to be saved as Mr. Steed, who gets his glossy coat frequently changed. Better pass into heaven in poverty and rags, and worship God in the free seats or aisles, than stay away in pride, and refuse the spiritual because God has withheld the material good. We have heard of a child being kept from the Sunday-school because the new frock was not finished. Why not send them in the old one, and teach the lesson practically, that God looketh not at the outward appearance, but readeth the heart, and condemns sin in satin as much as in cotton, and will accept his worshippers if clothed in smock frocks as cheerfully as if they had the habiliment of kings? Pride of dress must be ridiculous to Him who in compassion clothed our first parents in skins.

Our subject of "Rags," however, came before us in quite another connection of thought. We had been watching lately the rag-collectors of Paris pursuing their avocation by night, turning over carefully the heaps of refuse placed outside the houses, and with their hooked stick deftly throwing all useful matter into their baskets, which they carry on their backs. We were led to muse on some things which are worth considering more fully. For instance, it is clear that our minor mercies, the very leavings of our blessings, may be of use to others. There is small charity in giving away what you do not want, and wish to be rid of because it has become a nuisance; but there may be much of charity in bestowing that very thing in a spirit of love upon some needy ones. Do not throw your rags out of the window into the street, but utilise them in the cause of sickness and distress, is the advice we felt inclined to give to some housekeepers in Paris; and so with the waste which so often goes on around us. Wasted time, which has been squandered in idleness, to the neglect of many who would gladly have seen your face and had your help in their loneliness and poverty—can there not be more economy here? How much food is suffered to be thrown away when the poor are well-nigh starving at our doors! It is our duty, if our cup runs over with God's bounty, to remember the many thirsty ones, who would gladly drink and be refreshed. The gleanings of our harvest of mercies may help some widow or orphan to sing for joy. As in war time the torn rags are useful for the wounded, so in the battle of life many wounded ones need our help and the superabundance of our blessings. Yes, and we must give, if need be, not only what can be spared—the "rags" of our life's enjoyments—we must practise self-denial and love our neighbour as ourselves. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Do not despise even a "rag;" it has its uses, and it were well if we employed everything to the great Creator's glory. The Gibeonites employed their old shoes and clouted garments to save their lives. We do not commend their deceit, but the use they made of old things. Jeremiah found comfort in the kindness of Ebedmelech, when, to spare the prophet's wasted frame, he put under his arm-holes the friendly rags so as to draw him up out of the dungeon unharmed. We must greatly commend that last touch of care for the poor emaciated prisoner. How much depends upon the way in which a kindness

is done! We know some folks who contrive to destroy the benefit of all they do by their want of thought in the method of doing it. Our Lord's care that the company should be seated before he fed them, was an example to us to be tender over the feelings, and to respect the personal comfort, of those who are about to receive our bounty. We live near to a charitable gentlemen who dispenses his gifts with a free hand, but yet makes the recipients wait for hours outside his house, sometimes while the rain is falling fast; now all this is just forgetting the necessity of something to keep our ropes of charity from cutting into the flesh of those we are seeking to deliver. Take care even of rags, much may depend on things we are wont to despise.

You are getting tired of rags, are you, patient reader? Then comfort yourself with the thought that we shall soon have done with them for ever. Paradise had none, and the white robes of heaven will bear no blemish or stain. God's care kept the garments of Israel in the wilderness, and such a providence in spiritual matters is over us still. The Christian has a robe woven from the top throughout. It can never be rent. Our Saviour's loving hands have fashioned it for us. Are you clothed therein? No other garment will suffice when the King comes round to visit his guests. Cast off your prodigal's clothes, take this best robe, and be decked as a prince in royal vestments. Be in earnest about this. Here drowsiness will emphatically clothe a man with rags. Venture not to approach the court of heaven in your own merits. Christ alone can furnish us with what we need, for his righteousness is perfect, and it will be ours by faith; as to our works and doings, "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

Battlements.

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN Deuteronomy xxii. 8, we meet with an interesting law which in its letter was binding on the Jewish people, and in its spirit furnishes an admirable rule for us upon whom the ends of the earth are come. "*When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence.*"

It is not necessary to inform this audience that the roofs of Eastern dwellings were flat, and that the inhabitants were accustomed to spend much of their time upon the tops of their houses, not only conversing there during the day, but sleeping there at night. If the roofs were without any fencing or protection around their edge, it might often happen that little children would fall over, and not unfrequently grown up persons might inadvertently make a false step and suffer serious injury, if not death itself. Where there were no railings or low walls around the roof, accidents frequently occurred, but God commanded his people, while they were yet in the wilderness, that when they came into the promised land, and proceeded to build houses, they should take care in every case to build a sufficient battlement that life might not be lost through preventible casualty, for in that case the

guilt of blood would lie upon them. This careful command clearly shows us that God holds life to be very valuable, and that as he would not permit us to kill by malice, so he would not allow us to kill by negligence, but would have us most tender of human life. Such rules as the one before us are precedents for sanitary laws, and give the weight of divine sanction to every wise sanitary arrangement. No man has a right to be filthy in his person, or his house, or his trade, for even if he himself may flourish amid unhealthy accumulations of dirt, he has no right by his unclean habits to foster a deadly typhus, or afford a nest for cholera. Those whose houses are foul, whose rooms are unventilated, whose persons are disgusting, cannot be said to love their neighbour; and those who create nuisances in our crowded cities are guilty of wholesale murder. No man has a right to do anything which must inevitably lead to the death or to the injury of those by whom he is surrounded, but he is bound to do all in his power to prevent any harm coming to his fellow men. That seems to be the moral teaching of this ordinance of making battlements around the housetops—teaching, mark you, which I should like all housewives, working-men, manufacturers, and vestrymen, to take practical note of.

But, if ordinary life be precious, much more is the life of the soul, and, therefore, it is our Christian duty never to do that which imperils either our own or other men's souls. To us there is an imperative call from the great Master that we care for the eternal interests of others, and that we, so far as we can, prevent their exposure to temptations which might lead to their fatal falling into sin.

We shall now lead you to a few meditations which have, in our mind gathered around the text.

GOD HAS BATTLEMENTED HIS OWN HOUSE. Let this serve as a great truth with which to begin our contemplations.

God takes care that all his children are safe. There are high places in his house, and he does not deny his children the enjoyment of these high places, but he makes sure that they shall not be in danger there. He sets bulwarks round about them lest they should suffer evil when in a state of exaltation.

God in his house has given us *many high and sublime doctrines*. Timid minds are afraid of these, but the highest doctrine in Scripture is safe enough because God has battlemented it; and as no man need be afraid in the East to walk on the roof of his house when the battlement is there, so no man need hesitate to believe the doctrine of election, the doctrine of eternal and immutable love, or any of the divine teachings which circle around the covenant of grace, if he will at the same time see that God has guarded those truths so that none may fall from them to their own destruction. Take, for instance, the doctrine of election. What a high and glorious truth this is, that God hath from the beginning chosen his people unto salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and the belief of the truth! Yet that doctrine has turned many simpletons dizzy through looking at it apart from kindred teachings. Some, I do not doubt, have wilfully leaped over the battlement which God has set about this doctrine, and have turned it into Antinomianism, degrading it into an excuse for evil living, and reaping just damnation for their wilful perversion. But God has been

pleased to set around that doctrine other truths which shield it from misuse. It is true he has a chosen people, but "by their fruits ye shall know them." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Though he has chosen his people, yet he has chosen them unto holiness; he has ordained them to be zealous for good works. His intention is not that they should be saved *in* their sins, but saved *from* their sins, not that they should be carried to heaven as they are, but that they should be cleansed and purged from all iniquities, and so made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Then there is the sublime truth of the final perseverance of the saints. What a noble height is that! A housetop doctrine indeed! What a Pisgah view is to be had from the summit of it! "The Lord will keep the feet of his saints." "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." It will be a great loss to us if we are unable to enjoy the comfort of this truth. There is no reason for fearing presumption through a firm conviction of the true believer's safety. Mark well the battlements which God has builded around the edge of this truth! He has declared that if these shall fall away, it is impossible "to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." If those who are true saints should altogether lose the life of God that is within their souls, there would remain no other salvation; if the first salvation could have spent itself unavailingly, there would be no alternative, but a certain looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation. When we read warnings such as, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and others of that kind, we see how God has made a parapet around this tower-like truth, so that saints may ascend to its very summit, and look abroad upon the land that floweth with milk and honey, and yet their brains need not whirl, nor shall they fall into presumption and perish. That wonderful doctrine of justification by faith, which we all hold to be a vital truth, not only of Protestantism but of Christianity itself, is quite as dangerous by itself as the doctrine of election, or the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; in fact, if a man means to sin, he can break down every bulwark and turn any doctrine into an apology for transgression. Even the doctrine that God is merciful, simple as that is, may be made into an excuse for sin. To return to the doctrine that we are justified by faith, and not by the works of the law: Luther put it very grandly, very boldly, and for him very properly; but there are some who use his phrases, not in Luther's way, and without Luther's reasons for unguarded speaking, and such persons have sometimes done serious damage to men's souls by not mentioning another truth which is meant to be the battlement to the doctrine of faith, namely, the necessity of sanctification. Where faith is genuine, through the Holy Spirit's power, it works a cleansing from sin, a hatred of evil, an anxious desire after holiness, and it leads the soul to aspire after the image of God. Faith and holiness are inseparable. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Good works are to be insisted on, for they have their necessary uses. James never contradicts Paul after all; it is only that we do not understand him. Both the doctrinal Paul and the practical James spake as

they were moved of the Holy Ghost. Paul builds the tower, and James puts the battlement around it; Paul conducts us to the summit of God's house and bids us rejoice in what we see there, and then James points us to the balustrade that is built up to keep us from overleaping the truth to our own destruction. Thus is each doctrine balanced, bulwarked, and guarded, but time would fail us to enter into detail, suffice it for us to know that the palace of truth is battlemented with wisdom and prudence.

Take another view of the same thought. The Lord has guarded *the position of his saints if endowed with wealth.* Some of God's servants are, in his providence, called to very prosperous conditions in life, and prosperity is fruitful in dangers. It is hard to carry a full cup without a spill. A man may travel on the ground well enough, and yet find it hard work to walk on a high rope. A man may be an excellent servant who would make a bad master; and one may be a good tradesman in a small way who makes a terrible failure of it as a merchant. Yet be well assured that, if God shall call any of you to be prosperous, and give you much of this world's goods, and place you in an eminent position, he will see to it that grace is given suitable for your station, and affliction needful for your elevation. The Lord will put battlements round about you, and it is most probable that these will not commend themselves to your carnal nature. You are going on right joyously; everything is "merry as a marriage bell," but on a sudden you are brought to a dead stand. You kick against this hindering disappointment, but it will not move out of your way. You are vexed with it, but there it is. Oh, how anxious you are to go a step farther, and then you think you will be supremely happy; but it is just that perfect happiness so nearly within reach that God will not permit you to attain, for then you would receive your portion in this life, forget your God, and despise the better land. That bodily infirmity, that want of favour with the great, that sick child, that suffering wife, that embarrassing partnership—any one of these may be the battlements which God has built around your success, lest you should be lifted up with pride, and your soul should not be upright in you. Does not this remark cast a light upon the mystery of many a painful dispensation? "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word:" that experience may be read another way, and you may confess, "Had I not been afflicted I had gone far astray, but now have I kept thy word."

The like prudence is manifested by our Lord towards those whom he has seen fit to place in *positions of eminent service.* Those who express great concern for prominent ministers, because of their temptations, do well, but they will be even more in the path of duty if they have as much solicitude about themselves. I remember one whose pride was visible in his very manner, a person unknown, of little service in the church, but as proud of his little badly-ploughed, weedy half acre, as ever a man could be, who informed me very pompously on more than one occasion, that he trembled lest I should be unduly exalted and puffed up with pride. Now, from his lips, it sounded like comedy, and reminded me of Satan reproving sin. God never honours his servants with success without effectually preventing their grasping the honour

of their work. If we are tempted to boast he soon lays us low. He always whips behind the door at home those whom he most honours in public. You may rest assured that if God honours you to win many souls, you will have many stripes to bear, and stripes you would not like to tell another of, they will be so sharp and humbling. If the Lord loves you, he will never let you be lifted up in his service. We have to feel that we are but just the pen in the Master's hand, so that if holiness be written on men's hearts, the credit will not be ours, but the great Spirit must have all the praise; and this our heavenly Father has effectual means of securing. Do not, therefore, start back from qualifying yourself for the most eminent position, or from occupying it when duty calls. Do not let Satan deprive God's great cause of your best service through your unholy bashfulness and cowardly retirement. The Lord will give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways. If God sets you on the housetop, he will place a battlement round about you. If he makes you to stand on the high places, he will make your feet like hinds' feet, so that you shall not fall. If God commands you to dash against the enemy single-handed, still "as thy day thy strength shall be." He will uphold thee and preserve thee; on the pinnacle thou art as secure as in the valley, if Jehovah set thee there.

It is the same with regard to the high places of *spiritual enjoyment.* Paul was caught up to the third heavens, and he heard words unlawful for a man to utter: this was a very high, a very, very high place for Paul's mind, mighty brain and heart as he had; but then, there was the battlement—"Lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." Paul was not in love with this drawback; he besought the Lord thrice to remove it; but still the thorn could not be taken away; for it was necessary as a battlement around the eminent revelations with which God had favoured his apostle. The temptation, if we are at all happy in the Lord, is to grow secure. "My mountain standeth firm," say we, "I shall never be moved." Even much communion with Christ, though in itself sanctifying, may be perverted, through the folly of our flesh, into a cause of self-security; we may even dream that we are brought so near to Christ that common temptations are not likely to assail us, and by these very temptations we may fall. Hence it is that as sure as ever we have high seasons of enjoyment, we shall sooner or later endure periods of deep depression. Scarcely ever is there a profound calm on the soul's sea, but a storm is brewing. The sweet day so calm, so bright, shall have its fall, and the dew of the succeeding night shall weep over its departure. The high hill must have its following valley, and the flood-tide must retreat at ebb. Lest the soul should be beguiled to live upon itself, and feed on its frames and feelings, and by neglect of watchfulness fall into presumptuous sins, battlements are set round about all hallowed joys, for which in eternity we shall bless the name of the Lord.

Too many of the Lord's servants feel as if they were always on the housetop—always afraid, always full of doubts and fears. They are fearful lest they shall after all perish, and of a thousand things besides. Satan sets up scare-crows to keep these timid birds from feeding upon the wheat which the great Husbandman grows on purpose

for them. They scarcely ever reach the assurance of faith. They are stung by "ifs" and "buts," like Israel by fiery serpents, and they can scarcely get beyond torturing fear, which is as an adder biting the heel. To such we say, Beloved, you shall find when your faith is weakest, when you are just about to fall, that there is a glorious battlement all around you; a glorious promise, a gentle word of the Holy Spirit shall be brought home to your soul, so that you shall not utterly despair. Have you not felt sometimes that if it had not been for a choice love-word heard in the past your faith must have given up the ghost; or if it had not been for that encouraging sermon which came with such power to your soul, your foot had almost gone, your steps had well-nigh slipped? Now, the infinite love of God, dear child of God, values you far too much to allow you to fall into despair.

"'Mid all your fear, and care, and woe,
His Spirit will not let you go."

Battlemented by eternal grace shall this roof of the house be, and when you are tremblingly pacing it, you shall have no cause for alarm.

"Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high."

From the fact of divine carefulness we proceed by an easy step to the consideration that, as imitators of God, we should exercise the like tenderness; in a word, WE OUGHT TO HAVE OUR HOUSES BATTLEMENTED.

A man who had no battlement to his house might himself fall from the roof in an unguarded moment. He might be startled in his sleep, and in the dark mistake his way to the stair-head, or, while day-dreaming, his steps might slip. Those who profess to be the children of God should, for their own sakes, see that every care is used to guard themselves against the perils of this tempted life; they should see to it that their house is carefully battlemented. If any ask, "How shall we do it?" we reply:

Every man ought to examine himself carefully whether he be in the faith, lest professing too much, taking too much for granted, he fall and perish. At times we should close our spiritual warehouse and take stock; a tradesman who does not like to do that is generally in a bad way. A man who does not think it wise sometimes to sit down and give half a day, or such time as he can spare, to a solemn stock-taking of his soul, may be afraid that things are not going right with him. Lest we should be after all hypocrites, or self-deceivers; lest, after all, we should not be born again, but should be children of nature, neatly dressed, but not the living children of God, we must prove our own selves whether we be in the faith. Let us protect our souls' interests with frequent self-examinations.

Better still, and safer by far, *go often to the cross*, as you think you went at first. Go every day to the cross; still with the empty hand and with the bleeding heart, go and receive everything from Christ, and seek to have your wounds bound up with the healing ointment of

his atoning sacrifice. These are the best battlements I can recommend you: self-examination on the one side of the house, and a simple faith in Jesus on the other.

Battlement your soul about well *with prayer*. Go not out into the world to look upon the face of man till you have seen the face of God. Never rush down from your chamber with such unseemly haste that you have not time to buckle on your helmet, and gird on your breastplate, and your coat of mail.

Be sure and battlement yourself about *with much watchfulness*, and, especially, *watch most the temptation peculiar to your position and disposition*. You may not be inclined to be slothful; you may not be fascinated by the silver of Demas into covetousness, and yet you may be beguiled by pleasure. Watch, if you have a hasty temper, lest that should overthrow you; or if yours be a high and haughty spirit, set a double watch to bring *that* demon down. If you be inclined to indolence, or, on the other hand, if hot passions and evil desires are most likely to attack you, cry to the Strong for strength; and as he who guards well sets a double guard where the wall is weakest, so do you.

There are some respects in which every man should battlement his house by denying himself those indulgences, which might be lawful to others, but which would prove fatal to himself. The individual who knows his weakness to be an appetite for drink should resolve totally to abstain. Every man, I believe, has a particular sin which is a sin to him but may not be a sin to another. No man's conscience is to be a judge for another, but let no man violate his conscience. If thou canst not perform a certain act in faith, thou must not do it at all; I mean if thou dost not honestly and calmly believe it to be right, even if it be right in itself, it becomes wrong to thee. Watch, therefore, watch at all points. Guard yourselves in company, lest you be carried away by the force of numbers: guard yourselves in solitude, lest selfishness and pride creep in. Watch yourselves in poverty, lest you fall into envy of others; and in wealth, lest you become lofty in mind. O that we may all keep our houses well battlemented, lest we fall and grieve the Spirit of God, and bring dishonour on Christ's name.

As each man ought to battlement his house in a spiritual sense with regard to himself, SO OUGHT EACH MAN TO CARRY OUT THE RULE WITH REGARD TO HIS FAMILY.

Family religion was the strength of Protestanism at first. It was the glory of Puritanism and Nonconformity. In the days of Cromwell it is said that you might have walked down Cheapside at a certain hour in the morning and you would have heard the morning hymn going up from every house all along the street, and at night if you had glanced inside each home you would have seen the family gathered, and the big Bible opened, and family devotion offered. There is no fear of this land ever becoming Popish if family prayer be maintained, but if family prayer be swept away, farewell to the strength of the church. A man should battlement his house for his children's sake, for his servants' sake, for his own sake, by maintaining the ordinance of family prayer. I may not dictate to you whether you should sing, or read, or pray; or whether you should do this every morning or evening, or how many times a-day; I shall leave this to the free Spirit that is in you, but

do maintain family religion, and never let the altar of God burn low in your habitation.

So in the matter of discipline. If the child shall do everything it chooses to do, if it do wrong and there be no admonition, if there be no chastisement, if the reins be loosely held, if the father altogether neglects to be a priest and a king in his house, how can he wonder that his children one by one grow up to break his heart? David had never chastised Absalom, nor Adonijah, and remember what they became; and Eli's sons, who never had more than a soft word or two from their father, how were his ears made to tingle with the news of God's judgments upon them! Battlement your houses by godly discipline, see that obedience be maintained, and that sin is not tolerated; so shall your house be holiness unto the Lord, and peace shall dwell therein.

We ought strictly to battlement our houses, *as to many things which in this day are tolerated.* I am sometimes asked, "May not a Christian subscribe to a lottery? May not a Christian indulge in a game of cards? May not a Christian dance or attend the opera?" Now, I shall not come down to debate upon the absolute right or wrong of debatable amusements and customs. The fact is, that if professors do not stop till they are certainly in the wrong, they will stop nowhere. It is of little use to go on till you are over the edge of the roof, and then cry, "Halt." It would be a poor affair for a house to be without a battlement, but to have a network to stop the falling person half-way down; you must stop before you get off the solid standing. There is need to draw the line somewhere, and the line had better be drawn too soon than too late; and whereas the habit of gambling is the very curse of this land—ah! during the last Derby week, what blood it has shed! how it has brought souls to hell and men to an unripe grave!—as the habit of speculating seems to run through the land, and was doubtless the true cause of the great panic which shook our nation a few years ago, there is the more need that we should not tolerate anything that looks like it. For another reason we should carefully discern between places of public amusement. Some that are perfectly harmless, recreative, and instructive—to deny these to our young people would be foolish; but certain amusements stand on the border ground, between the openly profane and the really harmless. We say, do not go to these; never darken the doors of such places. Why? Because it may be the edge of the house, and though you may not break your neck if you walk along the parapet, yet you are best on this side of the battlement. You are least likely to fall into sin by keeping away, and you cannot afford to run risks. We have all heard the old story of the good woman who required a coachman. Two or three young fellows came to seek for the situation; each of them she saw and catechised alone. The first one had this question put to him; "How near could you drive to danger?" He said, "I do not doubt but that I could drive within a yard of danger." "Well, well," the lady said, "you will not do for me." When the second came in, the good woman questioned him in like manner, "How near could you drive to danger?" "Within a hair's breath, Madam," said he. "Oh!" she said, "that will not suit me at all." A third was asked the same

question, and he prudently replied, "If you please, madam, that is one of the things I have never tried; I have always tried to drive as far from danger as ever I can." "You are the coachman for me," said she; and surely that is the kind of manager we all should have in our households. O let us not so train up our children that in all probability they will run into sin! Let us, on the contrary, exhibit such an example in all things that they may safely follow us. Let us so walk that they may go step by step where we go, and not be cast out of the church of God as a reproach, nor be cast away from the presence of God. Battlement your houses, then; do not be afraid of being too strict and too Puritanic; there is no fear of that in these days; there is a great deal more danger of bringing solemn judgments on our families through neglecting the worship of God in our households.

The preacher would now remind himself that this church is, as it were, his own house, and that he is bound to BATTLEMENT IT ROUND ABOUT.

Many come here, Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear the gospel; the immense number and the constancy of it surprise me. I do not know why the multitudes come and crowd these ailes. When I preached yesterday in Worcestershire, and saw the thronging crowds in every road, I could not help wondering to see them, and the more so because they listened as though I had some novel discovery to make—they listened with all their ears, and eyes, and mouths. I could but marvel and thank God. Ah! but it is a dreadful thing to remember that so many people hear the gospel, and yet perish under the sound of it. Alas! the gospel becomes to them a savour of death unto death, and there is no lot so terrible as perishing under a pulpit from which the gospel is preached.

Now, what shall I say to prevent anyone falling from this blessed gospel—falling from the house of mercy—dashing themselves from the roof of the temple to their ruin? What shall I say to you? I beseech you *do not be hearers only*. Do not think that when you come here Sundays, and Mondays, and Thursdays, it is all done. No, it is only begun then. Praying is the end of preaching, and to be born again is the great matter. It is very little to occupy your seat, except you hearken diligently, with willing hearts; looked upon as an end, sitting at services is a wretched waste of time. Dear hearers, be dissatisfied with yourselves unless ye be doers of the word. Let your cry go up to God that you may be born again. Rest not till you rest in Jesus.

Remember, and I hope this will be another battlement, that if you hear the gospel and it is not blessed to you, *still it has a power*. If the sun of grace does not soften you as it does wax, it will harden you as the sun does clay. If it is not a savour of life unto life, to repeat the text I quoted just now, it will be a savour of death unto death. O do not be blind in the sunlight! Do not perish with hunger in the banqueting-house! Do not die of thirst when the water of life is before you!

Let me remind you of *what the result will be of putting away the gospel*. You will soon die; you cannot live for ever. In the world to come what awaits you? What did our Lord say? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." The righteous enter into

life eternal, but the ungodly suffer punishment everlasting. We will not dwell upon the terrors of the world to come, but let me remind you that they are all yours except Christ is yours; death is yours, and judgment is yours, and hell will be yours, and all that dreadful wrath which God means when he says, "Beware, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you." O run not on in sin, lest you fall into hell! I would fain set up this battlement to stay you from a dreadful and fatal fall.

Once more. Remember the love of God in Christ Jesus. I heard the other day of a bad boy whom his father had often rebuked and chastened, but the lad grew worse. One day he had been stealing, and his father felt deeply humiliated. He talked to the boy, but his warning made no impression; and when he saw his child so callous the good man sat down in his chair and burst out crying, as if his heart would break. The boy stood very indifferent for a time, but at last as he saw the tears falling on the floor, and heard his father sobbing, he cried, "Father, don't; father, don't do that: what do you cry for father?" "Ah! my boy," he said, "I cannot help thinking what will become of you, growing up as you are. You will be a lost man, and the thought of it breaks my heart." "O father!" he said, "Pray don't cry. I will be better. Only don't cry, and I will not vex you again." Under God that was the means of breaking down the boy's love of evil, and I hope it led to his salvation. Just that is Christ to you. He cannot bear to see you die, and he weeps over you, saying, "How often would I have blessed you, and you would not!" Oh, by the tears of Jesus, wept over you in effect when he wept over Jerusalem, turn to him. Let that be a battlement to keep you from ruin.

God bless you, and help you to trust in Jesus, and his shall be the praise.

Net-mending.

THE fishermen had a good take of mackerel the other evening at Brighton, but while getting in the net it became very badly entangled among the rocks, and was sadly rent. Before that net can be used again, busy fingers must see to its mending. Records of net-mending are as old as the days of "him who trod the sea," for he found the boats at the sea of Galilee empty, because the fishermen were gone out of them, and were mending their nets. The Lord's nets, the preachers of the word, need mending too. Our mind grows jaded, and our spirit depressed, our heart beats with diminished vigour, and our eyes lose their brightness, if we continue, month after month, and year after year, without a rest. Mental work will as surely wear out the brain as friction will destroy the iron wheel. It is a bad policy to forego the regular vacation. There is no more saving in it than there would be in the fisherman's continuing to fish with a rent net, because he could not afford time to sit down and mend it. The mind, like a field, ought to lie fallow every now and then; the crops will be the better for it. Congregations are most unwise who would grudge their pastor the time and the means to enjoy a thorough change,

and a season of complete relaxation. Oh, how reviving to wander in the woods, or lie down amid the pillared shade of the pine forests! The hum of bees is Elysium. Every bell of the heather silently rings out peace and goodwill. One drinks in new life as the lungs receive the sea breezes, or the pure currents which sweep the glacier and the eternal snow. To watch the flying clouds, to mark the gathering tempest, to shelter beneath the rock, or in the cotter's hut, or even to brave out the rain—all this is balm to the soul. Headache, melancholy, nervousness, suspicion, and all the other children of indigestion, fly before the staff or the alpenstock. Exercise is almost a means of grace; a walk with God is altogether so. Hope, courage, vivacity, zeal, resolve, all return on the wings of the wind when the right-hearted but weary labourer has had space to relieve the overwrought brain. Many a regret for unearnest sermons and unweeping prayers might never have been needed if our minds were more themselves, and less threadbare with ever-passing anxieties. How can we help losing the fish if our net is full of holes? We may be blamed for bad fishing, but who can help it if the net be largely rent, and yawns with gashes? Mental weariness is too often the cause of spiritual powerlessness. Deacons and wealthy stewards of the Lord's goods should generously aid their pastors, where such aid is needed, that they may for the sake of their churches and their work mend their nets; or, to use the Master's words, may "go into the desert and rest awhile." Brethren, everywhere, see ye to it.

John Owen.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE year 1673 was a gloomy era in the annals of Nonconformity. It witnessed the revocation of that famous Indulgence, which, only a few months prior, the king had proclaimed, but the rescinding of which the Londoners celebrated with shoutings and bonfires. In this year, while the sun of that great Puritan author, Joseph Caryl, was setting, his people in Leadenhall Street were looking towards a still brighter luminary of the Christian church, John Owen, or as his admirers with some reason style him, the "Prince of modern divines."

Considering of whom he wrote, the account of Owen, by Anthony Wood, is probably as wilful a piece of historical slander as the range of literature affords. He was a very consistent maintainer of the dogma that kings are incapable of error, and are therefore not to be resisted. Our unamiable historian is so absurdly loyal, that he will not even deign to allow a distinction between wanton rebellion and a reasonable opposition to tyranny. At random, he accuses persons of perjury whose action in life was in strict accordance with the requirements of honesty and patriotism. By acting on Wood's morality, those fellows of universities who swore allegiance to Charles, must have proved themselves traitors to the State, had they observed the strict letter of their oath. Adherence to a king, who himself becomes recklessly lawless, may not be extolled as loyalty.

The above remarks have been suggested by the malicious spleen of Anthony Wood, as discovered in his article on Dr. Owen, in the Athenæ Oxonienses. It is perfectly obvious to those who are correctly acquainted with the story of his life, that Owen's conduct, in espousing the popular cause, was conscientious, reasonable, and patriotic.

The family of Owen lays claim to some ancient importance in the Principality of Wales, although the father of our subject was an Oxfordshire schoolmaster, and only occupied an humble station. He was sufficiently fortunate, however, to get installed into the vicarage of Steadham in the county named; and in that village his son John was born in 1616. John's earliest tutor was Edward Sylvester, who, during the reign of the first James, grounded youths in grammar learning, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. Having progressed through the curriculum of this old schoolmaster, the young scholar matriculated at Queen's College, and while there, proved himself possessed of more industry than prudence by frequently allowing himself but four hours' sleep. At this early date his assiduous application was not prompted by religious enthusiasm. He was animated by no purer motives than those which are commonly found to urge on ambitious youth to fame and fortune. To young Owen's unformed judgment, the arena of politics wore a face as attractive as the fairer field of theology.

Having made sufficient progress in his studies, Owen at length decided for the Christian ministry, and took orders as prescribed by the *régime* of the Established Church. It is yet doubtful if Owen would ever have made a good Anglican, even had he lived in more peaceful times. Before he completed his university course, the lad was shocked by the procedure of Laud, who, with that dominant spirit so characteristic of his nature, introduced into colleges many strange innovations, provoking the more conscientious students to revolt, although others, less scrupulous, conformed to the times. Because conscience forbade compliance, Owen was pointed at as a Puritan, and the annoyances of the situation ultimately obliged him to resign his fellowship. After leaving Oxford he was for a time enveloped in the gloomy clouds of religious doubt. It was about this conjuncture, that he subscribed to the covenant, and so far honoured the Presbyterian order. His religious principles were probably fixed at an early date; and from the original basis of his faith he does not appear to have swerved when he declared for Independency. As already explained, when civil war broke out, he zealously espoused the cause of the Parliament. It was natural and orderly that such a divine should rise to high favour while Cromwell was in the ascendant. There is no ground for doubting the purity of those motives which prompted him to follow the path described, for thereby Owen forfeited an estate from his uncle, which as a "Loyalist" he would have inherited.

On removing to London, Owen made his home in Charterhouse Square. At this date his confidence in Christ had not carried him to that triumphant peace subsequently possessed; and, under Providence, he became indebted to an unknown friend for the dispelling of his prevailing gloom. He strolled away one Sabbath morning into Aldermanbury, thinking to hear the Puritan rector, Edmund Calamy. On that particular day a stranger preached, whom Owen could never

afterwards discover, and whose name he could not even learn. That sermon marked a turning point in the life of our divine, by inaugurating a reign of peace in his soul.

The alarm of discord between king and Parliament was now distracting the nation; and one of Owen's vast ability was certain greatly to influence whichever side he supported, and to be a general favourite with his compeers of corresponding sentiment. Accordingly when, in 1642, he published the "Display of Arminianism" that work became instrumental in advancing the author to the living of Fordham, in Essex. The vicar of Fordham had lately been sequestered by the Committee of Inspection; and when the superseded pastor died, another person was installed into the vicarage, so that Owen, in consequence, transferred himself to "that nest of faction called Coggeshall." Coggeshall, therefore, traces back to Owen its heritage of Nonconformity. How effectually the pastor laboured, the extensive congregation he raised abundantly testified—the weekly auditory numbered two thousand persons.

Owen was frequently appointed to preach before the Parliament; and it was after one of these exercises, in 1646, that he first encountered Cromwell. "Sir," cried the lieutenant general, "you are the person I must be acquainted with." "That," returned the divine, with ready wit, "will be more to my advantage than yours." The friendship, thus auspiciously begun, between these remarkable men, continued unruffled till the protector's death. When Cromwell entered on his campaign in Ireland he insisted on having the company of Owen. The latter hesitated, as he cast towards Coggeshall some looks of lingering fondness, and thought how unwilling his people would part with him. A temporary separation, however, of a year and a half, seems only to have strengthened their bond of union. When his term of office expired Owen gladly re-embarked for England and Coggeshall, where his people welcomed him with joyful manifestations. So great indeed was Cromwell's admiration for Owen, that the general was apparently averse from travelling without the divine. The latter was requested to attend the forces ordered into Scotland, and on discovering a reluctance again to forsake his people, an order of Parliament compelled both him and Caryl to assume the chaplaincy. After a painful absence of several months the pastor returned to Coggeshall.

In the spring of 1651 the eminent services of Owen were recognised by his being presented with the deanery of Christ Church, Oxford. By delegation, moreover, from Oliver Cromwell, he discharged the duties of the chancellorship, and was eventually elected vice-chancellor. During a short period the doctor even sate in Parliament as the university member. Anthony Wood has bequeathed to us a ludicrous caricature of this grave senator, author, and preacher, in a description of him as he appeared about the streets of Oxford during those prosperous years. He cocked his hat, we are told, and powdered his hair; wore Spanish leather boots with lawn tops, and gaudy ribbons, by which means he aped the mien of younger coxcombs. We are further informed, *en passant*, by this audacious libeller, that Owen was a perjured time-server, a hypocrite, and a blasphemer. Such a lying farrago can scarcely produce other effect than that of awakening for its

concoctor our contemptuous derision. However fantastically Owen may have arrayed himself, while in the university city, he was assuredly distinguished by a large-hearted charity which commanded the esteem of other denominations.

At Oxford, Owen led a laborious life both as regards preaching and writing. He thus progressed till 1657, and in that year Richard Cromwell deprived him of the vice-chancellorship. Subsequently, when this same Richard rose to his brief protectorate, "the doctor," says Calamy, "was cast out of his deanery;" but, according to Wood, "St Mary's pulpit was cleared of him." Owen was a victim, it would seem, of Presbyterian influence. He is reported by the Oxford historian to have exclaimed, "I have built seats at St. Mary's, let the doctor find auditors; for I will preach at St. Peter's-in-the-East." The matter resolves itself into this plain truth: Owen decided on preaching elsewhere, and his congregation chose to follow him.*

Dr. Owen made a principal figure at the Savoy Conference. His sun of prosperity was clouded for the time by the removal of his great patron, Cromwell. The doctor, in consequence, retired from Oxford and settled at Stadham, his native town, where he possessed an estate. In this retirement he laboured on for the extension of Christian truth, till, at the Restoration, the county militia finally dispersed his congregation. It appears from sundry documents among the State papers, and particularly from a letter by Dr. Lamplough, dated Oxford, January, 1661, that the excesses of Venner in London were made an excuse for oppressing dissenters in the Provincial districts. The soldiers were busily employed each Sabbath morning in breaking up the worshipping assemblies of Independents, Baptists, and Quakers; not a few of whom found temporary homes in prison cells.† Even the house of Owen was not sacred against the attacks of these fanatical cavaliers, who were then striving to get the Presbyters included in the order against conventicles. Meanwhile, our author was slandered by lying informers,

* What may be termed the minutiæ of Owen's diversified career, plainly reveals the narrow-mindedness and petty jealousy of the Anglican party during the intoxication of their regained ascendancy. In 1662, for example, a Franciscan monk issued a work by which he extolled the Roman communion as the only refuge of peace from the religious distractions of the times. Somewhat alarmed at this book's rapid dissemination, his friends prevailed upon Owen to produce an answer. This the doctor eventually accomplished, but the friar sent back an angry rejoinder. To this Owen again replied. While in manuscript, the last-named piece was laid before the licensing bishops, who were staggered by two prominent blemishes, *e.g.*, the apostle Peter throughout this work was mentioned as *Peter* simply without the prefix of *Saint;* and the author, moreover, further endeavoured to demonstrate that the great apostle named was never at Rome. The Secretary of State, however, peremptorily interfered, or otherwise, by such contemptible quibbles as these would the ecclesiastical needles of the Restoration have suppressed the offspring of a master mind. Another churchman, in his imagined superiority, refused to concede to Owen the title of *Reverend.* "I do give him notice," wrote the doctor, "that I have very little valued it since I have considered the saying of Luther, *Religion was never endangered, except among the most reverends.*"

† Intelligence, for example, reached Whitehall from Plymouth, that the authorities there were on the watch against an expected insurrection of the Baptists, who had for a pastor the future martyr, Abraham Cheare. Forty or more of the church members were simultaneously seized and imprisoned, because they refused to bind themselves not to take up arms against the Government. *Vide Calendars of State Papers,* 1661 *to* 1664, etc.

who represented at Whitehall, that he and Dr. Goodwin, especially, were dangerous persons. The chief ground for supposing them such, was their refusal to wear the surplice, although in former times they had been wont to "wear velvet cassocks, and receive from five to seven hundred a year." Fortunately Owen found a powerful protector in the Earl of Oxford: thus, while true bills were issued against him for convening unlawful assemblies, he is not found to have suffered any particular injury. Nevertheless he sought an asylum in London, where, in laborious seclusion, he applied himself to literature, and, as opportunities were offered, to preaching. Even in those days of gloomy misgiving, the Government did not entirely neglect him. Clarendon remained his friend; and had Owen chosen to conform, he might have inherited rich preferment. At or about this conjuncture, while religious troubles were thickening around, Owen was looking towards the American shore, or the plains of Holland; for, at either destination, his services were eagerly sought, and substantial rewards in return were offered. "The wind," says Anthony Wood, "was never in a right point for a voyage."

After the desolation of London by fire and death, when Dissent enjoyed a term of comparative freedom, Owen gathered a congregation in the City, which many persons of distinction supported and attended. A fierce spirit of persecution was again awakened in 1670, and, in that year, a weighty paper written by Owen was laid before the House of Lords. The author's eloquent arguments and appeals were not sufficient to obstruct the progress of the infamous Conventicle Act. Then came days of anguish to many little able to bear the ordeal. The Indulgence of 1672 allowed a short-lived respite, which extended into the following year; and, amid the gloomy trouble which came with its revocation, Owen succeeded Caryl, at the old meeting house, in Leadenhall Street.

Such was the amiable mien of our divine, that numbers among the nobility deemed themselves honoured by sharing his friendship. Even the king and the "marble-hearted" James both professed for him a generous esteem. On a certain day, during a visit to Tunbridge Wells, Charles, it is said, favoured Owen with an interview, in the course of which he expressed a predilection for freedom of worship; and, apparently, while repenting for the moment of wrongs inflicted, handed his visitor a thousand guineas for distribution among the suffering Dissenters. Thus this great divine, in his own immediate circle, and far beyond it, was immensely popular. He occasionally found some pleasurable days of relaxation at the seat of Lord Wharton, of Woburn, a nobleman, who, by a Christian hospitality, loved to gladden the hearts of Nonconformist fugitives. Throughout the Protestant world of the Continent, the fame of Owen, if possible, was even more extraordinary than in England. Numbers of scholars, who, with delightful profit had perused his Latin pieces, commenced grappling with the difficulties of English grammar, in order to achieve the power of studying Owen in his native language. Others, prompted by even higher enthusiasm, crossed the sea, visited the pastor, and, doubtless returned to their native marshes with emotions of elated satisfaction.

Through one period of his busy and eventful life, Owen resided at Kensington. His means were sufficiently easy to allow of his keeping

a coach, in which he was more than once stopped on the highway, by agents of the Government—a fact which aptly illustrates the roughness of these times. In his sixtieth year the Doctor was bereaved of his wife. He again married, having for his second companion a rich young widow, with whom he retired to Ealing, a pleasant vicinity, where, according to Wood, he "took all occasions to enjoy all the comfortable importances of this life."

Thus lived John Owen, and he died at length in his sixty-seventh year, in August, 1683. After taking into account his incomparable qualifications of intellect and advantages of person, his mastery over his passions, his persevering industry, his tolerant spirit, and, more than all, his genuine piety, vast learning, and abundant works—now the inheritance of the church—we may cordially subscribe an opinion another has pronounced, that Owen is at once the Prince, the Oracle, the METROPOLITAN of Independency.*

The Triumphs of the Gospel in the Coral Islands.

THE record of the struggles of Christianity with the idolatry of the South Sea Islands, forms an interesting chapter in the romance of mission work in heathen lands. It illustrates the power of the gospel in conquering the evil habits of a most enslaved and depraved people, and the wisdom of applying to a larger extent the methods which were there used, and indeed are still used, for the propagation of Christianity among barbarous tribes. Both in Eastern and Western Polynesia, idolatry has had to succumb before the light of Truth, and if it be not true of all the islands that the idols have been "utterly abolished," yet the chains of superstition have no longer the power to bind, as once they had, the minds and hearts of the natives.

One of the most picturesque and romantic of the coral islands is that of Rarotonga—the largest of the Harvey group. Nature has formed it as one of her fairest gardens. In fertility it is remarkable; in wild beauty it is enchanting. The savage tribes were governed by despotic chiefs; and although caste did not exist as in India, yet there were grades in society; and, as in other heathen lands, the number of wives was fixed according to the rank of the men. The character of the people was altogether bad. Licentious, revengeful, jealous, warlike and turbulent, they exhibited natures out of which little good could come; while their cannibal feasts, atrociously revolting in every detail, and the prevalence of infanticide, hardened the dispositions of the tribes, and made them almost impervious to moral teaching. Yet they had, in their rudest state, some notions of right and wrong. They were conscious that their lewdness was not proper; that their thievery was antagonistic to right feeling; that there was a great deity who needed to be propitiated, and before whom they were guilty. One of their

* The authorities to which I am principally indebted for the facts of Owen's life are—A. Wood, in his Athenæ Oxonienses; the Calendars of State Papers; Domestic Series, Charles II; Granger's Biographical History of England; Wilson's History of the Dissenting Churches, etc.

heathen teachers taught the young in poetic strains that "the present was not lasting," that—

"Seasons bright
Of shining light
As full-moon night
Are yet to be seen on earth."

It was not until after the introduction of Christianity into the island, that they found it was only through Christ that such light could shine upon their darkened minds. Their human sacrifices were intended to turn aside the anger of their gods in times of national or social calamity. These victims were placed on ovens of red-hot stones, which were called "salvation ovens," or "the oven of sin-obliteration." The precise words which we use every day to express the chief facts of our religion were employed by these savages; and thus, when the missionaries came to translate the Scriptures into their dialect, they did not find it necessary to import any foreign words to represent God, or sin, or salvation, or atonement. Furthermore, the natives believed in the immortality of the soul, and were accustomed to refer to dead persons as having "fallen asleep," or having "sailed their last voyage"—expressions altogether different from those employed with reference to the brute creation. When in 1821, efforts were made to introduce Christianity into the island, the new teachers found a difficulty confronting them of no mean character. About twelve months previously, a party of Englishmen, from Sydney—who may, indeed, be said to have discovered the island—had visited its shores, and had perpetrated deeds of licentiousness and of cruelty, which made the name of Englishmen a byword; and on leaving, a young chieftainess was carried off in the boat amid the execrations of the natives, who vowed that never again would they permit men to land on their shores whose God permitted and sanctioned such disgraceful deeds. The consequence was that the missionaries were looked upon with the utmost suspicion and dislike; and a plan was concerted for their murder and the securing of their wives for the chiefs. Having brought with them the lost chieftainess, who introduced the Christian teachers to the natives, their joy knew no bounds; but, their passions having become inflamed by the night's feast, their feelings of revenge were aroused, and, but for the protection of the restored woman, in all probability they would have been massacred. She, indeed, had received the truths of Christianity; and under her influence, protection was granted to Papehia, the leading native Christian, who had come over to teach the people the way to God. The novelty of his teaching, and the peaceful results which had flowed from its reception in the other islands, excited their interest. A *general* impression was made in favour of the religion of Christ. The idols were destroyed. The people were convinced. A chapel, three hundred feet long, was erected. To all appearances, the island had been converted. Alas, however, the real converts were very few; and it only needed a time of trial to test the kind of work that had been done.

Not that we would depreciate the work of the native teachers. That such a revolution in the habits and feelings of the people should have been effected in less than two years and a half speaks well for their perseverance and zeal. But reformation cannot equal the work of

conversion. The outward habits were changed; the obdurate heart remained unaffected. The truths of Christianity were received as truths, but not as truths to affect the heart. The social condition of the people had been improved; their huts were more substantially built; their laws against crime were more righteous; their magistracy and police force were less rudely organised; and the arts of civilisation were introduced. Unfortunately, however, Christianity for a time suffered through the sad defection of one of the native teachers. The heathen priests thereupon vowed that the new religion should be destroyed, or they would die. The chapel and the houses of the Christians were fired; the missionaries were reduced to poverty, were laid low by disease, and almost swept into the jaws of death by a flood. The natives were attacked by the epidemic, from which one hundred a day died. However, the work of God prospered. Children were educated; the Sabbath-day was kept; classes for the instruction of the natives were formed; and but for a fearful hurricane which visited the island, all would have gone on pleasantly. Yet this did not materially hinder the spread of Christian truth. The mission-houses that had been destroyed were rebuilt, a printing-press was introduced; and the natives themselves who had received the truth into their hearts, went forth to the islands of the Samoan group to tell to others the way to happiness and life eternal.

It was not until six years had elapsed that it was thought advisable to form a Christian church in Rarotonga. But the work had been tested sufficiently, and so in May, 1833, the converts were organised into a religious community. Marriage ties were not only respected, but polygamy was dying out in the stations where Christianity flourished. Another missionary was needed to alternately visit the islands of the group, and to extend and consolidate the interest of the whole, and the London Missionary Society, which had sent out the first two European Missionaries, appointed Mr. W. Gill, who sailed in the year 1838. A marvellously cheap and beautifully got up edition of Mr. Gill's record of sixteen years' labour in these islands, has just been published,* and the book deserves to be placed side by side with Williams' and Moffatt's well-known works of Christian adventure. When Mr. Gill landed, he was delighted with the prospect that was before him. "It was," he says, "a wonderful and overpowering sight, my first Sabbath on shore, to see this house of prayer filled with more than 1,600 native worshippers, with but few exceptions, clothed in white native cloth; and to remember that only ten years before this, they were wild naked heathens, but now subdued, and a goodly number of them thirsting for instruction which should still further dignify and bless them." Five thousand copies of the New Testament, printed in their own language, were sold to the natives.

In 1843, the population of Rarotonga was three thousand three hundred, and the total number in communion was 408, while 850 were in adult schools, and 1,300 in children's schools. Another chapel was erected by the natives, who took great interest in the work. Nothing could be more remarkable than the change of life which came over the

* Gems from the Coral Islands, or Incidents of Contrast between Savage and Christian Life. Yates and Alexander, Chancery Lane.

converts. Their simplicity was singular, and their zeal great. One of the deacons had been a cannibal, and was known as "always having human flesh on his meat-hook." When he came to die, he was much troubled because of his sins and murders, but reminded that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," he exclaimed "Yes, he is my Justifier, and my Priest, and no sinner has ever been cast away by him."

An institution was formed for the education of a native ministry, who should serve as pioneers in the mission field—a plan of the utmost importance. Four converts were sent out as evangelists to the heathen; up to 1852 one hundred students had been admitted. A terrible hurricane tried the work, for the ruin was exceeding great; but in less than five years, on this and another island there were built twelve large and substantial chapels and school-houses, three mission-houses and three hundred stone cottages; all testifying to the Christian earnestness of the people and the power both of the gospel and of civilisation over their lives. Subsequently a spirit of revival was felt among the churches, and as a result five hundred enquirers manifested concern for salvation, three hundred of whom were known to remain consistent Christians. If liberality to the cause of Christ be an index of piety, then the native converts not only of this but of the other islands of the group, must be commended for their religious zeal and practical godliness. Small as is the population of the islands, and poor as are the majority of the people, yet they have manifested a liberality that might put many English Christians to the blush.

The island of Mare has a population of about six thousand persons, who, before the light of the gospel had dawned on their land, were equally as barbarous as the natives of Rarotonga. They worshipped an unseen power, through the medium of stones and wood; and the way in which they preserved and held as sacred the relics of priests and heroes testified to their degradation. The eyelashes and hair were preserved; the finger-nails and toe-nails extracted, and were consecrated, and kept with care as mediums of communication between the people and their gods. "In drought," relates Mr. Gill, "two sacred men, having, as an act of humiliation, besmeared their bodies from head to foot with a mixture of lampblack and mud, visited the grave of some renowned person; every bone of the corpse was then carefully cleansed, and with the skill of practised anatomists, the priests carefully re-united bone to bone, until the skeleton was complete. This work was performed in a consecrated cave; and hanging up the skeleton, water was poured upon it by the men, who at the same time presented prayer to the gods for rain. It was supposed that the spirit of their departed heroes had power with the gods to convey this oblation of water into the heavens, and who, by being thus propitiated, would create clouds, and again cause rain to fall on their famishing land." We are also informed, that the priests never left the place until the rain came, and the rain failing, have even been known to die there. The inhabitants were cannibals, and their warlike habits were abominable. Fathers would eat sons, and sons eat fathers, and the moral condition of the islanders was so low that the men were regarded as wild beasts of a most ferocious type. Englishmen who had visited the island had been massacred, and their

bodies eaten. So great was their hatred of white people, that it is probable they would never have received the truths of the gospel from them; and it was fortunate that educated, intelligent natives from Rarotonga were the first to endeavour to impress their minds in favour of true religion. In two years, they had insinuated themselves into the rude affections of the people; had taught them some of the arts of civilisation, and had gathered around them a class of heathen youths. In a time of sickness, these youths saved their teachers from being killed and eaten as a sacrifice to the gods, and in a time of persecution they also saved their lives from their enemies. Amid many trials and difficulties, the mission advanced, conquering the prejudices of the heathen, overcoming their vicious and barbarous habits, and bringing light and joy where darkness and sin had reigned. A chapel was erected, converts avowed themselves to be on the side of Christ, English missionaries undertook the work; and now seven villages are under Christian instruction, while native teachers, Sunday-school teachers, and native missionaries, with a large number of church members, and enquirers, and scholars, tell of the wonderful change which God has wrought in this island.

The same story, full of unique details, is related of the other islands of the group that have been evangelised by native teachers mainly. Nothing can exceed in interest the story of the conversion to Christ of the wild inhabitants of these islands. They did not relinquish their idolatrous practices without a severe struggle. In some cases, treating the Christian missionaries as enemies, they were anxious to fight them. But perseverance was rewarded with abundant success. Heathenism and idolatry were renounced, and the truth of the gospel acknowledged. That they had but imperfect notions of their duty is to be expected; but in their simplicity they were most desirous of being taught. "Is it a sin to eat raw fish?" "Is it wrong to eat half-cooked pork?" "Does the Bible allow wives to sit at meals with their husbands?" "Is it right to be angry at the birth of girls instead of boys?" "Is it wrong to eat rats?" These and many other similar questions affecting old diet, and habits, and lives, agitated their minds and needed solution by the missionary. Naturally of simple minds, they were open to instruction, and convinced of the rightfulness of relinquishing old customs, they gladly overcame them. Many of the old people declined to give up their own superstition; it had been the religion of their fathers and it was good enough for them, though their sons might do as they pleased. The education of the youths was therefore the great hope of the missionaries, and happily, through the divine blessing, this has been accomplished. In one case, the fertile island of Aitutaki, the inhabitants of which were the first heathen that Mr. Williams had ever seen, no opposition was shown to the introduction of Christianity. Indeed, the idols were soon burnt, the *profession* of the gospel became general, and not a single idolator remained on the island; and these were results due, under God, to the teaching of *native* evangelists. Of course, all who professed Christianity were not Christians. Cases of defection have been known; missionaries were not always well treated; the evil influences of heathen superstitions and immorality and barbarous customs were not wholly banished. But, as in England, so in the

Coral Islands, many of the most vicious and abandoned became meek and lowly followers of the Lamb. Some of these were sorely tried in various ways, but they remained true to the God they professed to love, and manifested a degree of liberality most honourable to their Christianity.

We can afford to ask sceptical men, in the presence of such facts—facts, perhaps not to be equalled in the history of missions—what else but "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" could work so great a miracle as may be seen in the Coral Islands? Civilisation has done much to elevate man's moral and social character; though even the civilised have done more to degrade their fellow beings than their moral principles have benefited them. Englishmen have visited these islands and have sought to make the natives greater lovers of vice than ever. They did all that was in the power of civilised sinners to ruin the future prospects of the gospel; and the first obstacle against which the missionaries had to contend was the conduct of their own countrymen in the islands. But the simple lessons of a Redeemer's love have changed the moral, social, and religious aspects of the islands; and from one island to another native teachers and English missionaries have journeyed, labouring in the strength of the Lord. The facts recorded in Mr. Gill's most interesting volume are encouraging, and should be incentives to further action. "There are still," he says, "upwards of two hundred islands, in the North and South Pacific Oceans, where the inhabitants are in the same state of idolatry and degradation as the South Sea Islanders once were." Since these islands are for the most part accessible, it is to be hoped that they may be soon visited by native converts and missionaries, so that other chapters may be added to the records of Jehovah's triumphs.

Birds of a Feather Flock Together.

THE Rev. J. G. Woods relates a curious Jewish legend respecting the introduction of the starling into Palestine :—

"Many years ago a strange bird appeared in Jerusalem. It was caught, and brought before a celebrated Rabbi for examination, in order that he might decide whether it belonged to the clean or the unclean birds. After examining it, he could not make up his mind to either side of the question, and left the disputed point to be settled in a different way. He ordered the bird to be placed on the roof of a house, and to be carefully watched, in order that the birds which associated with it might be noticed. For some time no birds of any kind would recognise the stranger, until at last there came a raven from Egypt which claimed acquaintance with it. In consequence of this the starling was ever afterwards classed with the raven, and considered as an unclean bird."

Let our youthful readers learn from this the evil of bad company, since we shall surely be damaged in our reputation, if not in our actual habits, by association with ungodly men. He who would hopefully offer the prayer, "gather not my soul with sinners," must anxiously take heed that he stand not in the way of the wicked in his daily life.

Communion with God.

BY MATTHEW HENRY.

LET me urge upon you the duty of waiting upon God all the day, according to what you have to do all the day in the ordinary business of it. We are weak and forgetful, and need to be put in mind of our duty in general, upon every occasion for the doing of it; and therefore I choose to be thus particular, that I may be your remembrancer.

When you meet with your families in the morning wait upon God for a blessing upon them, and attend him with your thanksgivings for the mercies you and yours have jointly received from God the night past; you and your houses must serve the Lord, must wait on him. It is owing to his goodness who is the founder and Father of the families of the righteous, that you are together, that the voice of rejoicing and salvation is in your tabernacles, and therefore wait upon him to continue you together, to make you comforts to one another, to enable you to do the duty of every relation, and to lengthen out the days of your tranquility. In all the conversation we have with our families, the provision we make for them, and the orders we give concerning them, we must wait upon God, as 'the God of all the families of Israel' (Jer. xxxi. 1); and have an eye to Christ as he 'in whom all the families of the earth are blessed.' Every member of the family sharing in family mercies, must wait on God for grace to contribute to family duties. Whatever disagreeableness there may be in any family-relation, instead of having the spirit either burdened with it, or provoked by it, let it be an inducement to wait on God, who is able either to redress the grievance, or to balance it, and give grace to bear it.

When you are pursuing the education of your children, or the young ones under your charge, wait upon God for his grace to make the means of their education successful. When you are yourselves giving them instruction in things pertaining either to life or godliness, their general or particular calling, when you are sending them to school in a morning, or ordering them the business of the day, wait upon God to give them an understanding, and a good capacity for their business, especially their main business, 'for it is God that giveth wisdom.' If they are but slow, and do not come on as you could wish, yet wait on God to bring them forward, and to give them his grace in his own time: and while you are patiently waiting on him, that will encourage you to take pains with them, and will likewise make you patient and gentle towards them. And let children and young people wait on God in all their daily endeavours to fit themselves for the service of God and their generation. You desire to be comforts to your relations—to be good for something in this world—do you not? Beg of God then a wise and an understanding heart, as Solomon did, and wait upon him all the day for it, that you may still be increasing in wisdom, as you do in stature, and in favour with God and man.

When you go to your shops, or apply yourselves to the business of your particular calling, wait upon God for his presence with you. Your business calls for your constant attendance, every day, and all the day; keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; but let your attendance on God in your callings be as constant as your attendance on your callings. Eye God's providence in all the occurrences of them. Open shop with this thought, "I am now in the way of my duty, and I depend upon God to bless me in it." When you are waiting for customers, wait on God to find you something to do in that calling to which he hath called you; those you call chance-customers, you should rather call providence-customers, and should say of the advantage you make by them, "The Lord my God brought it to me." When you are buying and selling, see God's eye upon you to observe whether you are honest and just in your dealings, and do no wrong to those you deal with; and let your eye then be up to him for that discretion to which God doth instruct not only the husbandman but the

tradesman (Isa. xxviii. 26), that prudence which directs the way, and with which it is promised the good man shall order his affairs—for that blessing which makes rich, and adds no sorrow with it—for that honest profit which may be expected in the way of honest diligence. Whatever your employments be—in country-business, city-business, or sea-business—or only in the business of the house, go about them in the fear of God, depending upon him to make them comfortable and successful, and to prosper the work of your hands unto you. And hereby you will arm yourselves against many temptations you are compassed about with in your worldly business: by waiting on God, you will be freed from that care and cumber which attends much serving, will have your minds raised above the little things of sense and time, will be serving God then when you are most busy about the world, and will have God in your hearts, when your hands are full of the world.

When you take a book into your hands, God's book, or any other useful good book, wait upon God for his grace to enable you to make a good use of it. Some of you spend a deal of time every day in reading, and I hope none of you let a day pass without reading some portions of Scripture, either alone or with your families. Take heed that the time you spend in reading be not lost time; it is so if you read that which is idle, and vain, and unprofitable; it is so if you read that which is good, even the word of God itself, and do not mind it, or observe it, or aim to make it of any advantage to you; wait upon God, who gives you those helps for your souls, to make them helpful indeed to you. The eunuch did so when he was reading the book of the prophet Isaiah in his chariot, and God presently sent him one who made him understand what he read. You read perhaps now and then the histories of former times; in acquainting yourselves with them, you must have an eye to God, and to that wise and gracious providence which governed the world before we were born, and preserved the church in it, and therefore may still be depended upon to do all for the best, for he is Israel's king of old.

When you sit down to your tables, wait on God, see his hand spreading and preparing a table before you in despite of your enemies, and in the society of your friends. Often review the grant which God made to our first father Adam, and in him to us, of the products of the earth. Gen. i. 29. 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed,' bread-corn, especially "to you it shall be for meat;" and the grant he afterwards made to Noah our second father, and in him to us. Gen. ix. 3. "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you, even as the green herb;" and see in those what a bountiful benefactor he is to mankind, and wait upon him accordingly. We must eat and drink to the glory of God, and then we wait on him in eating and drinking. We must receive nourishment for our bodies, that they may be fitted to serve our souls in the service of God, to his honour in this world. We must taste covenant-love in common mercies, and enjoy the Creator while we are using the creature. We must depend upon the word of blessing from the mouth of God, to make our food nourishing to us; and if our provisions be mean and scanty, we must make up the want of them by faith in the promise of God, and rejoice in him as the God of our salvation, though the fig-tree doth not blossom, and there is no fruit in the vine.

When you visit your friends, or receive their visits, wait upon God; let your eye be to him with thankfulness for your friends and acquaintance, that you have comfort in—that the wilderness is not made your habitation, and the solitary desert land your dwelling—that you have comfort not only in your own houses, but in those of your neighbours, with whom you have freedom of converse—and that you are not driven out from among men, and made a burden and terror to all about you. That you have clothing not only for necessity but for ornament to go abroad in, is a mercy which, that we may not pride ourselves in, we must take notice of God in; 'I decked thee also with ornaments,' saith God, 'and put ear-rings in thine ears.' Ezek. xvi. 11, 12. That you have houses, furniture, and entertainment, not only for yourselves but for your

friends, is a mercy in which God must be acknowledged. And when we are in company, we must look up to God for wisdom to carry ourselves, so as that we may do much good to, and get no harm by those with whom we converse. Wait on God for that grace with which our speech should always be seasoned, by which all corrupt communication may be prevented, and we may abound in that which is good, and to the use of edifying, and which may minister grace to the hearers, that our lips may feed many.

When you give alms, or do any act of charity, wait on God—do it as unto him—give to a disciple in the name of a disciple, to the poor because they belong to Christ; do it not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God, with a single eye and an upright heart; direct it to him, and then your alms as well as your prayers, like those of Cornelius, come up for a memorial before God. Acts x. 4. Beg of God to accept what you do for the good of others, that your alms may indeed be offerings (Acts xxiv. 17)—may be 'an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God.' Phil. iv. 18. Desire of God a blessing upon what you give in charity, that it may be comfortable to those to whom it is given; and that though what you are able to give is but a little, like the widow's two mites, yet that by God's blessing it may be doubled, and made to go a great way, like the widow's meal in the barrel and oil in the cruse. Depend upon God to make up to you what you lay out in good works, and to recompense it abundantly in the resurrection of the just; nay, and you are encouraged to wait upon him for a return of it even in this life. It is bread cast upon the waters which you shall find again after many days; and you should carefully observe the providence of God, whether it do not make you rich amends for your good works, according to the promise, that you may understand the loving-kindness of the Lord, and his faithfulness to the word which he hath spoken.

When you enquire after public news, in that wait upon God; do it with an eye to him; for this reason, because you are truly concerned for the interests of his kingdom in the world; and lay them near your hearts because you have a compassion for mankind, for the lives and souls of men, and especially of God's people. Ask what news? not as the Athenians, only to satisfy a vain curiosity, and to pass away an idle hour or two, but that you may know how to direct your prayers and praises, and how to balance your hopes and fears, and may gain such an understanding of the times, as to learn what you and others ought to do. If the face of public affairs be bright and pleasing, wait upon God to carry on and perfect his own work; and depend not upon the wisdom or strength of any instruments; if it be dark and discouraging, wait upon God to prevent the fears of his people, and to appear for them when he sees that their strength is gone. In the midst of the greatest successes of the church, and the smiles of second causes, we must not think it needless to wait on God; and in the midst of its greatest discouragements, when its affairs are reduced to the last extremity, we must not think it fruitless to wait upon God; for creatures cannot help without him, but he can help without them.

When you are going journeys, wait on God, put yourself under his protection, commit yourselves to his care, and depend upon him to give his angels a charge concerning you, to bear you up in their arms when you move, and to pitch their tents about you where you rest. See how much you are indebted to the goodness of his providence for all the comforts and conveniences you are surrounded with in your travels. It is he that has cast our lot in a land where we wander not in wildernesses, as in the deserts of Arabia, but have safe and beaten roads; and that through the terrors of war the highways are not unoccupied; to him we owe it that the inferior creatures are serviceable to us, and that our goings out and comings in are preserved; that when we are abroad we are not in banishment, but have liberty to come home again; and when we are at home, we are not under confinement, but have liberty to go abroad. We must therefore have our eyes up to God at our setting out, "Lord, go along with me where I go;" under his shelter we must travel, confiding in his care of us, and encouraging ourselves with that in all the dangers we meet with; and in our

return must own his goodness ; all our bones must say, "Lord, who is like unto thee!" for "he keepeth all our bones, not one of them is broken."

When we retire into solitude, to be alone walking in the fields, or alone, reposing ourselves in our closets, still we must be waiting on God—still we must keep up our communion with him, when we are communing with our own hearts. When we are alone we must not be alone, but the Father must be with us, and we with him. We shall find temptations even in solitude, which we have need to guard against. Satan set upon our Saviour when he was alone in the wilderness. But there also we have opportunity—if we know but how to improve it—for that devout, that divine contemplation, which is the best conversation, so that we may never be less alone than when alone. If when we sit alone and keep silence, withdrawn from business and conversation, we have but the art, I should say the *heart*, to fill up those vacant minutes with pious meditations of God and divine things, we then gather up the fragments of time which remain, that nothing may be lost, and so are we found waiting on God all the day.

The Popery of the Twenty-sixth Article of the Church of England.

Of the Unworthiness of the Ministers, which hinders not the effect of the Sacrament.

"ALTHOUGH in the visible church the evil be ever mingled with the good, and sometimes the evil have chief authority in the ministration of the Word and Sacraments, yet forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, we may use their ministry, both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving of the sacraments. Neither is the effect of Christ's ordinance taken away by their wickedness, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as by faith and rightly do receive the sacraments ministered unto them: which be effectual, because of Christ's institution and promise, although they be administered by evil men. Nevertheless, it appertaineth to the discipline of the church that enquiry be made of evil ministers, and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences; and finally being found guilty, by just judgment be deposed."

Here are two propositions which, if they were now put forth for the first time by any but Papists and Ritualists, would excite astonishment and grief amongst all true Christians. Only imagine certain evangelical bishops, deans, and rectors, that we could name, publishing in a locale of their own these statements of this Article, what an outcry there would be of "Sacramentalism," "Popery," etc., "among the prophets;" and how would godly churchmen exclaim, "What next!" But the article is three hundred years old, and has been subscribed by a hundred thousand good, bad, and indifferent clergymen of every school, and "what everybody says must be true;" that is, a *corporate* conscience cannot be wrong, especially when it is the corporate consciences of good men. Need I remark that *such* a conscience God does not recognise? We shall be judged, not as communities, but as individuals, and, therefore, "we should count money after our fathers," lest a paternal mistake should ruin us.

Let us, then, look at the said article from the standpoint of to-day, and examine it as freely as if it had just issued from the Convocation of 1869.

First.—It is affirmed, *ex cathedrâ*, "that sometimes evil men have *chief authority* in the ministration of the Word and Sacraments, and that they minister by *Christ's commission and authority*."

Now, it is obvious that by "evil men" here we are to understand, not such veiled hypocrites as Judas, but *openly wicked* ecclesiastics, drunkards, fornicators, gamblers, and such like: for no oracle would be needed to tell Christians that they may "use the ministry" of men who, whatever they may be in reality, to *all appearance* are good and true.

But is this shocking statement scriptural? Nay, is it not blasphemous! What! an adulterer, impenitent, and still breaking the seventh commandment; yea, a murderer, preaching, baptising, and administering the bread and wine, "by the commission and authority of Christ!"

According to the canons, the holiest saint in the world, who finds fault with the Prayer Book is excommunicated "*ipso facto*," without judge or jury—but according to this article the filthiest sinner on earth, who is in "holy orders," though his filthiness be notorious, may continue his ministry, "by the commission and authority of Christ," until he be found guilty in open court, and "be deposed." What is this but to make Christ himself responsible for the scandal of such ministers? and what is this but blasphemy?

Secondly.—As a corollary to this proposition, it is declared that Christians "may use the ministry" of these "evil men" both in hearing the Word of God and in receiving the sacrament," of course, if they preach, and administer the ordinances "by the authority of Christ." But what a *reductio ad nauseam!* A child of God "may" (according to the canons he *must*) listen to the known hypocritical preaching of a child of the devil, in "holy orders," and receive the Lord's Supper from his visibly filthy hands. This too is fathered on Christ! who "promises" the "grace of God's gifts" to all believers, through "the ministrations of evil men."

If all this is not the very quintessence of Popery, which makes office and rite everything, officer and administrator nothing, then the question, "what is in a name?" has no force, and Popery *called* Protestantism loses name and character together.

Nay, if all this is not blasphemy, then "Christ and Belial" have "fellowship" in the most sacred offices of religion. Baptismal regeneration and episcopal confirmation are bad, very bad; but the doctrines of this Twenty-sixth Article are incomparably worse.

After this, I need not add one word about evangelical clerical subscription, or evangelical lay *sanction*.

I subscribe myself,
A PENITENT EX-SUBSCRIBER.

Reviews.

Cobbett's Legacy to Parsons. Charles Griffin and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. One Shilling and Sixpence.

THE re-issue of this book, by William Cobbett, is quite a sign of the times: it shows the serious questioning which exercises the public mind as to establishments in general, and the English church in particular. In all Cobbett's political sentiments no man can uniformly agree, for he demolishes to-day what he built up yesterday, and only a chameleon mind could keep pace with him; but his style is gigantic, Titanic, tremendous; his language is so simple and Saxon, that no one is ever troubled to know what he means, and yet so forcible that one feels as if each sentence would knock you down. He smites like a huge steam hammer. The clergy, in his hands, are kneaded like dough. The State church is like an egg-shell on an anvil. He is conscious of such an excess of strength that he plays with his victims as a cat with a mouse. What he was himself in religion we do not know: we should imagine that religious enthusiasm never gained admission into his cool, self-reliant mind. He is nothing as a teacher or repairer of breaches, but he is a splendid battering-ram, and that

happens to be an instrument in large request just now. His designs were very remote from ours, and his notions of the benefits bestowed by the old monastic system we smile at; but as to the Anglican establishment, the man is very near the truth, and his hard-hitting is richly deserved. His *Legacy to Parsons* consists of six letters, dedicated to James Blomfield, Bishop of London, who is very cooly told—

"It is now become a question seriously, publicly and practically entertained, whether you and your brethren of the established church should be legally deprived of all your enormous temporal possessions; and also whether your whole order should not, as a thing supported by the law, be put an end to for ever. These questions must now be discussed. They are not to be shuffled off by commissions o 'enquiry, or any other commissions; the people demand a discussion of these questions, and a decision upon them; the Parliament must discuss them; and this little book, which I now dedicate to you, is written for the purpose of aiding us all in the discussion, so that we may come at last to a just decision."

The first letter answers the question, how came there to be an established church? The importance of the question is stated very plainly :—

"PARSONS,—This question ought to be clearly answered, because on it must turn the great practical question now at issue, namely, *has the Parliament the rightful power to assume to take possession of, and to dispose of, the tithes and all other property, commonly called church property, in whatever manner it may think proper?* You and your partisans contend that it has not this rightful power; I contend that it has."

Cobbett, after stating the tenure upon which the church of Rome pretended to hold its position, demands very peremptorily : –

"But, parsons, has *your church* any such pretensions? I have a high opinion of that quality in you which is usually denominated "*brass;*" but do you pretend that this establishment was founded by Jesus Christ and his apostles? Do you pretend to hold your possessions immediately by a grant from God; and that they are as much yours as my life and my limbs are mine? Why, yes, you are, at this time, very curious to relate, endeavouring to set up a something savouring of these pretensions, and are positively asserting that you hold your possessions, and to the exclusion too of all other Christian sects, by a right of *prescription;* that is to say, a right which existed before all written laws."

After some very plain talk upon Harry the Eighth, and his deeply pious motives in setting up his Protestant-Popish church, he tells us :—

"In the second year of the reign of Edward the Sixth, who was now only *eleven* years old, who was at once supreme spiritual head of the church, and secular sovereign of the State, this Protestant church and religion were established. The Roman Catholic religion having been abrogated, having been protested against, and declared to be idolatrous and damnable, all men were let loose to choose for themselves, each having the Bible in his hands. One sect had as much right to the churches and the tithes as another sect; but this would never have done for the aristocracy. The remaining tithes, the oblations, the bishops' lands, the college lands—these were too valuable to be suffered to be scrambled for, and though the aristocracy had protested against that church, to which they had belonged, and for the support of which they had been given, still they had no quarrel with the things themselves; they had not protested against the tithes, and the lands, and the oblations; they had only protested against their being in hands other than their own. The Catholic religion was idolatrous and damnable; but they saw nothing either idolatrous or damnable in the lands, the tithes, and the oblations. These, therefore, they resolved to keep; but to keep them they must have another church, and to that church all must yield tithes and oblations, however contrary its creeds might be to the faith which the Scriptures taught them to adopt, or which they had been taught by their fathers from generation to generation. The preamble of the Act of Parliament, first and second Edward the Sixth, tells us that the king, in his great goodness, has appointed the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer) and others to draw and make one meet, order, rite, and fashion of common and open prayer and administration of sacraments, to be had and used in his Majesty's realm of England and Wales, the which at this time, by aid of the Holy Ghost, with one uniform agreement is of them concluded, set forth and delivered to his highness (*eleven years of age*) to his great comfort and quietness of mind, intituled, '*The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, after the use of the Church of England.*' Wherefore, the Lords spiritual and temporal in this present Parliament assembled, considering as well the most godly travail of the king's highness (*eleven years of age*) of the Lord Protector, and of other his highness's council, in gathering and collecting the said archbishop and learned

men together, as the godly prayers, rites, and ceremonies in the said book mentioned; and the considerations of altering those things which he altered, and retaining those things which he retained in the said book, but also *the honour of God and great quietness*, which, by the grace of God, shall ensue, do give his highness most hearty and lowly thanks for the same.'

"Bearing in mind this assertion about the *aid of the Holy Ghost*, in this work, let us now come to the *enactments*. You, parsons, found the church's prescriptive rights upon the assertion, *that there never was any Act of Parliament for taking the benefices away from the Catholics and giving them to Protestants*; that the Catholic parish priests were *never ousted* from their benefices by Act of Parliament; that they became converted in their several parishes, or continued to exercise their functions as before till the day of their death; or that they went away from their benefices without force; so that, as they had unquestionably a prescriptive right to their benefices, the present parsons stand fairly in their shoes, and have a *prescriptive right* too. Now, then, let us see how this matter stands. The king had put forth a book of homilies and catechism. Priests had been permitted to marry; and an act was soon after passed (2nd and 3rd Edward the Sixth, chapter 21) to allow priests to marry. Every inducement had been offered to withdraw the parish priests from their religion; but still, with very few scandalous exceptions, they remained firm in their faith and their practice, at the time of the passing of this Act. The Act, therefore, provided that if any rector, vicar, perpetual curate, or other priest, with benefice, should in future say mass in the usual manner, and not use the Common Prayer Book, he should forfeit to the king one year's revenue of his benefice, and be imprisoned for six months; that for a second offence he should be deprived of his benefice, and of all his spiritual promotions, and be imprisoned for one whole year; for a third offence, imprisonment during his natural life; that if the priest had no benefice, he should be imprisoned for six months for the first offence; and for the second offence should be imprisoned for his natural life! Thus did this gentle Christian church begin; thus did the angel of charity, humility, and humanity, preside at her birth. But the Act did not stop here, it went on to the laity; and it enacted that if any one should, by interludes, plays, songs, rhymes, or by other open words, declare or speak anything in derogation, depraving, or despising, the said Book of Common Prayer, penalty after penalty were to follow, till at last came the forfeiture of chattels to the king, and imprisonment during the natural life of the party!

"Here we have a faithful account of the BIRTH of this famous church, which simply put it to the priests and the people: '*Here is this church; take it*; or, *take pecuniary ruin and imprisonment for life*;' and in the face of these undeniable facts, is there any one base enough to say that the Catholic priests were not *ousted by force* and *by Act of Parliament*? The Act provides for the depriving of the party of his benefice, and of all spiritual promotion whatever, unless he apostatise from the Catholic religion; and it authorises patrons to appoint Protestant ministers to succeed him, in just the same manner as if he were dead. Will Sir Robert Peel call this a 'a *reformed Catholic* church,' then? Will he again say, that the Protestant parsons stand in the *prescriptive shoes* of the Catholic priests?

"But, the reader will say, did this Common Prayer Book always continue in use, after this Act was passed? Oh no! And now we have to see what sort of men those were who made this new church, and to see well what their motives were. For very much depends upon this, when we are estimating the character of this church.

"This church-making king died at the end of about seven years, and was succeeded on the throne by his sister Mary, who was a Catholic; and who, proceeding upon the settled constitution and laws of the country, resolved upon restoring the Catholic religion. The Common Prayer-Book aristocracy, exceedingly alarmed at this prospect; not so much alarmed, however, for the almost certain loss of the Common Prayer Book and the new church, as for the possible, and even probable loss of that immense mass of property of the church and the poor, which they had got into their possession, by the means before mentioned, entered into a negotiation with the queen, *agreeing to give up their Common Prayer Book* and their Protestant religion; agreeing to bring back the Catholic religion into the country, and to punish parsons for not being Catholics, as they had punished them before for not being Protestants; agreeing to confess themselves to have been schismatics; agreeing to receive absolution from the Pope for having rebelled against his authority; agreeing to reinstate him in all his power in England, which they before designated as abominable usurpations; agreeing, above all things, to abrogate as schismatical that very Common Prayer Book which they had before declared in the preamble to an Act of Parliament, to have been composed by the 'aid of the Holy Ghost,' and which was, they said, made 'to *the honour of God*;' agreeing to all this, if the queen would obtain the consent of the Pope, and give her own consent, *to suffer them to keep the immense masses of property in land and in tithes*, which, during the two preceding reigns, they had grasped from the church and the poor! This is something so monstrous, that I would venture to state it upon no authority short of that of an Act of Parliament; and yet it is by no means the worst that we have to behold on the part of these men who called themselves *noblemen* and *gentlemen*, and whose descendants coolly assume the same appellations!"

"But the second Act (1st ELIZABETH, chapter 2) *brought back the Prayer Book again.* The horrible men, whose conduct we have been reviewing, had condemned their Prayer Book as schismatical; had abolished it by their Acts; and had reinstated Catholic priests in the churches. They now, in the Act of which I am speaking, ousted them again; re-enacted the Common Prayer Book; and inflicted penalties upon the priests who should refuse to apostatise by becoming Protestants and using this book in their churches. For the first offence, such priest was to forfeit a year's revenue of his benefice, and be imprisoned for six months. For a second offence he was to lose all his ecclesiastical preferments and possessions, and was, besides, to be imprisoned during the remainder of his life. If he were a priest without a benefice, he was to be imprisoned, for the first offence, during a whole year; for the second offence imprisoned during his whole life. For speaking in derogation of the Prayer Book; or to ridicule the new religion, by songs, plays, jests, of any sort, the offender was to forfeit a hundred marks for the first offence; four hundred marks for the second offence (equal to two thousand pounds of the money of this day); and for the third offence, to forfeit to the Queen all his goods and chattels, and be imprisoned for life. Every person was compelled on Sundays and holydays, to attend at the church, to hear this common prayer, under various pecuniary penalties, and in failure of paying the penalties, to be imprisoned. Bishops, Archdeacons, and other ordinaries, were to have power for inflicting these punishments. This Act of confiscation, of ruin, of stripes, of death, was enforced with all the rigour that imagination can conceive. The Queen reigned for forty-five years, and these forty-five years were spent in deeds of such cruelty as the world had never heard of or read of before; and all for the purpose of compelling her people to submit to this established church."

The following sentences we place in capitals, and call the earnest attention of thoughtful men to their assured truth and solemn importance:—

"THE MAIN THING, HOWEVER, TO BE KEPT IN VIEW HERE, IS THE FACT, WHICH ALL THESE ACTS OF PARLIAMENT SO FULLY CONFIRM, THAT THIS CHURCH WAS CREATED BY ACTS OF PARLIAMENT: THAT IT HAS NO EXISTENCE AS A CHURCH, THAT IT HAS NO RITE, NO CEREMONY, NO CREED, NO ARTICLE OF FAITH, WHICH HAS NOT SPRUNG OUT OF AN ACT OF THE PARLIAMENT; AND THAT THERE IS NOTHING OF PRESCRIPTION BELONGING TO IT, FROM ITS FIRST BEING NAMED AMONGST MEN, UNTIL THE PRESENT HOUR."

"How came there to be people called Dissenters?" is responded to in letter II. and then in letter III. the question is discussed, "What is the foundation of the domination of the church over the Dissenters?"

Many of the remarks upon this head have now happily lost their force by reason of relief granted by our legislature; but the greatest of all grievances still remains, and is well put in true Cobbett style:—

"All these exclusions, however, great as the injuriousness of them is, unjust as they are towards the great body of the people, and degrading as they are in their tendency, are, all put together, a mere trifle, compared with the compulsion upon the Dissenters to give the *fruits of their estates* and the *fruits of their earnings*, for the purpose of supporting the established clergy and church. Is there anything that can be conceived more hostile to natural justice, than for men to be compelled to take away from the means of supporting their families a considerable part of the fruit of their labour, and to give it to men for preaching a doctrine in which they do not believe, and for performing a service in which their consciences forbid them to join? If there be anything more hostile to natural justice than this, I should like to have it pointed out to me. To be sure they are no longer compelled, on pain of banishment, or death, to go into the churches and call God to witness that they reverence that which they abhor; but they are compelled to give *their money* or *their goods* in support of it; and this indeed was all that the banishment and the hanging were intended to insure. If the church-makers of Edward and Elizabeth could have obtained *security for getting money* of the Dissenters, as quietly as it is now got, they would never have had any Acts of Parliament to compel them to go to church; they would have been as '*liberal*' as our present parsons now are; the flocks might have roamed where they had liked, as they do now, the shepherds having taken care *to secure the fleece.*"

Allowing for the fact that this trenchant treatise appeared more than thirty years ago, and is therefore in many of its expressions, a little out of date, we still think it very seasonable, and believe that a liberal distribution of it would do much to aid the progress of public sentiment towards perfect and universal religious equality. The Anglican State Establishment is a standing insult to Dissenters, its forced support is downright oppression, its ascendancy is glaring injustice, its very existence is a crime. *Delenda est Carthago.*

Bible Animals; being a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures from the ape to the coral. By Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "Homes without hands." Longmans.

This is a magnificent guinea volume, resplendent with one hundred gorgeous engravings, and replete with the latest zoological information. Its fault is that the author is not so good a textuary as he is a naturalist. If some thoughtful biblical scholar had been at Mr. Wood's right hand the work would have been priceless; as it is we are very far from thinking little of it. It is and will become more and more a favourite and even a standard work with Bible-students. To excite the desire of such of our readers as can afford the twenty-one shillings, we shall give copious extracts.

THE DOG.

"As in the olden times, so at the present day, the dogs lie about in the streets, dependent for their livelihood upon the offal that is flung into the roads, or upon the chance morsels that may be thrown to them. An allusion to this custom is made in the well known passage in Matt. xv. The reader will remember the circumstance that a woman of Canaan, and therefore not an Israelite, came to Jesus, and begged him to heal her daughter, who was vexed with a devil. Then, to try her faith, he said, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.' And she said, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' Now, the 'crumbs' which are here mentioned are the broken pieces of bread which were used at table, much as bread is sometimes used in eating fish. The form of the 'loaves' being flat, and much like that of the oat-cake of this country, adapted them well to the purpose. The same use of broken bread is alluded to in the parable of Lazarus, who desired to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, *i.e.*, to partake of the same food as the dogs which swarmed around him and licked his sores. Thus we see that Lazarus was supposed to have undergone the very worst indignities to which poverty could bring a man, and the contrast between himself and the other personage of the parable receives additional strength.

The 'crumbs,' however liberally distributed, would not nearly suffice for the subsistence of the canine armies, and their chief support consists of the offal, which is rather too plentifully flung into the streets. The dogs of Palestine are, indeed, much like hyænas of certain African towns, and act as scavengers, devouring any animal substance that may fall in their way. If the body of any animal, not excluding their own kind, be found lying in the streets, the dogs will assemble around it, and tear it to pieces, and they have no scruples even in devouring a human body. Of course, owing to the peculiar feeling entertained by the Orientals towards the dog, no fate can be imagined more repulsive to the feelings of humanity than to be eaten by dogs; and therein lies the terror of the fate which was prophesied of Ahab and Jezebel. Moreover, the blood, even of the lower animals, was held in great sanctity, and it was in those days hardly possible to invoke a more dreadful fate upon anyone than that his blood should be lapped by dogs.

We lose much of the real force of the Scriptures, if we do not possess some notion of the manners and customs of Palestine and the neighbouring countries, as well as of the tone of mind prevalent among the inhabitants. In our own country, that anyone should be eaten by dogs would be a fate so contrary to usage, that we can hardly conceive its possibility, and such a fate would be out of the ordinary course of events. But, if such a fate should happen to befall anyone, we should have no stronger feeling of pity than the natural regret that the dead person was not buried with Christian rites.

But, with the inhabitants of Palestine, such an event was by no means unlikely. It was, and is still, the custom to bury the corpse almost as soon as life has departed, and such would ordinarily have been the case with the dead body of Jezebel. But, through fear of the merciless Jehu, by whose command she had been flung from the window of her own palace, no one dared to remove her mangled body. The dogs, therefore, seized upon their prey; and even before Jehu had risen from the banquet with which he celebrated his deed, nothing was left of the body but the skull, the feet, and the hands."

THE FOX OR JACKAL.

"But, by far the most important passage in which the fox is mentioned, is that wherein is recorded the grotesque vengeance of Samson upon the Philistines: 'And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives.' Judges xv. 4, 5. Now, as this is one of the passages of Holy Writ to which great objections have been taken, it will be as well to examine these objections, and see whether they have any real force. The first of these objections is, that the number of foxes is far too great to have been caught at one time, and to this objection two answers have been given. The first answer is, that they need not have been caught at once, but by degrees, and kept until wanted. But the general tenor of the narrative is undoubtedly in favour of the supposition that this act of Samson was unpremeditated, and that it was carried into operation at once, before his anger had cooled. The second answer is, that the requisite number of foxes might have been miraculously sent to Samson for this special purpose. This theory is really so foolish and utterly untenable, that I only mention it because it has been put forward. It fails on two grounds: the first being that a miracle would hardly have been wrought to enable Samson to revenge himself in so cruel and unjustifiable a manner; and the second, that there was not the least necessity for any miracle at all.

If we put out of our minds the idea of the English fox, an animal comparatively scarce in this country, and solitary in its habits, and substitute the extremely plentiful and gregarious jackal, wandering in troops by night, and easily decoyed by hunger into a trap, we shall see that double the number might have been taken, if needful. Moreover, it is not to be imagined that Samson caught them all with his own hand. He was at the head of his people, and had many subordinates at his command, so that a large number of hunters might have been employed simultaneously in the capture. In corroboration of this point, I insert an extremely valuable extract from Signor Pierotti's work, in which he makes reference to this very portion of the sacred history:—

'It is still very abundant near Gaza, Askelon, Ashdod, Ekron, and Ramleh. I have frequently met with it during my wanderings by night, and on one occasion had an excellent opportunity of appreciating their number and their noise.

'One evening, in the month of January, 1857, while it was raining a perfect deluge, I was obliged, owing to the dangerous illness of a friend, to return from Jerusalem to Jaffa. The depth of snow on the road over a great part of the mountain, the clayey mud in the plain, and the darkness of the night, prevented my advancing quickly; so that about half-past three in the morning I arrived on the bank of a small torrent, about half an hour's journey to the east of Ramleh. I wished to cross: my horse at first refused, but, on my spurring it, advanced and at once sank up to the breast, followed of course by my legs, thus teaching me to respect the instinct of an Arab horse for the future.

'There I stuck, without the possibility of escape, and consoled my horse and myself with some provisions that I had in my saddle-bags, shouting and singing at intervals, in the hope of obtaining succour, and of preventing accidents, as I knew that the year before a mule in the same position had been mistaken for a wild beast, and killed. The darkness was profound, and the wind very high; but, happily, it was not cold; for the only things attracted by my calls were numbers of jackals, who remained at a certain distance from me, and responded to my cries, especially when I tried to imitate them, as though they took me for their music-master.

'About five o'clock, one of the guards of the English consulate at Jerusalem came from Ramleh, and discovered my state. He charitably returned thither, and brought some men, who extricated me and my horse from our unpleasant bath, which, as may be supposed, was not beneficial to our legs.'

'During this most uncomfortable night, I had good opportunity of ascertaining that, if another Samson had wished to burn again the crops in the country of the Philistines, he would have had no difficulty in finding more than three hundred jackals, and catching as many as he wanted in springs, traps, or pitfalls. See Ps. cxl. 5.'

The reader will now see that there was not the least difficulty in procuring the requisite number of animals, and that consequently the first objection to the truth of the story is disposed of.

We will now proceed to the second objection, which is, that if the animals were tied tail to tail they would remain on or near the same spot, because they would pull in different directions, and that, rather than run about, they would turn round and fight each other. Now, in the first place, we are nowhere told that the tails of the foxes, or jackals, were placed in contact with each other, and it is probable that some little space was left between them. That animals so tied would not run in a straight line is evident enough, and this was exactly the effect which Samson wished to produce. Had they been at liberty, and the fiery brand fastened to their tails, they would have run straight to their dens, and produced but little effect. But their captor, with cruel ingenuity, had forseen this contingency, and, by the method of securing them which he adopted, forced them to pursue a devious course, each animal trying to escape from the dreaded firebrand, and struggling in vain endeavours to drag its companion towards its own particular den.

All wild animals have an instinctive dread of fire; and there is none, not even the fierce and courageous lion, that dares enter within the glare of the bivouac fire. A lion has even been struck in the face with a burning brand, and has not ventured to attack the man that wielded so dreadful a weapon. Consequently it may be imagined that the unfortunate animals that were used by Samson for his vindictive purpose, must have been filled with terror at the burning brands which they dragged after them, and the blaze of the fire which was kindled wherever they went. They would have no leisure to fight, and would only think of escaping from the dread and unintelligible enemy which pursued them.

When a prairie takes fire, all the wild inhabitants flee in terror, and never think of attacking each other, so that the bear, the wolf, the cougar, the deer, and the wild swine, may all be seen huddled together, their natural antagonism quelled in the presence of a common foe. So it must have been with the miserable animals which were made the unconscious instruments of destruction. That they would stand still when a burning brand was between them, and when flames sprang up around them, is absurd. That they would pull in exactly opposite directions with precisely balanced force is equally improbable, and it is therefore evident that they would pursue a devious path, the stronger of the two dragging the weaker, but being jerked out of a straight course and impeded by the resistance which it would offer. That they would stand on the same spot and fight has been shown to be contrary to the custom of animals under similar circumstances.

Thus it will be seen that every objection not only falls to the ground, but carries its own refutation, thus vindicating this episode in sacred history, and showing, that not only were the circumstances possible, but that they were highly probable. Of course every one of the wretched animals must have been ultimately burned to death, after suffering a prolonged torture from the firebrand attached to it. Such a consideration would, however, have had no effect for deterring Samson from employing them. The Orientals are never sparing of pain, even when inflicted upon human beings, and in too many cases they seem utterly unable even to comprehend the cruelty of which they were guilty. And Samson was by no means a favourable specimen of his countrymen. He was the very incarnation of strength, but was as morally weak as he was corporeally powerful; and to that weakness he owed his fall. Neither does he seem to possess the least trace of forbearance any more than of self-control, but he yields to his own undisciplined nature, places himself, and through him the whole Israelitish nation, in jeopardy, and then, with a grim humour, scatters destruction on every side in revenge for the troubles which he has brought upon himself by his own acts.'

THE CROCODILE.

'Son of man, take up a lamentation for Pharoah king of Egypt, and say unto him, Thou art like a young lion of the nations, and thou art as a whale [*tannin*] in the seas; and thou camest forth with thy rivers and troublest the waters with thy feet, and fouledst their rivers.

'Thus saith the Lord God, I will therefore spread out my net over thee with a company of many people; and they shall bring thee up in my net.'

There is a peculiar significance in the comparison of Pharaoh to the crocodile. It is the master and terror of the Nile, of whom all animals stand in fear. It is ravenous, crafty, fierce, and relentless, keen-eyed to espy prey, and swift to devour it. Yet, in spite of all these evil qualities, the Egyptians venerated it, pampered it, hung it with costly jewels, and paid divine honours to it, exactly as they considered their despotic sovereign as a demi-god during his life, and honoured him with an apotheosis after his death.

Like the crocodile, secure in his scaly armour, Pharaoh thought himself invincible, but though man could not conquer him, God could do so. Man could not 'put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaws through with a thorn' (Job xli. 2); but the Lord could 'put hooks in his jaws, and bring him up out of the midst of his rivers, and give him for meat to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven.'

Taking also the tannin of Exodus vii. to be the crocodile, we see how appropriate were all the circumstances. The miracle was performed in the presence of Pharaoh, who is afterwards spoken of under the emblem of the 'dragon (*tannin*) that lieth in the midst of the river.' The rod of the future high priest of the Lord was changed into the crocodile, which was worshipped by the Egyptian priests and magicians; and when they imitated the miracle, Aaron's rod swallowed up those of the heathen in token that the Lord would destroy idolatry.

It is worthy of mention here that, although in the authorised version of the Scriptures, the rods of both Moses and Aaron are mentioned as having been changed into serpents, the words which are translated as serpents are different. The rod of Aaron, the priest, was turned into a tannin, *i. e.*, crocodile; that of Moses, the lawgiver, into a nachash or serpent.

THE OSTRICH.

'What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.'

This statement is literally true. When the ostrich puts forth its full speed, there is no horse that can catch it in a fair chase. It may be killed by the ruse which has already been described, but an adult ostrich can run away from the swiftest horse. When it runs at full speed, it moves its long legs with astonishing rapidity, covering at each stride an average of twenty-four feet, a fact from which its rate of speed may be deduced. In consequence of this width of stride, and the small impression made in the sand by the two-toed foot, the tract of a running ostrich is very obscure. Perhaps no better proof of the swiftness of the bird can be given than the extreme value set upon it by the Arabs. Although they are bred to the desert as much as the ostrich itself, and are mounted on horses whose swiftness and endurance are proverbial, they set a very high value on the ostrich, and to have captured one of these birds establishes an Arab's fame as a hunter.

Tim Doolan, the Irish Emigrant. By the author of "Mick Tracy." S. W. Partridge & Co.

An intensely Irish story.

The Open Secret. Sermons by the late Rev. A. J. Morris, formerly of Holloway. Arthur Miall, 18, Bouverie Street.

Very superior discourses, and such as will rank high amongst the sermons of the nineteenth century. Fresh in thought, and polished in diction. Gentle in spirit, and yet not lacking in force. We have much enjoyed the reading.

Rome, from the Fall of the Western Empire. By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York. The Religious Tract Society.

A very able work, displaying much research and great judgment. It is practically an account of the popes and their doings, and will interest and instruct any reader, and furnish ample materials for lecture or argument against the "Man of Sin." It adds another to the valuable books for which we are indebted to this admirable Society.

Care Cast upon the Lord. By the Rev. J. Hall, D.D. New York. William Oliphant.

Some richly encouraging thoughts for anxious souls. In these worrying times, we cannot too often be reminded of the divine precept, "be careful for nothing."

A Second Friendly Letter to the Christians called Brethren, on the Subject of Worship and Ministry. By Arthur Augustus Rees. Passmore and Alabaster. Price Fourpence.

Our friend Mr. Rees carries all before him. Having known the mysteries of Brethrenism, he exposes them thoroughly. He takes the bull by the horns, and attacks their favourite claim to be under the Spirit's guidance in all their spontaneous and often absurd effusions. We wish this pamphlet the widest circulation, for it is a pleasing instance of the *suaviter in modo*, and the *fortiter in re*.

English Services in Paris.

Many of our readers are interested in the little French Baptist church which formerly assembled in the upper chamber at Rue St. Roch, but now in the rather more commodious *entre-sol* at 19, Rue des Bons Enfans, near the Palais Royal and the Hotel du Louvre. They will be glad to hear that the friends are in treaty for a plot of ground suitable for a chapel. In the meantime, their simple and earnest services are held every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, and for the present there is an English service in the same place at 11.30 every Sunday morning.

Memoranda.

Psalm omitted this month from pressure of work upon the Editor.

THE delay in doing justice to Ireland, occasioned by the tyrannical action of the Lords, is precisely what we expected and desired. The country will be led to ask, how long these titled defenders of injustice are to rule a free people, and forbid the nation to fulfil its will. The bishops ought to be removed from the Upper House forthwith; let them look after their flocks, and they will have more than enough to do. With one or two exceptions, they are always the friends of everything oppressive. The monstrous injustice of compelling the Dissenters to support a church with which they have no sympathy, is as great in England as in Ireland, and the present crisis will bring this question before the public mind all the earlier. How men calling themselves Christians, much less Christian bishops, can have voted for the gross wickedness of compelling a Romish population to support a church which they abhor, utterly staggers us. That they should be willing sooner to endow Popery, than to lose their own pelf, stamps the whole party consenting to such a scheme with the black brand of hypocrisy and covetousness. These forsooth are your Protestants, par excellence! Why they would sooner endow the powers of the pit, than lose the golden fleece.

We do not intend to enter into a controversy upon the matter of Brethrenism. Dissentients have the same power to use the press as we have; and they have their own magazines in which to defend their creed and character. We believe most of Mr. Grant's charges to be correct, and he has sent us a long letter defending even the details of his statements, but we do not mean to insert it, as we have excluded, and probably shall exclude, the criticisms of his opponents.

The *New York Examiner* has the following notes upon our College:—

1. Where do the students of this College come from? Generally, as I have said, from the Tabernacle church. And in this church there are two sources which seem specially fruitful in supplying them. Of these, one is the Evening Classes, and the other, the Evangelists' Association. Bearing in mind that the great middle class of English society loses itself, by insensible stages, on the one hand in the aristocracy, and on the other in the lower classes, the great mass who attend the Tabernacle, whatever may be true of exceptions, will be found in the humbler of these sections of the middle class. From this grade of the English people immense numbers of young men flock to the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon. For such young men the evening classes are organised, and in them are taught the various branches comprised in a good English education. From these classes young men are constantly passing into the College. So too they come from the Evangelists' Association, whose members go forth to waste places with the gospel, and under whose labours several flourishing churches have arisen. The Bible Class of the Tabernacle might be referred to as another source. This class brings young men of the church into immediate contact with the students of the College, and from it young men pass by a natural process to the College itself.

2. How is this College supported? The provision made for the young men embraces everything which is necessary for their support—in some instances, even to clothing and pin-money. They have their residences in families, and their daily lives are under pastoral supervision. The weekly offerings in the Tabernacle, amounting to an average of more than £30 every Sabbath, are devoted exclusively to their support. All around the Tabernacle are placards inviting offerings, and to these are attached notices of the amounts contributed on the last previous Sabbath. These amounts, in the two instances in which I saw them, were above £34 on each Sabbath, and one of those a rainy day. To me this method has had special significance, as a reminder that the raising up of men to preach the gospel is the first duty of the church. These weekly offerings for the support of their own College amount to little less than £2,000 per year, the total expense being about £5,000, and the remainder being raised chiefly by donations for that object.

3. By whom are the young men taught, and what is the scope and character of the teaching? The young men are taught by tutors, under the direction and with the stated teaching of Mr. Spurgeon himself, and of Mr. James Spurgeon, who holds the position of Vice-President of the College. The studies embrace the English language, Mathematics, Logic and Natural Philosophy, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, Biblical Literature, Systematic Theology, which is always Calvinistic, and Homiletics. The studies on which special

stress seems to be laid, are Mathematics, Logic, and Calvinistic Theology. The time of study is two years, rarely extended to three, and more frequently abridged from two, under pressing calls for service. To our notions of the range of these studies, particularly when it is considered that no considerable preliminary education is required, the time allotted renders any extended acquisition simply impossible. Instruction within this period can be no more than rudimentary or superficial, and it may be presumed that no more than this is attempted. The aim is not to make scholars, but preachers for a particular sphere of society, in a land where society is cast in inflexible moulds.

To these summary statements it need only be added, that the young men so taught find spheres of labour in London itself, and in other places near and remote. One hundred and eighty-six students have gone from the College, and settled in the ministry, of whom one hundred and seventy-seven still remain in the work. *Forty-four new churches have been formed by the distinct agency of the College. By the same agency thirty new chapels have been erected. In London alone, the formation of eleven churches, in destitute districts, was in contemplation at the last annual meeting of the College.*

No mere array of facts, however, enables one to form an ample and satisfactory judgment in respect to an institution like that here described. Failing to see the men, I instituted enquiries. It is, in the first place, a good deal to say that the scheme has Mr. Spurgeon's own full confidence. He is not the man to spend his strength on unavailing labours. But I sought equally the views of brethren not connected in any wise with the Tabernacle. The opinions expressed to me were somewhat various, according to the points of view from which they were taken, but except in one or two instances they were not widely apart. The sum of the testimony was in favour of the College, and the objections urged were such as we should urge on this side of the Atlantic with even greater emphasis. The evangelical spirit, the godly earnestness of the young men, and the great usefulness of their labours of winning souls to Christ and gathering churches, were fully recognised and applauded. On these points I recall no exceptions to the common verdict. I think the *esprit du corps* by which they are distinguished, sometimes takes forms which are not agreeable to outside brethren, and that while their intense zeal is recognised as the instrument of large immediate results, they are, in instances more or less frequent, regarded as open to the criticism of lacking the intellectual discipline and culture necessary for sustained and permanent usefulness on the same fields. In other words, such of them as these are better evangelists than pastors, better fitted for itinerant than for fixed service. Instances of this kind were named to me as bringing local discredit upon the whole system, a result equally natural and illogical.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed for judgments to be regarded as final. Most of the men are still young—few or none have reached the full maturity of their powers. It is the belief, however, of Mr. Rogers, though I doubt whether it is greatly his ambition, that preachers and theologians destined to eminence and permanent fame will ultimately rise out of this mass of young men, as they have have always arisen out of the mass of the Dissenting ministry of England.

We tender warmest thanks to our faithful contributors, through whose generosity our work in the College is sustained, but with about 15,000 subscribers to the Sword and Trowel, we ought to have the means sent us to do far more. Our thanks are especially due to contributors to the Weekly Offering; the system is a sound one, and we thank them for so heartily carrying it out.

In the Orphanage all goes well; and our faith is, that the Lord will provide.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. A. McKinley, as pastor of the Baptist church in Zion Chapel, Chatham, were held on the 4th and 5th of last month. On Sabbath, 4th, two sermons were preached, by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. On the following day, after a public tea meeting, which was numerously attended, the recognition service was held. The Scriptures were read and prayer was offered by Mr. W. Harris, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Chatham; an address, including the usual topics on such an occasion, was given by Mr. McKinley. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. V. Down, of the Free Church, Rochester; the charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers; the charge to the church and congregation by Mr. B. Broadley, one of the chaplains of the Chatham garrison; addresses by Mr. T. E. Page, Wesleyan minister, Brompton, by Mr. Wyle, and Mr. Ashley, deacons of the church. Mr. McKinley has had many pleasing tokens of his having been called by the Great Head of the church to labour in this important sphere; in the increase of the congregation, the cordiality of his reception by other ministers in the town, and, above all, in several decided instances of direct usefulness, resulting from his ministrations.

The anniversary services of the Newhaven Tabernacle were held on Lord's-day, June 20th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. D. Gracey, classical tutor of the Pastors' College. This was the first anniversary of the opening of this place for divine worship. During the year, this cause, which was commenced by Mr. W. Sargeant, in June, 1868, has had a share in the divine blessing: certainly the Lord has greatly favoured his people here, for the generosity of the gentlemen who built the place for us, and let it to us at so low a rental, is a proof that the Lord's hand was in it at the commencement. When no other place could be procured in the town, and every door seemed shut fast against us, this gentleman nobly offered, and that without being asked, to build the present place, and he has done so with a view to make a school-room of it when funds can be raised to erect a chapel on the ground in front. Mr. James Spurgeon opened this building on June 24th,

1868, and since that time Mr. Sargeant has laboured there, for the first nine months only preaching on the Sabbath and attending college in the week, but is now settled with an earnest people, and hoping to do a good work in the town. During the year a church has been formed, now numbering twenty-five, of these Mr. Sargeant has baptised twenty-four, there having been no Baptists in the town when the caused was commenced. The greater portion of these have been brought to Christ within the last twelve months, under the ministry of Mr. Sargeant, and the Lord is still adding unto their number. A Sabbath-school of eighty children, and fourteen teachers, a Bible class of twenty-two young men and women, a tract society with eight distributors, and a small Missionary Society, have been commenced and are all, under God's blessing, doing good service. Out-door services have been held for the last two months, which have been well attended by numbers, who, but for this opportunity, would not hear the gospel. There is a large field for labour in the town among the sailors and others, and also in the surrounding villages, where the joyful sound of salvation by grace is rarely heard. Two or three young men are now coming forward, who will be ready to help in the work of preaching the gospel in these villages. The recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Sargeant, were held on Thursday, June 24th. Tea was provided at five o'clock, of which a good company partook. The service commenced at half-past six, and was presided over by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Brighton. Mr. W. Miller, of Lewes, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. Upton (in the absence of the deacon, who was ill) gave the statement from the church, Mr. Sargeant then gave an account of his early days in Newhaven (being a native), of his being brought to Christ, of his call to the ministry, and of his being led to accept the pastorate of this church. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. J. Holt, of Lewes, and the charge was given to the pastor by Mr. G. Rogers. A hymn being sung, Mr. J. Wilkins delivered the charge to the church, and Mr. W. Miller concluded with a short address to the unconverted. This service will long be remembered in this town.

The new Baptist chapel at Shooters' Hill Road, to which attention was called in the *Sword and Trowel* a short time since, has just been opened. On Sunday, June 27th, Mr. George Rogers, of the Pastors' College, preached two sermons. On Sunday, July 4th, Mr. J. Teall, of Queen Street, Woolwich, preached in the morning, and Mr. H. R. Brown, minister of the church, in the evening. On Wednesday, July 7th, the series of opening services were brought to a close; Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon, and presided over a public meeting in the evening. Tea was well served between the meetings. The following took part in the day's engagements:—Messrs. J. Teall, and W. Woods, of Woolwich; J. T. Wigner, New Cross; B. B. Wale, Dacre Park; B. Davies, Greenwich; W. P. Frith, Bexley Heath; A. Walker, Winslow; A. Buck, Old Kent Road; and A. E. Lamb; together with a minister from the United States. The building was crowded at each of the meetings on Wednesday. The collections were good: upwards of £100 were realised in collections and contributions. Funds are still urgently needed, to reduce the debt on the building, which would not have been erected thus speedily had there been a suitable place for the friends to worship in.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. C. T. Johnson as pastor of the Baptist church at Alford, in Lincolnshire, were held on the 11th and 14th of July last, Two Sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Pastors' College. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th, Mr. Robinson, the Independent minister of Alford, commenced by reading and prayer; one of the deacons gave a statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Lauderdale of Grimsby, put the usual questions, to which answers were given by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Lauderdale offered the ordination prayer. Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor; and Mr. Payne, Baptist minister at Lowth, concluded with prayer. After a public tea in the school-room, a service was held in the evening, at which an address to the church was given by Mr. Payne. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Lauderdale, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Johnson. The church and congregation have revived greatly under the devoted labours of Mr. Johnson. The chapel and several rooms connected with it are very neat and commodious; and there is much to encourage the hope of great usefulness in the future.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. B. Davies, for the Pastor:—June 28th, Eleven; July 1st, Twenty-five; by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 12th, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, 1869, to July 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hailstone	1	0	0
Mr. Brett	1	0	0
Carluke	2	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	30	0	0
Mr. T. Cook, per C. H. S.	10	0	0
Miss Gilbert	1	7	3
A Friend at Mr. Aveling's	0	6	6
Mr. R. Law	0	2	6
No. 77	0	7	8
The Baptist Union at Bristol	6	8	11
Mr. Peters	0	10	0
Mrs. Jane Matthews	0	10	6
Mr. T. Field	1	1	0
B. C. M.	0	5	0
P. C. R., per Miss Cox	50	0	0
A. B. C.	0	3	6
A Youth	0	2	8
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Pitt	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Two Friends per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	10	0
A Widow's Mite, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0	5	0
Proceeds of Excursion, Mr. Bowker's class	15	0	0
A Blacksmith	1	0	0
Hillrow	0	2	6
Mrs. E. S.	0	2	0
Mr. T. A. Arthur	2	0	0
J. and W. S.	25	0	0
B. C. M.	0	2	9
Mr. B. Barrow	2	2	0
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Mrs. Bydawell	0	5	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Mrs. Agnes Dick	1	2	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	2	6
A reader of Sermons, J. R.	10	0	0
O. P. Q.	50	0	0
Sunday Schoool, Cornwall Road, Brixton	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 21	42	15	4
" " " 29	40	0	5
" " " July 5	50	3	10
" " " 12	39	3	11
" " " 19	33	5	8
	£130	7	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, 1869, to July 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per A. H.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Goddard	0	1	6
Mrs. R. Ward	0	2	0
Mr. G. T. Jones	0	10	0
R. B.	0	3	0
E. and D. M.	5	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
Mrs. Crofts, collecting box	0	13	6
L. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Bourne	1	6	0
Providence	0	15	0
K.	0	2	6
Collected on board "Queen of the Bay," by Mr. J. Legge	0	8	4
A. B. C.	0	3	6
Rev. Newman Hall	0	10	0
Mr. B. Vickery	1	0	0
G.	0	5	0
A Reader of Sword and Trowel, Edinburgh	0	2	6
J. O.	0	4	0
Mr. T. French	0	5	0
D. C., per Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. G. Edwards	0	12	0
Mr. S. Gilder	0	3	7
Mr. Weeks	0	10	0
Mr. Boyes	2	3	6
Master A. F. Nisbet	2	2	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	5	0
Miss Turner	0	10	0
Mr. P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
Miss S. Buxton	1	10	0
Mrs. Glennson	5	0	0
A Widow's mite, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0	5	0
Catheart	0	1	6
Mrs. E. S.	0	2	0
J. and W. S.	25	0	0
Mr. R. Harding	0	10	0
J. B.	0	5	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Mill	1	0	0
O. P. Q.	50	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	7	6
Mr. Farra, annual subscription	1	1	0
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Parnell	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnson, Hogsthorpe	1	0	0
	£121	15	5

Received for the Orphanage.—An engraving; 2 night shirts; 18 Scripture texts for school-room walls, and 3 sets of hymns, from Messrs. Morgan and Chase; 2 filters from Mr. Cooper; a sack of flour; 6 dozen lbs. composite candles from Mr. Harris; a sack of peas, quantity of new potatoes, cabbage and lettuces from Mr. Bath; 2 weighing machines, and a 14lb. set of weights from Messrs. Doyle and Sons; 100 coverlets for boys' beds from Mr. Barlow; ½ cwt. carbolic soap, ¼ cwt. disinfectant powder, 14 lbs. baking powder from Mr. J. McDougall; 2 van loads of firewood; 19 iron hoops from Mr. Mills; 21 new suits of clothes from Mr. Bousfield; 2 baskets of fruit from Mr. Mason; 1 dozen pairs of leather braces from Mr. D. Morris; 6 second-hand shirts, pair shoes, and 2 pairs gloves; 2 books, set of views, a ruler, box of colours, and piece of embroidery for bazaar, from Miss Chapman.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations.—			
Mr. J. Full	0	1	0
A. B. C.	0	3	6
A. J.	0	1	0
Mrs. E. S.	0	1	0
Subscriptions—			
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon (Quarterly)	7	10	0
E. B. (Quarterly)	25	0	0
South Wilts District, per J. F. Toone, Esq.	10	0	0
Collected by—			
Mr. A. H. Young, Elgin	1	1	0
	£43	17	6

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

The Seven Curses of London.

A REVIEW BY C. H. SPURGEON.

UNDER the title of "The Seven Curses of London,"* Mr. Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," has produced a sadly interesting book—a book whose every page would be bedewed with tears, if all readers were like in heart to Him who wept over Jerusalem. The curses so vividly set before us in this volume are not such as are so called by idle impatience, because they flutter the decorum of gentility, or disturb the quiet of heartlessness; they are real curses, deep and deadly, withering, soul-destroying, damnable: the descriptions given are all the more weighty, because they are not written from the point of view of the professional philanthropist or the spiritual teacher; if the merely literary man sees so much to lament in our leviathan city, what may still clearer eyes discern! After reading Mr. Greenwood's record, we are conscious of intense pain and anguish, mingled with vehement resolve to leave no means untried to alleviate the wretchedness of this Babylon. We wish every Christian man could be made aware of the vice, the destitution, and the misery which surround him; it would make him a better servant of the Lord. We are a vast deal too comfortable. We simper with complacency at the good which we are doing, when, like Mrs. Partington's mop, we are scarcely pushing back one wave of the seething ocean of iniquity around us. At our pious gatherings we half persuade ourselves that the world is being converted, and that gross vice is a *rara avis* in the land, and all the while the devil, with almost undisputed sway, rules the masses, and devours them at his will. Those lines of first-class residences, those long terraces of respectable houses, those miles of pretty villas, those leagues of busy shops—one

* "The Seven Curses of London," by James Greenwood, the Amateur Casual. London, Stanley Rivers and Co.

rides along them by the hour, and feels that London is great, flourishing, wealthy, orderly; ay, but turn out of that broad thoroughfare, stop at Paradise Court or Rosemary Alley, take your walks abroad where many poor you see, note the ragged children, the filthy Irishwomen, the harlots, the drunkards, the swarms of villanous-looking big boys; and now, as you return, sick from the reek of gin and the mustiness of rags, you learn that London is poor, wretched, lawless, horrible. It is well to have the rose-water removed, and the rose-colour washed off awhile. Another excuse for niggardly giving and shorthanded working will be torn away, when we are no longer in ignorance of our city's awful needs.

The first of the seven curses mentioned by our author is "*neglected children.*" Well may the writer call it a startling fact, that in England and Wales, three hundred and fifty thousand children, under the age of sixteen, are dependent more or less on parish authorities for maintenance; in London alone, one hundred thousand children wander in destitution, preparing for our gaols or for early graves. Children of the gutter, their food is scant, their lodging foul, their clothing ragged. Even when blessed with a mother, the young Arabs neither fare sumptuously by night nor by day. Cradled in a gooseberry sieve, or nestled in an egg box, the babies of the poorest class have no injurious luxury to enervate them. Strange facts come under our author's own observation. "Accompanied by a friend, he was on a visit of exploration into the little-known regions of Baldwin's Gardens, in Leather Lane, and entering a cellar there, the family who occupied it were discovered in a state of dreadful commotion. The mother, a tall, bony, ragged shrew, had a baby tucked under one arm, while she was using the other by the aid of a pair of dilapidated nozzleless bellows in inflicting a tremendous beating on a howling young gentleman of about eleven years old. 'Tut! tut! what is the matter, Mrs. Donelly? Rest your arm a moment, now, and tell us all about it.' 'Matther! shure it's matther enough to dhrive a poor widdy beyant her senses!' And then her rage turning to sorrow, she in pathetic terms described how that she left that bad boy Johnny only for a few moments in charge of the 'darlint comfortable ashleap in her bashket,' and that he had neglected his duty, and that the baste of a donkey had smelt her out, and 'ate her clane out o' bed.' . . . It was not long after the incident of the gooseberry sieve, that I discovered in one small room in which a family of six resided, three little children, varying in age from three to eight, perhaps, stark naked. It was noon of a summer's day, and there they were nude as forest monkeys, and so hideously dirty that every rib-bone in their poor wasted little bodies showed plain, and in colour like mahogany. Soon as I put my head in at the door they scattered, scared as rabbits, to the 'bed,' an arrangement of evil-smelling flock and old potato-sacks, and I was informed by the mother that they had not a rag to wear, and had been in their present condition for *more than three months.*" If these things be true of children left under the care of poor penniless widows, what a plea we have for our orphanage, and how grateful should we and our band of helpers be that we are allowed to do a little to prevent such misery.

Had the stories told of the food of our little Arab hordes in

London streets been narrated by a missionary as being true of Chinese or Patagonians, our hair would be on end with horror; but many will read the following with complacency. "They draw a considerable amount of their sustenance from the markets. And really it would seem that by some miraculous dispensation of Providence, garbage was for their sake robbed of its poisonous properties, and endowed with virtues such as wholesome food possesses. Did the reader ever see the young market hunters at such a 'feed,' say in the month of August or September? It is a spectacle to be witnessed only by early risers who can get as far as Covent Garden by the time that the wholesale dealing in the open falls slack—which will be about eight o'clock; and it is not to be believed unless it is seen. They will gather about a muck heap and gobble up plums, a sweltering mass of decay, and oranges and apples that have quite lost their original shape and colour, with the avidity of ducks or pigs. I speak according to my knowledge, for I have seen them at it. I have seen one of these gaunt wolfish little children with his tattered cap full of plums of a sort one of which I would not have permitted a child of mine to eat for all the money in the Mint, and this at a season when the sanitary authorities in their desperate alarm at the spread of cholera had turned bill stickers, and were begging and imploring the people to abstain from this, that, and the other, and especially to beware of fruit unless perfectly sound and ripe. Judging from the earnestness with which this last provision was urged, there must have been cholera enough to have slain a dozen strong men in that little ragamuffin's cap, and yet he munched on till that frowsy receptacle was emptied, finally licking his fingers with a relish. It was not for me to forcibly dispossess the boy of a prize that made him the envy of his plumless companions, but I spoke to the market beadle about it, asking him if it would not be possible, knowing the propensities of these poor little wretches, so to dispose of the poisonous offal that they could not get at it; but he replied that it was nothing to do with him what they ate so long as they kept their hands from picking and stealing; furthermore, he politely intimated, that 'unless I had nothing better to do,' there was no call for me to trouble myself about the 'little warmint,' whom nothing would hurt. He confided to me his private belief that they were 'made inside something after the orsestretch, and that farriers' nails would'nt come amiss to 'em if they could only get 'em down.'"

Very painful are the results of enquiries into the parentage of these "rank outsiders" of humanity, these wretched waifs and strays of the race; and if possible, even worse are the revelations concerning the baby-farming, and other forms by which certain of these poor little souls are reared, or rather, murdered wholesale. Advertisements for nurse children, and for babes to be adopted, mean a great deal more than unsuspecting readers have usually imagined. How many babes have passed into eternity through the "ha'p'orth of bread and a ha'p'orth of milk a-day" system, eternity alone can reveal. No longer need we wonder at the large proportion of infantile mortality. But what unnatural, brutal sin does all this mean! How must God be provoked as he sees *his* children deserted of their parents, *his* babes left as beasts leave not their young! Should these poor creatures live, and become

bread-winners on their own account, they do but escape the ogres to fall into the way of harpies equally as vile. The amusements provided for the youth of London are many of them such as Sodom could have never excelled for their depravity. The low theatre, and the penny gaff, are simply open doors to hell; they smell of Tophet, and this makes them none the less profitable. "Now that the police are to be roused to increased vigilance in the suppression, as well as the arrest of criminality, it would be as well if those in authority directed their especial attention to these penny theatres. As they at present exist, they are nothing better than hot-beds of vice in its vilest forms. Girls and boys of tender age are herded together to witness the splendid achievements of 'dashing highwaymen,' and of sirens of the Starlight Sall School: nor is this all. But bad as this is, it is really the least part of the evil. The penny 'gaff' is usually a small place, and when a specially atrocious piece produces a corresponding 'run,' the 'house' is incapable of containing the vast number of boys and girls who nightly flock to see it. Scores would be turned away from the doors, and their halfpence wasted, were it not for the worthy proprietor's ingenuity. I am now speaking of what I was an actual witness of in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. Beneath the pit and stage of the theatre was a sort of large kitchen, reached from the end of the passage that was the entrance to the theatre, by a flight of steep stairs. There were no seats in this kitchen, nor furniture of any kind. There was a window looking towards the street, but this was prudently boarded up. At night time all the light allowed in the kitchen proceeded from a feeble and dim gas jet by the wall over the fire-place.

"Wretched and dreary-looking as was this underground chamber, it was a source of considerable profit to the proprietor of the 'gaff' overhead. As before stated, when anything peculiarly attractive was to be seen, the theatre filled within ten minutes of opening the besieged doors. Not to disappoint the late comers, however, all who pleased might pay and go down-stairs until the performance just commenced (it lasted generally about an hour and a-half) terminated. The prime inducement held out was, that 'then they would be sure of good seats.' The inevitable result of such an arrangement may be easier guessed than described. For my part, I know no more about it than was to be derived from a hasty glance from the stair-head. There was a stench of tobacco smoke, and an uproar of mingled youthful voices—swearing, chaffing, and screaming, in boisterous mirth. This was all that was to be heard, the Babel charitably rendering distinct pronouncing of blasphemy or indecency unintelligible. Nor was it much easier to make out the source from whence the hideous clamour proceeded, for the kitchen was dim as a coal cellar, and was further obscured by the foul tobacco smoke the lads were emitting from their short pipes. A few were romping about—'larking,' as it is termed—but the majority, girls and boys, were squatted on the floor, telling and listening to stories, the quality of which might but too truly be guessed from the sort of applause they elicited. A few—impatient of the frivolity that surrounded them, and really anxious for 'the play'—stood apart, gazing with scowling envy up at the ceiling, on the upper side of which, at frequent intervals, there was a furious clatter of hobnailed boots,

betokening the delirious delight of the happy audience in full view of Starlight Sall, in 'silk tights' and Hessians, dancing a Highland fling. Goaded to desperation, one or two of the tormented ones down in the kitchen reached up with their sticks and beat on the ceiling a tattoo, responsive to the battering of the hobnailed boots before mentioned. This, however, was a breach of 'gaff' rule that could not be tolerated. With hurried steps the proprietor approached the kitchen stairs, and descried me. 'This ain't the theeater; you've no business here, sir!' said he, in some confusion, as I imagined. 'No, my friend, I have no business here, but *you* have a very pretty business, one for which, when comes the Great Day of Reckoning, I would rather you answered than me.'"

In the chamber of horrors of this book the second door admits us to a view of *professional thieves*, an army, at least, twenty thousand strong. Think of that! remembering that this number is little short of the membership of all the Baptist churches in London; and painfully reflecting that every individual member of this synagogue of Satan is an earnest, genuine worker in the evil cause. If this vast and valiant host comprehended all the villany of London the plague would be deep and horrible enough; but, alas! the infection of dishonesty taints all classes of the community, and honesty is almost as rare as in those days when the prophet complained that the best of them was "as a thorn-hedge."

Professional beggars figure in the third department; and from our own large and troublesome experience we can more than confirm many of Mr. Greenwood's statements. That there are beggars in London whose poverty is pitiable, and who richly deserve assistance, we know; but that mendicancy is with thousands a profitable trade, a resort for the idle and the vicious, we are equally certain. Mere singing in the street, squatting down in theatrical destitution on a doorstep, or exhibiting sham sores are old and timeworn dodges, which are but poorly remunerative; but the begging-letter dodge, the newspaper scheme, and other delicate processes of imposture, are still profitable speculations, and support an army of the vilest loafers that ever disgraced a city. We have had scores of the most ingenious epistles, touching enough to have moved a heart of stone, if there had not been around them a certain aroma of cant which rendered them ineffectual. In our more simple and verdant days we were waited upon by a foreigner, who threatened to destroy by charcoal, that very night, the lives of himself, his lovely wife, and three noble infants, unless we relieved his wants. In our horror at the anticipation of such a mass of murder, we counted out ten good shillings into the rascal's hand, only to have them returned with well-feigned indignation as an insulting pittance, of no service whatever to a man of his rank, and a degrading meanness on our part to offer. When the shillings were safely in our pocket, and the impertinent impostor was shown the door, his haughty mien suddenly descended into a currish, pitiful humility, and a whining entreaty, that, at least, the sum just before refused might be returned to him. No; the police would accommodate him unless he went his way, and on that way he went, but no tidings of death by fumes of charcoal appeared in the next morning's newspaper. That man was one of our ablest instructors, and

his successors continue to complete our education. We are entreated to lend twenty pounds to save a piano from the brokers, to give a guinea to buy a wooden leg (for a man who has two natural ones), to furnish twelve and sixpence to help purchase a cake of ultra-marine to finish a valuable painting, to aid in mending a bath chair in which the petitioner rides to business every day, to subscribe towards getting a basket of tools for a man in a white apron whom we saw wiping his mouth as he came out of the public-house next door; and other pretty little philanthropic schemes equally tempting. In none of these cases do you hear any more of the parties, if you ask for names and addresses, in order that the case may be investigated; the hope of the operation lies in your carelessly giving money to be rid of the applicant—there is never a shade of truth in the statement, or if a shade, it is of the most impalpable kind. To give to these schemers is to be partakers in their crimes. No man would willingly tax himself to maintain a horde of gross impostors, and yet every man may be morally sure that he is doing this every time he contributes his ready half-crown to save himself the trouble of "considering the poor," and discerning between the deserving and the vicious. What vice is propagated by this troop of lying vagabonds only the great day will reveal; they are without doubt a terrible wing of the Satanic army.

On the fourth point, the curse of *fallen women* we confess to be widely at variance with the author of this volume. We deprecate from the bottom of our hearts the idea of licensing prostitution. The French method, so far from having our admiration, excites our loathing. May God avert from England the abiding pestilence of systematic debauchery, by which sin is made easy, and the path to hell more fascinating than ever. Yet our social evil is intolerable in its present shape, and something must be done to repress it. We look to the gospel as the only remedy, and pray that all who know its power may bestir themselves to bring it to bear upon the prevailing infamy.

The crowning curse is *drunkenness*, which indeed is related to all the others, and is often their mother and always their nurse. Here it is not possible for the subject to be too highly wrought. We have heard it averred of Mr. Greenwood that he colours a subject quite sufficiently, and is no mean proficient in the imaginative; but in this volume we see no evidence to substantiate the charge, perhaps because the fault was impossible. The liquor served out for public consumption at our gin-palaces, beer-houses, and drinking bars, if all be true, would defile the foulest kennel: and if the whole stock were poured out into Barking Creek it would be well. Ordinary hard drinking does quite mischief enough without the added horror of the fact that men and women swallow seas of disgusting mixtures in which cocculus indicus, foxglove, green copperas, hartshorn shavings, henbane, jalap, nut galls, nux vomica, opium, vitriol, potash, quassia, yew-tops, and alum, are the choicer ingredients. No wonder the topers grow mad drunk, the marvel is they do not die outright. It ought to need no persuasion to induce men totally to abstain from such abominations as the beers and porters, the wines and spirits, of most of our licensed poison-shops.

Our author might, we think, have spared our teetotal friends a

good deal of the banter with which he very good-humouredly treats them. Their object is so praiseworthy, and the need of every well-intentioned effort so manifest, that it is a pity to throw cold water on any earnest temperance movement. If teetotalers are rather too prone to treat contemptuously the efforts of those who do not adopt their modes of operation, there is the more reason why the true temperance but non-teetotal man should behave with courtesy to his more irritable fellow worker, for whom he is bound to entertain a kindly esteem. This demon of drink must be fought, for it swallows men by thousands, makes their homes wretched, their children paupers, and their souls the prey of the devil. There should be combined and vigorous action among all temperate men for such a control of licenses that the dens of drunkenness should be made far less numerous, to say the least, and if we went in for still severer restrictions so much the better. We are unmistakably overdone with gin-palaces and beer-houses; they are thrust upon us at every street-corner; they are multiplied beyond all pretence of demand. Not the public good but the publican's good appears to be the aim of the licensers. Quiet neighbourhoods cannot spring up because the beer-house rises simultaneously; or if such a thing should for a few months be seen under heaven as a sober region, universally respectable, and guiltless of intoxication, the Bacchanalian missionary soon opens his temple and converts the population *to* the common error of drinking ways. It is true, the demand for drink creates the supply, but it is as surely true that the all-surrounding omnipresence of the stimulant suggests, and propagates the craving. At any rate, no two opinions can exist upon one point, namely, that the accursed habit of intoxication lies at the root of the main part of London's poverty, misery, and crime.

Betting gamblers, in the sixth place, come in for their share of our author's condemnation. "There can be no doubt that the vice of gambling is on the increase amongst the English working-classes. Of this no better proof is afforded than in the modern multiplication of those newspapers specially devoted to matters 'sportive.' Twenty years ago there were but three or four sporting newspapers published in London; now there are more than a dozen."

Those who occupy the highest ranks of the social scale have the fearful responsibility of rendering gambling fashionable, and their example has had its influence upon all ranks, until even children bet their shillings and the lads of the gutter cry the odds. A tribe of "prophets," blacklegs, and advertisers, feed upon this growing vice, swarming about it like flies around carrion. Marvellous are the fortunes to be made by "putting on" a few pounds, and rich are the promised gains of even a dozen postage stamps, staked upon the horse whose name will be communicated upon the receipt of a fee; more marvellous still is the senseless folly which can be duped by such manifest quackery.

"Of all manner of advertising betting gamblers, however, none are so pernicious, or work such lamentable evil against society, as those who, with devilish cunning, appeal to the young and inexperienced—the factory lad and youth of the counting house or the shop. Does anyone doubt if horse-racing has attractions for those whose tender age renders it complimentary to style them 'young men'? Let him on the day of any

great race convince himself. Let him make a journey on the afternoon of 'Derby-day,' for instance, to Fleet-street or the Strand, where the offices of the sporting newspapers are situated. It may not be generally known that the proprietors of the *Sunday Times*, *Bell's Life*, and other journals of a sporting tendency, in their zeal to outdo each other in presenting the earliest possible information to the public, are at the trouble and expense of securing the earliest possible telegram of the result of a horse-race, and exhibiting it enlarged on a broad-sheet in their shop-windows. Let us take the *Sunday Times*, for instance. The office of this most respectable of sporting newspapers is situated near the corner of Fleet-street at Ludgate-hill; and wonderful is the spectacle there to be seen on the afternoon of the great equine contest on Epsom downs. On a small scale, and making allowance for the absence of the living provocatives of excitement, the scene is a reproduction of what at that moment, or shortly since, has taken place on the race-course itself. Three o'clock is about the time the great race is run at Epsom, and at that time the Fleet-street crowd begins to gather. It streams in from the north, from the east, from the south. At a glance it is evident that the members of it are not idly curious merely. It is not composed of ordinary pedestrians who happen to be coming that way. Butcher-lads, from the neighbouring great meat-market, come bareheaded and perspiring down Ludgate-hill, and at a pace that tells how exclusively their eager minds are set on racing: all in blue working-smocks, and with the grease and blood of their trade adhering to their naked arms, and to their hob-nailed boots, and to their hair. Hot and palpitating they reach the obelisk in the middle of the road, and there they take their stand, with their eyes steadfastly fixed on that at present blank and innocent window that shall presently tell them of their fate.

"I mention the butcher-boys first, because, for some unknown reason, they undoubtedly are foremost in the rank of juvenile bettors. In the days when the Fleet-lane betting abomination as yet held out against the police authorities, and day after day a narrow alley behind the squalid houses there served as standing room for as many 'professional' betting men, with their boards and money-ponches, as could crowd in a row, an observer standing at one end of the lane might count three blue frocks for one garment of any other colour. But though butcher-boys show conspicuously among the anxious Fleet-street rush on a Derby-day, they are not in a majority by a long way. To bet on the 'Derby' is a mania that afflicts all trades; and streaming up Farringdon-street may be seen representatives of almost every craft that practises within the City's limits. There is the inky printer's boy, hot from the 'machine-room,' with his grimy face and his cap made of a ream wrapper; there is the jeweller's apprentice, with his bibbed white apron, ruddy with the powder of rouge and borax; and the paper-stainer's lad, with the variegated splashes of the pattern of his last 'length' yet wet on his ragged breeches; and a hundred others, all hurrying pell-mell to the one spot, and, in nine cases out of ten, with the guilt of having 'slipped out' visible on their streaming faces. Take their ages as they congregate in a crowd of five hundred and more (they are expected in such numbers that special policemen are provided

to keep the roadway clear), and it will be found that more than half are under the age of eighteen. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that in the majority of cases a single lad represents a score or more employed in one 'office' or factory. They cast lots who shall venture on the unlawful mission, and it has fallen on him. Again, and as before mentioned, the *Sunday Times* is but one of ten or a dozen sporting newspapers published between Ludgate-hill and St. Clement Danes; and in the vicinity of every office may be met a similar crowd. Let the reader bear these facts in mind, and he may arrive at some faint idea of the prevalence of the horse-gambling evil amongst the rising generation."

The following portrait, drawn from the life, is no doubt a fair specimen of the victims of the gambling demon. While the betting-men were making a stand in Farringdon-street in the open air against the city authorities, Mr. Greenwood made the acquaintance of the subject of his story. "I had noticed him repeatedly, with his pale haggard face and his dull eyes, out of which nothing but weariness of life looked. He was a tall slim young fellow, and wore his patched and seedy clothes as though he had been used to better attire; and, despite the tell-tale shabbiness of his boots and his wretched tall black hat, he still clung to the respectable habit of wearing black kid-gloves, though it was necessary to shut his fists to hide the dilapidations at their finger-tips.

"He was not remarkable amongst the betting blackguards he mingled with on account of the active share he took in the questionable business in which they were engaged; on the contrary, he seemed quite out of place with them, and though occasionally one would patronise him with a nod, it was evident that he was 'nothing to them,' either as a comrade or a gull to be plucked. He appeared to be drawn towards them by a fascination he could not resist, but which he deplored and was ashamed of. It was customary in those times for the prosperous horse-betting gambler to affect the genteel person who could afford to keep a 'man,' and to press into his service some poor ragged wretch glad to earn a sixpence by wearing his master's 'card of terms' round his neck for the inspection of any person inclined to do business. The tall shabby young fellow's chief occupation consisted in wandering restlessly from one of these betting-card bearers to another, evidently with a view to comparing 'prices' and 'odds' offered on this or that horse; but he never bet. I don't believe that his pecuniary affairs would have permitted him, even though a bet as low as twopence-halfpenny might be laid.

"I was always on the look-out for my miserable-looking young friend whenever I passed that way, and seldom failed to find him. He seemed to possess for me a fascination something like that which horse-betting possessed for him. One afternoon, observing him alone and looking even more miserable than I had yet seen him, as he slouched along the miry pavement towards Holborn, I found means to start a conversation with him. My object was to learn who and what he was, and whether he was really as miserable as he looked, and whether there was any help for him. I was prepared to exercise all the ingenuity at my command to compass this delicate project, but he saved me the trouble. As though he was glad of the chance of doing so, before we were half-way up Holborn-hill he turned the conversation exactly into the desired

groove, and by the time the Tottenham-court-road was reached (he turned down there), I knew even more of his sad history than is here subjoined.

"'What is the business pursuit that takes me amongst the betting-men? Oh! no, sir, I'm not at all astonished that you should ask the question; I've asked it of myself so often, that it doesn't come new to me. I pursue no business, sir. What business *could* a wretched scare-crow like I am pursue? Say that *I* am pursued, and you will be nearer the mark. Pursued by what I can never get away from or shake off.'

"He uttered a concluding wicked word with such decisive and bitter emphasis, that I began to think that he had done with the subject; but he began again almost immediately.

"'I wish to the Lord I had a business pursuit! If ever a fellow was tired of his life, I am. Well—yes, I *am* a young man; but it's precious small consolation that that fact brings me. Hang it, no! All the longer to endure it. How long have I endured it? Ah, now you come to the point. For years, you think, I daresay. You look at me, and you think to yourself, "There goes a poor wretch who has been on the downhill road so long that it's time that he came to the end of it, or made an end to it." There you are mistaken. Eighteen months ago I was well dressed and prosperous. I was second clerk to ——, the provision merchants, in St. Mary Axe, on a salary of a hundred and forty pounds—rising twenty each year. Now look at me!

"'You need not ask me how it came about. You say that you have seen me often in Farringdon-street with the betting-men, so you can give a good guess as to how I came to ruin, I'll be bound. Yes, sir, it was horse-betting that did my business. No, I did not walk to ruin with my eyes open, and because I liked the road. I was trapped into it, sir, as I'll be bound scores and scores of young fellows have been. I never had a passion for betting. I declare that, till within the last two years, I never made a bet in my life. The beginning of it was, that for the fun of the thing, I wagered ten shillings with a fellow-clerk about the Derby that was just about to come off. I never took any interest in horse-racing before; but when I had made that bet I was curious to look over the sporting news, and to note the odds against the favourite. One unlucky day I was fool enough to answer the advertisement of a professional tipster. He keeps the game going still, curse him! You may read his name in the papers this morning. If I wasn't such an infernal coward, you know, I should kill that man. If I hadn't the money to buy a pistol, I ought to steal one, and shoot the thief. But, what do you think? I met him on Monday, and he chaffed me about my boots. It was raining at the time. "I wish I had a pair of waterproofs like yours, Bobby. You'll never take cold while they let all the water out at the heel they take in at the toe!" Fancy me standing *that* after the way he had served me! Fancy this too—me borrowing a shilling of him, and saying, 'Thank you, sir,' for it! Why, you know, I ought to be pumped on for doing it!

"'Yes, I wrote to "Robert B—y, Esq., of Leicester," and sent the half-crown's worth of stamps asked for. It doesn't matter what I got in return. Anyhow, it was something that set my mind on betting,

and I wrote again and again. At first his replies were of a distant and business sort; but in a month or so after I had written to him to complain of being misguided by him, he wrote back a friendly note to say that he wasn't at all surprised to hear of my little failures—novices always did fail. They absurdly attempt what they did not understand. "Just to show you the difference," said he, "just give me a commission to invest a pound for you on the Ascot Cup. All that I charge is seven and a half per cent. on winnings. Try it just for once; a pound won't break you, and it may open your eyes to the way that fortunes are made." I ought to have known then, that either he, or somebody in London he had set on, had been making enquiries about me, for the other notes were sent to where mine were directed from—my private lodgings—but this one came to me at the warehouse.

"'Well, I sent the pound, and within a week received a post-office order for four pounds eight as the result of its investment. The same week I bet again—two pounds this time—and won one pound fifteen. That was over six pounds between Monday and Saturday. "This is the way that fortunes are made," I laughed to myself, like a fool.

"'Well, he kept me going, I don't exactly recollect how, between Ascot and Goodwood, which is about seven weeks, not more. Sometimes I won, sometimes I lost, but, on the whole, I was in pocket. I was such a fool at last, that I was always for betting more than he advised. I've got his letters at home now, in which he says, "Pray don't be rash; take my advice, and bear in mind that great risks mean great losses, as well as great gains, at times." Quite fatherly, you know! The scoundrel!

"'Well, one day there came a telegram to the office for me. I was just in from my dinner. It was from B—y. "Now you may bag a hundred pounds at a shot," said he. "The odds are short but the result *certain*. Never mind the money just now. You are a gentleman, and I will trust you. You know that my motto has all along been 'Caution.' Now it is 'Go in and win.' It is *sure*. Send me a word immediately, or it may be too late; and, if you are wise, put a 'lump' on it."

"'That was the infernal document—the death-warrant of all my good prospects. It was the rascal's candour that deceived me. He had all along said, "Be cautious, don't be impatient to launch out;" and now this patient careful villain saw his chance, and advised, "Go in and win." I was quite in a maze at the prospect of bagging a hundred pounds. To win that sum the odds were so short on the horse he mentioned, that fifty pounds had to be risked. But he said that there was no *risk*, and I believed him. I sent him back a telegram at once to execute the commission.

"'The horse lost. I knew it next morning before I was up, for I had sent for the newspaper; and while I was in the midst of my fright, up comes my landlady to say that a gentleman of the name of B—y wished to see me.

"'I had never seen him before, and he seemed an easy fellow enough. He was in a terrible way—chiefly on my account—though heaven only knew how much *he* had lost over the 'sell.' He had come up by express purely to relieve my anxiety, knowing how 'funky' young gentlemen sometimes were over such trifles. Although he had really

paid the fifty in hard gold out of his pocket, he was in no hurry for it. He would take my bill at two months. It would be all right, no doubt. He had conceived a liking for me, merely from my straightforward way of writing. Now that he had had the pleasure of seeing me, he shouldn't trouble himself a fig if the fifty that I owed him was five hundred.

"'I declare to you that I knew so little about bills, that I didn't know how to draw one out; but I was mighty glad to be shown the way and to give it him, and thank him over and over again for his kindness. That was the beginning of my going to the bad. If I hadn't been a fool, I might have saved myself even then, for I had friends who would have lent or given me twice fifty pounds if I had asked them for it. But I *was* a fool. In the course of a day or two I got a note from B—y, reminding me that the way out of the difficulty was by the same path as I had got into one, and that a little judicious 'backing' would set me right before even my bill fell due. And I was fool enough to walk into the snare. I wouldn't borrow to pay the fifty pounds, but I borrowed left and right, of my mother, of my brothers, on all manner of lying pretences, to follow the 'advice' B—y was constantly sending me. When I came to the end of their forbearance, I did more than borrow; but that we won't speak of. In five months from the beginning, I was without a relative who would own me or speak to me, and without an employer—cracked up, ruined. And there's B—y, as I said before, with his white hat cocked on one side of his head, and his gold toothpick, chaffing me about my old boots. What do I do for a living? Well, I've told you such a precious lot, I may as well tell you that too. Where I lodge it's a 'leaving shop,' and the old woman that keeps it can't read or write, and I keep her 'book' for her. That's how I get a bit of breakfast and supper and a bed to lie on.'"

We have little space and less heart to take up the seventh curse, *the waste of charity;* but we must conclude with entreating the tearful prayers of all God's people for our wicked city; by exhorting all lovers of truth and righteousness to bestir themselves; and by asking aid from our own friends, for those efforts which we ourselves are making to educate the orphan, and to instruct a ministry capable, in God's strength, of dealing with these tremendous evils.

Smoke.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

YES, Mr. Editor, Smoke! You say that "it is not suited to your columns, which never contain such matter." Very true. "Your readers don't like smoke." Nor do we; and yet how much of it both you and your readers must put up with in this world! You cannot pass an act of parliament for the universe, and write up, as they do in Continental railway carriages, "No smoking allowed in this compartment." There is a certain amount of nuisance which we must shut our eyes to, and bear as best we may. Not that we wish you to shut your eyes to our paper, but rather that your readers may consider that there is no use in trying to banish out of existence all things that offend, nor

of losing our temper if we cannot succeed in making everyone square into our views upon all questions. Yet we know, for instance, some ministers who cannot make use of a deacon's warm heart and earnest fire of spirit, because he has smoke with it, which makes other people's eyes smart at times, we admit, but which seems to be a part of his being—at least, it is so for the present. Now, what folly to begin by complaints, and trying to correct the wrong without utilising the good! but some people must commence with a general scold all round, to set matters right before they start. What imperfect instruments we are at best; and yet, though we must be offensive to God's holiness, he is pleased to work with us and through us. This should make us tolerant of others' weaknesses. We remember a deacon of considerable influence and talent, just joined to an ill-regulated country church, creating much mischief by trying to put out the smoke at once: the good people trembled for the few sparks of fire, and rose for the defence of the feeble flame, and in the end it was nearly quenched by their unseemly disputes. Now it would have been far better to have fanned the sparks into a flame, and thus have done away with the smoke. To overcome evil with good is the scriptural plan. We were wet through, the other day, in a country walk, and stepped into a lone house to dry ourselves by a turf fire, which was certainly very primitive, and we dare say very wasteful of fuel, and certainly smoked furiously at times; but we rejoiced in its flame. Now, some modern reformers would have commenced by raking out the fire in order to insert a registered stove of latest fashion, which would burn the best of coal with admirable economy, but not the turf from the common, which would there flare out in a few minutes. No, we must let some things alone, and put them away by indirect means, or else, in preventing smoke, we may exhaust the fire. Our Lord permits the tares to grow, rather than run the risk of pulling up wheat. It is no argument, either for tares or smoke, that we leave them; they are evils, but to remove them might mean the creating of yet greater ones, and therefore, for the present, we let them remain.

You think we mean to advocate smoking? No, indeed, we only mean to imply that some amount of smoke appears in this world to be inevitable, and we want to have it rightly dealt with. Our coals will smoke when burning, therefore, we have a chimney, and the point is to make the smoke go up that chimney. Have you succeeded? We have not. Why do chimneys smoke? we mean smoke the wrong way. It is rather a pleasant sight to see the smoke of one's chimney far off when returning home, but oh! to see the other end of that chimney smoking, when you are at home, that is not so pleasant. You know the effect upon your linen of those puffs on a brisk March day, especially if there be any fine muslin about. You have seen the shower of blacks which concludes the scene, and the residne of smuts upon all your choice treasures in the room. We are sure our readers will understand all this, as who has not witnessed it? Well then, do your best to send all smoke up the chimney. Of course, the right thing is to consume your own smoke in a chimney tall enough for the purpose, but if that may not be, then send it up the short chimney out of every one's way. And, moreover, help to send other people's smoke up them too. Some persons

like a row, the smoke of battle is their element. Their favourite text is, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" and like an Irishman in a fair, they are always on the look out for some scuffle. They exaggerate others imperfections, and always put the worst construction upon other's failings. They would gladly shut the register of the stove, so as to compel all the smoke to come down and fill the room. To execrate such people, we can find no words too strong. Take a case we have seen at times. The minister is not so popular as he was, his sermons are not so full of life, and his ministrations are not so acceptable. Perhaps he is in trouble, and needs help, or he may be mentally and physically weary, and requires a rest. There is not so much fire and a little more smoke in his discourses. What is to be done? Pray for him, and aid him through the difficulty is the proper thing. Give him more fuel for the fire, heap some coals upon him and blow cheery words of comfort into him. But this would not suit these individuals, so they pour cold water on him, and go and whisper here and there, "That all is not quite as it need to be, they and many others are dissatisfied." And when they have damaged his energy by sufficient coldness and indifference, they arrange to go and poke him up with a dozen sharp insinuations as to what can be the matter? Does he mean to seek another sphere? Does he think the cause needs a change of ministry? And thus they soon contrive to make more smoke, till all the fire seems to die out, and minister and people become cold and dead. We have seen advertised a "Patent Fire Extinguisher;" and we have known some church members that we would gladly have given away for that purpose. Now all this is as smoke in our nostrils. We would as soon that a man asked us to sit in his house with a smoky chimney, as listen to his slander and faultfinding about his neighbours, and especially about his minister and fellow Christians. Charity thinketh no ill, and we are sure that it speaketh none. Let your fire of love have none of this black sediment and smoke of mischief about it.

We can tolerate smoke if there be any heat, but without some fire we are at a loss to discover its use. Smoke is a nuisance, whether in a room, a church, or a railway carriage; and we know some other things that we abominate as smoke besides what comes from the fire-place. Did you ever listen to the conversation in an ordinary evening party—even the better sort, composed of persons who make some profession of love for higher and holier things? We confess that we have been sickened with the twiddle-twaddle that is sure to make up the staple of the intercourse. All is smoke, and of no use to body, mind, or soul. O that Christians would remember that for every idle word that we speak we must give an account in the day of judgment!

How much of mere verbiage is to be found in many of our devotional exercises! Is that not merely smoke which does not come from the heart, and is not instinct with the fire of true desire? Better bring a few words all in a flame of earnest importunate pleading, than merely smoulder on for half an hour in commonplace repetition of sentences which have no life in them. What a smoke must come up at times from the altar of our chapels in the place of the flame, bright and all-consuming, which ought ever to be there! May God by his Spirit intensify our half-heartedness into true worship at all times.

Perhaps of all things which may be abominated as purely smoke, we may instance the incense, the millinery, and the bobbings about of a high-church ritual, and, for the matter of that, many things in the ordinary church service also. Who regards the duty of sponsors at baptism as anything else than a mere bank of smoke, unsubstantial and useless? As to confirmation, it is as dense a cloud of smoke as ever the church of Rome devised for the blinding of souls. What good can the hands of mortal man confer upon the heads and hearts of youth, who have no faith in Christ, and if they are believers, what do they want with any other priest than the *One* who has perfected for ever them that are sanctified? We were just now reading the church of England's ordination service, and we thought we never saw more smoke from the bottomless pit than is manifest in some parts of it. We agree with the Bishop of Oxford, that the phraseology "is the most blasphemous frivolity, if it be not the deepest truth," and we add that it certainly is not the latter. We quote the words used by the Bishop, while his hands are upon the head of the would-be priest: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God and of his holy sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Now, if that is not smoke of sulphur and brimstone, we know not what is. Mortal man to confer upon his fellow mortal the power of forgiving sin, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Now we turn to some words of the Rev. Henry Melville, to show that even evangelical preachers attach such a value to this ordination, that the office is exalted above common sense, to say nothing about Scripture:—"The ordained preacher is a messenger—a messenger from the God of the whole earth. His mental capacity may be weak—that is nothing. His speech may be contemptible—that is nothing. His knowledge may be circumscribed—we say not that is nothing, but we say that whatever the man's qualifications, he should rest in his office. . . ." Now, is not all that smoke which blinds and deludes, and which we must abominate as of the very essence of popery? What we want is the God-given fire of the Spirit, and without that we care for no office, real or assumed. Away with it as a nuisance and a superstition not to be tolerated in this enlightened age.

One use of smoke is not to be overlooked. We have, near our Tabernacle, an erection made by a wealthy individual, whose amusement it is to attend all the fires about; and in this outlook a man is stationed to watch for smoke which indicates a house on fire. Those who live near a coal mine know too well what a dense cloud of smoke rising up the shaft and mouth of the pit unhappily indicates. Help is required, and men are in distress; perhaps death is plying its awful trade below. There is never any want of interest about a fire in London. A crowd is sure to gather in a few minutes, and where all the small boys spring from at once we have never yet been able to discover. Everyone is arrested and aroused when a house is on fire. Would that the deadly pall of sin, which rises from every street, and hangs darkly

over so many households in our own town, called us to activity at once to put out, by the grace of God, the threatening source of ill. Have you ever been on a ship when the smoke up the hatchway indicated fire on board? Have you seen all faces blanched with fear till the fire was got under, and all danger past? Such activity becomes us in the work of extinguishing the evils which threaten our fellow creatures. How often we may detect such signs of iniquity in our own hearts, or in our churches! We must not wait till the mischief has gained head, and burst out into an open flame. We must at once use all means to crush out the source of ill before it breaks forth into an irresistible flood.

We fancy that some of our readers may have expected an opinion upon the fashion of tobacco smoking, which is growing upon us as a nation. Well, we do not smoke; we think it a most admirable way of raising money for the public exchequer, and we therefore feel a debt of gratitude to those patriotic individuals who contribute so much to our national fund: but as to anything further, we have nothing to say. We offer no opinion as to its use or sense, for as yet we have failed to find either to exercise our judgment upon.

Theatre Preaching.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

A WALK on Sunday evening through some of the purlieus of Bethnal Green would give a far more accurate idea of the moral and spiritual condition of the masses of London than it is possible to convey by the most graphic pen. It seems incredible that in this Christian country, while a few hundreds are worshipping God in places assigned for that purpose, thousands (and those not a few) are outside—men, women and children, whose ignorance of religion and religious observances is so dense, that he must be a persevering man who attempts to enlighten them. And yet, ever and anon we are hearing the old question anxiously and solemnly put, "What shall be done for the masses?" We are sick of the question. It is growing an impertinent one, and a cloak for inaction. What to do, is not difficult, if men had the will to fairly grapple with the evil and the want. How to do it, is not hard to determine, were Christians full of zeal to enter upon the work. But truth to tell—and it is time we did not shrink from the avowal of this truth—there is an unaccountable apathy felt by the church towards movements that are in existence for the evangelisation of the masses. The church of Christ has efforts enough and perhaps to spare, but most of these efforts, instead of being vigorous and enterprising, are weak and infirm, as if suffering already from premature decay. We do not think that all these efforts are wise ones, or that they are necessarily controlled by wise men, or that all the agents are fitted for their work. They have made mistakes in the past, and probably are making them now. Some have been over sanguine and reckless; others timid and useless. Some have sought to proselytise instead of to convert; others have made sensational representations of what they have done, and have done but little; indeed, we have long

found that where the trumpet has been well sounded, and names have been everywhere ostentatiously paraded, there the real work has been insignificant and worthless, while there are a few men, calling themselves preachers and teachers, who actually live upon the money they obtain for charitable purposes, instead of devoting the whole to the object for which they professed to gain it. But yet taking the various agencies on the whole, they are exceedingly creditable to the hearts and heads of those who carry them on; and if they are not more successful, it is from causes that are not far to seek. We find little fault with the machinery: in most instances it works well, and if those who regulate it are not always wise, they are invariably earnest. But those who should keep the machinery going, have failed adequately to do so, and have manifested an indifference that might almost be described as appalling. We are not taking a melancholy view of the case when we assert that were it not for the personal subscriptions of a certain number of godly men and women, most of whom subscribe to more than one object, the efforts of most societies for the evangelisation of the masses would have to be considerably curtailed. All who are engaged in appealing to the Christian public, know well the names of these generous benefactors, who so nobly set their fellow Christians an example which it is a pity they do not copy. What the Christian church needs at the present time is a more equally diffused spirit of charity, and a throwing overboard of the fashion, now so lamentably prevalent, of allowing the few to do the work of the many. It is a shame that a select few of the wealthy should be drained, while the vast majority of Christians scarcely exert themselves at all for the evangelisation of the people outside their own churches. If our churches were capable of doing the work independently of societies which are supported by united churches of various denominations, we should prefer all such efforts to be left to them; such is not as yet the case; and it is therefore imperative that societies should do what the church, in its individual capacity, cannot.

That the remarks we have made are justifiable is not difficult to prove. A statement was made at a conference of ministers held the other day to promote theatre services by the Earl of Shaftesbury, which has pained us deeply, since it reveals in dark hues, the apathy of which we have written. "So limited," the noble earl said, "were the means at the disposal of the committee, that they had not been able to preach the gospel to more than 100,000 of the population of London." We find from a reference to a previous report, that this number is 80,000 less than that of three or four years since. Either this failure is due to want of interest in theatre services, or to an increase of other efforts of a like nature. That such efforts have increased we do not dispute; but to nothing like the extent that would justify such a lamentable decrease. The theatres in which services have been conducted are invariably filled by the working classes. These people are still indisposed to enter chapels, where they believe they are not wanted. A sight of the congregation that assembles on a Sunday evening in any of the poorer theatres is sufficient evidence of the popularity of the services. Working men who never had a Sunday suit of clothes, labouring women dressed in rags in which they seemed to have slept, boys and girls ragged and unkempt, will quietly though half-suspiciously walk into these buildings

and listen attentively to the preaching, but would emphatically and stoutly refuse to enter a building set apart for public worship. Are these people to be thrown into the streets again uncared for? According to Earl Shaftesbury's statement, it seems so. For Christians who sit comfortably on soft cushions and listen to favourite ministers, are growing comparatively careless of the neglected thousands outside.

At the conference referred to, two important topics occupied the serious attention of the brethren present. The Rev. Newman Hall suggested that the audiences at the theatres might advantageously be invited to contribute to the expenses. We think so too. Working people are about the last persons in the world who desire to have their religious wants supplied for nothing. As a rule, it is the miserly rich and grasping and rising tradesman class who err most in this direction: the men whose increasing ambition it is not to be good but to be rich. Let boxes be placed at the door—not plates taken from seat to seat—and a gentle hint be tendered, not in too many words, as if it were a collection at a Methodist chapel—and we believe the result would be satisfactory, at least, in some of the theatres. A more important question still is that of the use of lay agency. On this subject great division of opinion is felt. The society consists of both Evangelical clergymen and Nonconformist ministers, from whom the preachers are chosen. The committee find it difficult to obtain "clerical ministerial supplies" for all the services in the eight theatres now engaged. It has therefore been suggested that laymen should be invited to assist. Such a proposal seems most reasonable. Surely laymen are most likely to gain the ears of the working classes! The poor naturally respect the preacher who "labours, working with his own hands," and they soon learn to place confidence in him. Such men, too, have been greatly honoured of God, have done a work which others have left undone, or felt themselves incapable of doing. We have looked upon their exclusion by the committee as a great blot upon their plans, and a source of weakness which they should endeavour to get rid of. At the conference, two objections were stated to the employment of lay agency. It was objected that if the services were not confined to the regular ministry there would be no guarantee against the introduction of wild heterodox and mischievous teaching. To this Mr. R. C. L. Bevan aptly replied that "as to clerical profession being any guarantee for orthodoxy—why the notion would be perfectly ludicrous, if indeed it were not so sad. The clergy of the Church of England were notoriously unsound, and there was plenty of heresy in the Nonconformist ministry too. Almost all the heresies that had ever existed had been originated by ecclesiastical personages." This testimony is alas! too true. At the same time, would it be so very difficult for a committee to act with ordinary prudence in the choice of lay preachers? Is the orthodoxy of a layman any more difficult to ascertain than that of a parson? We think not, for the divine can becloud his views by the use of theological language to which laymen are unaccustomed. Another objection, if it was not part of the first, was that Plymouth Brethrenism might get possession of the platform. Now, experience has taught us that the intrusion of this element anywhere is so great an evil as to become a scourge and a miasma, and therefore we would rather exclude lay agency

altogether than countenance an influence so deleterious. It is impossible to associate with these effeminate Ishmaelites; they are neither to be argued with, nor countenanced by any who have respect for manly piety. But, again, we ask, if the committee be not infected with this evil, can they not exclude Plymouthism without excluding laymen who are accredited members of Evangelical churches? If not, we should think they are the only committee in the world so utterly helpless.

We feel strongly that a determined effort must be made to carry on and to extend religious services in theatres and similar buildings. Every "penny gaff" should be opened; and if lay preachers are excluded from the larger buildings, the churches should secure for them the smaller ones. The need of such services is as great as when first they were organised. Their popularity is not diminished. The last report of the committee states that "wherever a building has been opened under their direction, thousands of the people who had 'broken clean away' from the ordinary action of the Christian church, have literally flocked to hear the word." One case alone will show this. The Amphitheatre at Holborn was secured for a series of services. One of the missionaries of the City Mission was appointed to superintend the work and to adopt means, by visiting workshops and lodging houses, to get the building filled at least on the first night. "To my knowledge," he says, "there were thousands of men in the neighbourhood, and hundreds of families who never entered a place of worship to attend divine service, and whom no persuasion or entreaties could induce to attend. I could name many that for years past I had tried in vain to induce to attend the means of grace, and whom I could not even persuade to attend my own meeting, whom I felt persuaded could be got into a theatre." And the result has shown that where all other means had failed, this one has succeeded. It is not always easy for persons unaccustomed to mix up with the labouring classes, to understand why such disinclination to enter a church or chapel should be felt. But courageous as artisans generally are, they lack in moral courage in reference to this matter. They cannot endure the "chaffing" of their shopmates. A very remarkable case of this sort is described by a city missionary. "On my district," he writes, "there is an intelligent artisan, who works in a firm where several hundred hands are employed, and out of the whole number only three men have the moral courage to attend divine service in the house of God on the Lord's-day, and these are subject to the derision of their mates, 'Bible-back,' 'Parson' and 'Methodist' being the names given to them. Some of the men employed in this firm will dare to work on the very verge of sudden death who dare not meet the laughter, scorn, and derision of their shopmates." One man sometimes "works in such a dangerous position that the slightest false movement on his part, or a moment's negligence on the part of another, would result in either instantaneous death or mutilation for life. Yet the man who has the courage to work in such a very perilous position for a few shillings a day, dares not go to the house of God on a Sunday for fear of the 'chaff' and derision on Monday, although he is imperilling his soul's salvation thereby."

Without doubt, these special services are appreciated by the class for whom they are intended. They comport more with that free-and-easy

style which is so dear to the average working man. He can smoke his pipe while going to the service; he can talk freely to his "missus" while waiting for the preacher; he can discuss secular subjects there without offence to the occupant of the next seat. He does not feel restrained, or bound down by customs which he dislikes, and by observances to which he is unaccustomed. Not that he is guilty of rowdyism. A better-behaved and more seriously-disposed audience it would not be easy to obtain; but still there is an *abandon* and a feeling of ease which is not always attained by the non-worshipping class when in an ordinary conventicle. Unused to consecutive thinking, our working man indulges in frequent utterances; and he considers it to be no disrespect paid to a speaker if he should whisper to his companion when anything strikes his mind. We have heard some racy yet not rude criticisms from these listeners; and should the speaker give the parsons a wigging for not caring for the working man's interests (a very cheap mode of gaining popularity at some theatre services by lay democrats, who love to have a fling at "the one-man system"), the operation is richly enjoyed. For the working man is tempted to believe that ministers are an exclusive class, which is true indeed of the Church Evangelicals, whose Toryism is rank, and partly true also of the old Wesleyan type of parsons, but is far from being so with the majority of Dissenting ministers. This opinion, however, is considerably less general than it was, for we all move with the times, and the political and ecclesiastical events of the last few years have made it increasingly necessary for ministers of the gospel to take their part in public advocacy of justice. Fourteen years ago, we remember hearing artisans employing revolutionary language against preachers which in times of civil commotion might have led to serious disturbances; but this feeling of bitter antagonism is decreasing. And if it should please God early to free the English Episcopal church from her state bonds, as has just been the case with her Irish sister, we shall not only have introduced social equality among the ministers of Christ, but have removed one of the most potent causes of distaste of religious teachers which keep artisans from their instruction.

The rough and ready mode of criticism in which the attendants at theatre services indulge is not merely amusing, it is just and appreciating. "That fellow gave us some good stuff to-night, Tom." "A stunning sermon, Bill," remarks a knowing-looking customer, who, with his hands in his trowsers pocket, and his wide-awake carelessly thrown on his head, looks as if he had been startled out of, or into, his senses. A common-sense working man, who was evidently a student of the newspapers, once remarked, after a church minister had concluded, "I say, that fellow needn't fear disendowment, he's worth his money anywhere;" a remark which we commend to those good Evangelicals who dread voluntaryism as though it were the "first-born of hell." Another man, after hearing a Nonconformist minister, observed to his companion, "If all the clergymen and ministers would unite together to preach as this man has preached to-night, we'd soon have a different state of things in London." This, indeed, is indicative of a widespread feeling among the non-worshipping classes, that ministers should settle their own theological and ecclesiastical differences among themselves, just as

families settle their domestic squabbles, and not obtrude them to the gaze of such as they. For lack of charity on the part of God's servants has produced more scepticism among the working classes—whose opinion of the ethics of Christianity is much higher sometimes than obtains among our church members—than all the efforts of brazen-faced infidelity.

It is not alone among the respectable artisans that theatre services are popular. The lower classes—street bread-winners—have been prevailed upon to attend them. We have seen many such persons at some of the services held in the Victoria Theatre, which is the costermonger's home on the week-night. Last winter, over one thousand persons crowded Sabbath after Sabbath into the Pavilion Theatre to hear the gospel preached. There were professional beggars, harlots, thieves, swell-mobsmen, street-hawkers, street musicians, costermongers, and habitual drunkards—"the most sinful and vile that the east of London can produce." It was found necessary for policemen to be present in plain clothes. And yet, the demeanour of the "roughs" was excellent. We just imagine the horror with which the presence of such characters would inspire our present congregations. Imagine Miss Prim sitting next to a man in fustian who had brought with him the odour of fried onions! Imagine—oh! as once we more than imagined—the closest propinquity to clothes that smelt strongly of fresh, or rather stale, herrings! It is all very well to invite the people to come "just as they are"—but when they come in dirty, with bristling beards, frousy caps, shiny trousers, buttonless vests, the worse for drink, it is a relief to know that a platform divides you, your clean clothes and white linen, from them. Let not our respectable old deacons, whose dread of innovation is so great, fear the intrusion of such elements into our cushionless seats. They won't come. They know they are not wanted. But—thanks be to God and to the Christ that sought the ill-clad and the vile e'en in the highways and hedges and compelled them to come in—they can be persuaded to enter a theatre, where their presence is not considered an intrusion.

If you ask, why do these people like such services, we reply, because they suit them. "I like the *style* of preaching at the theatre" said a shoemaker once to a city missionary. Some like the sensational style, of course; but it is a fact, that this style is not generally popular. It looks too like acting, and mere acting it often is. "We have not had a sensational sermon," says the missionary at Holborn, "nor fine singing in the whole course. Our preachers have taken their style from the New Testament—earnest, loving, descriptive, pathetic."

The usefulness of such preaching is placed beyond a doubt. The cases of conversion best illustrate the kind of preaching that is most winsome. One preacher, a churchman, preached in Victoria Theatre, a "direct" sermon—*i. e.*, one full of direct appeals to the heart. Four thieves were among the listeners. In a short time three of them left the place, "'cos we can't stand this any longer." The fourth remained, as if spell-bound. So impressed was he with the truths that were preached, that at night when he got home he cried to God for mercy. Somehow, he managed on the following day to find out the preacher's address, and he determined to open his mind to him. The preacher

read to him the words, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators . . . . nor *thieves* . . . . . such were some of you, but ye are washed," etc. "Washed," thought the poor man, "ay, that is what I need." With the first few pence he earned he purchased for twopence a pocket Testament. Reading the words "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life," he felt he could believe and that he could realise the forgiveness he had prayed for. He subsequently became a street dealer of almanacks, and in rejoicing over his abandonment of his old evil habits, he once observed, "We used after a good day, as we called it, to go home and have hot beefsteaks and beer for supper, I don't get that now; but with the little I have, I've got Christ, and oh! that sweetens everything."

Faithful, solemn, preaching—ay, preaching the terrors of the law—the wrath of God—the doom of the impenitent, is owned of God. The prevalent dislike of this awful truth is growing to be a serious matter. Mr. Edward White has recently sneeringly called it "Missionary Theology"—but if missionary efforts are to be successful, this as one of the solemn facts of revealed writ, preached intelligently and wisely (as the Saviour preached it), must have its place in sermons. Neither "enlightened criticism" nor carnal distaste of the truth will extinguish it. And though,

> "Law and terrors do but harden,
> All the while they work alone,"

yet the exhibition of the love of God and the cross of Christ, with the terrors of refusal, do "convert the heart of stone." And this has been peculiarly verified in theatre preaching. "The wrath of God" has led many to escape for their lives. Could some whose conviction of the heinousness of sin hear the terribly graphic descriptions of the soul-agony of some of the converts of theatre and similar services, they would scarcely, as reasonable men, treat lightly that which God in this world punishes so heavily. And if the righteous be scarcely saved—saved through the fire of fierce remorse and maddening despair—what will be the condemnation of the wicked? At a social meeting, a new convert related the following story:—"I have to thank the Christian public for these services. I was in London some two years before the theatre services were commenced; at that time I went to hear Mr. Spurgeon at the Surrey Gardens. I then was in the habit of reviling him, and calling him everything bad I could think of. I called him a hypocrite, and only went to hear him out of daring. I heard him twice at the Gardens, and although I still reviled him, I felt that what he had said had had a great effect on me. I followed his ministry to this hall (Exeter), and attended here regularly for some months every Sunday morning. I was in agony for months through listening to him. I was then led to Sadler's Wells Theatre, and there I first saw the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of my soul. As the poet says, 'It was a joy when first I knew the Lord.' I went home, and I shall never forget that night; I knew then what a blessing it was to have a wife. I knelt before her, and I cried like a child. We were not in the habit of attending any place of worship, but after this I attended the theatre services regularly, and I felt the greatest joy when the missionary said,

'We want helpers here in the theatre, and if any will come forward, we shall only be too glad of their services.' I naturally ran to the work, and I have been happy ever since. Myself, my wife, and my mother, have now joined a church in the neighbourhood of the theatre. I went to the preaching on Clerkenwell-green, and the very man I had reviled at three months before, for holding services on that Green, I now joined and assisted." Many other cases of good done through these services are to be found in the various reports of the Society and of the city missionaries, who are mostly brought into connection with the men after conversion. Enough however has been written for our purpose: these services cannot be dispensed with. They are absolutely essential when we consider what is the spiritual destitution of the metropolis. The object of the committee, as stated in the following paragraph of their last report, has our hearty support:—

"Were the principle of success justifying a measure to be applied to this effort, the committee can with confidence appeal not only to the repeatedly crowded houses, the order and fixed attention of the audiences they have assembled together, but also to the now numerous decided cases of usefulness and real conversion which, under God, have been accomplished at these services. But they decline to have this work so judged. They rest its claim for the sympathy and support of the Christian public on the paramount duty of the church of Christ to do something more than put up a mere signal of invitation to the great gospel feast. Poor, fallen human nature needs something more than this. It must be pressed in to the supper chamber. To bring the great principles of gospel truth into contact with the masses of the people, to lift up in their midst the standard of the cross of Christ, and under this sign bid them fight the battle of their class with society, to scatter broad and deep that 'salt of the earth,' found only in the divine message of Christianity to fallen man, was the original, and is the present purpose of the committee in the institution of these services."

David Paterson.

ANOTHER of the students of the Pastors' College has fallen asleep. On Wednesday, July 14, our brother David Paterson, died after a long illness, borne with great fortitude, at Longmorne, near Elgin, at the age of thirty-one. He was a man capable of considerable, if not high, attainments; but with a modesty that was his especial characteristic, he chose a lowly path, desiring to be faithful to his Master in a humble sphere. His life, though short, is not uninteresting, and not without its lessons. He was a native of Elgin, and was originally a member of the Baptist church in that town. Early in life he began to use his talents for the Master. In the Highlands of Scotland he laboured faithfully, as leisure permitted and opportunity allowed, in preaching the gospel to the poor. His simple, fervent addresses were much appreciated, and were greatly owned of God. Many, through his arousing appeals to their consciences, were brought to confession of sin and trust in Jesus Christ. Indeed, in some quiet spots he was the means of a revival of religion. Careless ones were stricken with alarm and fear

and not a few who had been undecided were brought to full repose on the atoning merits of the Saviour. The writer remembers his recital of the circumstances which led to the excitement awakened at this time by his preaching. Evidently his addresses were somewhat unusually earnest and powerful, for he was regarded by many with considerable suspicion. Some thought him a fanatic and a firebrand, and there were a select few who went so far as to look upon him pretty much as in olden days of superstition simple people regarded witches. Indeed, it was seriously believed that he had bewitched not a few. However, the work was found to be of the Lord, and probably the lessons of that time led to serious thoughts of the ministry. He was welcomed to Mr. Spurgeon's College, and here he enjoyed for awhile the advantages of that institution.

Before his term had expired he sought to enter upon the full work of preaching the gospel. From the first to the last he believed that he was best fitted for evangelistic work among the poor. He never aspired beyond that. He had been blessed to the poor, he had lived among them, had shared their hardships, and understood their needs, their peculiar temptations, and faitings, and objections to religious teaching; and he counted it to be the greatest honour God could bestow upon him that he should be employed as a preacher to the working and poorer classes. His whole soul was wrapped up in this great ambition. He had caught the spirit of the Saviour in his intense desire to seek the lost. Accordingly, instead of waiting for an invitation from some Baptist church, he sought to create a sphere of usefulness after his own heart. He chose Kingsland, and finding a large old chapel vacant, formerly belonging to the Independents, he hired it on his own responsibility. The neighbourhood was probably not one of the best for him. There was, it is true, a considerable number of poor people and of artisans, but the major portion of the inhabitants were of another class. For these persons there were able ministers around; but our friend believed that a special effort was necessary on behalf of the lowly. It was his misfortune that he commenced in too large a building, which it was not easy to fill, and the rent of which was necessarily higher than his pecuniary resources would allow. It is greatly to his credit that he determined to persevere in the face of all obstacles. His congregation at first might almost have been counted on the fingers; but it increased very quickly. He visited the homes of the poorest, gave tracts to the costermonger classes, and invited them to his services; he preached in the open air, and in cottages, and laboured with great assiduity to found the new cause. We know few other men who have worked more zealously and with greater and more painful self-denial to bring the poor under the influence of the gospel than our departed friend. He had little Christian sympathy in his efforts and but small pecuniary help; the few church members gave liberally to the cause, so far as their means allowed; but the expenses were very heavy for so small an effort, and the merest trifle remained for the minister. He was too independent and too retiring to solicit aid where aid might have been granted; and the consequence was, though his intimate friends did not know it, he endured many hardships and privations. His reticence on this subject was always so great that it was only by independent enquiry that the fact was learned. By his own exertions he tried to

obtain a livelihood that he might preach the gospel to the poor; and for long months he existed on the merest pittance, and we fear was no stranger even to hunger itself. The chapel having shown signs of weakness in its walls, it was condemned, and he was compelled to vacate it for the Luxembourg Hall. His health was at this time so endangered, by care and self-denials, that he was persuaded to seek country air. But alas! the mischief was done. Signs of consumption appeared. Still there was strength left, and, as he hoped, fair opportunities before him of being useful in God's vineyard.

Fourteen months before his death he commenced preaching to a number of Baptists who met in a small chapel in Oxford. He was invited to accept the pastorate, and in September last year he was fully recognised as the minister. The church gradually increased under his care, and would have done so even more but for his ill health, which it was feared from the first would prove fatal. Through his exertions, he obtained a large chapel for his people, which was built by the late Mr. Bulteel, a minister of the Established Church, who years age seceded on conscientious grounds. This freehold building will seat over one thousand persons, and with chapel-house and grounds it was bought for £1,500. Through the aid rendered promptly and kindly by Mr. Spurgeon, it was agreed to purchase the building, towards which nearly £500 have been raised. Had it not been for the persevering efforts of Mr. Paterson, this chapel would probably have been sold to the High Church party, who were anxious to give more for it than the sum for which it was offered the little church. This chapel will, at least, be a memento of his zeal in Oxford in his last days, while his memory will live in the hearts of the flock to whom he faithfully preached the word of God. By them he was greatly esteemed. He lived a godly, sincere, simple, unselfish life. An amiable temper, conciliatory—though, when necessary, firm—tender as a woman, loving as a friend, he was everywhere respected and admired. His holy life and conduct were even more successful than his preaching. For latterly he was too ill to preach much, and when he did attempt it, the sight was painful to witness.

There are other martyrs than those who have died at the stake: men and women who, for the sake of the souls of their fellow creatures, expose their lives to disease and premature decay. We have no hesitation in saying that our departed brother was one of them. It was in vain that he was urged to relinquish the effort in Kingsland, surrounded by so many difficulties and involving so many hardships and so much self-denial. He determined to wrestle with the sin and misery of London life, and the issue was—the shattering of a fine constitution, and the inroads of a disease which no medical art can cure. And so, leaving a church behind that loved him well, and cheerfully and untiredly sought to alleviate his sufferings, he went home to his native hamlet, to his aged mother, to die!

On his death-bed, he sent a message to his church and congregation, assuring them that the truths he had set forth in the pulpit were at that time a source of rich consolation to his heart. His sufferings at the last were exceeding great, as is frequently the case with strong persons dying of consumption. But he now rests in the Lord, free

from life's sufferings and burdens; his gentle spirit surrounded by kindred minds. Rest there, beloved friend! where the surges of sin cease to roll—where all that thy heart so passionately desired is found in perfection! Rest, for thy sufferings are o'er and thy conflict is passed! Already hast thou heard thy Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It was on this passage that his funeral sermon was preached, by Mr. Edward Leach, at the special request of the church. The scene was very solemn indeed. There were between eight and nine hundred persons present at the service, many of whom wept for the loss of a minister whose godly life had won the respect and admiration even of those unaccustomed to hear his voice.

Our friend's life conveys to us this lesson—no mean one, as we believe. He was faithful in little things. He was not a man of sparkling abilities. He was not destined to shine. He never succeeded in inscribing his name on the rolls of fame. No newspapers trumpeted his worth. He won no honours in the halls of learning. His classical acquirements were few; his literary, scientific, and philosophic gifts very small. He never attracted crowds to hang upon his lips. He never startled his hearers with his oratory, nor moved them by his fiery fervour, nor charmed them with his rhetoric, nor awed them by his learning! But, better far, he was faithful; not to another man's talents, but to his own; not to the large garden which had been given to another man to till, but to his own—a small plot, uncomely perhaps, and insignificant in dimensions, but dearer to him than all besides. We would that all Christians understood this. Men are tempted to faithlessness by attempting to imitate other people's gifts. They are more anxious to shine illustriously than to be simply faithful; more ambitious of winning human applause by some grand sensational display, than of seeking the Master's smile of approval for fidelity to grace bestowed. Let each be faithful to his own gift. God requires no more; he will be satisfied with nought less. It is better to be faithful as a doorkeeper in the house of our God, than to be faithless in the pulpit; better to hear the Saviour say, "Well done, good and *faithful* servant," than to listen to the world's flattering verdict of, "Well done, great and *illustrious* genius!"

Faith.

FAITH is no weakly flower,
By sudden blight, or heat, or stormy shower
To perish in an hour!

But rich in hidden worth,
A plant of grace, though striking root in earth,
It boasts a hardy birth.

Still from its native skies
Draws energy which common shocks defies,
And lives where nature dies!

E. CASWALL, English Author of "Jesus, the very thought of thee," 1869

The Warmth of the Sun of Righteousness.*

BY JOHN SHEFFEILD.

THE highest property in the sun is his most comfortable *warmth*. His greatness is commended by his glory, glory by his light, and light by this we now speak of, warmth. It is a shining and a burning light, of whose heat we read oft in Scripture, "When the sun waxed hot." Exod. xvi. 21. "By that time the sun be hot." 1 Sam. xi. 9. Which property makes this creature a great resemblance of our Sun of Righteousness in many particulars.

1. It is the sole property of the sun (of all the heavenly bodies) to *give heat*. The moon and stars have their glory, give their measure of light, give not the least heat. That is the sun's work. Christ is the garden enclosed, and the well sealed, of grace to quicken, of comfort to revive the soul. No angel, minister or ordinances can; they are of use, and can give light, but not warmth; the law and knowledge of God came by Moses and the prophets; but grace and peace come only by Jesus Christ.

2. The sun's *light* is of more large extent than his warmth; many see his light who feel not his heat; his light reacheth those who are far off and lie in the shade; his warmth those only who are nearer, whom it taketh into closer embraces (it is in his wings, not beams) and beholdeth with a direct face, and who are a longer space under it. Christ may impart common illumination to those who are far off; but his grace and peace and love he imparts to them only who are nearer to him, more dearly embraced, whom he setteth his eyes and heart upon, spreading his skirt and wings over them. Thus doth "he manifest himself to them otherwise than to the world." Many there are enlightened as by a winter sun, who have also "tasted of the word of God," but were never warmed at the heart with the love and Spirit of Christ, who therefore fall away, and as the stony ground, for lack of root and moisture, hold not out.

3. The sun's *warmth* is a higher kind of heavenly (and divine) heat, than is in all the creatures beside; fire and clothes, warm, but not as the sun. Warm water in winter will not make trees to grow: let the husbandman graft, plant, cut, prune, dig, dung, water—no fruit comes of it till the sun's warmth brings it out. The prophet's staff laid on the child's face, or if it had been broken on his back, brings no heat. But the prophet lying face to face, and stretching himself on the dead child, his warmth brought in warmth and life into that child before dead.

The hen's wing hath another heat to *form*, bring forth and hatch

* From that rare work "The Rising Sun: or the Sun of Righteousness shining upon the Sons of Unrighteousness. A Theological Sun-dial, wherein is to be seen the rising, motion, influence, and manifold operations of Christ upon the soul, under that clear and glorious resemblance of the sun. As also, the description of the true believer, in whom are to be found but the least measures and sparks of grace, which are here discovered and cherished. As also the highest degrees and full growth in grace are here delineated and furthered. By John Sheffeild, Preacher of the Gospel at Swithins, London."

the chickens at first, and to recover them when drooping, than any other heat can have.

Now, as Christ and the sun are alike for these *properties* in their heat, so in their *operations*.

1. The sun's warmth (not light) dries up the rain, dries the fens and highways overflown with water, dissolves rocks of ice, thaws mountains of snow, turns *mare congelatum* into *mare pacificum*, *mare clausum* into *mare liberum*, which no fire or engine on earth, or all the light in heaven could not do. It is Christ's approach dries up the dirt and mends our ways. At his approach fens and floods of ungodliness are dried up, as when he once went through the Red Sea and Jordan. He breaks the hardest heart, which no tool, art, pains, terrors and fire of hell, and light of heaven could do. Zaccheus as a mountain of snow melted, and the thief on the cross as a rock of ice dissolved, when this sun broke out upon them: therefore the church prayeth, "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil. Thou camest down, the mountains flowed at thy presence." The sun's heat hath a *dissolving* and *mollifying* virtue.

2. The sun's heat (not light) at spring produceth various creatures, which are not engendered by propagation, but owe their being wholly and immediately to the sun; neither do they live longer than the sun's abiding in those climes in his strength and vigour. All our graces in their first production in the new creature, owe their very being, and afterwards their preservation to Christ: nature hath no hand in this work. And all our comforts depend only on Christ's approach and abode with us. "Without me ye can do nothing." The sun hath also a *creating* and *forming* power in it.

3. As the sun produceth some new, so it reduceth, recovereth, and restoreth, by a redeeming kind of virtue, others of the creatures. To the withered grass, to the seeds, herbs, plants, trees, it gives a new resurrection: to the fields another face; to the earth another garment. The sun's warmth makes fish, fowl, beasts, breed and multiply. Christ, by his return, recovereth decayed grace, peace, and comfort, and causeth a new and rich increase of spiritual life. It hath a *redeeming* and *recovering* virtue also.

4. The heat (not light) of the sun makes the creatures grow; trees shoot at the spring. Rain falls all winter in vain till the sun's approach, which then maketh good use of all the winter rain, frosts, and snow, for the good of the creatures. All pains, instructions, corrections, reproofs, terrors, judgments, mercies, ordinances, are in vain till Christ himself approach. He can make good use of all. It hath a *fructifying* virtue we see.

5. The spring sun's warmth gives growth. The summer sun's greater and longer continuing heat, gives ripeness and perfection to the fruits and seeds sown; Christ's nearer coming and making his abode with us, is that which brings judgment unto victory, grace unto perfection, peace unto completeness, and brings in the full harvest of joy to the waiting Christian. Rain falls in winter, fills the earth, fouls the ways; but without fruit, for want of this enlivening heat. But the

summer sun converts the falling showers into fruitfulness, and his gleams causeth them to ripen the fruits and hasten harvest. How untoward are we under all ordinances and dispensations, left to ourselves? But how doth Christ convert the crossest providences, coldest storms, and soaking showers, of affliction, into a means to ripen and better us? Thus it hath a *ripening* virtue.

6. By reason of this warmth, the creatures are refreshed and delighted. They sport and lie basking themselves in the sun; they leap and play. The colder creatures, as swallows and the like, feeling the benefit of the sun, and knowing their want, observe the sun's motion, come and go with it, stay not behind it, because they cannot live without it. So do the godly joy at the presence, know not whither to go in the absence of Christ; after him they seek, with him stay, he departing, like Israel when the cloud removed, they pack up and follow; herein the Christian resembling that admirable sun-loving flower, lotos, whereof our English Du Bartas writes thus:—

> "For lo, so soon as in the western seas
> Apollo sinks in silver Euphrates,
> The lotos dives deeper and deeper, ay
> Till midnight, then remountest toward day;
> But not above the water till the sun
> Doth re-ascend above the horizon.
> So ever true to Titan's radiant flame,
> That rise he, fall he, it is still the same."

It hath an *exhilarating* and *reviving* virtue.

7. It is the light of the sun which dispels darkness, but it is his warmth that disperseth mists, chaseth fogs, and draws up the vapours. It may be common illumination may drive away ignorance, and fill the mind with some general knowledge; but Christ's love is that which breaketh through the interposing fogs to the heart, and draweth up those earthy affections towards himself. It hath an *attractive* virtue.

8. The sun's light causeth only an outward alteration in the face of the air and superficies of the earth; but it is the strength of his heat which penetrates the heart of the earth, and the depths of the sea; and in the one engendereth those pearls, in the other those precious stones, jewels, and mines of gold and silver. So may the bare light of the gospel make an apparent change in the face, speech, and outward carriage of a hypocrite; but the heat and strength of the piercing beams of Christ's grace and Spirit work the true inward and mighty change, and breed those rich mines of grace, faith, love, sincerity, etc., in the hidden man of the heart, and turn clods of earth into gold and rubies. Behold the *alterative* virtue of Christ and the sun!

9. The sun's warmth and heat hath an excellent clarifying and purifying virtue in it; therefore we set out in May and in the summer sun many things to be purged and brought to their perfection. And how doth it purge and clarify the spirit, to be under the warm beams of Christ's presence and favour! and how admirably is the impurity of the heart extracted, and the heart refined by this heat! It is full of *clarifying* and *refining* virtue.

1. This informs us what a vast difference there is between Christ's teaching and man's, as much as between the sun and stars. They give

light, he heat: man persuades, Christ draws; or as between winter and summer showers: they drown and foul the earth, and make it freeze, these make it fruitful. Moses made an Ethiopian his wife, but could not make his wife not to be an Ethiopian when he had done. Man's teaching is like man's hewing a stone; he may smooth it, but he cannot make it soft. Christ's teaching turns stone into flesh. Man, by education or better instruction, may take a thorn out of the field where it was noisome, and set it in the hedge, where it is of use—men may make men useful for societies. Christ turns this thorn into a myrtle. Hence see the difference to be found among so many hearers; the difference is not in the ground, nor in the seed, but in the Sun and Seedsman. Many are called, few chosen. All with Paul saw the light, Paul only heard the voice. All were stricken down, he only converted. All Israel saw the fire, heard the same voice of words and thunder that Moses did, his face only shone; he had nearer approaches of God unto his soul. Then did the disciples' hearts burn within them when this Sun was so near, and gave light to the darker Scriptures.

It was the sun, not the wind, which got off the traveller's cloak: it is the love of Christ, not law's terror, that maketh sin to be laid by. His love is cords, his love is chains, his love constrains and draws. "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."

Moses speaks of the precious fruits brought forth by the sun. Where the sun's heat is most predominant, there are the richest metals, the sweetest spices, the rarest fruits, the most precious jewels. There is not in the east and Africa any quicksilver, very little iron, but these meaner metals of brass, iron, lead, are mainly in the northern countries; they have gold as naturally and abundantly as in our countries lead and iron. Where this sun is near and vertical, what fruitfulness is here over all others! What precious things doth this sun bring forth! "For brass I will bring gold, and for iron silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron." Isaiah lx. 17.

2. It lets us see what difference between the comforts of Christ's giving, and those which flow from the creature. He that leaveth this fountain to drink of those cisterns, goeth from God's blessing into the warm sun (as we say); but he that hath drunk of those, and afterwards tastes of this, finds he is come from the freezing shady side into the cheering sun side. The sun is *calor cœlestis*, the most kindly heat, Christ's the most kindly comforts. The fire in winter heats for awhile, afterwards makes more chill. Strong water at present warms, but afterwards leaves the stomach cooler. "The end of carnal joy is heaviness." The sun's is the cheering and the lasting heat; it heats and alters the air without, and it alters the temper of our bodies, that we need less fire and apparel. The comfort had from creatures is presently gone; Christ's alters the temper of our spirits, and abides much longer. The greatest inward heater is wine, and the greatest outward is fire. Christ's love and comfort warm more than both. "Thy love is better than wine." Cant. i. 2. "The coals of love are coals of juniper which hath a most vehement flame." Cant. viii. 6.

There are nine differences observable between the comforts of Christ's giving, and other comforts.

(1.) His are *soul purifying*, whereas others defile it. Carnal mirth

lets out all the spirits into looseness. "They sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." They did "eat, and drink, and curse." But godly and spiritual comfort makes the heart serious, savoury, dilates the heart to receive more graces, expelleth what is noisome, and is of the same operation with godly sorrow; whose "sadness of countenance makes the heart better." "Walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," are joined together.

(2.) *Soul pacifying.* His comfort and presence give richest peace. First, his love lets in joy, and joy brings in peace; these three sit down together, and this trinity of blessings make up the unity and perfection of blessedness, the love of the Father, the joy of the Son, the peace of the Holy Ghost. Other joy corrodes and gnaws the heart, hath an ill farewell, and leaveth it in sadness.

(3.) *Soul satisfying.* Corn, wine, oil, lands, moneys, satisfy not the narrow eyes, much less the enlarged heart. Man still cries with the horseleech, "Give, give, give more, give better." The Christian's life consists not in these; as the beasts and the more brutish worldlings do, who drink both in the same trough, and feed on the same husks. Theirs is a hungry joy, this a filling joy: "His strength shall be hunger-bitten," Job xviii. 12; but John xvi. 24, "Your joy shall be full;" "In thy presence is fulness of joy," and the heart full of this joy saith not with Esau in a bravado, "I have enough," but with Jacob and Paul, "I have all, and abound, I am full," &c. Phil. iv. 18. "As having nothing, yet possessing all things."

(4.) *Soul quickening*, making the soul active, vigilant, fit to pray, sing, praise, fit for duty, suffering, dying. Godly men are never so fit for duty, never so prepared to die as with these comforts. The martyrs have gone singing and dancing with these to the flames. When Judas was gone out to fetch the officers to apprehend Christ, then did Christ rejoice, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, now shall God be glorified in him. God shall first be glorified in him, then straightway glorify him in himself." This puts that "Spirit of glory and of God upon the saints.

The wicked man's joy is intoxicating, stupifying, besotting, as Haman's, Belshazzar's, Benhadad's; they eat, drink, feast, and are flushed with fleshly delights; they run desperately upon danger, as Benhadad, or Gaal, the son of Ebed; much like the horse rushing into the battle, and crying, "Aha," at the sound of the trumpet, or else besotted; they eat, drink, sleep, spend their days in peace, and in a moment go down quick into hell, like Solomon's ox, who is going to the slaughter, or those in Jeremiah, who die like lambs. "In their heat I will make their feasts, and make them drunken, that they may rejoice and sleep a perpetual sleep, and not awake, saith the Lord. I will bring them down like lambs to the slaughter, like rams with the goats." Danger is never nearer than when the wicked cry, "Peace, peace." Never is he less fit for death, or dies so miserably, as when overcharged with his joys.

(5.) *Soul raising* to God, towards heaven, in thankfulness, love, praise, dependence, submission, total resignation of self—these give wings. Christ is now higher, grace, the promise and salvation are sweeter; glory and eternity are more precious; and earthly pleasures, profits, and

honours fall lower in his esteem. Whereas worldly joys, as worldly sorrows, are heart-sinking, debasing, depressing.

(6.) *Soul strengthening:* "The joy of the Lord is your strength." This strengthens a soul in grace, and to duty, in faith, patience, waiting, and in prayer. Carnal joy sets men far off from God; they never depart further, and never say to God, "Depart from us," so much as then. In sorrow they are less desperate; Pharaoh, Ahab, Jehoiakim (such wild asses) may be taken in their mouth: "I spake to thee in thy prosperity, and thou wouldst not hear; this hath been thy manner from thy youth. But how gracious will thou be when pangs come upon thee?" Look how much carnal sorrow brings men nearer to God than carnal joy; so doth spiritual joy as much more than spiritual sorrow: therefore in heaven there shall be all graces, yet no spiritual sorrow, but all spiritual joy, because there all is ripe; sorrow here is but the seed, joy is the ripe fruit.

(7.) *Solid:* not a flash, as the fire of thorns, but joys maintained with joys, joy leading to joy, a standing boundless joy; and ending in endless joy; whereas the wicked man's joy is brewed with sorrow, compassed with it, tends to it, and ends in it, but hath itself no end.

(8.) *Unmixed.* Other joy muddy, impure, mixed with sin, guilt, and gripes of conscience, and when ready to run over, cooled with the hand-writing upon the wall, the remembrance of sin, the apprehension of God's wrath. Spiritual joy is the purest thing in the world; as the light of the sun, light without darkness; as his warmth, pure without smell or smoke.

(9.) *Permanent*, never eclipsed, not by any disease or danger threatening death (2 Cor. i. 12), nor by any distress. 2 Cor. vi. 10, "As sorrowing but alway rejoicing;" (John xvi. 22), "Your joy shall no man take from you." They must needs swim in joy whom Christ holds up by the chin. And as Joseph's bow, so the Christian's joy must needs abide in strength when he hath such a wall at his back, and such a well at his foot. At this Beer-la-hai-roi Hagar may fill her empty bottle as oft as she will, and thirst no more.

3. This directs what to do when we complain we cannot profit, and do not thrive; the heart yields not, the sin decays not. Go to Christ, desire to be under the direct beams of the sun. Trees thrive not in the shady side. Cry, "Blow, O north wind, and breathe, O south wind, distil, O rains, and look out, thou sun, upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my Beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits." Hast thou a heart that will not yield under judgments? his love can melt it. The manna dissolved by the sun's gentle heat, that was hardened and dried in the oven or boiling pot. Whom the furnace of judgments burn, and the oven heated with wrath doth bake and harden, the melting love of Christ doth mollify. The last and sorest vial upon sin, which ends the mystery of iniquity, and finisheth Satan's kingdom, is poured from the sun. The brightness of Christ's appearing is the destruction of Antichrist, and is that which alone destroys the works of the devil in the heart. Cry out, therefore, with the church, "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, and come, and make this mountain melt, and this rock flow at thy presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil. As

thou didst of old at Mount Sinai, when thou didst terrible things that we looked not for." Is my heart harder than the rock, higher than Mount Sinai? break this rock, cast down this mountain. Though I have had my part of terrors, and been brayed with the pestle of afflictions, though I have not wanted for light, yet my heart yields not, my heart freezeth in the shade, in the midst of noonday light, as in the depth of winter. One thing only remains, and the work is done. Shine out, thou Sun of Righteousness, and with the warm beams of thy favour melt these rocks of ice, and bring down these mountains of snow. "Thou causeth thy Spirit and warmer breath to blow, and the waters flow." (Psalm cxlvii. 18.)

4. Comfort to them that have Christ near to them. They are like those countries near the line, they shall have a perpetual spring, no autumn; a constant summer, no winter in their year, but a renewed and successive harvest. These shall never want grace sufficient, and peace necessary. Their tree casteth not leaf, nor loseth fruit. Christ will be both sun and shield; he will go with you in trouble. In the fire he will be a shield to keep you from burning; in the water a sun to warm you, and keep you from shaking. So he was to Jacob, the heat by day burnt him not, and frost by night starved him not. "The Lord will create upon every dwelling place in Mount Sion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And there shall be a tabernacle in the day time for a shadow from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."

The Broken Head.

WE were riding along in the afternoon of a lovely but blazing day from Varallo to Riva, and to quench our thirst on the road we carried with us some bottles of an excellent lemonade. The empty bottles were of no use to us, and one of them was given to a friend on the box seat of the carriage to throw away. He happened to be the essence of gentleness and liberality, and seeing two very poor peasant women trudging along with huge empty baskets strapped on their backs, he thought it would delight them if he dropped the bottle into one of their receptacles; a bottle being far more a godsend there than in England. Alas for our friend's happiness during the whole of the next twenty-four hours! The motion of the carriage made him miss his aim, and the bottle fell on the head of the woman instead of into her basket. There was a shrill cry and a good deal of blood and speedy faintness. Of course, we were all in an instant binding up the wound with silver, and our friend we feel sure used golden ointment, so that the poor old creature would have cheerfully had her head broken ten times to receive such a sum as she obtained by way of solatium; but still the accident saddened us all, and especially our dear tender-hearted friend from whose hand the missile was dropped. How often has his case been ours! We meant to cheer a troubled conscience, and instead thereof we wounded it yet more. We intended nothing but love, but our words gave pain; we had miscalculated, and missed our aim. This has both astonished us and caused us the deepest regret. Yet such a blunder has made us the more careful, and has humbled us under a sense of our readiness to err, and moreover it has led us to be still more liberal in the use of that precious treasure of the gospel, which easily recompenses for all our blundering. Loving reader, be careful with your kindnesses, but be not too much depressed should they fail to comfort. The Lord knows your intentions.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLII.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician, Maschil, for the sons of Korah.—*Dedicated to the Master of Music, this Psalm is worthy of his office; he who can sing best can have nothing better to sing. It is called* Maschil, *or an instructive ode; and full as it is of deep experimental expressions, it is eminently calculated to instruct those pilgrims whose road to heaven is of the same trying kind as David's was. It is always edifying to listen to the experience of a thoroughly gracious and much afflicted saint.*

That choice band of singers, the sons of Korah, *are bidden to make this delightful Psalm one of their peculiars. They had been spared when their father and all his company, and all the children of his associates were swallowed up alive in their sin. (Num. xxvii. 11.) They were the spared ones of sovereign grace. Preserved, we know not why, by the distinguishing favour of God, it may be surmised that after their remarkable election to mercy, they became so filled with gratitude that they addicted themselves to sacred music in order that their spared lives might be consecrated to the glory of God. At any rate, we who have been rescued as they were from going down into the pit, out of the mere good pleasure of Jehovah, can heartily join in this Psalm, and indeed in all the songs which show forth the praises of our God and the pantings of our hearts after him. Although David is not mentioned as the author, this Psalm must be the offspring of his pen; it is so Davidic, it smells of the son of Jesse, it bears the marks of his style and experience in every letter. We could sooner doubt the authorship of the second part of Pilgrim's Progress than question David's title to be the composer of this Psalm.*

SUBJECT.—*It is the cry of a man far removed from the outward ordinances and worship of God, sighing for the long-loved house of his God; and at the same time it is the voice of a spiritual believer, under depressions, longing for the renewal of the divine presence, struggling with doubts and fears, but yet holding his ground by faith in the living God. Most of the Lord's family have sailed on the sea which is here so graphically described. It is probable that David's flight from Absalom may have been the occasion for composing this Maschil.*

DIVISION.—*The structure of the song directs us to consider it in two parts which end with the same refrain;* 1—5 *and then* 6—11.

EXPOSITION.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

4 When I remember these *things*, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

1. "*As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*" As after a long drought the poor fainting hind longs for the streams, or rather as the hunted hart instinctively seeks after the river to lave its smoking flanks and to escape the dogs, even so my weary, persecuted soul pants after the

Lord my God. Debarred from public worship, David was heartsick. Ease he did not seek, honour he did not covet, but the enjoyment of communion with God was an urgent need of his soul; he viewed it not merely as the sweetest of all luxuries, but as an absolute necessity, like water to a stag. Like the parched traveller in the wilderness, whose skin bottle is empty, and who finds the wells dry, he must drink or die—he must have his God or faint. His *soul*, his very self, his deepest life, was insatiable for a sense of the divine presence. As the hart brays so his soul prays. Give him his God and he is as content as the poor deer which at length slakes its thirst and is perfectly happy; but deny him his Lord, and his heart heaves, his bosom palpitates, his whole frame is convulsed, like one who gasps for breath, or pants with long running. Dear reader, dost thou know what this is, by personally having felt the same? It is a sweet bitterness. The next best thing to living in the light of the Lord's love is to be unhappy till we have it, and to pant hourly after it—hourly, did I say? thirst is a perpetual appetite, and not to be forgotten, and even thus continual is the heart's longing after God. When it is as natural for us to long for God as for an animal to thirst, it is well with our souls, however painful our feelings. We may learn from this verse that the eagerness of our desires may be pleaded with God, and the more so, because there are special promises for the importunate and fervent.

2. "*My soul.*" All my nature, my inmost self. "*Thirsteth.*" Which is more than hungering; hunger you can palliate, but thirst is awful, insatiable, clamorous, deadly. O to have the most intense craving after the highest good! this is no questionable mark of grace. "*For God.*" Not merely for the temple and the ordinances, but for fellowship with God himself. None but spiritual men can sympathise with this thirst. "*For the living God.*" Because he lives, and gives to men the living water; therefore we, with greater eagerness, desire him. A dead God is a mere mockery; we loathe such a monstrous deity; but the ever-living God, the perennial fountain of life and light and love, is our soul's desire. What are gold, honour, pleasure, but dead idols? May we never pant for these. "*When shall I come and appear before God?*" He who loves the Lord loves also the assemblies wherein his name is adored. Vain are all pretences to religion where the outward means of grace have no attraction. David was never so much at home as in the house of the Lord; he was not content with private worship; he did not forsake the place where saints assemble, as the manner of some is. See how pathetically he questions as to the prospect of his again uniting in the joyous gathering! How he repeats and reiterates his desire! After his God, his Elohim (his God to be worshipped, who had entered into covenant with him), he pined even as the drooping flowers for the dew, or the moaning turtle for her mate. It were well if all our resortings to public worship were viewed as appearances before God, it would then be a sure mark of grace to delight in them. Alas, how many appear before the minister, or their fellow men, and think that enough! "To see the face of God" is a nearer translation of the Hebrew; but the two ideas may be combined—he would see his God and be seen of him: this is worth thirsting after!

Verse 3.—"*My tears have been my meat day and night.*" Salt meats, but healthful to the soul. When a man comes to tears, constant tears, plenteous tears, tears that fill his cup and trencher, he is in earnest indeed. As the big tears stand in the stag's eyes in her distress, so did the salt drops glitter in the eyes of David. His appetite was gone, his tears not only seasoned his meat, but became his only meat, he had no mind for other diet. Perhaps it was well for him that the heart could open the safety valves; there is a dry grief far more terrible than showery sorrows. His tears, since they were shed because God was blasphemed, were "honourable dew," drops of holy water, such as Jehovah putteth into his bottle. "*While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?*" Cruel taunts come naturally from coward minds. Surely they might have left the mourner alone; he could weep no more than he

did—it was a supererogation of malice to pump more tears from a heart which already overflowed. Note how incessant was their jeer, and how artfully they framed it! It cut the good man to the bone to have the faithfulness of his God impugned. They had better have thrust needles into his eyes than have darted insinuations against his God. Shimei may here be alluded to who after this fashion mocked David as he fled from Absalom. He roundly asserted that David was a bloody man, and that God was punishing him for supplanting Saul and his house; his wish was father to his thought. The wicked know that our worst misfortune would be to lose God's favour, hence their diabolical malice leads them to declare that such is the case. Glory be to God, they lie in their throats, for our God is in the heavens, ay, and in the furnace too, succouring his people.

Verse 4.—"*When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me.*" When he harped upon his woes his heart melted into water and was poured out upon itself. God hidden, and foes raging, a pair of evils enough to bring down the stoutest heart! Yet why let reflections so gloomy engross us, since the result is of no value: merely to turn the soul on itself, to empty it from itself into itself is useless, how much better to pour out the heart before the Lord! The prisoner's treadwheel might sooner land him in the skies than mere inward questioning raise us nearer to consolation. "*For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God.*" Painful reflections were awakened by the memory of past joys; he had mingled in the pious throng, their numbers had helped to give him exhilaration and to awaken holy delight, their company had been a charm to him as with them he ascended the hill of Zion. Gently proceeding with holy ease, in comely procession, with frequent strains of song, he and the people of Jehovah had marched in reverent ranks up to the shrine of sacrifice, the dear abode of peace and holiness. Far away from such goodly company the holy man pictures the sacred scene and dwells upon the details of the pious march. "*With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.*" The festive noise is in his ears, and the solemn dance before his eyes. Perhaps he alludes to the removal of the ark and to the glorious gatherings of the tribes on that grand national holy day and holiday. How changed his present place! For Zion, a wilderness; for the priests in white linen, soldiers in garments of war; for the song, the sneer of blasphemy; for the festivity, lamentation; for joy in the Lord, a mournful dirge over his absence.

> "I sigh to think of happier days
> When thou, O God, wast nigh,
> When every heart was tuned to praise;
> And none more blest than I."

When in a foreign land, amid the idolatries of Popery, we have felt just the same home-sickness for the house of the Lord which is here described; we have said "Ziona, Ziona, our holy and beautiful house, when shall I see thee again? Thou church of the living God, my mother, my home, when shall I hear thy psalms and holy prayers, and once again behold the Lord in the midst of his people?" David appears to have had a peculiarly tender remembrance of *the singing* of the pilgrims, and assuredly it is the most delightful part of worship and that which comes nearest to the adoration of heaven. What a degradation to supplant the intelligent song of the whole congregation by the theatrical prettinesses of a quartett, the refined nicetics of a choir, or the blowing off of wind from inanimate bellows and pipes! We might as well pray by machinery as praise by it.

5. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul?*" As though he were two men, the psalmist talks to himself. His faith reasons with his fears, his hope argues with his sorrows. These present troubles, are they to last for ever? The rejoicings of my foes, are they more than empty talk? My absence from the solemn feasts, is that a perpetual exile? Why this deep depression, this faithless fainting, this chicken-hearted melancholy? As Trapp says, "David chideth David out of the dumps;" and herein he is an example for all desponding ones.

To search out the cause of our sorrow is often the best surgery for grief. Self-ignorance is not bliss; in this case it is misery. The mist of ignorance magnifies the causes of our alarm; a clearer view will make monsters dwindle into trifles. "*Why art thou disquieted within me?*" Why is my quiet gone? If I cannot keep a public Sabbath, yet wherefore do I deny my soul her indoor Sabbath? Why am I agitated like a troubled sea, and why do my thoughts make a noise like a tumultuous multitude? The causes are not enough to justify such utter yielding to despondency. Up, my heart! What aileth thee? Play the man, and thy castings down shall turn to liftings up, and thy disquietudes to calm. "*Hope thou in God.*" If every evil be let loose from Pandora's box, yet is there hope at the bottom. This is the grace that swims, though the waves roar and be troubled. God is unchangeable, and therefore his grace is the ground for unshaken hope. If everything be dark, yet the day will come, and meanwhile hope carries stars in her eyes; her lamps are not dependent upon oil from without, her light is fed by secret visitations of God, which sustain the spirit. "*For I shall yet praise him.*" Yet will my sighs give place to songs, my mournful ditties shall be exchanged for triumphal pæans. A loss of the present sense of God's love is not a loss of that love itself; the jewel is there, though it gleams not on our breast; hope knows her title good when she cannot read it clear; she expects the promised boon though present providence stands before her with empty hands. "*For I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.*" Salvations come from the propitious face of God, and he will yet lift up his countenance upon us. Note well that the main hope and chief desire of David rest in the smile of God. His face is what he seeks and hopes to see, and this will recover his low spirits, this will put to scorn his laughing enemies, this will restore to him all the joys of those holy and happy days around which memory lingers. This is grand cheer. This verse, like the singing of Paul and Silas, looses chains and shakes prison walls. He who can use such heroic language in his gloomy hours will surely conquer. In the garden of hope grow the laurels for future victories, the roses of coming joy, the lilies of approaching peace.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will
I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites,
from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts;
all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 *Yet* the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-
time, and in the night his song *shall be* with me, *and* my prayer
unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 *As* with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me;
while they say daily unto me, Where *is* thy God.

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou
disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise
him, *who is* the health of my countenance, and my God.

6 "*O my God, my soul is cast down within me.*" Here the song begins again upon the bass. So sweet an ending deserves that for the sake of a second hopeful close the Psalm should even begin again. Perhaps the psalmist's dejection continued, the spasm of despondency returned; well, then, he will down with his harp again, and try again its power upon himself, as in his younger days, he saw its influence upon Saul when the evil spirit came upon him. With God the song begins the second time more nearly than at first. The singer was also a little more tranquil. Outward expression of desire was gone; there was no

visible panting; the sorrow was now all restrained within doors. Within or upon himself he was cast down; and, verily, it may well be so, while our thoughts look more within than upward. If self were to furnish comfort, we should have but poor provender. There is no solid foundation for comfort in such fickle frames as our heart is subject to. It is well to tell the Lord how we feel, and the more plain the confession the better: David talks like a sick child to its mother, and we should learn to imitate him. "*Therefore will I remember thee.*" 'Tis well to fly to our God. Here is *terra firma*. Blessed downcasting which drives us to so sure a rock of refuge as thee, O Lord! "*From the hill Mizar.*" He recalls his seasons of choice communion by the river and among the hills, and especially that dearest hour upon the little hill, where love spake her sweetest language and revealed her nearest fellowship. It is great wisdom to store up in memory our choice occasions of converse with heaven; we may want them another day, when the Lord is slow in bringing back his banished ones, and our soul is aching with fear. "His love in times past" has been a precious cordial to many a fainting one; like soft breath it has fanned the smoking flax into a flame, and bound up the bruised reed. Oh, never-to-be-forgotten valley of Achor, thou art a door of hope! Fair days, now gone, ye have left a light behind you which cheers our present gloom. Or does David mean that even where he was he would bethink him of his God; does he declare that, forgetful of time and place, he would count Jordan as sacred as Siloa, Hermon as holy as Zion, and even Mizar, that insignificant rising ground, as glorious as the mountains which are round about Jerusalem! Oh! it is a heavenly heart which can sing—

"To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

7. "*Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts.*" Thy severe dealings with me seem to excite all creation to attack me; heaven, and earth, and hell, call to each other, stirring each other up in dreadful conspiracy against my peace. As in a waterspout, the deeps above and below clasp hands, so it seemed to David that heaven and earth united to create a tempest around him. His woes were incessant and overwhelming. Billow followed billow, one sea echoed the roaring of another; bodily pain aroused mental fear, Satanic suggestions chimed in with mistrustful forebodings, outward tribulation thundered in awful harmony with inward anguish: his soul seemed drowned as in a universal deluge of trouble over whose waves the providence of the Lord moved as a watery pillar, in dreadful majesty inspiring the utmost terror. As for the afflicted one he was like a lonely bark around which the fury of a storm is bursting, or a mariner floating on a mast, almost every moment submerged. "*All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*" David thought that every trouble in the world had met in him, but he exaggerated, for *all* the breaking waves of Jehovah have passed over none but the Lord Jesus; there are griefs to which he makes his children strangers for his love's sake. Sorrow naturally states its case forcibly; the mercy is that the Lord after all hath not dealt with us according to our fears. Yet what a plight to be in! Atlantic rollers sweeping in ceaseless succession over one's head, waterspouts coming nearer and nearer, and all the ocean in uproar around the weary swimmer; most of the heirs of heaven can realise the description, for they have experienced the like. This is a deep experience unknown to babes in grace, but common enough to such as do business on great waters of affliction: to such it is some comfort to remember that the waves and billows are the Lords, "*thy* waves and *thy* billows," says David, they are all sent, and directed by him, and achieve his designs, and the child of God knowing this, is the more resigned.

8. "*Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime.*" Come what may there shall be "a certain secret something" to sweeten all. Lovingkindness is a noble life-belt in a rough sea. The day may darken into a strange and untimely midnight, but the love of God ordained of old to be the portion of the elect, shall be by sovereign decree meted out to them. No day shall ever dawn on an heir of grace and find him altogether forsaken of his Lord: the Lord reigneth, and as a sovereign he will with authority command mercy to be reserved for his chosen. "*And in the night.*" Both divisions of the day shall be illuminated with special love, and no stress of trial shall prevent it. Our God is God of the nights as well as the days; none shall find his Israel unprotected, be the hour what it may. "*His song shall be with me.*" Songs of praise for blessings received shall cheer the gloom of night. No music sweeter than this. The belief that we shall yet glorify the Lord for mercy given in extremity is a delightful stay to the soul. Affliction may put out our candle, but if it cannot silence our song we will soon light the candle again. "*And my prayer unto the God of my life.*" Prayer is yoked with praise. He who is the living God, is the God of our life, from him we derive it, with him in prayer and praise we spend it, to him we devote it, in him we shall perfect it. To be assured that our sighs and songs shall both have free access to our glorious Lord is to have reason for hope in the most deplorable condition.

9. "*I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me.*" Faith is allowed to enquire of her God the causes of his displeasure, and she is even permitted to expostulate with him and put him in mind of his promises, and ask why apparently they are not fulfilled. If the Lord be indeed our refuge, when we find no refuge, it is time to be raising the question, "Why is this?" Yet we must not let go our hold, the Lord must be "*my*" rock still; we must keep to him as our alone confidence, and never forego our interest in him. "*Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?*" He who condescends to be pleaded with by Abraham, his friend, allows us to put to him the question that we may search out the causes of his severity towards us. Surely he can have no pleasure in seeing the faces of his servants stained and squalid with their tears; he can find no content in the harshness with which their foes assail them. He can never take pleasure in the tyranny with which Satan vexes them. Why then does he leave them to be mocked by his enemies and theirs? How can the strong God, who is as firm and abiding as a rock, be also as hard and unmoved as a rock towards those who trust in him? Such enquiries humbly pressed often afford relief to the soul. To know the reason for sorrow is in part to know how to escape it, or at least to endure it. Want of attentive consideration often makes adversity appear to be more mysterious and hopeless than it really is. It is a pitiable thing for any man to have a limb amputated, but when we know that the operation was needful to save life, we are glad to hear that it has been successfully performed; even thus as trial unfolds, the design of the Lord in sending it becomes far more easy to bear.

10. "*As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me.*" Cruel mockeries cut deeper than the flesh, they reach the soul as though a rapier were introduced between the ribs to prick the heart. If reproaches kill not, yet they are killing, the pain caused is excruciating. The tongue cuts to the bone, and its wounds are hard to cure. "*While they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?*" This is the unkindest cut of all, reflecting as it does both upon the Lord's faithfulness and his servant's character. Such was the malice of David's foes that having thought of the cruel question, they *said* it, said it *daily*, repeated *it to him*, and that for a length of time; surely the continual yapping of these curs at his heel was enough to madden him, and perhaps would have done so had he not resorted to prayer and made the persecutions of his enemies a plea with his Lord.

11. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?*" In the rehearsal of his sorrow, he finds after all no sufficient ground for being disquieted. Looked in the face, his fears were not so overwhelming as

they seemed when shrouded in obscurity. "*Hope thou in God.*" Let the anchor still keep its hold. God is faithful, God is love, therefore there is room and reason for hope. "*Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*" This is the same hopeful expression as that contained in verse five, but the addition of "and my God" shows that the writer was growing in confidence, and was able defiantly to reply to the question, "Where is thy God?" Here, even here, he is ready to deliver me. I am not ashamed to own him amid your sneers and taunts, for he will rescue me out of your hands. Thus faith closes the struggle, a victor in fact, by anticipation and in heart, by firm reliance. The saddest countenance shall yet be made to shine, if there be a taking of God at his word and an expectation of his salvation.

"For yet I know I shall him praise
Who graciously to me,
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is he.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The longing heart and the panting hart compared.

Verse 2.—1. What thirsts? "my soul." 2. For what? "for God." 3. In what way? "when shall I come." Or, the cause, incentives, excellences, and privileges of spiritual thirst.

Verse 2 (*last clause*).—The true view of public worship.

Verse 3.—The believer's Lent, and its salt meats. 1. What causes the sorrow? 2. What will remove it? 3. What benefit will become of it?

Verse 4.—"*I pour out my soul in me.*" The uselessness of mistrustful introspection.

"*I had gone,*" etc. Sunny memories, their lessons of gratitude and hope.

Last clauses.—Not Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, but David's tales of the Jerusalem pilgrims.

"*With the voice,*" etc. Congregational singing defended, extolled, discriminated, and urged.

Verse 5.—Sorrow put to the question, or the Consolatory Catechism.

The sweetness, safety, and rightness of hope *in God.* Good grip for the anchor.

The music of the future. "*I shall yet praise him.*"

Verse 5 with 11, or *Help* and *health.*

"*The help of his countenance,*" or the sustaining power of God's presence.

Verse 6.—Ebenezers, many, varied, remembered, helpful.

Verse 6.—"*Remember thee.*" The consolation derivable from thoughts of God.

Verse 7.—See Spurgeon's Sermons, No. 865. "Deep Calleth unto Deep."

Verse 8.—Daily mercy and nightly song; the mercies of sunshine and shade.

Last clause.—The blessed alternation between praise and prayer.

Verse 8.—"*God of my life.*" Author, sustainer, comforter, object, crown, consummation.

Verse 9.—"*My rock.*" See Keach in his metaphors.

"Where there's a Will there's a Way."

LOOK at that bare perpendicular mountain side—why, it is worse than perpendicular, it overhangs the lake; yet the bold Tyrolese have carried a road right along the bald face of the rock, by blasting out a gallery, or as it looks from below, by chiselling out a groove. One would have readily written down that feat as impossible, and yet the road is made, and we have travelled it from Riva into the Tyrol, the Lago Garda lying far below our feet. Henceforth that road shall be to us a cheering memory when our task is more than usually difficult. *If anything ought to be done it shall be done.* With God in front, we shall soon leave difficulties in the rear, transformed into memorials of victory.—*From my Note Book.*

"My Ain Countrie."

"I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame-bringin' an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my e'en do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I've his gude word o' promise that, some gladsome day, the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring;
Wi' e'en an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
'The King in his beauty,' an' our ain countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
His bluid hath made me white, his hand shall wipe mine e'e
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them himsel' to his ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised—he'll surely come again—
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to watch an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watching, aye, an' singing o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the garden gate;
God gi'e his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie."

[We do not know whether these precious verses are well-known, or whether they are original, as they are sent without name. We have never seen them before, and count them most delightful.]—EDITOR.

Plans of Usefulness.

AN earnest desire to promote the cause of God has induced the writer to offer some suggestions, which he hopes may meet the approbation of others.

Putting books in circulation is an important means of usefulness. Placing religious books *in rooms occupied by visitors*, or where they will be found, especially on the Sabbath, will often result in much good. Rev. Richard Cecil was heard to say, that "his mother used to *put things in his way* which he could not get rid of."

The distribution of religious tracts in various ways has often been attended with astonishing results. The following is related by J. Cross, in his "Gospel Workers:" "A gentleman who was ticket-agent at an important railroad station for five years, spent annually £10 in the purchase of tracts for distribution. He made it a rule to give a tract with each ticket sold. He afterwards received letters from *twenty-two* persons who had received tracts from him, stating that they had been the means of their conversion."

A servant was once anxiously reading a tract, when her mistress entered the kitchen unperceived, and wishing to ascertain what could so engross her

attention, read the word "ETERNITY," in large letters, at the commencement of the tract. Reflection was aroused, and she was saved—saved by *one word.*

A boy who had early embraced the Saviour was once employed as clerk in a book-stall. Wishing to be useful, he procured a supply of tracts, which he distributed in various ways, chiefly by enclosing them in books which he sold. It is sometimes well to write on a book or tract a request that it be read, and then circulated among others.

Merchants and Clerks may accomplish much good by enclosing small books and tracts with goods sold, or by presenting them to their customers, requesting their perusal. In connection with other methods of usefulness which will readily suggest themselves to merchants, is that of keeping a supply of religious books and children's papers for sale and distribution.

Proprietors of hotels could effect much good by furnishing their reading and sitting-rooms with religious books and tracts.

Distributing tracts among passengers on steamboats and railroads would seldom be in vain, as they would often be carried into remote localities, which could not be reached by ordinary means.

Inclosing tracts or leaflets in letters has often been attended by beneficial results. Thousands of tracts might be sent through the land in this way.

Books and papers which will be likely to do good should often be *recommended* to others. A recommendation of this character, received several years ago from a devoted Christian labourer, will ever be remembered with gratitude by the writer.

Teachers have it in their power to wield a mighty influence for good. A young lady once took charge of a public school in a neighbourhood of extreme depravity, hoping by example and precept to be instrumental in their reformation. The spirit of persecution was soon aroused, because she *read the Bible and prayed in her school.* With the meekness of a martyr she patiently endured the "fiery trials" through which she was called to pass, and the result was an extensive and powerful revival of religion.

An excellent teacher, during a course of several years, was in the habit of *lending* suitable religious books to the pupils of his school, which were returned and exchanged at specified times. Subsequent results were highly satisfactory.

Teachers, will you try this method of usefulness? Books suitable for this purpose are numerous, and easily obtained. The power exerted by a *consistent Christian example* is immense. A sceptical young man, who afterwards became a Christian, was often heard to remark, that there was *one argument* which he could never gainsay or resist—*the godly, consistent example of his own father.* Christians are watched; every word is scrutinised, and it is impossible for them to live, even for a single day, without exerting much silent influence for good or evil.

Vigorous effort in behalf of the young is the manifest duty of every Christian. Who can estimate, until it is revealed in eternity, the amount of good accomplished by faithful spiritual labours among children? The sympathies of children should be early enlisted in simple methods of doing good. When sufficiently interested they are noble workers. Some years ago a little girl, apparently not over six years of age, was noticed every Sabbath morning for several months, passing from house to house, distributing religious tracts. Such unusual labours in one so young elicited attention and sympathy, and her efforts were much blessed.

Gathering neglected children into mission Sabbath schools is beginning to receive that appreciation which its importance demands. Are there no unhappy outcasts in your own vicinity whom you might reclaim by means of a little labour and self-denial? In view of the amazing worth of souls, will you make an effort? Numerous instances illustrating the usefulness of such labours have been widely published.

Sow beside all waters. The most unlikely efforts often result in much good. A young lady was once induced, after much persuasion, to attend church. Arriving early, she took up a tract which she found in the pew, intending to

pass the interval previous to the commencement of the services in reading. The first words read resulted in overwhelming conviction, and she found no peace until she found it at the "foot of the cross."

A word in season will seldom prove ineffectual. Lady Huntingdon was once urging upon a workman the importance of preparation for death and eternity. The words designed for the labourer took effect upon another man who happened to be on the outside of the garden wall. The few words *overheard* resulted eventually in his conversion.

An invitation to a place of worship has been the means of salvation to many. Lending a book, giving a tract, an earnest entreaty, a silent tear, an affectionate letter, singing a song, visiting the sick, a consistent example, or a convincing argument, may appear of little consequence; but feeble as such instrumentality seem, they have resulted in the salvation of thousands.

Christian reader, have you ever done anything to promote the cause of God? Have you done *all* that you could do? Look upon that vast throng of perishing souls by whom you are surrounded, and in view of a coming eternity, ask yourself if there is not *something more* that you can do. *Watch for opportunities. Be instant in season, out of season;* and by the blessing of God, you may be instrumental in saving many souls from death.

M. G. M.

Why Thomas was not at the Prayer-meeting.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came."

WHY was Thomas absent from the prayer-meeting? If his excuse had been a good one, I think it would have been mentioned, or the bad consequences would not have followed which did follow. It is a significant fact that his absence is recorded for all ages to read and know. And it is very plain that it *might* have been one of several reasons.

He might have been a man of great taste, one who loved the magnificent temple-service, one who enjoyed "the cymbals" and "the cornets" and "the organ," "the trumpets" and "the shawms"—the voices of the trained choir made Chenaniah the master of song; but he could not enjoy that prayer-meeting. Why, they only read a chapter in the Bible, and then they sung—and *such* singing! Why, there was Peter's rough, heavy voice, always out of tune; and there was Matthew, always humming on one chord; and there was Bartholomew, always pitching the tune too high or too low, sometimes almost breaking down, and often drawling over the same old tunes. Oh, if they could only have had such singing at the prayer-meeting as they had at the great temple! Alas! Thomas cannot enjoy such singing.

And then his taste is offended again at the manner of conducting the meeting. What tame work they make of talking. How they tell over the words which they heard Christ speak, again and again. How they tell us of his calling them, again and again. How Thomas has to hear about the same thing over and over, when he wants to hear something original, something startling. Oh, if Gamaliel, or some great doctor of divinity, could lead the meeting and pour out an eloquent dissertation; if some learned scribe would come in and lead the meeting and tell us all he knew; but Thomas never enjoys meetings conducted by laymen. He finds fault because they sing old tunes, when he knows they cannot sing any other. His taste is offended because the brethren talk and pray so uninterestingly, when he knows that *he* never set a better example of a rightly-conducted meeting. The carriage is small, but he wants a steam-engine to draw it. Or perhaps this is *not* the reason why Thomas "was not there when Jesus came."

He is a man of many acquaintances, perhaps, and last night he was at a party at the house of Zabdi the son of Zechariah, near the temple, and the party was very large and very fashionable, and Thomas stayed very late. It

was a delightful party, and the entertainment was fine, and there many strangers from abroad, and the music was exquisite, and the dancing was continued till a very late hour, and somehow or other Thomas does not feel like going to the prayer-meeting to-night. James and John and Peter do not seem so refined, nor such real gentlemen, as those he met at Zabdi's house. The women who will be there—the sisters of Lazarus and Joses, and a few others—seem very ordinary people compared with those at the party. He wonders why those who go to prayer-meeting *need* be such common sort of people. Not a scribe, not a Pharisee, not a single real gentleman, as the world would call them, among them all. He wonders why it is that going to the party should make him avoid the prayer-meeting. He knows that the good people will not say a word about it; perhaps they do not know of it. He knows he can go in late, and take a seat down near the door; but what if they should notice him and ask him to take a part? What if he should hear Peter's strong voice calling out, "Will brother Thomas please to lead us in prayer"? He knows he is in no state for that, and so he will stay away to-night.—*From "Todd's Hints and Thoughts for Christians."*

Reviews.

The Secret Disciple. By the late Rev. J. Watson. Hodder and Stoughton.

A new and very neat edition of an excellent little work. The object of the book is to encourage the secret disciple to avow his Master; and it is admirably adapted for that purpose.

Meditations on the Lord's Supper. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

One of an excellent series of books designed for presentation, and published in a very good style, for one shilling. The circulation of such literature must be of service, and we heartily commend it. This work is sound and thoughtful. We have read books possessed of more of that deep pathos and gentle sorrow, which, to our mind, blend with the love and hope of the Lord's table; yet it is a treatise which will refresh the communicant, and prepare for the communion.

Apostolic Ordination. By G. D. Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

A very excellent tract for the times, on what constitutes a valid ministry.

The Last Look: a tale of the Spanish Inquisition. By W. H. G. Kingston, Esq. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The Confession of a Sinner: translated from the Spanish of Dr. Constantine. By John T. Betts. Bell and Daldy, York Street.

Two books very dissimilar, but both good and of especial interest in the present position of Spanish affairs. The former, one of a shilling series, is a tale of Popish persecution, very well written, and likely to be of use. The latter is the personal experience of an eminent Spanish saint, reminding us of Quarles for its quaintness and unction, though greatly inferior in power. The life of Dr. Constantine, by Mr. B. B. Wiffen is valuable, and we heartily commend the work.

A Reply to Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland. By Charles H. Collett. S. W. Partridge and Co.

No one can answer Cobbett so well as Cobbett himself, and on this principle the compiler of this work has acted, and the result is conclusive. We have no friendship for the Tudors and no wish to join in their praise; but neither their virtues nor their vices are to be laid to the charge of Protestantism. They were all Papists; some recognised a foreign pope, and the rest were popes themselves. The result being much the same as far as real religion was concerned. We are glad to welcome this antidote to Cobbett's history, at a time when the Romanists are circulating it as the work of a Protestant writer. Much dependence cannot be placed on the opinion of one who brought home the reputed bones of Tom Paine as relics, to express his veneration for the man whom elsewhere he characterises as "an infamous and atrocious miscreant." The writer of this book, which is mainly a compilation, deals fairly but severely with Cobbett, and handles him certainly without gloves in a masterly manner.

Nuts to Crack. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. London. Bemrose and Sons. Nottingham. R. J. Pike.

Sure to be read and sure to leave good impressions; boys will be charmed with it. Every Sunday-school teacher who wants illustrations for addresses may here make a good investment. For half-a-crown he will find quite a store of boy-bread.

Hints and Thoughts for Christians. By John Todd. London. Bemrose and Sons. Nottingham. R. J. Pike.

A thoroughly racy book. We hardly ever saw so singular a combination of characteristics in a work before; it is so joyously lively and yet so rigidly Puritanic, that we think of David dancing. We wish that more of this genial happy style could be used in all religious works. True piety is the fount of gladness, and dulness should be far removed from its advocates. We hail these hints and thoughts as a rich feast, and hope they will be of service to tens of thousands.

The Soldiers of France. By J. B. T. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

An interesting account of the labours of a somewhat forward English young lady amongst the French soldiery. Much good has doubtless been done, though we cannot always endorse the method of doing it.

God's Purpose in Judgment. By Robert Baxter, Esq. S. W. Partridge.

A laudable attempt to meet the modern doctrine of "annihilation for the lost." Here is much of Scripture and good intention, but no argument—no grip of the subject, such as so difficult a question imperatively requires. Not to maintain one's position with a fair amount of clearness, is to fail hopelessly in a discussion of this character. We are persuaded that the result of a perusal of this little work would not be likely to produce correction on the part of an opponent, and it might create confusion amongst friends.

Memoranda.

On Monday, August 2, services were held to celebrate the settlement of Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, of the Pastors' College, to the pastorate of the Baptist church, at Syston, in Leicestershire. In the afternoon Mr. F. Lomas, of Leicester, presided. Mr. C. Carter, from Ceylon, read and prayed. Mr. T. Baines, of Leicester, gave a statement on behalf of the church, which owed much of its present prosperity to his instrumentality. Mr. Wilkinson gave an account of his conversion and his call to the ministry. Mr. W. E. Morris, from India, offered prayer. Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the minister, and Mr. N. Haycroft, D.D., gave the charge to the church. Tea was provided in the Wesleyan School Room, kindly lent for the purpose. At the evening meeting John Bennett, Esq., of Leicester, presided. Addresses were given by Messrs. C. Carter, G. T. Ennals, J. J. Irving, W. Tubb, W. Hanson, and R. J. Wilkinson: also by Messrs. J. Barnes, Currier, J. Curt, and W. Brown. Several friends at Leicester have taken great interest in this church, which is likely we trust abundantly to reward their efforts under the care of its new pastor.

The Recognition Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. J. Hall, as Pastor of the Baptist church, Ryde, Isle of Wight, took place on Tuesday, July 20, in the Victoria Rooms. In the afternoon, Mr. J. H. Cooke, of Southsea, opened the proceedings by reading and prayer, one of the deacons, Mr. Chessel, gave a statement of the steps which led to the church inviting Mr. Hall to the pastorate; after which Mr. Hall gave an interesting account of his conversion, call to the ministry, his entrance to the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and ultimate call to the pastorate of this church. Prayer was then offered by Mr. J. B. Burt, of Beaulieu, following which a truly appropriate charge was given by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; the proceedings of the afternoon were brought to a close by Mr. Philip Gast, of London, offering prayer. A tea was provided in the Town Hall, at which there was a large and influential gathering of about three hundred persons. In the evening, a public meeting was held, Willett Adye, Esq., J.P., presided. The proceedings were opened by Mr. W. Heaton. Mr. R. P. Macmaster, of Bristol, gave an impressive and practical address on "How to help the Pastor." Speeches glowing with fervour were then delivered by Mr. J. H. Cooke, E. G. Gange, of Bristol, P. Gast, of London, H. Kitching, of Landport, Mr. Rogers, J. Kirby Esq., and the Pastor. The day's proceedings were of the most encouraging

and enthusiastic character, and seemed to augur a bright future for the denomination in Ryde. Mr. E. Gange, of Bristol, preached a powerful sermon on the following evening.

Mr. W. Anderson, of the Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of a New Baptist church at Warkworth, in Northumberland, on Tuesday, the 27th of July. At the afternoon meeting, Mr. W. Walters, of Newcastle, presided. The introductory services were conducted by Mr. J. T. Shaweross, Independent, Alnwick. A statement on behalf of the Church was made by Mr. W. Hetherington, the senior deacon. Mr. Anderson gave a distinct account of his religious experience and his doctrinal sentiments. Mr. Rogers, of the College, gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. J. Stewart, Presbyterian, North Shields, to the church and congregation. A soirée and public meeting followed, at which the pastor presided. Much real good has already been done by Mr. Anderson's ministry in this place, which might reasonably be expected, as all who know him must have been convinced that "he could not be hid."

A service in connection with the public settlement of Mr. D. Honour, as pastor of the Baptist church, in Olivet Chapel, Octavius Street, Deptford, was held on the evening of Tuesday, August 3. After a public tea, Mr. J. Pulling, of Deptford, Independent, presided. Mr. J. A. Brown, Bermondsey, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. A. Dawson made a statement on behalf the church. Mr. Honour replied clearly and fully to several questions proposed by the chairman. Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, offered prayer. Mr. Rogers, from the College, gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. J. T. Wigner to the church; Mr. H. R. Brown, of Shooter's Hill, concluded with prayer. This church is the fruit of the labours of the students from the Tabernacle College, and through the ministry of Mr. Honour has suddenly risen to prosperity, upwards of seventy having been added to the church during the short term of his ministration. A large and commodious room has been built, and ground adjoining secured for a chapel.

The recognition of Mr. E. E. Walter, at Charles Street, Whitehaven, was held on July 29. At the afternoon meeting, Mr. Collins, from Broughton, presided. The Scriptures were read by Mr. W. Anderson, of Whitehaven. Prayer was offered by Mr. J. Foggin, Primitive Methodist. The address on behalf of the church was given by Mr. Jackson. An address followed by the pastor. Prayer was offered by Mr. A. Galbraith, Independent, of Whitehaven. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. G. Rogers, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The charge to the church was delivered by Mr. D. Kirkbride, Baptist, from Maryport. Tea was provided at 5 o'clock at the Temperance Hall. At the evening meeting in the chapel at 7 o'clock, the pastor presided. Addresses were given by Messrs. J. Foggin, D. Kirkbride, J. Anderson, G. Makay, English Presbyterian; S. Walmsley, Methodist Free Church; G. Rogers, A. Galbraith, and J. A. Jackson. Mr. Rogers concluded with prayer. Though the weather proved unfavourable the services were well attended. The Baptist church in this place having been greatly reduced and on the eve of being dissolved, applied to Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Walter was sent to them, under whose ministry the cause revived, and an invitation having been given him, and Mr. Spurgeon having promised to render pecuniary help for one year, the invitation was accepted. Appearances hitherto have been most favourable. Christians of the Baptist denomination have been drawn together by the ministry of Mr. Walter; and it is hoped that a new chapel in a more commanding situation will soon be erected for their accommodation.

Mr. W. Banks, from the Tabernacle College, has recently been publicly recognised as pastor of a Baptist church at Jarrow-on Tyne. This place has risen within the last twenty years from a village to a populous and rapidly increasing town of about 20,000 inhabitants. In May, 1866, Mr. C. Morgan commenced to labour here when there was no Baptist cause, but by his indefatigable efforts, under the blessing of God, a church was formed in July, 1866. Since then it has increased, but it has had to contend with severe trials, the chief of which was the death of the pastor in November, 1866. Through his exertions ground was procured for a chapel, school rooms and manse, on a lease of ninety-nine years. A school room was built capable of holding nearly four hundred persons, which is used as a place of worship until a chapel can be erected upon the ground adjoining. There is however a debt of about £270 upon the present building. The friends feel this to be a great burden, specially as they have to pay interest upon the whole amount. They are entirely a working people, but they are determined by the help of God to clear off this debt as soon as possible, that they may commence the building of the chapel. After Mr. Morgan's death, the congregation rapidly declined, and the church was beginning to be scattered as sheep without a shepherd. Application was made to the Tabernacle College for a student. Mr. W. Banks was

sent, and as his ministrations proved acceptable, he received a unanimous invitation to become the pastor, which with the sanction of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon he accepted. Several have been converted to God through his instrumentality, some of whom have joined the church, and others are shortly to be baptised. The work is reviving, and with the blessing of Jehovah, there is the prospect of increasing prosperity. On Sunday, July 25, the third anniversary services of the church were held in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute, when sermons were preached morning and evening by Mr. G. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, and in afternoon, by Mr. W. Banks, to good and attentive congregations. On Monday, July 26, ordination services were held in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. W. Walters, of Newcastle, presided. Mr. G. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. W. Hanson (South Shields), to the church. Subsequently upwards of three hundred persons partook of an excellent tea provided in the Baptist chapel. In the evening, a public meeting was held, and the chair was taken by Jonathan Angus, Esq., of Newcastle. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Messrs. W. Walters, G. Rogers, R. Ricars, Mr. Banks, sen., J. C. Weir, W. Hanson, W. Hillier, J. Spanswick, and W. Banks. The whole of the proceedings were of a very encouraging nature. Mr. Banks has a large sphere of usefulness before him, and will we trust, through the divine blessing, prove fully equal to the undertaking.

On Monday, August 9th, very interesting and numerously attended services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Bagley Bardwell, as pastor of the church at North Bradley, Wilts. The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. W. Barnes, of Trowbridge, who read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. G. Rogers, Theological Tutor of the Pastors' College, gave a charge to the minister, and Mr. J. Wilkins, of Brighton, the charge to the church. Mr. Dudgeon, of Melksham, closed this service with prayer. At the evening service the chair was taken by the pastor. Messrs. T. H. Jones, of Trowbridge; T. Gilbert (Independent), of Westbury; J. Preece, of Westbury; E. Blewitt, of Westbury Leigh; and D. Wassell, of Bath; gave appropriate and earnest addresses. Between the services there was a public tea meeting, for which all the trays were given by the ladies of the church and congregation. About two hundred sat down to tea. The labours of the new pastor have been much blessed in this place. The congregation has been increased, and souls have been saved.

An unusually large number of students left the College at the close of the session which ended in June. These all settled over charges of a suitable kind, and we pray that the Lord's blessing may rest on them. We have a loud cry for more labourers, and our College, in the hand of the Lord, is one of his ways of answering his people's prayers. Hitherto hath he helped us, and he will not forsake us. Our only groaning is that we cannot do more to make Jesus known to dying men.

The Orphanage enjoys health and blessing. Subscriptions come in very slowly, but we hope the Lord of providence will incline his people to remember the fatherless, that so we may be able to fill up the houses with children. Mr. Charlesworth is a great acquisition as master. Six hundred applicants are waiting for admission.

The effort of our friend Mr. John Keys, to raise a Baptist interest in Whitstable, has our best sympathies.

Mr. Adler, of our College, who is trying to raise a church in Sheerness, is in great need of help to build a schoolroom, which might serve as a chapel for a time. He ought to be aided.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 26, eighteen, July 29, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th, 1869, to August 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Ball	1	0	0	W. A.	10	0	0
Isaiah xlii. 16	0	10	0	J. C., per Rev. W. Teale	0	10	6
K. S. M.	0	5	0	Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
S. S.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Willson	1	1	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0	Maryport	0	10	0
K.	0	2	6	Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	3	5	0	Mr. J. Ryder	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0	John Ploughman	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Sadler	0	10	0
R. C. M.	0	4	9
Mrs. Hull	1	0	0
R. P.	5	0	0
Lady Cavan	3	0	0
Mr. Foster	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Bell	2	10	0
Mr. M. C. Bellamy	10	0	0
Mrs. W.	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, July 26	31	1	5
" " " Aug. 1	40	0	5
" " " 8	36	7	0
" " " 15	31	8	5
	£190	5	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th, 1869, to August 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
On account of Students' House	4	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Field	1	14	0
E. M.	0	5	0
A Thank-offering, A. Z.	5	0	0
Isaiah xlii. 16	0	10	0
Mr. J. Churchill	5	5	0
Miss Fuller Maitland	5	0	0
Mr. E. Johnson's Psalmody Class ...	3	2	11
L. H., Collecting box	0	6	8
Miss Spurgeon	0	6	0
Mrs. D., per Mr. Young	1	0	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	0	5	0
Hope	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jesson :—			
Mrs. Rust 0 10 0			
Mrs. C. B. Robinson 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Thompson 0 10 0			
Mr. Pickard 0 10 0			
Mr. Stowe... ... ... 0 5 0			
Miss Bennett 0 5 0			
Mr. Barrow 0 2 6			
Mr. Wardle 0 2 6			
Mr. Watson 0 2 6			
Mrs. Eames 0 2 6			
Miss Cooper 0 2 6			
Mr. R. Carrier 0 10 0			
Miss Jesson 1 0 0			
A Friend 0 2 6			
	4	15	0
Miss Northcott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0
W. A.	5	0	0
Maryport	0	10	0
J. C., per Rev. W. Teale	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hector...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Willson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Lockhart	2	10	0
Ruth	0	5	0
A Member	0	5	0
W. B. W.	0	5	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Dicks	0	11	6
" Miss Fitzgerald	1	9	3
" Miss Ecott	0	6	0
" Miss Taylor	1	15	9
Mrs. Pasfield	0	15	0
Miss Watts	1	1	0
Hallowed things	0	13	6
R. D.	0	1	0
M. R. Haddock	0	2	6
Messrs. Hill and Hartridge	10	0	0
Mr. J. Forth	0	10	0
Mrs. Bell	2	10	0
Mr. M. C. Bellamy	10	0	0
Mrs. W.	2	15	0
Miss Perkins	1	0	0
An Old Smoker	0	2	6
Boxes at Tabernacle gates, July 21	0	13	5
" " " 28	0	8	6
" " " Aug. 11	1	7	0
Mr. Harding, Annual Subscription ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Cunliffe	2	0	0
E. K.	2	0	0
	£86	0	0

Received for the Orphanage.—A parcel of school books, &c., from Mr. Hammond; 9 pictures from the President; a parcel of school materials, consisting of 6 small rulers and 1 large ruler, 3 gross pens, 2½ gross penholders, 4 dozen lead pencils, and 4 boxes slate pencils, Anon. A quantity of magazines, Mr. J. Carpenter; and a spinal apparatus, Mr. Morris.

Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermongers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Little Harry, £1 4s.; Misses Johnson, £1; Joseph Payne, Esq., £1 1s.; M. A. K., 1s. 6d.; Mr. Bickmore, £1; F. Diaper, 5s.; Miss Northcott, 15s.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations.—			
M. A. K.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	1	0
W. A.	5	0	0
Ruth	0	5	0
R. C. M.	0	3	3
B. S.	0	5	0
Mr. M. C. Bellamy	5	0	0
Subscriptions—			
A. B. (Quarterly)	7	10	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
Mr. B. Vickery	1	1	0
Miss Gaze	0	5	0
Hannah	0	5	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	0	0
Collected by—			
Mr. S. Evans...	0	2	0
Miss Tomlyn	2	11	0
Miss Rigby	0	1	1
	£26	5	1

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1869.

The Saint of the Smithy.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have a great liking for everyday saints. The taste of the mediæval ages was enchanted with holy men who could sail over seas upon outspread table cloths, or fast for forty consecutive days, or carry their heads in their hands after decapitation; but these specimens of sanctity, besides being in these degenerate times most hard to get at, are too unearthly, we mean too little human to enlist our sympathy. St. Francis, when described as so elevated by his devotions that his disciples could only kiss the soles of his feet as he floated in the air, is too ethereal for our liking, we want a little more gravity than this in a saint, peradventure it may turn out that a little more levity would do as well.

The grace which unfits a man for the duties of this present life is a doubtful blessing; in a romance your superfine mystic may have a conspicuous place allotted him, but in real life he is a nullity, a chip in the porridge or worse. He who can pray like Elias is all the better an example for mankind if he avoids all affectation of superhuman refinement, and lets us see that, like the grand old prophet, he is a man of like passions with us. We admire Paul caught up into the third heaven, but those who were thrown into his company felt the power of his godliness all the more because he could make a tent or light a fire as occasion demanded. Holiness in white gowns or black silk aprons, or lace half a yard deep, reminds us of love on a valentine, very romantic, roseate, and all that, but quite another thing from solid flesh and blood affection. One longs to see the popular idea of holiness once for all dissociated from everything unreal and unpractical, yoked with the common virtues of everyday life: the smashing up of the whole caravan of sanctified waxworks which, in years gone by, have attracted ignorant admiration, and the exhibition of real, household,

commonsense religion in its most vigorous form, would be under God one of the greatest blessings which our age could receive.

Our remarks will not we hope be misunderstood, sanctification cannot be carried too far, holiness unto the Lord can never be too complete; the very highest forms of elevated character are to be our models, and we ought not to rest until we have equalled them; but we have lived long enough in this world to be afraid of squeamish and pretentious sanctity. The grossest hypocrites we have ever been deceived by were superfluously unctious in expression; and the faultiest professors whose falls have saddened us, were superlatively fastidious in their religious tastes. We have come to be afraid of gold that glitters too much, and bread that is too white. Men always will be imperfect, and when they profess perfection, and become too good to attend to their duties as husbands, or servants, or children, or parents, so as to make others happy, they prove themselves to be "the worse for mending, washed to fouler stains." If they could manage to be perfect without making everybody else miserable, they should have our reverent admiration, but while we can find in the life of the only truly perfect man so much that is genial and intensely human, we shall never enshrine mere unearthliness in the heavenly places. Our Saviour could not have been more a man had he been sinful, his humanity though immaculate was not effeminate, though without sin he was not therefore abridged of any essential attribute of everyday manhood; he was no walker on stilts, his holiness trod on *terra firma* with other men; he was no recluse, he ate and drank with the many; he was not even an ascetic, but was found at marriages and festivals; a man among men, nothing that concerned mankind was alien to him, no joy of humble men was to him ridiculous, no sorrow of mournful women contemptible. Give to the world an exhibition of such holiness on a wide scale, and while convents and monasteries would moulder into ruins, the whole earth would be gladdened by a golden era worthy to match with the millennial glory. Let the parlour and the drawing-room be adorned with cheerful piety, let the kitchen and the scullery be sanctified with unobtrusive godliness, let the shop and the office, the shed and the factory, be perfumed with unassuming holiness; let forge and bench, and stall, and lathe and spinning-jenny, all be holiness unto the Lord, and the better times long sighed for will have come at last. We do not mean that men should become abject slaves of mere external religiousness, far from it, the true piety of which we write, will give them the fullest freedom; when hearts are right, wills are rectified, and goodness becomes the highest delight of the soul: the reign of righteousness will be the era of liberty and joy. Men will be all the more men when they become God's men; and even the peculiarities of their individual temper and constitution will not be extinguished, but made to subserve the glory of the Lord by exhibiting in charming variety the beauty of holiness.

Such thoughts came into our mind as we took up a memoir which we read years ago, and which we dare say some of our readers have even now fresh in their memories, we refer to the "Life of the Village Blacksmith," Samuel Hick, or more correctly, Sammy Hick. Sammy was a Yorkshireman, belonging to no readily specified order of men; if you sort and arrange mankind, he comes under no genus; he was one by

himself, after his own order; he was—well, he was Sammy Hick, and nobody else. Simple, yet shrewd, bold, yet cautious, generous to a fault, thoroughly original, quaint to a proverb, humorous, devout, full of faith, zealous, sufficiently self-opinioned, humble, rough, gentle, pure, dogmatical, resolute—he was as a Christian a very remarkable amalgam of much gold and silver, with here and there a lump of iron or clay. Called by grace while wielding the hammer, he continued in his honest calling, and made his smithy the centre of evangelical activities, which entirely changed the appearance of the society among which he moved. He was a man who could not be hid, and though poor and illiterate, the force of his character made him a power among all around. O that all our church members would make it their ambition to make their worldly avocations a vantage ground for fighting their Master's battles!

While Sammy was yet a mere seeker, he showed the force of his nature by defending an open-air preacher against a clergyman. Just as his reverence was about to pull down the Methodist evangelist from the preaching-block, the youthful neophyte clenched his hands, and holding them in a menacing fashion before his face, accosted the surprised divine with the summary remark: "Sir, if you disturb that man of God, I'll drop you as sure as ever you were born." The emphasis of the words prevented the necessity of the blows, and having secured a hearing for his teacher, the muscular Christian subsided into the attentive listener. When at length led to the cross, and admitted into peace with God, Sammy thought that he could make all the world believe, and resolved to commence operations upon the landlady of an inn, which he had frequented in his unregenerate days. The woman was surprised to hear words of warning and instruction from such a mouth, and indignantly turned him out of her house; but having but lately proved the power of prayer on his own account, Sam withdrew to a quiet corner, and poured out his soul to God on her behalf. No sooner was the cry lifted up to heaven than it was heard: the woman, on his return to the house, begged his pardon for her rudeness, entreated him to kneel down and ask the Lord to save her, and lived and died a lover of the truths which she had once despised. Thus encouraged, Hick became a leader among a zealous band of Wesleyans, who were incessantly seeking the conversion of souls; and so absorbed did he become in soul-winning, that one night, awaking suddenly from a dream, he aroused his wife, and accosting her by name, exclaimed, "Matty, I believe I am called to preach the gospel." Martha, who was his guardian angel, and an admirable make-weight in the direction of prudence, bade him go to sleep again, at the same time casting considerable doubts upon the authenticity of the call. His brethren in the circuit judged otherwise than Martha, and Sammy was allowed to deliver his singular but powerful addresses from the Methodist pulpits around his native village. His harangues would, doubtless, have been the reverse of edifying to our educated readers, but they created no small stir among the colliers and labourers of the district. Hick, as a preacher, was adapted to his hearers, a matter of the first importance; it is of no use to try to open oysters with a Mappin's razor, and, on the other hand, delicate surgery is not to be performed with a bill-hook; every instrument must be adapted to its end. In so wide a world as this, it is a

man's own fault if he does not find a sphere for which he is better fitted than any other man. Some of the quieter Methodists could not stand Samuel's noise; "But," said Samuel, "it was a mercy they went out, for it rid the place of a deal of unbelief, which they took away with them." No good man can hope to please everybody, and no brave man will break his heart when he finds that he has failed in this respect, as others have done before him. Our hero went on with his praying and preaching, and left others to criticise or censure who felt a leaning in that direction. His discoursings were once condemned as terribly rambling, and the good man, instead of denying the charge, claimed some sort of merit for it—"For," said he, "those who go straight on may perhaps hit one, but my talk, as it goes in and out among the crowd, knocks many down." His best preachings, however, were not from the pulpit, but by the smithy fire. Though he ranged his circuit with burning zeal, and had his name on two sets of plans, because, as he said, "There is no living with half work." Yet it was at the forge that he dealt the heaviest strokes in riveting his life-work. A neighbouring squire rode up to Sam's forge, upon a horse which had lost a shoe in the heat of the chase. His squireship commenced swearing at some other smith, who had yesterday put on the shoe so clumsily; whereupon, without further ceremony, the worthy blacksmith quietly informed him, that he paid the rent of the shop, and that while it was in his hands he would suffer no man to take God's name in vain within those walls, and that if he swore again, he would not set the shoe on. Many a man with a cleaner face would have hesitated before he so consistently maintained his Maker's cause. The rebuke was kindly taken, and when the horse was shod, a piece of silver was offered in payment, which he was expected to retain, but Sam, as honest as he was bold, returned the change, saying, "I only charge a poor man twopence, and I shall charge you, sir, no more." Shoeing must have been cheap in those days; but the return of the change has a nobility about it, grandly like the princely independence of Abraham, when he said to the king of Sodom, "I will not take from a thread to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich."

His rebuke of certain fox-hunting parsons was as clever as it was cutting. "'They met *anent* (opposite) my shop,' says Samuel, 'and stopped till the hounds came. Among the party were the Hon. C. C—, vicar of K—, the Earl's brother; the Rev. W—, rector of G—; the late Rev. C—, vicar of A—; and Dr. E—, who followed the medical profession at K—. It came into my mind,' continued Samuel, 'that the three clergymen had no business there.' His movements generally corresponding with the rapidity of his thoughts, he instantly 'threw down the hammer and the tongs,' darted out of the shop door, and appeared in the midst of them with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron on, his face and hands partaking of the hue of his employment, as fine game, in the estimation of some of them, to occupy the lingering moments, till other game should be started, as any that could present itself in human shape. 'Most of them,' says he, 'knew me. I said to them, gentlemen, this is one of the finest hunts in the district. You are favoured with two particular privileges; and they are privileges which other districts have not.' This excited curiosity, which was as quickly

gratified; for the enquiry relative to '*privileges*' was no sooner proposed, than the answer was given, 'If any of you should happen to slip the saddle, and get a fall, you have a *doctor* to *bleed* you; and three *parsons* to *pray* for you: and what are these but privileges? THREE PARSONS! Oh! yes, there they are.'"

Methodists are great at begging, and our hero never flinched from his share of that hardest of labours. His success was remarkable, but his courage was more so. His begging was not confined within the limit which decorum usually suggests. "'I went to Ricall,' says he; 'and as I purposed going to all the houses in the town, I thought there would be no harm in calling upon the church clergyman. I did so; and found him in his garden. I presented my book, which he gave me again, and looked at me.' The look would have had a withering effect upon many of Samuel's superiors; but the same spirit and views which had emboldened him to make the application, supported him in the rebuff with which he met. 'I am surprised,' said the clergyman, 'that you should make such a request; that you should ask me to support dissenters from the Church of England!' Samuel instantly interposed with 'No, sir, we are not dissenters; the church has *dissented* from us. The Methodists are good churchmen, where the gospel is preached. And as for myself, I never turned my back on a collecting paper when I went to church. I think there is no more harm in you helping to support us, than there is in us helping to support you.' The clergyman here took shelter under the wing of the State—his only ground of defence, by replying, 'You are obliged to support us; the law binds you to do it.' Samuel, in return, resorted to the only code of laws with which he had any acquaintance, and which he consulted daily, the *Christian code*, saying, 'Ours is a law of love; and if we cannot all think alike, we must all love alike.'" Though foiled by the ecclesiastic, he succeeded better with the laity, and notably on one occasion when he carried a miser by storm. He had stated the needs of the Lord's work, but found his friend utterly immovable. Down on his knees fell Samuel, and commenced fervently pleading for the miserly soul, that God would forgive him for daring to plead poverty when he had thousands of gold and silver, and for venturing to profess to be a Christian while he worshipped his pelf. "Sam," cried the farmer, with great vehemence, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over." This availed nothing, for the suppliant only began to plead with the greater fervour that pardon might be given to the miserly creature who could only give a single guinea towards the evangelisation of the world, when the Lord had done so much for him. This last assault made the farmer alarmed lest he should be induced to give too much, and therefore he roared out, "Sam, I tell thee to give over: I'll give thee two guineas, if thou wilt only give it up." The two guineas were instantaneously secured, and borne away in triumph. Shockingly bad taste no doubt all this, but the man could no more help it than an eagle can help flying. His heart and soul were as red hot as his own coals when the bellows were going, and there was no room in his case for deliberations as to taste and propriety. His own giving was always beyond the point which prudence and Martha would have tolerated; he emptied his pockets on all missionary and collecting occasions, with far

more glee than money grubbers feel when they are filling theirs. He had a right to fetch another man's ass for his Master, since he was delighted to put his own clothes upon it.

Sammy was great at a sick bed, though even there the eccentric element would occasionally crop up, as for instance, when he, going to visit a Roman Catholic, was repulsed by the priest, but urged as a reason for admittance that he could help the priest, for "two are better far than one." Prayer was his delight, and his power in it with his God made many wonder. We know personally too well that prayer is a reality, to cast doubts upon the many instances narrated in which this childlike man prevailed in supplication. One of those most often cavilled at, is thus narrated by his biographer, Mr. Everett: "Samuel was at Knottingly, a populous village in the neighbourhood of Ferrybridge, in 1817, where he took occasion to inform his hearers, that there would be a love-feast at Micklefield, on a certain day, when he should be glad to see all who were entitled to that privilege. He further observed, with his usual frankness and generosity, that he had six bushels of corn, and that they should be ground for the occasion. These comprised the whole of the corn left of the previous year's produce. When, therefore, he returned home, and named his general invitation and intention, Martha, who had as deep an interest in it as himself, enquired very expressively, 'And didst thou tell them, when all the corn was done, how we were to get through the remainder of the season, till another crop should be reaped?' *To-morrow*, alas! rarely entered into Samuel's calculations, unless connected with the church. The day fixed for the love-feast drew near—there was no flour in the house—and the wind-mills, in consequence of a long calm, stretched out their arms in vain to catch the rising breeze. In the midst of this death-like quiet, Samuel carried his corn to the mill nearest his own residence, and requested the miller to unfurl his sails. The miller objected, stated that there was 'no wind.' Samuel, on the other hand, continued to urge his request, saying, 'I will go and pray while you spread the cloth.' More with a view of gratifying the applicant than from any faith he had in him who holds the natural winds in his fists, and who answers the petitions of his creatures, the man stretched his canvas. No sooner had he done this, than, to his utter astonishment, a fine breeze sprung up, the fans whirled round, the corn was converted into meal, and Samuel returned with his burthen rejoicing, and had everything in readiness for the festival. A neighbour who had seen the fans in vigorous motion, took also some corn to be ground; but the wind had dropped, and the miller remarked, 'You must send for Sammy Hick to pray for the wind to blow again.'" We have more faith in that story than all the Papist miracles put together, laugh who may.

His plain personal remarks to individuals were frequently the means of conversion. Would to God that we all were more skilful in the like means of usefulness. "A young lady, who had been known to him from her childhood, and whose palfry had lost a shoe, called at his shop to have it replaced. She appeared delicate. He looked compassionately upon her, and asked 'Do you know, *barn*, whether you have a soul? Startled with the question, she looked in return; but before she was

permitted to reply, he said, 'You have one, whether you know it or not; and it will live in happiness or misery for ever." These, and other remarks, produced serious reflections. Her father perceived from her manner, on her return home—her residence being not far from Samuel's dwelling—that something was preying upon her spirits. She told him the cause: 'What!' he exclaimed, 'has that old blacksmith been at thee, to turn thy head? but I will *whack* (beat) him.' So saying, he took up a large stick, similar to a hedge-stake—left the house—posted off to Samuel's residence—found him at the anvil—and without the least intimation, fetched him a heavy blow on the side, which, said Samuel, when relating the circumstance, 'nearly felled me to the ground,' adding, 'and it was not a little that would have done it in those days.' On receiving the blow, he turned round, and said, 'What are you about, man? what is that for?' Supposing it to be out of revenge, and that religion was the cause of it, he made a sudden wheel, and lifting up his arm, inclined the other side to his enraged assailant, saying, 'Here, man, hit that too.' But either the man's courage failed him, or he was softened by the manner in which the blow was received; beholding in Samuel a real disciple of him who said, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' He then left him; and Samuel had the happiness of witnessing the progress of religion in the daughter. Some time after this, the person himself was taken ill, and Samuel was sent for. He was shown into the chamber, and looking on the sick man, he asked, 'What is the matter with you? are you *bown* to die?' He stretched out his arm to Samuel, and said, 'Will you forgive me?' Not recollecting the circumstance for a moment, Samuel asked, 'What for? I have nothing against you, *barn*, nor any man living.' The case being noticed, the question was again asked, 'Will you forgive me?' 'Forgive you, *barn?* I tell you I have nothing against you! But if you are about to die, we will pray a bit, and see if the Lord will forgive you.' Samuel knelt by the side of the couch, and the dying man united with him: and from the penitence, fervour, and gratitude which he manifested, there was hope in his death. The daughter continued an object of his solicitude: she grew up to womanhood—became a mother, and he afterwards exulted to see her and two of her daughters members of the Wesleyan Society. Four conversions are here to be traced, in regular succession, and attributable apparently to a word fitly and seasonably spoken, by one of the *weak things* of this world, becoming mighty through God.

So accustomed to success was our friend, that when he was in London he felt an impulse to try his hand at the conversion of a Jew, who kept a silversmith's shop opposite his lodging. The result was such as one could have prophesied. Jacob eyed Samuel with keenness, thinking to himself, "Here is a greenhorn from the country, I will make some monish out of him." Samuel on the contrary, with childlike simplicity, said within himself, "Here is a soul to be saved, I will tell him the blessed gospel." They exchanged looks, and Samuel opened fire. "Bless the Lord! here is a fine morning!" Jacob replied, "It ish, it ish fery fine. Vat be te besht news in te city." "The best news that I can hear," replied Samuel, "is that Jesus Christ is pardoning sinners and sanctifying believers." "Poh, poh," rejoined Jacob, turning red as

scarlet, "tuff and nonshensh! It ish all telusion." Whereat Samuel rallied with the testimony of his own experience of this *blessed* delusion, which for forty years had comforted and sanctified his soul: but Jacob had banged the shop door, and beaten a retreat into the little room, leaving Samuel to bless the Lord that he had not been left to be numbered with unbelievers. Such a man would beard the Pope himself, and tell the Grand Turk to his face, that in Jesus alone is salvation. The fact is, he lived an artless life; he believed unquestioningly, and was strong; he acted conscientiously, and had no need to fear; he served his Lord unwaveringly, and his reward was power both with God and men. The reader may enquire concerning his death, but we shall give no details, far more important is it to gather wisdom from his life. Like him, we may expect to die, singing, "Glory, glory, glory," if we have lived under the power of grace.

We should be sorry to see any man imitate Sammy Hick, the copy would be disgusting; but if all our working men and women who are saved by grace, would in some such way as he did, live and labour for the spread of the gospel, the day would soon break, and the shadows flee away. More genuine, simple, personal piety, and less burnish and mimicry of religion, and the world would behold the church as "terrible as an army with banners."

"Greater Love;" or, the American Conscript.

BY FRANK H. WHITE.

AT a recent prayer-meeting in New York, a very touching incident of the American civil war was mentioned. The narrator had shortly before visited the soldiers' burying-ground at Nashville, and had there seen a man planting a flower over one of the graves, who, on being questioned, told his story as follows:—"I was poor and had a large family of children depending on me for their daily bread, but as the war continued, I was drafted. I was unable to find a substitute, and made up my mind to go. After I had got everything in readiness, and was just leaving to report for duty at the conscript camp, a young man whom I had known came to me and said, 'You have a big family, and your wife cannot support them while you are gone, I will go for you.' In the battle of Chickamauga, the poor fellow was dangerously wounded, and was taken back to hospital at Nashville. After a lingering illness he died and was buried here. Ever since hearing of his death, I have wanted to come to Nashville and see that his remains were properly interred. Having saved enough money, I came on yesterday, and have to-day found his grave." As he ended his story, he took up a small board and inserted it at the foot of the grave. It bore only these words, "He died for me."

"He died for me."

How rare, how beautiful an instance of disinterested affection on the part of one man for another does this simple yet expressive epitaph record! Yet, after all, it is but a faint picture of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was a *friend* on whose account this noble-hearted soldier died, and "greater love" hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. But what makes the love of Jesus so surpassingly wonderful is, that he laid down his life for his *enemies.* "Peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The holy, sinless, spotless Son of God became a substitute for *guilty rebels*, suffered "the just for the *unjust*," "died for the *ungodly*." Yet how few care for the story of *his* love, how few are affected by the narrative of his suffering. Still fewer are concerned to be able to say, "He died for *me.*"

"He paid *my* debt, he bore *my* load,
In his own body on the tree."

Alas! to most, the record of a Saviour's sufferings on the behalf of sinners is an idle tale, it is nothing to them that Jesus died, nothing that ere he bowed his thorn-crowned head in death, he cried, "It is finished."

What about yourself, dear reader? Is it anything to you? Are *you* able to say of the slain Lamb of God, "He died for me"? In other words, have you cast yourself, a poor ruined, condemned sinner, at the feet of the crucified One, crying ever so feebly—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling"?

If not, make haste and do so: wrath abides upon the unbeliever, the wrath of a sin-hating, sin-punishing God; escape is impossible. Every other refuge must fail but that which is afforded by the wounds of Emmanuel, God's equal Son; no plea will avail you on a dying bed or at the day of judgment, but "He died for me." Let no man deceive you, the Scriptures cannot be broken. "He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." By refusing to "believe the record which God hath given his Son," you judge yourself unworthy of eternal life, and anticipate the sentence of the great day.

Believing reader, let the simple and affecting story which is at the head of this paper speak to you; let it remind you of your obligations to live and labour for him who did not merely risk his life on your account, but voluntarily *laid it down in your stead.* Died, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again. May every page of your brief life's future history bear this inscription written in legible and indelible letters—

"He died for me."

"O that I may ever prove,
By a life of earnest love,
How by right of grace divine,
I am his and he is mine."

The Example of Christ.

BY G. ROGERS.

THE example of Christ has its place in the Christian system. It has not, however, the chief place; and is limited even in its own sphere. Many errors in theology may be traced to indefinite views respecting it. A few considerations upon the subject will not, therefore, we trust, be unacceptable to our readers.

Our *first* statement is, *that the whole character of Christ is not an example to others, nor indeed the principal part of it.* An example to others should be of the same nature, possessed of the same faculties and acquirements, and placed in the same circumstances; but in neither of these respects is there an entire accordance between the man Christ Jesus and other men. So far as he is one with them, his example may apply; but so far as he differs from them, it cannot apply. His person is essentially distinct from all others. Viewed as God, he is not an example to man; viewed as man, he is not to be regarded as man only, and even as such has not, like other men, an original bias to evil. Humanity essentially allied to Deity is too high a standard for humanity alone. Viewed as God-man, which is the only light in which he is to be regarded in the economy of redemption, he is neither in the place of God nor man, simply considered, and is an example to none. In his person as Immanuel, he is unique, and must ever stand alone. As there is one God, so there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. Officially, too, the character of Christ differs from all others. His office, not less than his person, is peculiar to himself, and has no approximate similitude in others. The work of the Redeemer is not that of the redeemed. So far as he is a substitute for others, the things that are done *for* them are not required to be done *by* them; and yet substitution absorbs his whole character and work. The holiness of his life is chiefly to be viewed as substitutionary, as an obedience given to the divine law for the justification of others, and as a qualification for propitiatory sacrifice. This was the primary object of the purity of his life; and consequently its example to others was a subordinate design. To make his example the chief end of his mission is derogatory to his whole person and work. He needed not to have been God as well as man to have set us an example that we might walk in his steps. He would have been a more suitable example without it. Neither was it needful to him as a teacher sent from God, or as a martyr to seal his teaching with his blood. The incarnation would have been utterly useless for any other purpose than to justify and to redeem.

Our *second* statement is, *that the example of Christ is not applicable to any in their fallen and unrenewed state.* There are no principles in common, no inducements, dispositions, or pursuits, upon which a similarity can be founded. The mere fact of a common humanity avails little when the one is sinless and the other nothing but sin. It is not an example of holiness that man wants, but a redemption from crime. It is not by imitation that the fallen are reclaimed. Examples of goodness may reprove the abandoned; on account of which they will be hated and

avoided rather than admired and followed. The example of Christ had just such an effect upon the ungodly by whom he was surrounded. It was a bitter reproof to a gazing world, and though gleams of admiration occasionally burst forth from the dark cloud of ignorance and vice, it was only to be succeeded by inward murmurs of deeper hatred and scorn. What is there, in fact, in the example of a perfect man to comfort a depraved man? The contrast of such a character with his own, discourages and condemns him. Something there may be, yea, very much, in the example of one who has passed from a death of sin to a life of righteousness, both for the encouragement and guidance of his fellow men; as Paul became a pattern to those who should afterwards believe. The example here is of that repentance, and turning from evil ways, and hoping in divine mercy, and trusting in the merits of Christ, which man in his present state requires, and of which the followers of Christ are the proper examples, but on that very account no example of them is to be found in him. He is not an example of repentance, or of saving faith, and consequently no example to the sinner. The perfect exhibition of the moral law in the life of Christ can do no more for the sinner than the law itself, which is to convince and condemn. That much has been written in admiration of the life of Christ in its moral aspect only, and that human virtue has assumed a higher character since his appearance, we readily admit; but that this formed any part of his direct design is not so apparent. His virtues, in fact, have merely been adopted by moral philosophy from the Christian code into its own. It is not because they shone most resplendently in Christ, but for their own intrinsic beauty, they have been admired. In any other, they would have been equally extolled by the moralist, and perhaps more so. Nor is the imitation of the loveliness of Christ's life by the mere moralist, anything beyond a dry and formal resemblance. It is a servile copy, which has not the spirit of the original. To copy nature is not to give a bare outline of its mountains, and valleys, and rivers, and forests, but to catch the inspiration of the scene. To copy the poet, the philosopher, or the philanthropist, is to be fired with his genius, and filled with his whole soul. So, to imitate Christ, is to have the same mind in us that was also in Christ Jesus. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his, and without his Spirit there can be no real imitation of him. The example of Christ, therefore, has no application whatever to men in general. It would suppose an accordance of natures which are in direct opposition to each other. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Make the trees alike, and the fruit will be alike.

Our *third* statement is, *that the example of Christ is limited in its application to his own sincere followers.* "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things have become new." Being rooted and grounded in Christ, he has his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. "But they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Their virtues even are not pleasing to him. They can have no resemblance therefore to his Beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased. "Without faith it is impossible to please him," which implies that what is done in faith, sinful and imperfect as it may be in

itself, is pleasing to him. This shows the vast difference between the holiness required of us by the law, and the holiness that is accepted of us under the gospel. The former must be perfect, and nothing short of absolute perfection can pass for real holiness; but the latter, though partial, and in close contact with much that is sinful, is real, and admits of going on to perfection. It is because it is of faith that such holiness is not sin. It is derived from Christ, and is accepted on account of the perfection that is in him. Union to him by faith, the continual contemplation of him, love on account of our vast indebtedness to him, frequent communion with him; and oneness of interest with him, necessitate a growing conformity to him; and with this design we co-operate in some humble degree in conforming our lives to the model of his own. His example, therefore, can have reference to his own followers only, or those who have previously become his; and to such only it will be found, we think, to be presented in the Scriptures. "It is enough," said the Saviour, "that the disciple be as his master, and the servant as his lord:" "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me:" "I have given you an example," he said, when he washed his disciples' feet, "that ye should do as I have done to you." "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord," says Paul, "so walk ye in him;" where receiving him is affirmed to be necessary to walking in him. To the Christians at Philippi he says, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." To Christian parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, he finds directions ingeniously deduced from the example of Christ. The Hebrews are encouraged to fortitude and perseverance in the Christian race by "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of their faith." Peter says, "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps." John says, "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk even as he walked." These passages fully substantiate, we think, a fact, greatly overlooked in every age of the church, that the example of Christ is for his people alone.

Our *fourth* and last statement is, *that Christ is an example to his followers in a certain limited degree.* In his peculiar office of Mediator, as we have seen, he is alone; nor is he less alone as head of the church and head over all things for its sake. As the One Man, too, to whom all judgment is committed, he abideth alone. If his people are said to suffer with him and to reign with him, it is by a conformity that comes upon them through him, and not by any active efforts of their own. A conformity to his holiness of life, and to his submission, and hope in death, is the necessary result of a life of faith in him. It is not we that live, but Christ that liveth in us. If his Spirit dwells in us, it will bear the same fruits in us that it did in him. Our holiness is derived from him, and has not its source, as though we had been unfallen beings, in ourselves. This peculiarity must ever belong to the holiness of the redeemed. As the righteousness of their justification is *in* him, so the righteousness of their sanctification is *from* him; and for the fruits of both they are everlastingly dependent upon him. They have their life of glory with him in heaven as completely as they have their life of faith in him on the earth. Because he lives they shall live also.

Conformity to him is the natural effect of their whole experience, both on earth and in heaven. They gradually put off the image of the earthly man, and put on the image of the heavenly. The transforming process is advanced by every exercise of faith and godliness. Their admiration of Jesus, their continual contemplation of him, their communion with him, their love to him, their obedience to him, their fellowship with him as their dying and their risen Lord—all tend to bring them into conformity with him. Like him, they are meek and lowly of heart; like him, they are not of this world; like him, when reviled they revile not again; like him, they are patient and forgiving under unjust injuries; like him, they put their trust in God for strength equal to their day; like him, they pray continually; like him, in severe conflicts they say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" like him, they weep over impenitent sinners; like him, they go about doing good to the bodies and souls of men; and like him, for the joy that is set before them, they endure the cross and despise the shame. There is, in a word, an indescribable something about them by which others may take knowledge that they have been with Jesus. The halo of their intercourse with him is carried by them unconsciously into all the transactions of their lives. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, they are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Are these things so? Has the example of Christ no relation to men in general? Must we be in Christ before we can be like him? Then what becomes of moral theories of Christianity, and of all theories that are chiefly founded upon the example of Christ? "To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity." To put the example of Christ before atonement and justification, is to read the Scriptures backwards. Viewed by itself, the life of Christ is but an enlarged edition of the law. There is no gospel, or glad tidings, in it apart from redemption. "I delivered unto you first of all," said the great apostle to the Corinthians, "that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." He began with the death of Christ as an atonement for sin, according to the instruction he had received; and any other method would be as absurd as to endeavour to poise a pyramid upon its apex, instead of leaving it to rest upon its base. "*Ecce homo!*" is last, not first. "*Ecce Christus!*" is first. Behold the Christ of God! Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world! Then, "*Ecce Deus!*" Behold the the fulness of God in him! Then comes, "*Ecce homo!*" Behold the model man!

Home Sickness.

IT is said that the French Government forbade the playing of that simple tune, the "Ranz des Vaches," among their Swiss soldiery, because it reminded the soldiers of the cowbells of their native mountains, and laid them by with home sickness. Ah! doth not our soul know what it is to be lovelorn for her own native land? Have we not pined, even to sickness, for the sweet fields where everlasting spring abides? The ordinances, the assemblies of the Sabbath, and the joyous hymns of the saints; these are the celestial reminders of heaven which make us faint to see its courts.

Homes with No Name.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

[Painful as this subject is, we feel bound to insert this paper, that our readers may pray for those engaged in the blessed work. We know many details of cases of fallen ones reclaimed, which have come before us in relation to our own church, which would make every believing heart sing for joy that mercy has been shown to the chief of sinners. The work is one of the divinest upon earth.]—C. H. S.

ONE summer evening, the writer, with three metropolitan ministers, visited and inspected one of the several homes for fallen women which philanthropy has opened for their reformation. The home is situated in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, not far from one of the stations of a branch of the Underground Railway. Exteriorly, there is nothing to indicate the purpose for which the building is applied: a wise and delicate feeling having decided that the name of the institution should not appear on the outside of any of the homes. The external appearance is therefore not distinguished from any of the surrounding houses, all of which are of the comfortable, old-fashioned type of family residences. Inside, the houses have every convenience, and the dormitories are clean, well-ventilated, and remarkably tidy. The kitchen gardens and small orchards attached to the houses—for there are three of them—add to the healthiness and picturesque character of the homes, of which one, that is kept distinct from the others, is used for convalescents, or young women of good character on their discharge from hospitals. As far as may be, the homes are conducted on the principle of a private family, and are under the care of a matron and assistants.

Of course, the women and girls are not kept here in idleness. To do that, would be to offer the best incentive to return to the evil habits which have so degraded them. They are trained as laundresses, an occupation to which they seemed to have taken kindly. We visited the commodious shed in which they were busily at work. They had been previously singing, and at the request of the Secretary, Mr. Thomas, they struck up some popular revival tunes, which were rendered with some spirit and sweetness. Indeed, one was surprised that, after exposure in the streets, winter and summer, they should have retained that melody of voice which is the attribute of girlhood. The girls—for many of them could hardly be called women—were tidily dressed, were mostly physically strong and healthy in appearance; and those who had marks of past excesses upon them, seemed to have very little else in their general demeanour which would indicate a low type of morality. Indeed, the younger and fairer looked so much like respectable domestic servants, that it was not unnatural that one of our friends enquired of the Secretary whether all had been rescued from a degraded life. The sad affirmative answer spoke volumes as to the misery and the disgrace through which girls so young had passed. Our visit was simply an informal one, and therefore addresses were not expected; but at the desire of the young women, one of our number ventured upon a short address, in which the story of the Saviour's love was presented in winning simplicity of speech. Of course, no reference was made to the

particular sin that stained them; and no air of superiority was assumed by the speaker, who addressed them as one sinful creature would another. And so, after prayer, and the singing of another hymn, and the enforced promise of another visit, in which desire the inmates unanimously joined, we left the building feeling profoundly grateful to God for the Christian generosity which had enabled men of wisdom and discretion to enter upon a work so humane, and Christ-like, and difficult.

Difficult! Perhaps the most difficult upon which a man can enter, and certainly the most difficult on which a man can write. And yet silence on such a delicate subject, however appropriate, seems almost criminal. To condemn, as some have done, those who fly from so unsavoury a topic, as one studiously to be avoided, argues rather a brutish judgment; it is simply to abuse that delicate sensitiveness which is one of the charms of a pure and gentle mind. That few care to mention the evil, and fewer still to discuss its indelicate details is evidence, not of a disposition to tolerate it, but of a desire not to become acquainted with the secrets of so intolerable a vice. While there may be some sad consequences arising from ignoring the question, there would be infinitely worse evils as the result of exposing it in all its ghastly organisations to the innocent mind. So insidious a form of evil is not to be lightly regarded, or a full knowledge of it to be desired. We are so persuaded that harm may be wrought by the suggestion of such a vice to virtuous minds, that we have long hesitated to take up our pens to advocate the reformation of its victims. We attempt the task most reluctantly because of its difficulties. But since the sin of which we write is so increasing, and its victims in London are growing in numbers, and since the exertions which Christian philanthropy should put forth are so imperatively necessary, and so inadequate, we venture in terms as delicate as our vocabulary will allow, to deal with the subject.

We do not care to quote statistics relative to the number of abandoned females in the metropolis. Their number may almost be said to be legion. Nor is it necessary for our purpose, which is to show what is being done by willing workers to check the evil, and to reclaim to virtue those who have fallen. There are several societies devoted to this good object, and if we refer to one more than to another in this paper, it is not due to forgetfulness of their respective claims, but to the small space at our disposal. Nor shall we quote anything too sensational for belief; a report of one society we notice, indulges rather too freely in statements which are manifestly preposterous, with regard to the early age at which children are led into ruin. The bare facts of the case are, alas! sufficiently startling, without believing all that an excited imagination might deem to be true. We may say that all the London societies aim to effect the rescue of the soul as well as the body of the sinful and the wayward women received into their homes, so that their work is pre-eminently Christian.

The "homes" of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution owe their origin to the earnest efforts of the deceased wife of the present secretary, Mr. Thomas. In a very interesting memoir of this good lady, we learn that prior to her marriage with Mr. Thomas,

and while labouring for the maintenance of the children of her first marriage, "she resolved to dedicate some given portions of her time and means to the especial service of God, and in such a manner as should benefit the most unhappy and distressed of her own sex. How far she succeeded in her design, not by her own unaided efforts, but by enlisting the sympathy and support of Christian friends who rallied round the cause she inaugurated, may be learnt from the fact that by the agency of the institutions with which she was immediately connected, no less than three thousand five hundred friendless and fallen females were rescued from their hazardous and degrading positions."*

In 1850, the public were shocked by learning the awful fact that forty thousand women in London were gaining their living by vice. Christian gentlemen banded themselves together, irrespective of creed and denomination, to organise such means that might, with God's blessing, allay the evil. The existing penitentiaries were good enough in their way, but it was felt that any new attempt should assume a somewhat different character. The work should be specially of a missionary nature. It was not enough to rescue poor girls from moral degradation, the claims of Christianity must be recognised, and a truly evangelical and evangelistic spirit must be infused into any new effort that might be made. Mrs. Thomas, in the spirit of her Master, sought out the poor fallen of the streets, and notwithstanding her limited resources, gave those who were anxious to reform, a shelter in her humble home, until the time had arrived when a better asylum could be afforded them. Two cases that came under her care were exceedingly hopeful; the young women shared the provisions of her home, but declined firmly, yet respectfully to enter a penitentiary. These cases were constantly occurring. And why? Well, why do poor people dislike a workhouse? And why do boys dislike a reformatory?

The conviction gained ground each day that reformation could not be effected apart from certain modes of treatment. The sinners must be treated with generous kindness, with Christian tenderness, unpatronisingly, as fellow sinners, not as deeply degraded ones, almost beyond the Saviour's pity. The gentlemen were puzzled how to attain so desirable a consummation. It needed a woman's skill and heart, and tact, and instinct. The woman was not wanting at this crisis. Mrs. Thomas, writes Mr. Ireton, "grasped both the principle and detail of a scheme which met all the requirements of the case: it was the establishment of 'Homes,' which should be regulated after the true domestic English pattern, based upon sound moral and religious principles; she further proposed that each one should be under the care and control of a suitable person, who could exercise a sound discretion in the treatment of each individual case." The plan at once found favour with the gentlemen engaged in forwarding the work, and was adopted, at first of necessity on a limited scale, and Mrs. Thomas was appointed the matron. So successful has this model been—a very simple one, it is true, but perfect in its details—that during the past eighteen years, upwards of twenty similar homes have been founded in the metropolis, in addition

* The origin of the "Homes," or a Woman's Work; being a brief Memoir of Maria Thomas. By A. Wellesley Ireton.

to others in the provinces and abroad. The society was fully organised in 1857. It was soon found that the work needed considerable tact and discretion. Only look for a moment at the faces, at the stern, resolute, obstinate, dare-devil appearance, of some of the walkers in our streets, and ask yourself whether the task of their reformation is not difficult! The new matron had her difficulties; but it was just there where she was strong. If some stubborn girl had succeeded in causing discontent in the minds of the other inmates, and a desire to return to the old habits, the matron would go and dwell for a time in their midst; and her personal influences, and sympathy, and considerateness soon won the hearts of the most complaining. She recognised, indeed, a fact which must be considered in dealing with these cases—namely, that, however depraved the victims of this sin may be, there is one principle which they cannot resist. It is the principle of LOVE. "What!" I think, I hear a reader exclaim, "love in such polluted creatures?" Here is a case, told me by the secretary, which will illustrate our position. One of the vilest women that ever came under his notice was proof against all entreaty, all appeals, all warnings. She seemed more like a resolute fiend than a woman. All moral feeling was gone, irretrievably lost. Any number of English gentlemen would proclaim her case hopeless—and would regard her with dismay and disgust. As for affection, it seemed stamped out of her nature; she seemed incapable of loving either self or God. But was it so? There was an old handsome cat hidden in the corner of her room upon whom she lavished all her affectionate attentions. Of this cat she was passionately fond. You might endeavour to converse with her upon any subject, but the conversation was sure to be interrupted by certain appreciatory remarks relative to "pussy." That was apparently the only tender point in her character; and to succeed in arousing her to a sense of her condition, it was necessary to do so by expressing admiration for her favourite cat. Similar cases might be adduced to prove that women, however fallen, must have some one or something on which to bestow their shattered affections. The gentle way in which even the commonest of this class will pat or stroke a horse, or affectionately regard the misfortunes of a little child, or caress a babe, is proof that to love is natural with every woman. Woe be to the foul wretch who blaststhat tenderness of feeling and quickness of sensibility which elevate so nobly every innocent woman!

It is, above all things, necessary that those who seek to restore the fallen should have large-heartedness, to enable them to deal generously and affectionately with their pupils, and also great faith in God. Without love, they will repel those whom they seek to influence; without faith, they themselves will be speedily discouraged. For the work of reformation is not effected in one day. There are many things to unlearn, many evil thoughts, many old and ensnaring associations from which to break away. The old paths of sin are fascinating even to those who have been cruelly crushed therein. The old habits, even to those who have most suffered from them, allure their victims to yet further ruin. The process of unlearning—of discovering the real character of that which appears so glittering, and the sad issues of that which is so revolting—is painful. And in acquiring a taste for virtuous pursuits, and a love for that which

is good and true, there are many things to learn which are not altogether easy of acquisition. A very tender hand, and an affectionate, generous heart, and a self-denying spirit, are needed for this work. Mr. Ireton's encomiastic picture of the late Mrs. Thomas's life graphically illustrates what we mean. "She had witnessed," he says, "the worn and wasted form of what was once the masterpiece of God's creation sink beneath the accumulated weight of pestilential disease, and with a tender and a pitying hand had moistened the parched lips of the dying Magdalen. She had administered to the temporal necessities of the poor dying one, but there was a deeper mine of sorrow she could not touch, compared with which mere bodily pain was soon forgotten. It was the loud and angry surges of the mind, when in full contemplation was opened up before it the horrors of a long life spent in the pursuit and propagation of woe. When, in the fever of delirium, the memory gave up her dead, and all the terrors of life's guilty past were lived over again, and as the soul awakened to each new sensation of suffering, things long forgotten reappeared armed with new pangs. Terribly lengthened the nights became as these scenes moved in slow and dreaded vision before the guilty sufferer, threatening, like the floodings of an ocean, to overwhelm the prostrate one in fell despair. Slowly each succession arose, passed, and died away, like the marching of some mighty host, until, in her last extremity, the poor wretched victim saw a sea of upturned faces, and heard the sound of many tongues, like accusing spirits, calling down the wrath of God. In broken and incoherent tones were these sufferings told, nor told in vain. A faint glimmering, like the smallest streak of light in a darkened sky, alone lit up the midnight of scenes like these." Who will not say, with such facts before them, that it is only Christian women of great faith and generous love who can expect to be successful in tending to such boken-down and broken-hearted women?

And what was the result of this loving attention? Was it possible with women whose finest emotions had been benumbed, if not almost extinguished, by indulgence in a vice so dreadfully hardening, that any change could work so great a miracle as to inspire the heart with gratitude, love, and devotion? Many think such cases are hopeless, and some are tempted to brand all reformation as sheer hypocrisy. But, thank God, the fears of the timid and the sneers of the ignorant are not always fulfilled. We learn that in the last illness of Mrs. Thomas there was quite a pleasant competition as to who should watch by night at her bedside; and it would appear that nothing less than a system of taking their turns would satisfy the claimants to this honour. And when she was buried a crowd of weeping mourners, bitterly grieving over the loss of such a friend they never had before—a friend better than some of their own mothers—a friend such as some had never possessed since a mother's death—testified in tones of anguish and sincerity to the love they bore to the sinners' friend.

I have purposely lingered over the history of the founder of these homes, because it illustrates points of importance in relation to this blessed work of restoring the fallen which could not be better described. Such persons as the founder of these homes are needed in every city or town where the wretched and forlorn congregate; but such persons are rare.

Since a second paper is needed fairly to deal with this subject, we

shall leave for the present the question of *prevention*, which enters so largely into the operations of this society—a question so pressingly important as to demand a separate article for its discussion. In no evil is the old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," more true. It is here where the first efforts of all Christians should be exerted; for the helpless, the ignorant, the neglected, and the abused, should be protected against the machinations of the destroyer, and the evils that daily surround them.

Difficult as the work of the reclamation of the abandoned may be, the reformatory institutions have been greatly useful in restoring such persons to society. Were their funds larger, they might be more successful; for hundreds of poor girls anxious to abandon their evil courses cannot find an asylum in the homes. They are already full; and this fact must greatly depress, if not altogether ruin, the prospects of these poor creatures. As samples of the kind of work which has been done, we will give a number of instances selected from the reports of some of the principal societies.

While many trace their fall to their own tendency to evil—and it would be foolish to shut our eyes to a fact so palpable—yet in a very large number of cases, destitution has been the leading cause. This destitution has been aggravated or caused by other circumstances. It is rare indeed, to find a woman in poverty resorting *at once* to immorality for her livelihood. The mind must either have been corrupted, or the affections enslaved and perverted, or the opportunities for sin so irresistible, that to decide for evil was not difficult. Here is a case, however, which is not uncommon. The girl who relates the story was not more than fifteen, and had not therefore led a long life of depravity. Her father was a plasterer, afflicted with rheumatics, and being frequently out of work, was very poor. She could neither read nor write. She did not know her own age. As for a place of worship, she had never been inside one. Her knowledge of Christ and of His gospel was therefore *nil*. Her mother was a swearer, a drunkard, and a brute. In the miserable room which served as an apology for "home," there was no furniture save "an old bedstead and straw bed for mother, one old table and some old chairs; me and my little sisters laid on some straw in one corner." "In the winter," the girl relates, "when father was out of work, I would go and pick up chips and wood, and go on the cinder-heaps and get the cinders and little bits of coal to make a fire. We never had but one meal a day; it was no use asking for any more, we know'd we couldn't have it; mother would only hit us if she was drunk." The girl added, that when she obtained her first situation as a servant, she had to go home to sleep late at night; and then I'd be very sleepy in the morning, so as I couldn't wake; mother would throw water on me and I'd have to get up then; but many's the time it's been four o'clock, 'cause we hadn't a clock, so I had to walk about till six"—at which time she was expected to commence her morning's labours. After awhile she slept on a box in her "missus's" house and had one shilling a week, which her drunken mother would try to get from her. Three years she stayed at this place, but one day she went out with a companion for a holiday, dressed in a new blue bonnet with a rose in it, and furnished with pocket money. Alas! her

companion took her to one of those dancing places that are the hot-beds of vice, and introduced her to some young men with whom she was acquainted. "I liked it very much," she says, "but I kept asking about the time, but they cheated me—told me it was only half-past ten when it was ever so late. I went to missus in the morning, but she wouldn't have me again. So the girl and I took a lodging at a coffee-house, my clothes soon went, and then we were turned out. I used to sleep on doorways, and once I seed my mother on a Sunday; she had a dish of baked 'taters and a breast of mutton carrying home. I was so hungry, and I asked her to give me some, but she wouldn't give me one 'tater even." The day she entered the "Home," she had not had a bit to eat for three days. Her story was found to be true; her mother was all that she had represented her to be; and the state of the room just as it had been described. She is now a domestic servant, in good position, and gives every satisfaction. Who can wonder that, in such cases of gross parental neglect, where girls have been trained for sin, and have never heard loving words, they should listen to the allurements of false affection, and fall victims to honeyed speech? Upon whom can the burden of their sin fall, but upon the parents who make these children domestic drudges, and buffet them about, and brutally and coarsely assail them?

It must be remembered too, that in many instances girls receive no education whatever, excepting what they may pick up in the streets; and living in the midst of the vicious, they are trained for evil courses. And life in the streets has a peculiar fascination for those accustomed to it, which even moral reformation will not conquer. A water-cress girl had been reclaimed, and after leaving the "Home" was placed in a situation. "After years of privation and discomfort, the kitchen must have been a palace to her, but her wandering life had charms which no comforts could equal; in a week or so she disappeared. Months passed, and her clear voice was again heard singing her cry of 'fresh water cresses,' but now she carried a small baby as well as her basket. She had married a dustman! Often she sends poor fallen girls to the Home, or gives them leave to sleep in a corner of her poor room, sharing with them her hard-earned crust, and in her homely way giving them the very best advice."

Illustrations might be given of the power of the gospel over the lives of these girls. Such cases are the best evidence that could be adduced in favour of the present methods of working adopted by the societies. The question is sometimes asked, Are the conversions real? Is the reformation permanent? Why not? If the grace of God can convert—as it has done—depraved men, why not depraved women? If it be possible permanently to reform rakes—a task harder than the reformation of the other sex—what is there in the life and character of woman that is proof against the influences of morality? Some return after awhile to their vicious courses, but at least seventy-five per cent. of the cases undertaken by the societies turn out to be permanently good. Seven years ago, a woman attended a midnight meeting, and was led to abandon her old life. For two years she sought forgiveness, and ultimately realised it; and for more than five years she has been a happy wife, and a member of a Christian church. And in a letter to a Christian lady,

she breathes this aspiration:—"I long to love my Saviour more, for he has done for me more than all my earthly friends could or would have done. Jesus has brought me out of a burden of sin and misery, and made me happy, and fitted me for his blessed presence, that I may not only be with him but like him, pure and holy." This communication is but a sample of others received from time to time by those connected with these excellent institutions.

John Howe and his Life Associations.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THIS article may properly begin at its subject's death-bed, since John Howe's strange procedure in his last moments will sufficiently account for that comparative scantiness of existing materials for sketching his life, which has perplexed and surprised his biographers. We have to imagine a spring morning in the year 1705. The great Puritan, whose sanctified genius has contributed to the profit and delight of so many grateful Christians, lies in the unconsciousness of impending dissolution. In the apartment we notice Dr. George Howe, the pastor's son, who is there to witness his father's departure, and to honour that father's last desires. Howe is supposed to be on the eve of departing; but, anon, those eyes which have so often glowed with enthusiasm over the gospel message, slowly open to evince that some deep anxiety is disturbing the soul within; suddenly and to the surprize of bystanders. temporary strength animates Howe's emaciated body. The invigorating spark flickers sufficiently long to enable the divine to reach a key, to look beseechingly at George, to point to a secretaire, and exclaim, "BURN THOSE PAPERS!" How sternly must curiosity and regret have striven against filial obedience, as Dr. George threw one by one into the fire, those lumps of precious fuel; a "multitude of small volumes," supposed to have been filled with notes illustrative of Cromwell's court, and of the Cromwellian era. We are quite in sympathy with professor Rogers when he is "almost tempted to regret that Howe should have recovered his speech at all, since he could find no better use for it."

Visitors to Dr. Williams's library will not fail to be interested in a striking portrait of John Howe, which as a valued relic of Puritanism, adorns an apartment of that student's rendezvous. How grateful are we to the artist who has so skilfully delineated and bequeathed to us the lines of one of the most expressive of faces! It seems as though the canvas were illuminated with a reflection of the nobler traits of humanity. As we look upon it, imagining the while that the lips are about to open, the painting aids us in accounting for the successful career of so "signal a trophy of the transforming power of the gospel." The man whose countenance so truthfully mirrored his soul, may well have reigned as an oracle among the *élite* of Nonconformity. Even the testimony of Robert Hall will scarcely sound extravagant, when he tells us that he owed more to Howe, as a divine, than to all the Puritans beside.

The history of the Howes can be traced backward as far as the reign of Charles the First. John, whose piety and genius have immortalised

the family name, was a native of Loughborough, and born in 1630. The parish register, which dates from the reign of Henry the Eighth, contains some entries of interest relating to his connections. Although he had no brother, John had an only sister. The father is supposed to have superseded John Brown, the silenced rector of Loughborough. In after years the Howes became related to the family of Hughes of Plymouth, the daughter of the heroic minister of that seaport having become the wife of our present subject.

At the era of Howe's birth the world was harassed by war and persecution. In England, William Laud, as a little-souled, sour-tempered, and bigoted innovator, was superseding the intelligible gospel by high sounding mummeries. On the Continent, in the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, Roman Catholicism was exercising her predilections for cruelty and devastation. The British king and his favourite prelate were industriously, if unconsciously, disseminating the seeds of civil war. The times were growing sufficiently perilous for few other than time-servers, or such as were utterly indifferent, to be able to pursue their way unscathed. The lynx eyes of Laud, though not omniscient, by the agency of informers searched out delinquents: and their looking into Loughborough was to discover that Master Howe's ministrations were not trimmed down to the letter of the prescribed *régime*. Indeed, the old preacher manifested presumption enough, and disrespect enough for the authority of the ascendant ecclesiastical powers, to prefer purity of doctrine before stained windows, and to value the example of a living faith above the texture and colour of altar-cloths. What could Laudian disciplinarians do other than eject so obstinate a stickler for "the law and and the testimony"? If necessity compelled them to instal a smaller man, a change would at least secure a truer exponent of "the little bishop's" diminutive ideas.

Driven from Loughborough during John's childhood, the Howes sought refuge in Ireland, there to continue till the breaking out of the native rebellion. On returning to England, John studied at Cambridge and Oxford successively, and won the distinction of Master of Arts at each University. As a student, he set a brave example of industrious perseverance, by reading over the classics, the Christian fathers and the schoolmen; and by drawing up a theological system from Scripture, which, in the main, continued his life-long standard of faith. Having completed his college course, our young scholar was ordained at Winwick, in Lancashire, by Charles Hearle of the Westminster Assembly.

Even though we hazard a digression, an honourable mention must be made of Francis Higginson, Howe's principal tutor. Stationed in the ministry at Leicester, he sympathised with divers Nonconformist practices, and accordingly he was made to smart by the Laudian persecutors; but prelatical spite could not drive him from the town. In person and general mien, Higginson proved himself to be not the least remarkable of the Puritan phenomena. He lived frugally and laboured hard; and because three hours deducted from the twenty-four sufficed for sleep, his diurnal of labour became about a third longer than that of less favoured mortals. Many uncommon circumstances combined to impart an interest to Francis Higginson's godly ministry. Once, on his refusing the sacrament to an openly wicked person, the man, in a great passion,

rose to leave the sanctuary, but then and there fell down and died. Another townsman occasioned some considerable annoyance, and became the more incensed because he had a wife who valued the old Puritan's ministry. This man carried his opposition to the length of resolving to recount the pastor's crimes before the court of High Commission. While stepping into his saddle he was stricken with a mortal disease, to the prevention of his even starting for London. Yet another episode in Higginson's life will show how many perplexing circumstances could trouble even doctors of divinity in the days of Charles the First. There then lived in Leicester a comfortable churchman, with a digestion far stronger than his brains. Besides rejoicing in the distinction of doctor, this individual held a cathedral prebendship and a royal chaplaincy; but notwithstanding his many offices and imposing titles, he found it considerably easier to dispose of a good dinner than to concoct even an indifferent sermon. As regards this particular clergyman, however, he found it to be a sufficiently happy circumstance in his experience, that contemporary etiquette relieved those dullards from preaching whose university curriculum had only qualified them for reading aloud. Like other dullards, our doctor had wit enough to manifest chagrin at his neighbour's success in that mysterious avocation of preaching, in which he, doctor of divinity as he was, so signally failed, much to his depreciation in popular esteem. What more enlightened policy could be adopted than to drive so incorrigible an evangelist from house and home? At any rate, this was the policy which the churchman resolved on honouring; and doubtless, he would have completed his designs, had not after circumstances balked their progress. Occasionally, when the doctor preached, he seems to have been not a little proud of his unedyfying platitudes. All things ran on smoothly till, in due course the sheriff appointed him to officiate before the judges, whose circuit included Leicester. Effectively to preach before the dignitaries of the law appeared a very considerable business; but as three months remained wherein to work out a sermon, the doctor essayed to write one out with a few graceful touches of eloquence. A formidable obstacle now appeared: because ideas refused to come at his bidding, the preacher could write but little, and that little was not to his satisfaction. Long and vainly did people point out Higginson as the one man able to help him out of such a dilemma. The divine doubtless thought, there is nothing like independence; and as regards sermon-making, so think we; but how such independence can be asserted when its would be subject has no more thinking power than his quill, is not an easy problem to solve. In the meanwhile, affairs at Leicester were growing peculiarly desperate. The judges were coming, and no creditable discourse would be provided unless it were prepared by the obnoxious Nonconformist. There being no alternative, application was made to Higginson, who accordingly preached to the profit and delight of the townspeople, and of the assize officials. Because mortified, at this demonstration of his mental weakness, Dr. Rector forsook the town, being fairly driven thence by the force of public opinion. He was thus necessitated to seek a retirement such as he had intended forcing on his neighbour.

After these adventures, Higginson settled in Massachusetts, the manner of his going thither being singularly in keeping with other

portions of his life. A company of merchants invited him into their midst, and even dispatched agents to Leicester for the purpose of arranging necessary preliminaries. Having heard of the pastor's liability to arrest, the deputies were tempted to make their visit yield them some innocent pastime. Knocking loudly at the outer gate, they enquired in rude tones for Mr. Higginson, frightening his wife till she hastened to warn her husband of danger, and to entreat him to remain concealed. "As they entered his hall with an assumed boldness and roughness of address, they presented him with some papers, saying, 'Sir, we come from London: our business is to carry you up to London, as you may see by these papers.' 'I thought so,' exclaimed Mrs. Higginson, and immediately began to weep." These 'papers,' the mention of which had created so much alarm, were merely letters of invitation. The devoted pastor sailed to the New World, in May, 1629; but died in the succeeding August, at the early age of forty-three, leaving a widow and eight children. One of his sons, Francis, and the first author who attacked Quakerism, settled in the church at Kirby-Stephen, Westmoreland—hitherto a place of little note; but henceforth to become immortally associated with the name and works of the Poet Close.

On referring to that esteemed farrago of facts, falsehoods and libels, the Athenae Oxonienses, we find Howe portrayed in more flattering colours than the bias of Wood usually allowed him to use when sketching the characters of Nonconformists. Apparently, our sour-tempered historian repressed his unlovely attributes while handling so illustrious a subject, for he speaks of Howe's abilities as "neat and pleasant;" and of his manners as being affable. On such account, we are to understand, Howe commanded a wide circle of Conformist readers.

But when Wood comes to deal with Howe's father-in-law, George Hughes, he relapses into his Oxford humour, and into his most finished Jacobitical style. Although coming of a plebeian family, Hughes was sufficiently fortunate to get an Oxford education, by which means he became entitled to the posthumous, but equivocal honour, of being arrayed among the galaxy of the Athenae Oxonienses. On leaving the university, the old Puritan encountered divers adventures till appointed lecturer to "The factious town of Plymouth." Because Plymouth was "factious," we are not surprised to find that Hughes daily increased in favour with "the godly party; and that in the "Rebellion" time he proved "proud, haughty and ambitious." At the Restoration he and another "conventicler" found a prison in the island of Nicholas, the confinement reducing their strength till Hughes lay nigh unto death. On that noisome Patmos they may have had a fellow prisoner in the Baptist martyr Abraham Cheare, one of the founders of Nonconformity in Plymouth. Hughes was supposed to be more fortunate than the Baptist, when he obtained his release by giving security in one thousand pounds, with a guarantee not to reside within twenty miles of his former labours. George Hughes and his son Obadiah, as brave confessors, were entirely worthy of their illustrious kinsman, John Howe. The former retired to Knightsbridge, in Devonshire, and there faithfully laboured; or, in the Oxford brogue, he maintained his connection with "the fanatical party." The latter planted the church which yet flourishes in Baker-street, Enfield, Middlesex.

Providence, or what were regarded as a chain of providences, smoothed the way for Howe's settlement at Great Torrington—so called to have it distinguished from two other towns of the same name, and respectively designated "Little" and "Black." A feudal castle, erected in 1340, commanded the settlement from the south. The share taken by the town in the Civil Wars was chiefly represented by the defeat of Lord Hopton, by Fairfax, in 1646—a victory which ended the supremacy of the Royalists in the western counties.

On settling at Torrington, Howe may have been perplexed at the prospect of presiding over a divided people. But if perplexed, he could not have been surprised, because that spirit of dissension, so characteristic of the era, was found disturbing the seclusion of old Devonshire towns. The appearance in Torrington of an earnest pastor, and a master mind, had the effect of attracting into reunion the scattered forces, such as had strayed to the Independents, returning to the parish church on Howe's accession.

Although, for the sake of convenience, we class Howe among Presbyterians, he never proved himself a stickler for the letter of the Presbyterian *régime*. His meek spirit extended its sympathy to the sister denominations; and in this, as well as in other things, he exercised a charity a century before his times. In an age remarkable for bickerings, disputings, and separations over minor matters, Torrington, under Howe, became the rendezvous of such as valued spiritual union; for conferences were held, made up of various parties. These meetings, and the weekly Latin letters, exchanged between the Devonshire pastor, and his father-in-law at Plymouth, reveal much which is favourable in the character of both correspondents.

We are not permitted to profit by any considerable insight into the everyday life of Howe at Torrington. That it was earnest and successful, there is no room for doubting; that it was laborious, in the understood sense of those times, we have conclusive evidence. Such fragmentary accounts, as survive, of Howe's early pastoral experience, at least enlighten us as to the order of those extraordinary fast-day services, in which our fathers were wont to invoke heaven's direction in the season of England's bitter trial. These Puritan services lasted from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, the whole time being occupied by prayer, preaching, and singing. Nothing need be said in defence of our fathers' procedure in these protracted services. The profligacy of the Restoration was partly a reaction against the folly of enforcing wearisome religious forms upon the unconverted.

Of the events which led to Howe's forsaking Torrington, in favour of the Capital, we have more particular information. His removal occurred in 1656—an eventful year in our national annals. It is the reputed year of the Jews' return to England after centuries of absence. While its weeks passed by, the enemies of the Cromwellian government—Royalist and sectaries—were busily working for the maturing of their dark designs. In this year the Protector opened Parliament with a speech, called by Hume, "A farrago;" but of which Carlyle says, "No royal speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the world." While trade thrived at home, the power of Spain was successfully resisted abroad. Foreigners had already learned to respect the

name of Great Britain's uncrowned king, and more than that, to respect the language of his guns. At, or about, Christmas, in this year, business or recreation attracted Howe to London. In those Puritan days, as in our own, the Metropolis had many wonders to fascinate pleasure-seekers, many of which the grave sort of visitors did not usually overlook. A principal interest centred in the chapel at Whitehall; and it was expressly to attend that royal service, and to see the sanctuary, as well as the Protector in his pew, that Howe prolonged his holiday, and so undesignedly influenced his whole after career. We seem to see the Devonshire pastor, as in the chilly morning he quietly seats himself among the illustrious company of worshippers. Cromwell's ready intelligent glance detects the presence of the stranger, and quickly reads the expression of superior worth stamped on his noble features. When the service ends, Howe is disconcerted on being requested to preach on the succeeding Sabbath. Excuse and remonstrance are modestly offered; but neither prevails. Because so little used to take refusals, Cromwell will listen to nothing but compliance. Once hearing John Howe, bred a desire to hear him again. His name, therefore, is put down for future service; and, finally, he is requested to reside entirely at court. Escape is seen to be impossible. To remain at Whitehall becomes his only alternative. But what about the heavy hearts at Torrington? They are consoled by an autograph letter from the Protector himself.

This greatness, so suddenly thrust upon him, Howe found to be an unwelcome burden. Cromwell's court was no very desirable situation for a divine of Howe's predilections. Naturally Platonic in temperament, he was, in his procedure, calm and judicious; and therefore, he could not fail to be offended, if not shocked, by much which he saw and heard. Being neither a time-server nor an enthusiast, he never countenanced hypocrisy. His manly honesty prompted a ready and outspoken dissent from unacceptable tenets. Surrounded as he was by so many distasteful associations—distasteful to his deep genuine religious feeling, he passed through his entire court-discipline without offending and without taking offence.

Cromwell's favourite policy conceded liberty to all; but allowed to none a dominant ascendancy. How severely his powers were taxed while keeping in orderly subjection the discordant elements of his court, history may never reveal. A governing genius like Cromwell, when perplexed by surrounding circumstances, naturally, would appropriate what available assistance promised to aid the carrying out of his designs. For such reasons Howe was thoroughly appreciated on account of those services he was able to render to the government.

As an historical character Cromwell stands out, on the dark ground of those troublous days, as a man, who, with discerning glance, could legislate for posterity; and who, because he understood its nature, promoted toleration. But, anon, the thankless task of restraining intolerant parties, overtaxed even his abilities, and Cromwell sank beneath his burden of care and labour.

While the days of Howe were passing, he crowded their hours with abundant labours—labours belonging to the study, the pulpit, and the government service. During some leisure hours he corresponded with

Baxter, and many of the letters interchanged by these illustrious friends are preserved in Dr. Williams's library. Howe paid great deference to what he deemed Baxter's superior knowledge; and therefore highly valued the advice of the Kidderminster oracle. But even Baxter committed many mistakes; and among others, he overestimated Cromwell's power, for he seems to have supposed the Protector really competent to supersede the bickerings of party by the cherished scheme of comprehension. In ecclesiastical matters, Baxter advocated a cautious procedure. He desired his accomplished correspondent to exercise "A secret and silent observance of the infidels and papists who are very high and busy under several garbs." We become curious by noticing how many of these letters are addressed to the post-office in the Poultry, rather than to Whitehall, as though the writer were fearful of unfair play from some crafty court fanatics. Howe confesses his unfitness for a courtier's life in words of overdrawn modesty. Bashful and excessively careful of observing a proper behaviour, he details, in plaintive strains, his awkwardness in, and his unfitness for, his position. The spirit, quite as often as the letter of his epistles, shows what yearnings he had for Torrington.

Thus, with everything about him to delight the body, Howe is far from enjoying real comfort. He is ill at ease among a crowd of sectaries, the hypocrisy of divers among whom is not hidden by apparent religious zeal, nor the ambition of others more than thinly cloaked by high professions, and assumed indifference to earthly honour. While Howe's circumstances in London were as described, his people in Devonshire, deprived of his wiser oversight and faithful guidance, divided themselves into parties, to follow various leaders with weak heads and unsteady hands. We see the pastor the more longing to return into Devonshire, because, while his flock at Torrington is wasted by disunion, all agree to return to orderly allegiance if marshalled by the authoritative voice of John Howe.

Some curious instances occur in the experience of Howe of the manner in which a court chaplain could patronise his friends. Seth Ward, bishop of Exeter at the Restoration, entertained a lifelong regard for Howe, on account of some helpful words he had spoken to the Protector on Ward's behalf. Then again, Dr. Thomas Fuller requested from Howe the favour of "a shove through"—an unfamiliar phrase thus explainable: Dr. Thomas was called on to confront the dreaded Triers—a circumstance on which he drily observed, "I am a very corpulent man to go through a very strait passage." Howe's sage advice secured success and happiness; for, said he in effect, "When questioned, after the usual manner, respecting the work of grace in your soul, make answer, 'I have made a conscience of my very thoughts'"—a sagacious rejoinder, and exactly to the taste of the orthodox Triers.

At length the time arrived for Cromwell to evince unwonted coolness towards his valued chaplain—a change effected by Howe's memorable sermon on Faith in Prayer. At Whitehall, in those stirring days, it became customary to hold peculiar opinions regarding this subject. Faithful Christians, the fashionable teachers averred, during the act of prayer, received intimations that their requests were granted. Howe

argued against the soundness of this tenet in a trenchant discourse; but by the act of its delivery, he snapped the link of that confidential friendship which hitherto had held together chaplain and master. This estrangement may have been more apparent than real, for Howe continued a courtier, till Whitehall shortly afterwards became desolate by the death of Cromwell. If distasteful before, his surroundings were now intolerable. He grew anxious to breathe an atmosphere not heavy with the bickerings of parties, and to exchange unsought honour, and equivocal advantage for usefulness and seclusion at Torrington.

The Restoration had the immediate effect of unmasking courtly hypocrisy. Many counterfeits of religion now hastily superseded a hardly borne restraint by vicious practices. Time-serving king-pleasers sought to rebuild their shattered fortunes on the ruin of the truest servants of the Commonwealth. Torrington promised a field of plunder, too profitable to be silently ignored. Treacherous informers accused Howe of treason; but when opposed by the counter testimony of twenty-one witnesses, the charge could not be sustained. Some spiteful differences existed between the magistrates and the deputy-lieutenants of the county, on which account the mayor of Torrington found himself in trouble. On being re-argued, the case of Howe was declared to have been founded in error, and so, once more, he was formally discharged. His accusers came to no good end: one disappeared; the other committed suicide.

That Act was cruel, perfidious, and suicidal, which could exclude from the Establishment such men as Howe, and the crowd of confessors who manifested as genuine a heroism, though blessed with endowments less resplendent. Legislators, themselves little heeding the restraints of conscience, framed conscientious scruples to perplex the church's ablest and truest defenders. As they regarded the secession, the oppressors remarked how indifferent were the matters thus magnified by the Dissenters into huge proportions. In reality, things pertaining to religion were matters of indifference to profligate courtiers. The Act of Uniformity was the artful device of a faction, who desired the separation which ensued. Cruel predilections characterised the action of the Parliament. The bill came into force immediately prior to the falling due of the yearly tithe, and before numbers could possibly receive the new edition of that Prayer Book, which contained the conditions of their staying in the Church.

A Thursday Evening Discourse.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward."—Isaiah lviii. 8.

THE church of God is an army marching through an enemy's territory. She can never reckon upon a moment's peace. If she were of the world, the world would love its own; but because true saints are not of the world, but Christ has chosen them out of the world, therefore the world hateth them. As the Amalekites suddenly fell

upon the children of Israel, unprovoked, and without giving any warning of their hostile intention, so not only in times of persecution, but in these apparently softer days when the world does not use the stake and the sword, at all seasons the world is ready to pounce upon the church of God, and to call in its grand ally the devil, to overthrow and destroy, as far as possible, the militant hosts of Israel.

Every Christian then, must be a soldier, and take his share in the battles of the cross. We must not look upon our life as being a pleasure-journey through a friendly land, but as a march, a march through the very midst of foes who will dispute every foot of our way.

Now, if we thus view the church as an army, it is consolatory to know that we have a vanguard. "My righteousness shall go before thee." We take our Lord Jesus Christ to be "the Lord our righteousness;" he is the forerunner, and he has gone before us, even through the river of death, and up to the skies, that he may prepare a place for all those who have enlisted under his standard.

Our text, however, speaks not of the vanguard, but of the "rereward." There is always danger there, and it is comfortable to behold so glorious a shield borne in the rear by so mighty an arm. "The glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward."

It is but little I have to say to you this evening, but may God make that little profitable to you. We will, first of all, *dwell upon the rereward, and enquire what it is which is here intended;* and, secondly, *we will try to show how the glory of the Lord brings up the rear, and protects the saints on every side.*

I. In the first place, WHAT MAY WE UNDERSTAND BY THE REREWARD?

Taking the text to refer to *the church of God as a body*, we remark that there are always some who bring up the rear. God has never left his church without men to stand in the front. A few choice men have always been raised up by God, and who have led the way, both in testimony and in suffering. The race of the prophets will never be extinct. "The sceptre" in this sense will not depart from the members of the church until Christ shall come a second time. The teacher shall not be taken out of his place, nor the candlestick be removed, nor the bread of life be taken away. But the mass of the church are rather like the body of the army, marching on and fighting well, but not attaining unto the first three mighties. We have, moreover, in the church, a considerable proportion of those who are always behind. Some of those are here to-night. You feel yourselves to belong to the rear, *because you are so weak in faith.* It is a blessed thing to enjoy full assurance of faith, and yet no doubt there are thousands in the fold of Jesus who never reach this attainment. It is a great pity that they should not reach it, for they miss much happiness and much usefulness, but still—

> "Thousands in the fold of Jesus,
> This attainment ne'er could boast;
> To his name eternal praises,
> None of these shall e'er be lost."
> Deeply graven
> On his hands their names remain."

There are some who, from their natural constitution, and other

circumstances, are very apt to despond. Like Mr. Fearing, they not only go through the Slough of Despond, but, as Bunyan says, they carry a slough of despond about with them. They are little in faith, but they are great at foreseeing evil. They are always expecting some dreadful ill, and they cower down before a shadow. I thank God that those of you who have faith but as a grain of mustard seed, shall not be left. The glory of the Lord shall gather you up. The stragglers, the wounded, the halt, the lame—though these cannot march with the rest as we could desire, though, like Mr. Ready-to-Halt, they have to go on crutches, yet the glory of the Lord shall be their shelter and protection.

Then there are some of you who are not exactly weak in the faith, but in your *humble estimate of yourselves*, you put yourselves in the rear. "I am very poor," says one; "it is but little that I can ever give; even if I gave a mite, as the widow did, I might almost give all my substance in so doing; I am obscure, too, for I have no talent; I cannot preach; I can scarcely pray in the prayer-meeting to edification; I hope I love the Lord, and that I am one of the stones in the walls of his church, but I am quite a hidden one." Ah! well, poor though you are, despised and forgotten, the glory of the Lord shall secure your safety. It is said of the tribe of Dan, "These shall go hindmost with their standards," and there must be some to be in the rear; so, while the rich may rejoice in what God has given to them, yet you, in your contentment with your lot, may be thankful for your poverty, and bless the name of the Lord that, though you may be in the rear, you are yet in the army, and you shall soon, as much as those in the van, have your full share of the spoil.

Possibly there are some who get into the rear from a much more painful cause, namely, from *backsliding*. I would not say a word to excuse backsliding, for it is a dreadful thing that we should depart from our first love, or lose the vigour of our piety. It is dangerous to get even half a yard from the Saviour's side. To live in the sun, like Milton's angel, that is blessed living; no lack of light or warmth there; but to turn our backs on the sun, as the descendants of Cain did of old, and to go journeying away from Christ, this is dangerous in the extreme. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." Many men talk of David's sin: it were well if they would recollect David's repentance, and David's broken bones, after he had received pardon. He never was the same man afterwards that he was before. His voice was hoarse and cracked. You can tell the psalms that he wrote after his fall, for his pen quivered as he wrote them; and yet, blessed be God, he could say, "Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." Even these falling ones, Christ is kind to them. Though they have wandered, his voice is not that of condemnation, but of consolation. Return, ye backsliding ones! He owns the marriage bonds still. "I am married unto thee, saith the Lord." Backslider, let this be some comfort to you, if you are bewailing your backslidings; but oh! if you are not conscious of them, or are conscious of them, but are not mourning them, tremble, tremble, lest backsliding should become apostacy, and you should prove beyond question that you never had a sound work of grace in your heart.

Now, whoever it may be in the militant host of the Lord that may be in the rear, here is comfort—that the glory of the Lord shall be the rereward. Only one or two of you can guess, in any adequate measure, what the care of such a large church as this is. I have sometimes said, with Moses, "Have I begotten all this people, that I should carry them in my bosom?" But here is my consolation, "the Lord knoweth them that are his;" and those of you who do not always show due faith and courage—who do not advance to the front, as we could wish, in Christian service, we, nevertheless, commend you to the care of our God, praying that the rear may be divinely preserved. We wish that you would quicken your pace, that you would grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; but we know that, even as it is, you shall be found of him in peace in the day of his appearing, since your righteousness is found in him, and you are not trusting in yourselves.

But, now, *supposing the text to refer to the individual Christian*, how shall we translate it? "The glory of the Lord shall be your rereward."

We will translate it in three ways. First, *as relating to our past*—that which is behind us. We need a protection from the past. Now, what is that which is behind us? There is something to rejoice in, for God has been gracious to us, but there is very much to mourn over, for we remember our former lusts in our ignorance, things whereof we are now ashamed. Christian, look back awhile upon those sins of yours, the sins of your youth, and your former transgressions; sins against law and against gospel, against light, and against love; sins of omission, and sins of commission! What about them? Suppose that, like a pack of hungry wolves, they should pursue you; suppose they should come after you, as Pharaoh and his chariots went after the children of Israel, when they escaped out of Egypt! Ah! then the glory of the Lord shall be your rereward. Christ and his atonement shall come between us and our sins, and he shall drown our enemies in the Red Sea of his blood, even as he drowned Pharaoh and all his raging hosts who pursued the chosen people. Fear not your past sin, Christian. Tremble at the thought of it, by way of repentance, but thank God that you shall not be called to account for it; for your sins were numbered on the Scapegoat's head of old, and he took them, and made an end of them, and carried them away for ever. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" As to past sin, the glorious atonement shall bring up the rear.

Then there are *our past habits*. How much of injury we still suffer from these! A man who has been accustomed to witness scenes of vice will frequently have most fearful pictures painted upon his eye-balls, even when they are closed for prayer. Yes, and when the sacred hymn is going up to heaven, a word in it may suggest a snatch of a profane song, or bring to the recollection even blasphemy itself. It is a sad thing to have learned the arts of sin, to have acquired habits of passionate temper, of pride, or covetousness or of falsehood. We may well tremble lest these old enemies should at last prove too much for us. We have left them behind us! they do not lead and guide us as once they did, but they dog our steps; the dominion of

sin is broken, but the law of sin is still there to vex us. The tree is cut down, but the sprouts still arise from the root, and are all too vigorous, especially at times when they have been watered by circumstances, for at the scent of water they will bud and grow. Ah! then, we must take our bad habits to the Lord Jesus. We must ask him to manifest his glory by helping us to conquer them, and we shall yet break these bonds which had become like fetters of iron; we shall snap them as Samson of old did his green withes, and we shall be free: but the glory of the Lord must do it, and we shall have to give him all the praise. So the whole of the past, if you take it in any of its aspects, need not cause the Christian tormenting sorrow, for he can believe that all his sinful past is left with God, so that as neither things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate him from the love of God, so not even things past shall be able to do it.

But again; understanding the text as referring to the individual believer, we may speak of the rear as signifying *that part of our nature which is most backward in yielding to the power of divine grace.* Brethren, often to will is present with us, but how to perform that which we would we find not. The understanding is convinced, and that leads the van; the affections are awakened, and they follow after; but there is a weaker passion which would, if it dared, consent to sin, and that is this flesh of ours in which there dwelleth no good thing. It is this dangerous rear, this weakest part of our nature, which we have most cause to dread. O friends, you know but little of yourselves if you do not know this, that there are such weak points about you that you might be overthrown in a moment if almighty grace did not preserve you. Peter is laughed at by a silly maid, and he falls. How are the mighty fallen! How little a thing brings an apostle to the level of a blasphemer! As for this rear-part of our army, what shall we do with it? It is here that God's glory will be seen in conquering and overcoming. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, and gives us victory in the very place where we were accustomed to say, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Those straggling passions which we cannot marshal as we would into regular order; those wandering thoughts; those downward desires; that cold heart which will not grow warm as we would have it, but will lose its holy glow—all these powers of ours shall be brought into subjection and sanctified by grace. God shall gather up the stragglers, and bring the whole man safe to perfection by the sanctifying power of the Spirit.

Once again, understanding still the individual Christian, may we not speak of our rear as signifying *the end of our days?* The glory of the Lord shall be the rereward of our mortal history. The van was blessed, when we looked to Christ and were lightened, and our faces were not ashamed.

> "Many days have passed since then;
> Many changes have we seen;
> Yet have been upheld till now—
> Who could hold us up but thou?"

But the rear of the march of life is coming. We shall soon be up to our necks in the chill river. The waves and billows must soon roll

over us. We may desire to be with Christ, but death itself never can be desirable.

> "We shrink back again to life,
> Fond of our prison and our clay."

We long to be with Christ, for it shall be far better, but that last pinch, when soul and body shall be separated, cannot be looked forward to without solemn awe. Oh! how sweet to think that Christ shall bring up the rear! If ever we have had his presence, we shall have it then. We shall

> "Sing when the death-dew lies cold on our brow,
> If ever we loved thee, our Jesus, 'tis now."

Perhaps our last day will be our best and brightest day, and we shall be surprised to find what floods of glory there are around and above the floods of death. I see, before me many, very many veterans. Your grey hairs tell of your nearness to heaven. I trust your locks are whitened with the sunlight of glory. Oh! be not afraid; you shall find it a blessed thing to sleep in Jesus: and even as you go to that last bed, you shall not tremble, for he shall be so manifestly with you that you shall not be afraid. The glory of the Lord shall be your rereward, and what that glory shall be, what heart can imagine, what tongue can tell? The glory that excelleth, the glory of perfection, the glory of being made like unto the first-born among many brethren; the glory of the Wellbeloved, which he had with his Father before the world was. "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." Behold then your latter end. O that our last days might be with the righteous, and our last end be like theirs! The glory of the Lord shall be the Christian's rereward.

II. But now, only for a minute or two, let me show HOW THE GLORY OF THE LORD thus, both in the case of the church, and of each separate Christian, BECOMES THE MEANS OF GRACIOUS PRESERVATION.

What is this "glory of the Lord" which shelters the weak and preserves the saints? May we not understand it to mean, first of all, *the glorious attributes of God?* God's mercy is one of his glories. It is his great glory, you know, that he is a God passing by iniquity, transgression, and sin, and remembering not the iniquity of his people. Now, brethren, as to our past sins, and our weaknesses, and all those other senses in which we understand the rear of our spiritual host—as to all these, the mercy of God will glorify itself in them all. Notwithstanding our weakness, mercy shall find a platform for the display of itself, and where sin abounded there shall grace much more abound. When you think of the greatness of your sin, think also of the greatness of God's mercy at the same time. As Master Wilcox says, "If thou canst not keep thine eye on the cross when thou art repenting, away with thy repenting." A sense of sin which is not also attended with a belief in God's mercy is not an evangelical sense of sin. O to know the superabounding mercy of the loving God who delighteth in mercy, his last born, but his best-beloved attribute! He will glorify himself by his mercy in delivering you where you most need it.

So will he also use the glorious attribute of *his wisdom.* It takes a

wise captain to conduct the rear. To be in the van needs courage and prudence, but to be in the rear often needs more wisdom, and even more courage still, and God will show the wisdom of his providence and the fidelity of his grace in taking care of the weakest of the host, and in preserving you, believer, in that place where you are most in need of preservation.

So will he also show *his power*. Oh, what power it will be that will bring some of us to heaven! We need a God to get us there. Nothing short of divine strength will ever be able to preserve some of us. So crushed and hardened, and sometimes so stung with the venom of the old serpent, unless the bare arm of God be revealed, how shall we who are in the rear be kept? The glory of the Lord in mercy, wisdom, and power, shall shine transcendently in our case.

And here, too, shall be conspicuous *the immutability of God*. Beloved, of all the attributes of God, next to his love, this is, perhaps, the sweetest to the tried Christian, namely, his immutability.

> "Immutable his will;
> Though dark may be my frame."

You are not trusting in a Saviour who was yours yesterday, but is not faithful to-day, or who will fail you to-morrow; but every word of his promise standeth sure, and he himself standeth fast to it. How the immutability of God will be illustrated in those who have had a long life, and borne trial all through it, but who find at the last that Christ who loved his own, which were in the world, did love them even unto the end. Yes, the weakness which you now discover and mourn over, shall only afford an opportunity for the faithfulness of God to reveal itself in your case. The glory of the Lord, in all its attributes, shall bring up the rear.

May we not also understand, besides his attributes, *his providence?* The providence of God is his glory. Thus he shows the skirts of his royal robes amongst the sons of men, as he has dominion over all the events of time. Ah! yes, you may rest assured that in all those points in the Christian church which are the most weak, and the most behind, the providence of God will be seen in bringing the entire army of God home, safely home, victoriously home. Looking at the history of the whole church, it is wonderful to see how God has never sustained a defeat, and when his army seems to have been repulsed for a time, it is only drawn back to take a more wondrous leap to a yet greater victory One wave may recede, but the main ocean advances, the great tide of our holy faith is coming up; and as we watch wave after wave dying upon the shore we must not weep, or think that God is sustaining a disappointment, for the main flood must advance, and it shall, till all the mud of idolatry and human sin, and all the sand of human rebellion shall be covered with the silver tide of truth and love, and against the rocks of eternity, the great waves of gospel truth shall for ever beat. Courage, my brethren, the Lord will bring up the rear by his providence, ruling and overruling, making evil produce good, and good something better and better still in infinite progression, Not only to the whole church, but to you also shall it be so, and in due time if you will but wait, you shall not be disappointed, but your light

shall rise in obscurity, and the days of your mourning shall be ended. The glory of the Lord shall thus be our rereward.

But may we not believe that the glory of the Lord which brings up the rear is *himself?* After all, we cannot dissociate the glory from the glorious One. God himself we must have if we would see his glory. Ah! brethren, the wine of communion with our Father and his Son Jesus Christ is the surest preservative, and especially ought we to cultivate this communion when we feel that we are most in danger. Near to the Saviour's bosom, and it does not matter what we suffer. Close to God, and he who is full of infirmities will overcome them all. Whatever your besetting sin may have been, put your head upon the Saviour's bosom, and that besetting sin shall not overthrow you. Close to the Master, and since his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, you shall never want for perfume. Have Christ with you, and you cannot walk in darkness, however dark your way may be. Get you to your chambers. Wait upon him in prayer. In coming down from those chambers with your souls refreshed, say to him, "Abide with me from morn to eve," for you may rest assured that in this holy communion you shall find the true protection, while they who neglect this are most apt to slip with their feet.

And so, let me close these few words of address by *entreating you always to fly to the glory of the Lord whenever you feel your danger*, and even when you do not feel it, for it is well to be there. "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Trust not in man, nor stay thy confidence in the glory of man. Rest not in thy circumstances, thy wealth, nor thy health, for the glory of all these shall pass away as the beauty of the flower in the field, which is soon cut down beneath the mower's scythe. Trust thou in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Ye sons of men, trust in your God, and ye shall be secure beneath the shadow of his wings.

Ye sinners, fly to the Saviour. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Look to the cross of Jesus, and put all your dependence in his sufferings, and his merits, and you who have so done already, fly more than ever to your God; and to your God alone in every hour of ill, and every night of grief.

The Lord bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Cricketer.

A FEW years ago there lived in the red-brick town of Reading, a man, a shoemaker by trade, whose love for both manly exercises and frolicsome humour was more marked than his love for his "last." He was more accomplished in such sports as wrestling, running, leaping, betting, boxing, and horse-racing, than in his trade. Fond, too, of the society of those with whom he could enter upon a match at any of these games, he became fond also of their resorts. His cheerful jocosity and ability to relate an amusing anecdote, made him exceedingly popular with his associates; and he soon learnt with them to despise the Christian Sabbath, and to neglect to acquaint himself with God. That he had learnt of God's existence, and knew that he would assuredly punish the wicked, is evident from the fact that while engaged in sinful pleasures, gloomy

thoughts of the future would trouble his mind. These fears however passed away, and were forgotten in the midst of his follies. Years were passed in this way—neglecting, as roving shoemakers will do, his work, until one day he entered upon an occupation more congenial to his mind. This was cricketing—with him a favourite pursuit, and at which he was a most skilful player. Indeed, so great was his ability as a teacher of the game, that he was appointed to the charge of a gentleman's club in the neighbourhood of London. He remained in this situation as teacher for eleven or twelve years, and was a favourite with all the members. It was also remunerative, since he had the privilege of making boots for them. But he had not given up his attendance upon the public-house, nor his love for hurtful amusements. He lived like a heathen, and as such would have died but for the rescuing mercy of God.

He seemed to have been greatly troubled by dreams, which led him to converse with those who urged him to abandon his evil practices. This he resolved to do, and while troubled with the remembrance of his dreams, he passed by a Congregational chapel in Kentish Town, of which Mr. Fleming is the pastor, and heard a sermon which convinced him of his guilt. At the close of the service, he repaired to his lodgings, where his alarm increased. So greatly was he driven to despair, that more than once he attempted to commit suicide. In this purpose, he was hindered by an Unseen Hand, who was watching the penitential tears that flowed down the poor man's face. At ten o'clock, he visited the house of the preacher, and to him he related his story. He was in deep sorrow, being aroused to a full sense of his own sinfulness, and was therefore in the best condition to hear the voice of pardoning love. It was not, however, until some weeks after that he found that peace which belongeth to all who put their trust in Christ. He searched diligently the Bible which he had purchased, and found more than he had expected. He looked for pardon —he found it; and more, he had "joy and peace in believing."

It is a matter of common observation, that of all classes of Christians, those who belong to the rank of artisans, learn easiest and best the paramount importance of individual effort for Christ. Silver and gold have they none, or but very little; but then they can make up for their pecuniary lack by giving to the church their active energies. And they have the best opportunities for usefulness among their fellow men. They can, as a rule, gain the ear of working men, who will not refuse to hear their story; and by them their sincerity is appreciated. The success of many of our London churches, is largely due to this solicitude for the best interests of their companions which our working Christians evince. This feeling amounted to a passion in William Saunders, the cricketer. He conquered his modesty, screwed up courage, and went one Sabbath morning before his old associates in Reading to relate to them the story of his conversion. He found them on the old familiar ground, where they were about to enter upon their customary amusements. Not having seen him for a few weeks, they gathered round their old playmate, expecting that he would share in their sports. Much to their astonishment, he began to tell them of the change which had come over his life, and to preach Christ as the sinner's Friend. Of course, they were startled; of course, they ridiculed him, and laughed at his story. He was not surprised at such a reception, nor dispirited. He had counted the cost, and being forewarned, he was forearmed. But the message he had given was not altogether lost. They remembered it after many days, and to its influence was due not a little of the change which came over their own lives.

In an interesting memoir of Saunders, written by Mr. Fleming, and just published, we are told that on his return to London, the cricketer "longed no less for the salvation of the members of the cricket club which he taught, than for that of his old companions in the country. But the former were gentlemen by birth and education, and far above him in social *status*; and he felt that to approach them on the question of religion was a much more difficult thing than to appear as a witness for Christ to those of his own standing." Still, the voice

of duty seemed to call him to the work, and he cheerfully obeyed. "First to the president, then to the secretary, and then, as opportunity offered, to each of the members of the club, he spoke of the mercy he had received, and the new happiness to which he had attained; also of life with its uncertainty, and death with its solemnity; of the greatness of God's love, and the freeness of salvation by Jesus Christ." He did this more than once, thus discharging a duty which he felt had been laid upon him.

In America, it is no unusual thing for passengers in railways to conduct short religious services while travelling long distances. A very interesting case has just been published in a weekly newspaper in this country, which is worth transcribing. It is related by Mr. Coningsby, who has lately returned from the United States, and who instances it as an evidence of at least the apparent piety of American labourers. He was in a car on the Union Pacific Railway, with a large number of soldiers and working men of various callings, who were bound for different stations on the line. They were, he goes on to say, a rough-looking lot, as borderers mostly are, every man of them being armed to the teeth, as it is necessary to be when Indians, both red and white, are on the war-path, and lives and pockets may at any moment depend upon a quick load and clean shoot. "It was early morning, and several of my fellow passengers were amusing themselves, as the train rattled along, shooting prairie dogs with rifle and revolver from the carriage windows. Besides the workmen, there were several excursionists, and I was exchanging morning salutations with some of those who had left the sleeping car later than I had, when one of the party (a quiet looking gentleman who kept a car in Chicago) rose, and addressing all present, said, 'Silence, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, for the Word of God.' Instantly, every rough head was uncovered, every rifle dropped into its place, and revolver belted, as the quiet-looking man proceeded to read a few verses from the Bible appropriately selected for our position as travellers. The conductor, who had just then entered the car to look at our tickets, removed his cap, and took the nearest seat, and everybody was as orderly and reverent as if the car had been a church." Prayer and singing followed, and so the service came to an end. Mr. Coningsby, we fear, is quite right when he says that such a scene would be impossible in England. Yet something like it was witnessed once in a third-class carriage on the line from Reading to London. Saunders, who never neglected any opportunity that he might seize for his Master, was in the carriage, which consisted of several compartments, and was full of passengers; and when the train moved on, he rose and asked permission "to tell them a little of his wonderful history." This he was permitted to do, and at once he described his career as a gambler and cricketer, and told the story of his conversion, finishing with some impressive appeals to his audience. It is to their credit that they listened to him with approval, accepted his tracts, and thanked him for the wise counsel which he had given them. What a lesson does this story give to all Christians who are indifferent to the welfare of their countrymen!

Saunders tried to retain his position as teacher of the bat and ball as long as he could consistently with his profession as a Christian, in the hope that he might be of service to his Master there; but finding that he could not do so without spiritual hurt, he resigned his post for the less remunerative trade of shoemaking. Of course, there was no harm in cricketing. In many respects, it is the best, the manliest, the most harmless amusement in which a man can indulge; but harmless as was the occupation, the society was far from being such that a godly man would seek. Poor Saunders, therefore, unhesitatingly chose poverty, if not hunger, in preference to inconsistency—choosing rather to suffer with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. It would appear that he was disappointed in his expectations of work, and had to see his wife and children endure with him the poverty which befell them; but he trusted in God that he would deliver him, and rejoiced to meet with singular interpositions of Divine Providence.

Here is an instance of his ingenuity in doing good, that reminds me of a friend who has sometimes collected a crowd round a drunken man, and commenced preaching the gospel to them, leaving some companion quietly to remove the offender when the speaker has made sure of his game. "He would go," says his biographer, "on a fine Sunday morning, to Regent's Park, and spend hours in conversation with individual souls. Seeing a man sitting on one of the seats reading the newspaper, he would take a place on the same form, and ask in a polite and assuring way, 'Is there any news this morning?" Before any words were spoken in answer to the question put, he would himself reply, and in a way that usually gave no offence, but secured attention, 'I have very wonderful news.' And then he would dwell on the memories and pledges of the day of rest; a finished and free salvation; the fatherly and wonderful love of God; and the joy and satisfaction which a man finds in assured forgiveness, the knowledge of sonship to God, and the well grounded hope of eternal life." No doubt, he sometimes got repulsed; and it must be said in extenuation, that Englishmen do not care to be interfered with when reading or musing; but in not a few instances, the message was well received and the teller of it thanked.

Altogether removed as were his efforts from those which Christians ordinarily put forth, Saunders yet found fruit as the result of his labours. His simple story of the Saviour's love, and his own experience, was not told in vain. No such efforts can be altogether lost upon those to whom they are addressed. The seed is sown in faith, and God must give the increase. Some of the converts God gave to this earnest follower of Christ, were among his former companions of the cricket-field, some were soldiers, others were lost ones from the streets. "Sometimes the fact of his having been made useful came before him strangely and unexpectedly. For instance—he went forth on one occasion to distribute tracts, and hold religious conversation with such as he might meet, and induce to listen, in the streets. He had not been long engaged in such work, before he met with one similarly occupied. Looking at him, the other remarked, 'You don't seem to know me. Don't you remember preaching a twelvemonth ago to a poor drunken bricklayer, and pleading with him for God's sake to cease from sin, and flee for refuge to the hope set forth in the gospel? I am that man; your words were made of God the means of life to my heart and salvation to my soul. I am a saved man, and owe it to your instrumentality; and now, like yourself, I am scattering these leaves from the tree of life, and seeking by preaching and speaking, to win souls to Jesus.'"

Saunders only lived for six years the life of a Christian; yet it would be a blessed thing if all Christians were to compress as he did into so short a period, so much active service for the Redeemer. It would appear that he was more zealous than strong, more willing than able. His privations probably shortened his days. The long walks which he took in order to distribute tracts and to preach at fairs and races, where his former companions might be met with, weakened his constitution, which suffered from his not taking necessary precautions against illness. Consumption set in, and he was taken to Victoria Hospital, where he became an indoor patient. While there, he was not quiet. He was pained at observing the indifference of patients as to death. He sought to arouse them to a sense of their fallen condition, and his words were the means of the conversion of one soul, whilst others were brought to serious reflection. The man who was thus led to Christ was suffering from some loathsome disease, which made it necessary that he should be kept as far as possible from other patients. "His breath was literally intolerable to them, and they insisted that he should not come near." He therefore remained at the farther end of the room, and passed his time alone. But the sight of an invalid in such a position, along with the knowledge that his disease was offensive and hopeless, made him an object of pity and anxiety to Saunders's heart. He yearned to be the minister of mercy and comfort to his soul. This solicitude soon rose above all obstacles of poisonous and offensive smells, and placed him by his side; and

there, to the surprise of all, and the disgust of some, he was daily seen for some two or three weeks, pointing the sufferer to the Great Physician, and entreating his acceptance of life and perfect health in Jesus." As we have already said, he was rewarded by seeing this brand plucked out of the burning.

It was not long after this that Saunders himself died. He was a true hero—one of God's heroes.

"The lowliest sphere was not disdained;
Where love could soothe or save
He went, by fearless faith sustained,
Nor knew his deeds were brave.

The deeds which selfish hearts approve,
And fame's loud trumpet sings,
Secure no praise where Truth and Love
Are counted noblest things;

And work which godless folly deems
Worthless, obscure, and lowly,
To heaven's unerring vision seems
Most God-like, grand, and holy."

The Sunday-school: its Advantages and some Conditions of Future Success.

BY G. H. PIKE.

TO an observing mind the truism must often occur with awful force, that the moral universe is composed of two opposing sections, in one or other of which, we, with all that is ours are ranged. Good and evil are waging eternal war, and, if not found promoting the cause of righteousness, we are necessarily lending our influence to the interest of sin. Such being the circumstances under which we live, it becomes a pleasant task to address those who habitually help on the good cause by example, and who enforce it by precept. To such belongs the double honour of being recipients, and also dispensers of, the treasures of Christ. As individuals, our labours may be obscure and humble, and discouragement may often depress our energy; but comfort may be drawn from the truth, that in the arena of social life, occupations second to none in importance, or which indeed rank first in importance, are callings commanding only little honour. The labourer who tills our land, or the miner who raises our coal and mineral wealth, pursues his daily task unnoticed and unapplauded. How true is it, nevertheless, that but for the unwearied diligence of these toilers, so little thought of, the social fabric would relapse into disorder! As this is so, Sunday-school teachers may well be content to do labourers' duty in the vineyard of Christ. And why not? If more humble, it is surely not less honourable to dig and water through the heat of the day for the labourer's penny, than by higher endowments and fairer opportunities to make five talents gain other five!

In a brief paper like the present, it will not be possible to fully work out our subject by specifying all the good springing from the institution of Sunday-schools. But first, it will readily occur to us that such an institution is a potent agency for disseminating among the people the best of all knowledge. Now this proposition will fall like flat religious phraseology, unless we are able to form some reasonable estimate of the enormous evils of ignorance; and more especially of ignorance of God. To that thinking essence we call the soul, ignorance is a withering blight: and exactly in proportion to its dominion does an intelligent being live in vain. He passes onward through life to the grave unconscious of possessing any nobler attributes, if enveloped in this shroud of moral death. His stunted mental capacity can appreciate neither the perfections nor the works of his Creator. His deficiencies are a great gulf between him and God; and the

more palpable those deficiencies, the wider will that gulf necessarily become. Not only is it thus; ignorance is a dark wall of separation cutting off its slaves from the legitimate enjoyments of rational beings. In no truer sense than in this divine sense is that proverb applicable, "Knowledge is power." Now, to instil knowledge like this into the mind of youth—a soil so susceptible of yielding to its benign influence—is to be in very deed a public benefactor; seeing such knowledge is no less necessary to the soul's salvation, than to a right discharge of the duties of common life. The good which directly and indirectly springs from such exertions is so diversified, that if we attempt to estimate its magnitude and varying character, the effort baffles our endeavour. It would be as reasonable to expect a planter of fruitful trees, or a sower of grateful herbs, to trace the last effects of his action. In one as in the other, the work redounds no less to the workers' than to the nation's advantage. We may plant beneath a lowering sky, but in sunnier months the good seed repays our toil, and by its fair increase blesses other recipients. While disseminating this knowledge we directly benefit those to whom we communicate it, indirectly, others; and at the same time we become self-benefactors. Thus if we plant in the mind of a child the principles of honesty, we not only bless our pupil, but also those who in after years may hire his faithful services. It is so likewise with the teachers of Christianity in Sunday-schools. The effect of their work extends far beyond their classes. "Knowledge is power," and will assert itself. Not the least of the advantages attending our labours is, that indirectly we are reaching those who receive from our scholars that saving knowledge which never enters but to bless.

Persons have been apt to take opposite and extreme views, not only in the matter of education generally, but also in estimating the value of the means we are using for enthroning Christ in the hearts of the children of England. Old-fashioned prejudices against knowledge are not extinct; therefore, while some depreciate our labours, others insist that, to Sunday-schools more than to any other agency, we must look for the accomplishment of the most glorious ends. The former are obviously in error, and the latter are possibly too sanguine. But people view these things through their several temperaments. Some persist in magnifying every petty obstruction into an insurmountable obstacle; others, of an opposite mien, underrate the giant difficulties with which GOOD in its progress has to cope. But, notwithstanding the sombre complexion of this latter truth, those teachers who wisely regard the signs of the times, will draw abundant comfort from their observation. Sunday-schools have at least proved this, that religious ignorance is not invulnerable; since it is defeated on its vantage ground among the lower orders of the population. We live in a day when the question of education is being pushed prominently forward. The secular schoolmaster is our natural ally. *He* trains the mind for life's commoner duties; *we* instruct the soul in a higher philosophy. The advantages he bestows are drawn from temporal sources; our treasury is the Bible itself. The discipline of the day-school becomes doubly valuable when tempered by this superior wisdom.

To aid the mind in forming an estimate of the advantages which have accrued to the nation from the institution of Sunday-schools, we might, did space allow, draw certain comparisons. Such persons as are well versed in the annals of the last century, will best know what vast improvements in the condition of England have been effected by Christian philanthropy during the last seventy years. While awarding to science her due of honour, we yet justly insist, that this amelioration is mainly owing to the diffusion of Christian principles, which would seem to be the master cure for the evils afflicting fallen humanity. The brave veterans who took the van in this cause of sacred education were moved to action by witnessing the moral desolation occasioned by ignorance; and we, by continuing their labours, annihilate the last excuse of those who reach maturity ignorant of their Bibles. By our actions—and proverbially these speak louder than words—we proclaim, throughout the length and breadth of

Britain, that Christianity is, and must be, the corner stone of true national prosperity: that this in fact must be the pedestal of the social pyramid; for if society be rightly symbolised by this latter figure, how pressing becomes the necessity of providing a worthy basis whereon the summit may securely repose! From Christ we inherit a curative germ competent to heal the ailments of the State no less than those of the individual, a divine *lapis philosophorum*, converting all it touches into gold. It radiates among all classes of society: if a statesman, the man is more efficient; if a philosopher, a truer example of wisdom; or if a mere private citizen, his loyalty to the State is deeper, and his individual worth more manifest, when life and action are influenced by this all-purifying principle. A spread of Christian knowledge implies far more than mere redemption from moral death; it implies the salvation of our species from that crowd of temporal evils which oppress the slaves of ignorance. Ignorance is the greatest of tyrants; and when the simplest elements of knowledge had necessarily to be dealt in, our predecessors found it weary work to breach the sedulously guarded bulwarks; but that breach being made, it is ours to enter in and triumph.

Thus the Sunday-school is not so much a supplement to the church as a part of its necessary machinery, the efficient working of which no less blesses the rising generation than it encourages Christian ministers. After conscientiously doing our best we must be prepared for a result far short of our desires, or possibly of our expectations; but even when conversion does not immediately ensue in those who may be the objects of our solicitude, we may be assured that, come what will, the young who have been subjected to the Sunday-school discipline, must, in a greater or lesser degree, benefit by that knowledge of Christ; and of right courses which they carry with them into the world, and which memory will not fail to recall. If it were otherwise, how could we account for this encouraging fact, that only a small proportion of our scholars ever relapse into criminal courses? Indeed, our prisons and reformatories strongly testify to the social and religious gains springing from Sunday-schools.

But are the advantages accruing to the body politic from this educational scheme confined to scholars? Let this be answered by the greatest of all teachers: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our hundreds of thousands of teachers share the common blessing. Their personal profit will be more manifest to themselves than to spectators; and such individual benefits of a class, when collectively considered, are a great national gain; and, as a number of smooth and rugged stones suffice to form a noble temple, so is each Sunday-school teacher a unit in a glorious phalanx. In political ethics, he is the truest benefactor to the State who adds a stone to the fabric of national prosperity by unselfishly doing the best he can for himself. In Christian casuistry the rule may be thus reversed: He is the best friend to himself who shows most solicitude for the good of others. What principal returns ampler interest than an outlay of Christian labour? Are not our intellectual faculties enlarged, and our moral attributes refined by proper and healthy exercise? Let those reply who are most experienced in Christian work.

In the palmy days of ancient Rome, her imperial legions were recognised by a name which literally signified *exercise*. So deeply conscious were the leaders of those veteran warriors of the extreme utility of practice in the art of combat, that night and morning they practised their men in the movements of actual war. Even the old and experienced were not exempted from a regimen which sufficiently accounted for the Romans' differing from the less disciplined soldiers of neighbouring nations. By aiming at individual perfection they ensured the safety of Rome. A proper exercise of Christian graces and of mental powers will produce effects precisely analogous. Let Sunday-school teachers remember, that when becoming strong individually in the sense here referred to they are, in their united capacity, adding strength to the basis of society at large.

But what are the conditions of success in this important avocation? In the first place, we must strive to attain to *a higher standard of teaching*. This is

merely saying, in other words, that the Sabbath-school, like other institution founded for ameliorating the condition of man, must be a progressive institution Unless we strive to supply the requirements of the age—that is to say, unless we keep abreast with the ever expanding intelligence of our constituents, we shall be but hinderers of that kingdom which, because it accepts the humblest gift of the wayfarer, is no less honoured by the rarest mental offerings.

It is our high province to raise the world to the Christian standard, but we must guard against lowering religion to the level of the world. Apart from the discipline of home, an agency was long felt to be necessary for educating youth in the sacred oracles; and in many sanctuaries of old London, during the last century, pastors were wont to meet their catechumens; but such a procedure so far failed that it seems to have missed the lower or more indifferent classes. In these happier days of light and progress, our lowest scholars are trained by others in the mere elements of knowledge; and the duty, therefore, devolves on us of assuming a higher standard of teaching as necessity may require. Indeed, to follow this course is more than a duty: it is an indispensable condition of success, and neglect here, soon or late, will entail the disappointment of failure.

On this head it will be necessary to be very explicit. When it is said that Sunday-school teachers should endeavour to assume a higher standing, it is not inferred that they should discipline their class in profitless criticisms, philological definitions, and dry doctrinal systems beyond their scholars' comprehension. Higher teaching, in the sense now spoken of, means simply the teaching of a well-taught teacher; a teacher who benefits by his weekly preparations no less than do his scholars by receiving his lessons. All agree that a successful teacher must himself observe those precepts he endeavours to inculcate; must himself drink of that water he offers to others; in a word, must learn his lessons from Christ before offering it to his class. We hold, however, that he must even be something more that all this. Admitted that the requisites named are leading requisites, and what then? The leading requisite of a fruit tree is, that it shall yield its burden of fruit; but, however abundant the harvest, how should we loathe it if the tree were devoid of leaves? Now a healthy tree never gives fruit without bearing leaves to make its treasures more attractive; and it can only be apparently healthy when its luxuriant branches show leaves alone. While therefore, as teachers, it behoves us to be fruitful by nourishing our souls from that precious fountain of life, the Bible, let us show a sufficient worldly wisdom to set off, as it were, the divine precepts to the best advantage by the leaves of self-culture or human learning. It surely requires the aid of as great intelligence to train for heaven as to discipline for earth; and if so, the mental calibre of our teachers should not be inferior to that of the national school-master; otherwise those quick and correct judges of character, our youthful clients, will readily detect our deficiencies; and those deficiencies will obstruct our path to success. If the life within us is healthy, we shall almost of necessity make progress to this higher ground; for where there is life there is growth.

Another requisite of success is *perseverance*. If perseverance be not the prince of virtues, its possession is a sign of strength, just as predilections for change, and abandoning what does not immediately succeed, is a mark of weakness. To engage in Sunday-school work without persevering energy, if not to blight, is at least to sow the seeds of non-success. Our moral achievements will indeed be few, if we are only found equal to the bestowment of scanty pains on favourite schemes just while inspired by enthusiasm. Without perseverance superior knowledge will not avail us, nor ripe judgment, nor decision of character; since we shall but resemble that inexperienced childhood, which, after having sown potatoes, and while the green tops were as yet destitude of fruit, plucked them up in favour of geraniums, and when these withered, planted rose trees, only to see them share an identical fate. Proud human nature can scarcely brook the plodding of life, although to the plodders the palm belongs of having taken some of the noblest prizes of time. In Sunday-school teaching, more than in other departments of Christian work, should individuals look for apparently

small returns for their labour. It is true the total sum of their gains is magnificent; but its greatness is that of littles combined, even as single trees, leaves, blades and flowers, in their united harmony, give completeness to the summer landscape. The most effective Sunday-school teachers are those who are not averse to working in obscurity, and who are not discouraged by not eclipsing their fellows. Such can realise the blessedness of warring with moral evil, and of furthering, if only in a slight degree, the cause of good. In such a position, at any rate, they stand side by side with Christ, and reap the creature's highest honour, by being made the allies of the Creator.

There are certain sensitive persons who grow depressed and discouraged by considering how little they are able to effect; and such often miss the benefit of this crowning encouragement, that they are only expected to do but little. The bravest work on; others halt, hang down their feeble arms, and finally relinquish what they deem an unequal contest. Let us beware of inward and subtle foes; for if the enemy without be aided by allies within, how shall we achieve ultimate triumph? Indeed, however formidable the obstacles and opponents we encounter, the enemies we carry about with us are the most treacherous of all our enemies. These then are the conditions of success—a higher teaching, perseverance, heartiness in the work, and a loving sympathy with our scholars; but not these alone: for all we do must be supported by *prayer*. Join this last to the other four, and our ideal will be realised in a successful Sunday-school teacher.

But we will conclude these rather cursory remarks. The triumph of the just at the last day will be composed, as it were, of the smaller victories of time; and while life yet hastens us onward, it is for us to prove how many of the latter shall be won in the Sunday-school. There are people who, because immersed in luxurious indifference, know as little of the difficulties besetting *us* as they do of the sweets of conquest. Let us count it as happiness if we are not of their number. At all hazards, let us persevere, and casting to the winds all traitorous doubts, let us supersede the hereditary weakness of Eden by borrowed strength from Calvary.

Seaside Chapels.

BY the time this month's magazine is in the hands of our readers, they will have returned from their visit to the seaside. The custom, for it has become such, of visiting the seacoast for the restoration of health, and for retirement after the wear and tear of a city life, is one that lays upon professing Christians a responsibility that should not be lightly regarded. In most watering-places, there are Baptist and other chapels in which the gospel of Christ is preached; such churches are, as a rule, and excepting in the larger towns, small and weak. Some have no settled pastor. They are supplied during the winter by evangelists, and during the summer by "ordained" ministers from the metropolis and other inland towns. In the winter, when there are no visitors, and when the inhabitants are few, and trade is slack, and things are dull, the attendance at these services is greatly decreased. It is then that the struggle —the financial struggle especially—is felt; so felt that were it not for the help afforded elsewhere, and the aid given in the warmer months by visitors, some churches would probably have to succumb to poverty, and perhaps close their doors. There are others, of course, where the shoe does not so severely pinch; but most of these are helped by Christians who worship a few weeks with them during a portion of the year. The position of a minister in such a town is not altogether without its hardships; no one likes to preach to a fluctuating congregation, or a congregation largely made up in summer of strangers and of clerical brethren, and in the winter of those whose poverty when "the season" has gone is so great as to render it impossible for them adequately to support their minister. We bespeak therefore the kind consideration of all our Christian

readers on behalf of such interests, when on a visit to their favourite watering-place. A small sum given in such cases may cheer the hearts of both the struggling minister and the struggling church, and enable both to carry on their earnest work for Christ.

There are many places, however, where no Baptist church has been established. This is due to many causes, not the least of which is lack of money. Baptists therefore worship with other communities, sinking their denominational differences for the sake of Christian peace. We do not disapprove of this arrangement when there is no compromise for the truth, and where two separate communities ought not to exist. But in many instances, such an amalgamation is neither necessary, nor would it serve the cause of truth to effect the union. Our brethren, however, are poor and weak, and therefore unable to support a minister; and yet they are sufficiently numerous to constitute a separate community, and the exigencies of the town require the formation of a Baptist church. What are they to do?

The solution of this problem is not far to seek. It has, indeed, been solved in one case, and that most successfully. The small town of West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, until recently, had no Baptist meeting-house. There were several Dissenting chapels, but none of them were filled, and it was thought to be unnecessary therefore to start a new interest. A few earnest brethren possessed of the right spirit, and with no desire to interfere with existing churches, thought otherwise. They worshipped together in a commodious hall; and one of their number, who had been accustomed to evangelistic work in the neighbouring towns and villages, was requested to preach to them. The preacher, Mr. Sparks—a foreman of boat-builders—is an excellent speaker, certainly above the average of evangelistic orators, and we should say is well able both to gather a congregation and to keep one when he has got it. And to do this, in addition to labouring with his hands for his daily bread, good and sterling gifts are required. How far he has succeeded, our readers can judge for themselves. A few Sabbaths ago we had the privilege of worshipping with these brethren. The hall would seat, we should say, about four or five hundred people, and it was well filled. The congregation consisted largely of artisans and their wives; seamen, and those who live both on and by the sea. The church is, of course, a young one, but it consists of a good number of members, and is actively in earnest for the welfare of souls. The devotional spirit which seemed to prevail at the prayer-meeting gladdened our spirit. Such brethren in co-operation with so earnest a pastor, must be a great blessing in such a town. We need hardly say that, for the present at least, the labours of the preacher are given gratuitously; although we hope this fact—which is not always a blessing to a church—will not operate against the outflow of Christian liberality which is required of the brethren. We believe it does not; and it certainly must not, if they should ever accomplish the work which they hope to commence at some future day—namely the erection of a chapel.

In how many instances, could some equally earnest brother enter upon a similar undertaking! There are capable men in our churches who might in this way be of considerable service to the church of Christ. We commend the example set them by the pastor of the Baptist church at West Cowes, as one deserving their imitation. In seaside towns, where new efforts are sadly needed, such attempts might lead to the ingathering of many souls to the Redeemer. [*Communicated.*]

[We may add to this, that our College is doing its share of work in the seacoast towns. Ventnor has a hopeful commencement, Ryde flourishes, Newhaven is in a prosperous state, we hope soon to invade Shoreham, Whitstable has a fair nucleus, and we are prepared to try other places as friends are raised up in them who will aid our endeavours. We must have a church in every town where the population is at all equal to its support.]

A Handful of Orthodox Paradoxes.

BY RALPH VENNING.

A CHILD of God believes strange things; for he believes that nothing can be done against the will of God; for, who hath resisted his will? And yet he believes that every sin is committed against the will of God.

He believes that every man in himself is far off from God; and yet believes that in God every man lives, moves, and hath his being, and that God is not far off from any one of them.

He believes that God is not this or that; and yet he believes that God is all in all.

He believes that if he forgive men their trespasses; namely, against him, the heavenly Father will also forgive his (Matt. vi. 14), and yet he believes that a man may forgive every man that trespasseth against him, and yet not be forgiven of God.

He believes that light is not darkness; and yet he believes that all the light that is in some men is darkness.

He believes that wisdom is not folly; and yet he believes that all the wisdom of the world is foolishness.

He believes that if Christ had not come and spoken to the Jews, they had not had sin (John xv. 22), and yet he believes they had had sin, though Christ had not come and spoken to them.

He believes that it is true which Christ spake (John ix. 41) to the Pharisee, that if ye were blind, ye should have no sin; and yet he believes that they were blind and had sin, yea, that their blindness was sin, and their sin was blindness.

He believes that God scourgeth every one whom he receiveth (Heb. xii. 6), and yet he believes that God doth not receive every one whom he scourgeth.

He believes that there was no reason at all as from the persons, why God should love Jacob and hate Esau; and yet he believes that Jacob was more lovely than Esau, and yet that God was no respecter of persons on either account.

He believes that the saints are the fulness of Christ (Eph. i. 23), and yet he believes that Christ is the fulness of the saints. John i. 16.

He believes that the Publican stood afar off; and yet he believes that he stood nearer to God than the Pharisee did.

He believes that where there is most love, there is most fear; and yet he believes that perfect love casteth out fear.

Reviews.

Pastor Spurgeon; his Conversion, Labour, and Success. F. H. Hurd, 81, Fleet Street.

This pamphlet speaks far too well of us, and owes its tone rather to grateful affection than to calm judgment. The account of the sermon which was the means of our conversion is as new to us as it will be to the readers of the memoir: it may be so, but we do not think it. When Christian friends write in our honour we feel great shame that we so little deserve their praise, and painful prostration of spirit that we should have had a word said in our favour.

The Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Sampson Low & Co.

Some charming things concerning that better land

> "Where the faded flower shall freshen,
> Freshen never more to fade."

Stepping-stones of Faith, for the Aid of the Youthful Wayfarer. Suggested by a Fellow Pilgrim. Smart & Allen, London-house Yard.

Sixpennyworth of capital matter upon some of the difficulties of the faith, such as the atonement, existence of evil, election, etc. Calculated to be of much service to young minds.

Gems of Song for the Sunday-school and for Use in Families. Upwards of Two Hundred Hymns. Compiled and edited by GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE. Cloth, Twopence. Elliot Stock.

OUR friend, Mr. Congreve, has made a most laudable attempt to produce a selection of hymns for children, consistent with sound doctrine; so far he has eminently succeeded, but we are still of opinion that *the* Sunday-school Hymn Book has yet to be compiled. The hymnology of youth is yet in an unsatisfactory state; much has been done, more is doing, but the materials are not yet extant for such a hymn-book as would be worthy of the Sunday-schools of England. Mr. Congreve has done as well as the best with the material at his command; but till more straw is produced bricks will not be easy to make, till more good hymns for juveniles are composed no process of re-arrangement will avail. The little book is cheap and good.

Serving the Lord; brief Memorials of the Rev. J. P. Lewis. By ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS. Jarrold & Sons, 12, Paternoster-row.

WE highly respected the subject of this memoir while he was living, and remember to have aided in opening his new chapel at Diss. This short sketch will interest his friends and kinsfolk. Tens of thousands of useful lives are uneventful—

> "Along the cold sequestered vale of life
> They keep the even tenor of their way."

The life which will make a thrilling biography, must either have been very full of trial, or singularly eminent in ability. Our departed friend was solidly useful for many years, doing his Lord's will; and then exchanging his sphere of service, he for other years patiently endured his Master's rod.

Home Life. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke & Co.

THIS authoress always aims at the best ends, and by her vivacity of manner always secures attention to her little homilies. We doubt not that over a numerous order of minds, she exerts great and salutary influence; long may she wield her facile pen.

Congregational Psalmist; Chants, Sanctuses, etc. Edited by REV. HENRY ALLEN. Hodder & Stoughton.

CHANTS are quite out of our line. Those who care for them will probably find this one of the very best books they can use; but our judgment upon such a business is not worth the paper we are writing upon.

William Saunders, the Cricketer. By JAMES FLEMING. Morgan & Chase.

WE have given the essence of this pretty little book in a previous article. We trust that our outline will promote the sale of the whole narrative; it might be very usefully distributed among persons of Saunders's class.

Tears of the Pilgrims in the Sunlight of Heaven. By W. FRITH, New Bexley. Robert Banks, Ludgate Hill.

A COLLECTION of consoling words, original and selected; fitted to minister comfort to those who mourn in Zion. Dr. Hugh Allen (Episcopalian) has kindly written a preface for his friend, who is a staunch Baptist.

Dr. Cornwell's School Arithmetic, and the Science of Arithmetic. By JOSEPH CORNWELL AND JOSHUA G. FITCH. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

TWO very excellent books, the former an abridgement, and useful for beginners; the latter treats also of the science of arithmetic, and furnishes all that is required for the B.A. examination at either of the Universities.

Overdale; the Story of a Pervert. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. James Clarke and Co., Fleet Street.

WRITTEN with the moral spirit and force of this popular authoress. but we are not in love with religious novels. There are some good shrewd remarks on Dissent and the Established Church; and the book will doubtless be read with interest by many, and will help to throw light on errors, both in the Church of England and of Rome.

Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children. By WILLIAM LOGAN. James Nisbet.

A NEW edition of a most admirable book, which we have more than once commended to our readers.

Memoranda.

THE Editor's painful indisposition compels him to forego his usual monthly notes, and also the Exposition of the Psalm. Too great pressure of work has produced a disorder whose root is more mental than physical. Wearisome pain, added to relative affliction and ever increasing responsibility, make up a burden under the weight of which unaided mortal strength must sink. An all-sufficient God is our joy and rejoicing.

At the Orphanage all goes well, and faith sings, "The Lord will provide;" though no very plentiful help is forthcoming.

A BAZAAR will be held in the Lecture Hall at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of December, on behalf of the Chapel to be erected in Peckham, for the Church and Congregation attending the ministry of Mr. Field. Articles for the Bazaar may be sent to Mr. Blackshaw, at the Tabernacle; or to Mr. Field, 4 Leipsic Road, Camberwell.

To celebrate the opening of the schools in connection with Penge Tabernacle, a Tea and Public Meeting were held on Wednesday, the 1st of September. F. W. Lloyd, Esq., kindly presiding; and addresses were delivered by Pastors Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich; A. Tessier, of Bromley; J. Halsey (Congregationalist), of Anerley, and J. Mitchell Cox; also by S. R. Pattison, and H. Burchett, Esqrs. The following day a capital Lecture, illustrated by dissolving views, was given to the children and trainers, by F. W. Lloyd, Esq. The schools have thus been opened under the most pleasant auspices and encouraging circumstances. A middle-class day-school was opened on Monday, the 20th of September.

Whitstable. On Lord's-day evening, August 29th, our beloved deacon, Mr. William Olney, preached in the Old Wesleyan Chapel in this town, where Mr. Keys is endeavouring to raise a Baptist Church. On the following day, tea was provided and a Public Meeting held, at which Pastor J. T. Wigner presided, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Olney. Pastors Etheridge, of Ramsgate; Drew, of Margate; and Crofts, of St. Peter's, were present; and gave useful and encouraging addresses. The chapel was well filled, and the collection in aid of the expenses very liberal.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—August 26th, Nineteen; September 2nd, Ten; September 13th, Seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, 1869, to September 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sherrin	1	0	0
Mrs. Camps	1	5	0
Mrs. Grange	1	0	0
Mr. J. Near	0	1	0
Mr. Davidson	0	2	3
Mr. Mayo's Collecting Box	0	9	2
A Widow	0	10	0
Mr. Price	1	0	0
Mr. Grant	2	0	0
A Nailsworth Friend	0	5	0
Mr. Davis	1	0	0
M. M.	3	0	0
Collected by Miss Jenhs	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garrod	1	0	0
Sarah Renders	0	1	0
T. H., per Mr. W. Olney	0	6	0
A Deptford Friend	1	1	0
A. Y. V.	0	10	0
J. N.	0	10	0
Mrs. Hardwick	5	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
A Thankoffering for mercies received ...	0	5	0
A. V. L.	2	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Emily Smith	3	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mrs. Fitz Gerald	1	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	2	10	0
Collection at Colchester after Sermon by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	10	6	4
Collected at Southampton per Rev. J. Collins	3	0	6
Mr. D. McPherson	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 22	42	15	4
" " " " Sept. 5	36	7	0
" " " " 12	38	1	6
" " " " 19	36	7	0
	£261	10	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, 1869, to September 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dunn's Collecting Book, "Esther"	5	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton	20	0	0
Mrs. Lister, per Mr. S. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. Camps	1	5	0
Mrs. Legge, Collected	1	10	7
Mrs. Fulks	0	10	0
Mr. R. Law	0	2	6
J. B.	0	5	0
A Friend at Tunbridge Wells	0	5	0
A Poor Sick Woman	0	2	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6
E. K.	0	16	9
Mr. Turner	0	5	0
Mr. Price	1	0	0
Miss Brissenden	0	6	0
Miss Kirby	0	1	0
A Friend at Knaresborough	1	0	0
Monday Evening at Tabernacle	8	13	0
" a Lady per Mr. Hackett	5	0	0
" Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
" Mr. Ranford	1	1	0
" A Lover of Christ per Mr. Hackett	0	5	0
Mr. T. Rider	10	10	0
Mr. Grant	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers—			
Rev. J. Alldis 1 0 0			
F. W. Anderson, Esq. ... 1 0 0			
S. Rosling, Esq. 1 0 0			
Mr. J. D. Brown 0 10 0			
Purse found, H. S. & Co. ... 1 3 4			
G. Palmer, Esq. (quarterly) 1 0 0			
J. Huntly, Esq. 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Moore... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Leach 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Long 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Withers 0 5 0			
	7	8	4
On Account Students' House	5	0	0
Mr. S. Gurney	0	2	6
Mr. Burton	2	0	0
H. S. G.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garrod	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman, (Nailsworth,) Collecting-box	0	2	6
Tee Hay	0	10	0
C. E. Gladish, per Mr. Perkins	1	0	0
Primrose	0	3	0
Miss Descroix's Collecting Box	0	11	9

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Marsland	0	10	0
Mr. J. Marsland, jun.	0	5	0
Miss Thornton	0	5	0
Mrs. Tolley...	0	10	0
Winchester...	5	0	0
A Deptford Friend...	1	1	0
Coatbridge	0	5	0
Mr. W. Dickson's Bible Class, Edinburgh	2	17	0
J. F.	0	10	0
Two Sisters, per Rev. E. Blewitt... ...	1	0	0
A Friend per ditto	1	0	0
Miss Ella Mary Toller	1	0	0
Mrs. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Kempton	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	12	0
W. J. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Procrastination, J. G.	1	5	0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. R. Bate	2	10	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Au't	0	11	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A. V. L.	2	0	0
Emily Smith	3	0	0
H.	0	5	0
B. P. T.	0	10	0
An Orphan, per Rev. W. C. Bunning ...	1	0	0
J. W.	50	0	0
Mr. W. Fleming	1	1	0
Mr. R. Pinkstone's Sunday Class ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Wood	1	10	0
Mr. J. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mr. A. Doggett	2	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle gates, September 2	1	3	4
" " " 9	0	10	4
" " " (A Working Man) " 9	0	10	0
	£175	0	7

Donations—
Per Mr. Charlesworth :—

	£	s.	d.
Thomas Rider & Son 10	10	0	
W. Glazier, Esq.... 1	1	0	
"Birthday Offering" 1	1	0	
Mr. Jacobs 0	5	0	
"A Friend," Guildford... ... 0	10	0	
	13	7	0

Received for the Orphanage.—Basket of new laid eggs, per C. H. Spurgeon; 1 case of French eggs, Mr. Potier; A sack of Apples, Mr. Higgs; 3 baskets of pears, from the President; 20 steel-plate engravings, Messrs. H. Graves & Co.; A parcel containing 3 purses and 3 braided bed pockets; 8 stones of mutton, from Mrs. Gosling, as a thank-offering; 12 balls for the boys, Mrs. Crawley; a parcel containing the following articles for the sale room:—1 sofa cushion; 2 antimacassars; 10 pincushions; 2 purses; 2 pen-wipers; 1 set of writing materials in leather case; 6 ladies collars; 1 ball, anonymous.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions—			
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. Parr	0	5	0
Mr. E. Willett	0	10	0
Eythorne District, per T. Pledge, Esq....	7	10	0
Mrs. A. Nisbet	0	10	0
Donations—			
Mr. Speller	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. Davison	0	3	9
A. V. L.	1	0	0
Collected—			
Mr. J. S. Hockey	0	10	0
Mr. G. F. Day	0	7	1
Miss Wilton...	0	8	0
	£13	9	10

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

A Sermon from a Sick Preacher.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

MY brethren, I am quite out of order for addressing you to-night. I feel extremely unwell, excessively heavy and exceedingly depressed, and yet I could not deny myself the pleasure of trying to say a few words to you. I have taken a text upon which I think I could preach in my sleep, and I believe that, if I were dying and were graciously led into the old track, I could, with my last expiring breath pour out a heart-full of utterance upon the delightful verse which I have selected. It happens to be the passage from which I first essayed to speak in public when I was but a boy of fifteen years of age; and I am sure it contains the marrow of what I have always taught in the pulpit from that day until now. The words are in the second chapter of the first epistle of Peter, and the seventh verse; "*Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.*"

We might find "ample room and verge enough" if we were to enlarge upon the preciousness of Christ in his person as God and perfect man; his preciousness to his Father, his preciousness to the Holy Spirit, his preciousness to angels and glorified men. We might next speak of him in the preciousness of his work; showing his preciousness as the Mediator of the new covenant, and as the incarnate messenger of that covenant on earth; his preciousness as working out a perfect righteousness, and as rendering a complete expiation. We might dwell upon his preciousness in all his offices, whether as Prophet, Priest, or King, and in all his relationships as friend, brother, or bridegroom. Indeed, we have before us a subject as inexhaustible as the river of God, and as bright as the sapphire throne. If we should endeavour to show how precious

the Wellbeloved is in all respects, we should need eternity in which to complete the task.

"Precious, Lord, beyond expression,
Are thy beauties all divine;
Glory, honour, praise, and blessing,
Be henceforth for ever thine."

The wording of the text binds our thoughts to one point. "Unto *you that believe* he is precious," it is not so much how precious he is, as how precious he is *to you*. If you be a believer, the text affirms that Jesus Christ will, without any adverb to limit the extent of the descriptive word, be precious *to you*.

We shall, first, talk awhile upon the truth that *Jesus Christ is now precious to believers*.

Notice attentively how personally precious Jesus is. There are two persons in the text: "Unto *you* that believe *he* is precious." "You" and "he." You—you are a real person, and you feel that you are such. To yourself you must ever be the most real of existences. You do not think of yourself as a person of whom you have read in history, or heard of in discourse, or seen from a window years ago. You have (to use an ugly word, since I do not know any substitute for it), you have realised yourself; you are quite clear about your own existence; now in the same way I pray you strive to realise the other Person. "Unto you that believe *he* is precious." Jesus just as really exists as you do, and you must not regard him as a personage who was here one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine years ago, or one of whom you have heard, and whom you like to think of as a poetical conception; but there is a real Christ now existing; in spirit existing here; in real flesh and blood now standing at the right hand of the Father; and between him and you, if you be a believer, there exists a bond of unity which, though invisible, is nevertheless most matter-of-fact and positive. You believe in him, he loves you; you love him in return, and he sheds abroad in your heart a sense of his love. You twain are bound together fastly and firmly; there is neither myth, nor dream either in him or in your union to him. He is and you are, and he is in very deed most precious to you.

Notice, too, that while the text gleams with this vividness of personality, to which the most of professors are blind, it is weighted with a most solid positiveness: "Unto you that believe he *is* precious." It does not speak as though he might be or might not be; but "he IS precious." There are some things about myself as a Christian which are frequently matters of question. I may gravely question whether I am growing in grace; and under such a doubt I may search my heart to see whether I love my Lord better, or whether I have more fully conquered my sins; but one thing I do not question, namely, that being a believer in him, Jesus Christ is unutterably precious to my soul. If thou doubtest thy faith, thou mayst doubt whether Christ is precious to thee, but if thy faith be certain, the preciousness of Christ to thy heart is quite as certain. "He *is* precious." If the new life be in thee, thou art as sure to love the Saviour as fish love the stream, or the birds the air, or as brave men love liberty, or as all men love their lives. Tolerate no peradventures here; allow no debate upon

this vital point of thy religion! Jesus must be precious to thee. Cleanse thine eye if any dust hath dimmed thy sight of Jesus' preciousness, and be not satisfied till, in the language of the spouse, thou canst say, "He is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

Mark, further, the absoluteness of the text, "Unto you that believe he is *precious*." It is not written how precious. The text does not attempt by any form of computation to measure the price which the regenerate soul sets upon her bosom's Lord. There is no hint that he is moderately precious; it does not even say positively or comparatively precious. I infer therefore that I may if I choose insert the word "superlatively," and certainly if I did so there would be no exaggeration. for more dear than light to the eyes, or life to the body, is Jesus to the sanctified heart. Each saint can truthfully sing,

> "Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
> My transport and my trust:
> Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
> And gold is sordid dust."

Since no sparkling gems or precious metals, regalia, or caskets of rare jewels can ever equal the value of Jesus, the comparison is vain. We therefore place him by himself alone, and say that he is absolutely precious to believers. Gold is precious; but the diamond is more so, and in comparison with the diamond the gold is of small account. The diamond is precious; but give a man a bag full of diamonds of the first water, and put him down in a desert, or let him be out on the wild waste of ocean, he would give all his diamonds for a draught of pure water to drink, or a crust of bread to eat; so that in certain cases even the excellent crystal would lose its value. In fact, mineral substances are merely arbitrary signs of value. they have but little worth in themselves; gold in itself is less useful than iron, and a diamond of little more account than a piece of glass. They have no absolutely intrinsic value which would remain the same under all contingencies. But Christ is absolutely precious; that is to say, nothing can ever match him, much less excel him; and he is precious under all circumstances. There never can arrive a time when we shall be compelled to confess his want of value, or lower our estimate of him. He is infinitely precious. O my soul, dost thou esteem him so? My heart, art thou sure of this, that unto thee he is precious beyond compare; precious positively, precious comparatively, though heaven itself were compared, precious superlatively, beyond all things that can be dreamed of, or imagined? Is he to thee essential preciousness, the very standard of all value? Thus it should be, for the text means no less: "Unto you that believe he is precious."

The thought which I desire to bring out into fullest relief is this, that Jesus Christ is to-day *continually* precious to his people. The moment a soul believes in Jesus, his sins are forgiven. Well, then, the precious blood that washes all sin away, is not that done with? Oh, no! Unto you that believe, though you have believed to the saving of your soul, he IS still precious; for your guilt will return upon your conscience, and you will yet sin, being still in the body, but there is a fountain still filled with blood, and thus unto you experimentally the cleansing atonement is as precious as when you first relied upon its

expiating power. Nay, Jesus is more precious to you now than when first you were washed in his blood and were made white as snow; for you know your own needs more fully, have proved more often the adaptation of his saving grace, and have received a thousand more gifts at his blessed hands. I do fear me that some Christians imagine that after believing, all is done; but my Lord Jesus Christ is no old almanack, used up and of no further service. He is not like the physic which I took months ago, which then healed me of my disease, so that now I can afford to put it on the shelf and laugh at it; oh, no! he is still my divine medicine. Still I want him, still I have him. If I believe in him, I feel I want him more than ever I did, and he is dearer to me than ever he was. If I needed him aforetime as a poor guilty sinner, I want him just as much as a poor needy saint, hanging upon his daily bounty, deriving life perpetually from his life, peace from the virtue of his precious blood, and joy from the outflowings of his love to me. Instead of Christ's losing value to the believer, the pith of the text is this—that you, believer, when you get Christ, and get what Christ bringeth to you, instead of esteeming him as though he were an empty vessel, out of which you had drained the last drop, you prize him more highly than ever you did before. He is not a gold mine worked out and exhausted, a field reaped of its harvest, or a vineyard where the grape gleaning is done: he has still the dew of his youth, the fulness of his strength, the infinity of his wealth, the perfection of his power.

Now, beloved, just for a minute or two, let us think *how Christ is to-day precious to you.*

He is to-day precious to you because his blood even now this day is the only thing which keeps you from being a condemned sinner, exposed to the wrath of God. There has been enough sin upon your soul, my brother, my sister, this very day, to cast you into hell, if your Surety had not stood between you and God's justice. You have been into no sinful company to-day; you have been in your Sunday-school class, and I have been in the pulpit; but, ah! my pulpit sins would have damned me to-day, if it had not been for that precious blood, and thy Sunday-school sins had shut thee up in hell, if that dear Mediator had not stood between thee and God. So you see it is not the first day in which you believe in which he is precious to you, but right on still, as long as you are a sinner, the Intercessor stands and pleads for you, evermore putting your sin away; being yesterday, to-day, and for ever, your Saviour, your shield, and your defence, and therefore evermore supremely precious.

Remember, too, he is precious, because the only righteousness you have is still his perfect righteousness. That which pleads with God for you is not what *you* are, but what he is. You are accepted at this moment, but you are only accepted in the Beloved. You are not justified because you feel in a sweet frame of mind, or because your heart rejoices in the name of God. Oh, no! your acceptance is all in your great Surety, and if it could be possible that he and the entire system of his grace could be withdrawn, and covenant engagements abrogated, you would be as unacceptable as even lost spirits are, and would be like them for ever driven from the face and favour of God. Is he not, then, as your accepted Substitute, at this hour most precious to you?

Moreover, beloved, Jesus Christ is precious to you at this moment, as much as ever he was, because from henceforth it is his example which you strive to imitate. So far as he is an example to his people, his character has always been most admirable in your esteem, and this day you delight to know that in his life God's law appears drawn out in living characters. You aspire to be like him now; you expect to be perfectly like him in the day of his appearing. Now, because he shows you what you shall be, and because in him lies the power to make you what you shall be, is he not therefore daily precious to you? In proportion as you fight with sin, in proportion as you seek for holiness with inward longings and sublime pantings, in that proportion will Jesus Christ, the paragon of all perfection, be precious in your esteem. Beloved, you are to be crucified with him; your flesh, with its corruptions and lusts, must die upon his cross as he died. Is he not precious when you believe that it will be by virtue of his death that sin will die in you? You are to rise in him: nay, I trust you have already risen in him, in newness of life; I hope you are panting more and more after the resurrection life, that you may no longer regard the dead things of this world, but live for eternal things, as those whose life is hid with Christ in God. If so, I know you will prize a risen Saviour, and your appreciation of him will increase as you drink deeper into the fellowship of the risen life. Forget not, beloved, that our Redeemer has ascended, and in that ascension every saint has his share. I do not say that you all enjoy your share yet, but in proportion as you do so, you will reckon Christ to be precious; for he hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places; our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus, whose Second Advent is to be the perfection of our spiritual life, the unveiling of the hidden beauties and manifestations of the sons of God. Just in proportion as you enter into your royal heritage, and live in it, and believe in it, in this proportion Jesus Christ will be precious to you.

Beloved, let me tell you a secret. To many of you, there is as much in Christ undiscovered, as you have already enjoyed. Your faith has only yet grasped Christ as saving you from going down to the pit—Christ is precious to you so far; but if your faith could even now comprehend the fact that you are one with Christ, are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones, that you are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, ah, then, how doubly precious would Jesus be! As surely as your faith grasps more, and becomes more capacious, and appropriating, Christ will grow in preciousness to you. I am persuaded that there is a meaning in these words which the whole of God's saints have not yet been able to discover, a deep mysterious preciousness of Jesus, only to be known by a close and intimate acquaintance with him such as falls to the lot of few. "Unto you that believe," just in proportion as you believe, the larger, the stronger, the deeper, the purer, the sublimer, the more full-grown your faith, the more unto you Jesus Christ is precious. Ask, then, for more faith, that Jesus may be more precious to you, and God grant it to you, for his name's sake!

Thus much on that point. Now a few words on another. *Because*

Jesus is precious to believers, he efficaciously operates upon them. The preciousness of Christ is, as it were, the leverage of Christ in lifting up his saints to holiness and righteousness.

Let me show you this. The man who trusts Christ values Christ; that which I value I hold fast; hence our valuing Christ helps us to abide steadfast in times of temptation. The world saith to a Christian, "Follow me, and I will enrich thee." "Nay," saith the Christian, "Thou canst not enrich me; I have Christ, and I am rich enough." "Follow me," saith the world, "and I will bless thee; I will give thee the delights of the flesh." "Nay," saith the heart, "thou canst not bless me, for these things are accursed and would bring me sorrow and not pleasure; Jesus Christ is my pleasure, and to love him and to do his will is my joy." Do you not see, the greater your value of Christ, the greater your strength against temptation? Although the devil may tempt you with this and that, yet Jesus Christ being more precious than all things, you say, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou canst not tempt me while Christ is dear to my spirit." O may you have a very high value of Christ, that thus you may be kept firm in the day of temptation.

Notice further: this valuing of Christ helps the believer to make sacrifices. Sacrifice-making constitutes a large part of any high character. He who never makes a sacrifice in his religion, may shrewdly suspect that it is not worth more than his own practical valuation of it. When a man hath a very important document about him, on which depends his title to his estates, if a thief should try to take it from him, he will suffer the thief to tear away his garments, to rob him of anything he has except his treasure, that he takes care to hold fast as long as he can. Indian messengers when entrusted with jewels, have been known to swallow them to preserve them from robbers, and to allow themseves to be stripped naked of every rag they wore, but they would not lose the jewel with which their prince had entrusted them. So the Christian will say to the world, "Take away my fortune; take away my livelihood; take away my good name, if thou wilt, O lying world, but despite all I will retain my Saviour, for he is precious!" Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for Christ, and he never will or can give Christ up if Christ be precious to him. See, then, that believing in Jesus makes him precious, and his being precious helps us to make sacrifices most cheerfully for his dear sake.

Moreover, brethren, this valuing of Christ makes us jealous against sin. What, say we, does Jesus Christ deign to live under my roof? Then, while he lives in my heart, I will give no roosting-place to any foul bird of sin that might begin hooting in his ear. No! ye enemies of Christ, begone, begone, begone! My Beloved shall have the best chamber of my spirit, undefiled by your filthy feet. We are afraid lest we should do anything to grieve the heavenly Lover of our souls; this makes us keep our garments white, and pick our steps through this miry world. Hence, a right valuing of Christ promotes directly the highest degree of sanctification. He who loves the Redeemer best purifies himself most, even as his Lord is pure.

Beloved, high valuing of Christ helps the Christian in the selection of his associates in life. If I hold my divine Lord to be precious,

how can I have fellowship with those who do not esteem him? You will not find a man of refined habits and cultured spirits, happy amongst the lowest and most illiterate. Birds of a feather flock together. Workers and traders unite in companies according to their occupations. Lovers of Christ rejoice in lovers of Christ, and they delight to meet together; for they can talk to each other of things in which they are agreed. I would recommend you to choose the church of which you would be a member, and the pastor whom you would hear, by this one thing; by how much of Christ there is in that church, and how much of the savour of Christ there is in that ministry. Oh! it is ill of a child of God to be enchanted by mere rhetoric. As well might you choose a table to feast at merely on account of the knives and forks, or the polish of its mahogany. You require food for the soul, and there is nothing that will long feed a true heart but Jesus Christ, who is the meat and the drink of his people. Love to Christ soon makes a Christian discontented with mere oratory. He cannot be satisfied even with the best doctrine apart from Jesus. "They have taken away my Lord," saith he, "and I know not where they have laid him." I must hear about Jesus; and if that silver bell does not ring, then all the rest may chime as they may, but my ear is at unrest until I hear that celestial sound. Thus a lofty estimate of Christ will be seen, if I had time to track it, to operate through the entire history of a Christian.

Little need is there more fully to particularise, but we must not fail to remark that a sense of the Redeemer's preciousness makes the Christian useful, for that which is much on the heart will soon creep up to the tongue, and the testimony of the heart is a notable method for spreading the gospel. If thou lovest Christ much, thou wilt speak about him. Thy restrained speech will almost choke thee, thy soul will be hot within thee whilst thou art silent, till at last, like a fire in thy bones which cannot longer be concealed, it will break out, and thou wilt say to others, "My Beloved is the fairest and noblest of all beloveds; O that you all knew him and loved him as I do! If you see him, his face is brighter than the sun in its strength; if you hear him, his voice is sweeter than the chorus of heaven; if you draw near to him, his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia; and if you trust him, you will find him to be faithfulness and truth itself." Broken the words may be, the sentences may not flow with rhythmical harmony, but he that loves Christ must out with it, somehow or other. Thus telling out the things which he has made touching the King with a burning heart, others will hear the good news, and they will ask, "Who is this Precious One?" and they will, by God's good Spirit, be led to seek him and find him too. So the Christian valuing Christ will come to be useful to the souls of men; indeed, as I have said before, it will exercise an operating power on the entire Christian manhood, and render it holiness unto the Lord.

Christ being thus precious, *his preciousness becomes the test of our Christianity.*

I shall not prolong this humble talk, but shall, in conclusion, put a question to you. Beloved brother or sister, you know very well that I would be the last person in the world to speak lightly of the value of sound doctrine. I wish we were all acquainted with the Scriptures far more,

and that the doctrines of grace were more clear to our understandings, and more imprinted upon our hearts; but there are some people who love a certain set of doctrines so much, that if you diverge a hair's breadth they will denounce you as rotten at the core. They will not associate with any who do not say, "Shibboleth," and sound the "sh" very harshly, too. They will cut off and condemn all God's people who do not precisely agree with them. Now, mark you, it is not written, "Unto you that believe a code of doctrines will be precious." That is true, but it is not written so in the text. The text is, "Unto you that believe Christ is precious." It is better to count Christ precious than it is to count orthodoxy precious. Oh, it is not loving a creed, but it is loving Jesus that proves you a Christian. You may become such a bigot that it may be only the laws of the land which keep you from burning those who differ from you, and yet you may have none of the grace of God in your heart. I love Protestantism, but if there is anything in this world that I have a horror of, it is that political Protestantism which does nothing but sneer and snarl at its fellow citizens, but which is as ignorant as a cow about what Protestantism truly is. The great truths of Protestantism—not mere Protestant ascendancy—and the great secret power of those truths, far more than the mere letter of them, is the thing to be prized. You may get it into your head that you are a member of the one only true church; you may wrap yourself about with any quantity of self-conceit, but that does not at all prove you to be a possessor of grace. It is love to Christ that is the root of the matter. I am very sorry, my dear brother, if you should hold unsound views on some points; but I love you with all my heart if Jesus is precious to you. I cannot give up believers' baptism; it is none of mine, and, therefore, I cannot give up my Master's word. I am sure that it is Scriptural. I cannot give up the doctrine of election, it seems to me so plainly in the word; but over the head of all doctrines and ordinances, and over everything, my brother, I embrace thee in my heart if thou believest in Jesus, and if he be precious to thee, for that is the vital point. These are the matters of heart work that mark a Christian—nothing else is so true a test. If you cannot say, "Jesus is precious to me," I do not care to what church you belong, or what creed you are ready to die for, you do not know the truth of God unless the person of Christ is dear to you.

This may serve as a test for each one here. My brother, my sister, dost thou believe in him who is the Son of God, and yet was born of the Virgin here on earth? Dost thou rely alone on him who on the cross poured out his heart's blood to redeem sinners? Dost thou depend on him who now standeth with his priestly garments on before the throne of the infinite majesty, pleading for the unjust, that they may live through him? If thou dost, then answer this question: Dost thou love Jesus now? Dost thou love him with thy heart and soul? Wouldst thou serve him? Dost thou serve him? Wilt thou serve him? Wilt thou subscribe thy hand to be his servant from this day forth? Dost thou declare now, if not with lip, yet honestly with thy soul, "He is precious to me, and I would give up all else sooner than give up him"? Then it is well with thee! Be thou happy and rejoice. Come thou to his table and feast with him at the banquet of love. If

not, thou hast not built on the rock. If thou art not loving Christ, I pray thee examine thyself, and see where thou art, for there is but a step between thee and hell. Repent thee! May God convert thee, and give thee now to put thy confidence in Jesus, and now to be saved, that he may be glorified in thee, for hitherto he has had no glory from thee. Unto you that do not believe, Christ is not precious, and you will go your way and despise him. O that you were made wise by the Holy Ghost, and taught to consider things aright, and he would be precious indeed to you! He is the only way for your escape from the wrath to come! He is the only hope for you of ever entering the gates of heaven. He must be your only shelter when the world will be on a blaze, as soon it shall; when the stars shall fall like withered leaves from the trees; when all creation shall rock and reel, and his voice shall resound in earth, and heaven, and hell, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment!" The only hope of a Saviour in that last tremendous day must be found in Jesus. O seek him now while he may be found, call upon him while he is near! Turn not your heel away from him now, lest you turn once for all to perdition. Come to him now; believe in him now; and he shall have the glory. Amen.

John Howe and his Life Associations.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Continued from page 460.)

THE grand secession from the State Establishment of 1662 is usually regarded as the origin of Nonconformity: but it is an error to suppose those ejected ministers formed the only basis of separation. The Church of England has never been what her framers designed—the sole church of the nation. She is rightly described as a compromise between Popery and Calvinism. The strong rule of Henry the Eighth kept the conflicting religious forces in decent subjection. Under the weaker government of Edward the Sixth, the disputes of the sectaries awakened the fears of the most discerning friends of the Reformation. The persecutions, characteristic of Mary's dismal reign, really strengthened the basis of Protestantism; for, by the blood of the martyrs, its stones were more closely cemented together. During the ascendancy of Mary, those true cities of refuge, the Protestant towns of Holland and Germany, abounded with British exiles, who, on finding themselves safely removed from the discipline of Mother Church, or the cruelty of her murderous daughter Mary, began the practice of polemical disputings; and those who substituted the Geneva *règime* for Edward's Common Prayer were called Nonconformists, and by the more contemptuously inclined, Puritans. When the accession of Elizabeth restored a vigorous rule and a large share of civil and religious freedom, the fugitives gladly forsook their Continental retreats, once more to live beneath their vines and fig-trees in Britain. At home, the controversy between these religionists and the uncompromising sticklers for the

Establishment in its entirety, now assumed ominous proportions. Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity aimed at enforcing popular obedience to the prescribed worship; but, during the earlier years of her reign, noncompliance was only slightly regarded; and, therefore, many Puritan pastors framed their teaching to harmonise with the dictates of conscience. In 1565, the authorities awakened from their lethargy strictly to enforce the statutes. While Puritan incumbents were expelled, their disciples, as absentees, were imprisoned and fined; for the fines for not attending church were now attended with the further penalty of imprisonment. In early Puritan times the country had three religious parties ably represented in Parliament. One party desired only slight reforms in ceremonies. Another party, as Puritans proper, advocated more sweeping changes; but the remainder were Dissenters in the strictest sense, and because they ignored all State control in religious matters, the others called them Independents. The latter were disappointed when James the First conceded no reforms. That sorry exhibition of pedantry and kingcraft, the Hampton conference, proved but the prelude to the enactment of harsher laws. Charles the First strenuously endeavoured to repress the abettors of Puritan tenets; and for so unlovely a work found a congenial agent in William Laud. The revived "Book of Sports" seems to have occasioned hundreds of ejectments: but how, in the great contest, kings and prelates at last were worsted was shown in the ascendancy of Cromwell; and subsequently, in the triumph of the Revolution.

Howe's public trials after Black Bartholomew, though not very considerable, are said to have included a two months' imprisonment on the isle of St. Nicholas. His friend and neighbour, Bishop Ward, seriously troubled the Nonconformists. Howe rode over to Exeter on this business, and there encountered a clerical friend who happened to pass the inn where he had halted: "What do you here when citations are out against you," was the first enquiry. "Pray, sir," rejoined Howe, "what have I done that I may not be here?" "Won't you wait on the bishop?" continued the Conformist, "Not unless his lordship invite me," replied the Puritan. The Conformist immediately acquainted the bishop with John Howe's arrival in town. The latter was sent for; and while his diocesan desired to have the reasons of Howe's nonconformity, he offered him valuable preferment if he could consistently conform.

Several years in the life of Howe immediately following the secession are partially obscure. It is by no means certain whether he had any settled residence; and probably, he depended largely upon the bounty of friends for the supply of his daily wants. Yet, while he may have wandered from house to house, he did not grow idle in his avocation. He was animated by too kindly a spirit not to be as sorely concerned at his brethren's destitution as at his own poverty. Though not vain of his powers, many, he well knew, were less fortunate. His genius became to him a resource such as only few possessed. Thus, in 1668, he is supposed to have derived some pecuniary profit from "The Blessedness of the Righteous;" since, after the publication of that esteemed treatise, he was able to recruit his health in the already fashionable city of Bath.

A sifting of the State papers of the reign of Charles the Second will yield some stray facts illustrative of life in London after the Restoration. The sectaries occasioned much uneasiness to the ruling powers. The denominations were served by court emissaries, and through such sympathisers as Lady Ranelagh and Lord Massareen the Nonconformists possessed themselves of many official secrets. In the summer of 1661, the Presbyterians are represented as assuming lofty airs, because able to rejoice in Scotch unquietness, and to point to their partisans in the North. Somewhat alarmed, the government resorted to the contemptible stratagem of tampering with private letters; but even at such manœuvres they found themselves worthily matched. One Sabbath morning an official from the Post-office visited a certain meeting, in ears most concerned to whisper the ominous words, *take heed what you write:* YOUR LETTERS ARE OPENED.

We are also interested in observing how, after the Bartholomew ejectment, Charles could assume the character of Defender of the Faith. His government was vexed by others than such as merely refused to worship in the forms of the Common Prayer. To the annoyance of the irreligious King, many divines, embosomed in the Church of England, aided the national unrest by being factiously diligent when and where their rulers desired them to remain becomingly passive. Scarcely-fledged theologians paraded their learning, by presuming to "handle the deep points of God's eternal counsel, or wraugle about gestures and fruitless controversies." Because the ecclesiastical world wore this dark complexion, the king condescended to give preachers some general directions, the key-note being the first article of a Stuart's religion—"None in their sermons are to bound the authority of sovereigns." Subsequently, and through his mouthpiece the archbishop, the King classes election and reprobation, and disputings in general, among things to be avoided. Thus, moreover, a Christian minister's duties are delineated with obliging minuteness. To catechise, to stir "the people to religious and moral duties;" to expound the Catechism on Sabbath afternoons, to read prayers on holy days, and the Canons and Articles three times a year, and to enforce attendance at church, were the chief parts of a parish minister's duties in the days of Charles the Second. Other stray trifles, preserved among the treasures at the Rolls House, are illustrative of that interesting era. After the Restoration, prisoners, in petitioning for release, would protest their innocence, and recount extenuating circumstances, and then add, "I was never a Presbyterian." Divers so-called enthusiasts gave offence by praying for the King's conversion. At Coventry, a town which had been remarkable for its quietness during the commotions of the civil wars, the officials quailed before the determined opposition of the disaffected. Vigilant guards and numerous arrests scarcely sufficed to keep the sectaries of Coventry in subjection. At Exeter, Presbyterians and Independents coalesced to remedy, as far as lay in their power, the gospel famine. At Wrexham fair, in the autumn of 1662, a fanatic in a state of primitive nudity, and carrying a pan of burning brimstone, called on the assembled crowds to repent. We read of Quakers standing in the open air and trembling for hours together, while the Presbyterians and Baptists were supposed to be bound by articles, signed and

sealed, to subvert the government. Even the Whitehall agents encountered adventures characteristic of that remarkable summer of 1662. One of the spy species experienced inconvenience by being arrested when occasionally mistaken for a conventicler; and it was found advisable for disguised loungers at Dissenting meetings to protect themselves by a warrant. Such was the state of the religious world, while the oracles of Whitehall were informed, that seditious people were corrupting the populace.

By the publication of his "Blessedness of the Righteous," Howe extended his fame to Ireland, and in a manner most strikingly providential, Lord Massareen, after perusing the treatise, invited the author to make one of the family at Antrim Castle. What Howe could have done, but for this opportune succour, it is not easy to conjecture. The cares of a youthful family gathered thickly upon him, and this provision of Providence must have engendered thankful emotions when he embarked from Holyhead in April, 1671.

In those days, no harmoniously working limited mails and paddle steamers hurried their passengers from London to Dublin within the rising and the setting of the sun. Substantial, broad-wheeled waggons served upon the road; old-fashioned oaken vessels, with their weather-stained sails, braved the sea. If winds blew contrarily, the more splendid became the opportunity for emigrants to exemplify the virtue of patience by waiting at their English haven. During many days, Howe and his party were thus detained at Holyhead. The neighbourhood rejoiced in the possession of a commodious parish sanctuary, where prayer was wont to be read; for because the vicar discountenanced the Puritan practice of preaching, his pastoral *régime* began and ended with the Common Prayer. Fortunately, Howe was no stranger to the travellers, most of whom were desirous of turning to profit the leisure of the Sabbath afternoon. Accordingly, they set forth in a body in search of that grateful seclusion, where the Puritan pastor might lead their devotions, and impart to them his wisdom. Anon, two horsemen are encountered hurrying towards the town: "Will your master object to a stranger minister preaching in the church?" enquires one of the clerk. "I think he will not object," cried back that individual. By the vicar's permission, Howe preached with his usual power; and because a yet larger concourse assembled in the afternoon, he officiated again. Sabbath morning once came round, and a like multitude gathered as before, hoping to hear the same orator. The expectant expression of a crowd of faces unnerved the prayer-reading parson, till, although unable to preach himself, he felt ashamed to deny a sermon. Very wisely, he despatched a messenger to request the still weather-bound pastor again to grace the pulpit. Being sufficiently indisposed to be confined to his bed, Howe derived strength from the thought that God called to action, and so he went forth to satisfy the congregation. "If my ministry was ever of any use, I think it must have been then," observed Howe, in reference to this occasion.

Howe's sojourn with the Massareen family is supposed to have comprised the happiest portion of his life. In an elegant home, he was widely removed from the pressure of poverty. Nevertheless, while enjoying the opportunities offered for study and preaching, and while

constantly officiating in Antrim church, his distant cure at Torrington was affectionately remembered. His principles constrained him to entertain some exalted notions of the dignity of the pastoral office, if not of its indissoluble nature. His treatise on "Delighting in God" was addressed to his flock at Torrington, after many years of separation.

Our author's "Vanity of Man as Mortal," had a singular origin. Howe preached that discourse while celebrating the funeral of Anthony Upton, the scion of a Devonshire family. After a twenty years' sojourn in Spain, Upton resolved on returning to England; when, according to the usual custom of such occasions, his family were overjoyed at the thought of welcoming their relative. A festival was arranged which should signalise the event. Preparations proceeded merrily. Guests were invited. At her appointed time the good ship appeared in sight. But, alas! the dear passenger, whom friends were in readiness to *fête*, had departed. The captain could only deliver his corpse to expectant friends. For anticipated merriment and congratulations, the holiday makers were constrained to substitute a funeral dirge. Instead of gracing a banquet, they were required to assemble at a grave.

Howe concluded his Irish sojourn in 1675, to settle over a congregation then lately gathered by Dr. Lazarus Seaman. The "Indulgence," proclaimed three years previously, the government had revoked, after a few months' experiment; and they revoked it out of regard for the opinion both of the Parliament and of the populace. Nevertheless, the spirit of Charles's proclamation, for some time after its demise, restrained the Anglican zeal of the sticklers for absolutism, and thus Nonconformists were considerable gainers. Magistrates winked at Dissenters' meetings, illegal as they were, who, but for the King's expressed wishes, or his known indifference, would gladly have suppressed conventicles. Over this question of indulgence, many Dissenters allowed their conscience to blind their reason. They seriously enquired whether they could honestly accept of rights illegally restored. "Almost as absurd," remarks Professor Rogers. "as that of a man who, having been most unjustly imprisoned, and finding his oppressors quarrelling about the propriety of detaining him, should consult his conscience whether he could righteously step out at the door, which in their disputes they had left open." The comparative freedom from persecution continued till 1681, when the reign of terror was reinstituted.

About the time of the alleged popish plot, the Duke of Buckingham suddenly manifested a glowing regard for Nonconformists. His lordship is supposed to be identical with the nobleman, who, through the medium of Howe, offered his services to the Dissenters by way of advancing their interests at Court. Our author's ready wit at once discovered the speaker's "sordid and ambitious motives;" and the would-be advocate was assured, that being a religious people, Dissenters, should they ever desire to be represented as proposed, would select a representative of whom they would not be ashamed; and who in turn would not be ashamed of his constituents.

While thus rebuking presumption and selfishness, Howe, in the character of a controvertist, proved a model of meekness and charity. Such an exercise drew out, and exhibited to great advantage, the gentler traits of his character. In 1680, and on the occasion of their publishing some

objectionable things against Nonconformity, Howe opposed both Tillotson and Stillingfleet; and, perhaps, superior wisdom and modesty never more plainly triumphed. While Stillingfleet was constrained to thank his opponent, Tillotson, with tears, acknowledged his error.

In the main, the bishops of the Restoration appear to have been notoriously time-serving, suiting their action to whatever promised to redound to the profit of their communion. Had the Exclusion Bill passed into law, the prelates would probably have voted for a scheme of Comprehension. That time of indecision, while the question of disinheriting the Duke of York was being debated, found the prelates in a state of excitable unrest. Lloyd, of Worcester, arranged for Howe to dine with him; but having other engagements, the latter could only wait on his lordship in the evening, and at Dr. Tillotson's. The topic discussed was the accommodation of Nonconformists. On separating, the divines resolved on holding another meeting, and of inviting Dr. Bates to give his counsel. Accordingly they next assembled at the house of Stillingfleet, who provided "a handsome treat"—a reference which may painfully remind us, that good suppers only rarely fell in the way of Dissenting preachers in the reign of Charles the Second. Meanwhile hours passed by: the ministers were only awaiting the bishop's arrival to inaugurate an attack on Dr. Stillingfleet's viands, and to continue their conference, when news arrived of the Exclusion Bill's defeat. Deeming it wise, if not polite, the prelates suddenly washed their hands of Comprehension, and left the Dissenting teachers to enjoy a banquet relished none the less because of the mutability of apostolical successors. Comprehension had fallen through, and so far as the King had influence, parliaments also were to be superseded by his own absolutism.

An era of gloomy distress now set in. Such Puritan pastors as were not oppressed by indigence, rarely ventured on openly walking the streets of the Capital. Imagination cannot faithfully picture what London must have resembled, when Howe, like a criminal, necessarily sought a guarded seclusion in the day; and when, if he went abroad at evening, he must have risked dangers of another kind from prowling footpads. But evermore solicitous about others' sufferings than about personal troubles, we find him, in 1683, writing his condolence to Lady Russell, thus opening a lifelong friendship with her ladyship's family. Though writing anonymously, the author could not remain concealed. The fervent sympathy and wise counsellings were unmistakably Howe's.

Nonconformists were resisting a strong tide of persecution, when, in 1684, our author published his "Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls." About the same time, in a letter to Bishop Barlow, of Lincoln, he protested against that prelate's zeal for persecution. The oppression of the Puritans had now become well nigh intolerable. Their meetings were suspended, their colleges closed, and their organisation seemed at last to be superseded by desolation. Nevertheless, the Quakers, fired by a more stubborn enthusiasm, refused to yield to the encroachments of fanatical persecutors. Cavalry horses might tread them in the mire; they might be beaten, or stifled in pestilential prisons; yet, notwithstanding, they braved the passing storm with a moral heroism other sects could scarcely parallel, and which, in us, it would savour of affectation to extol. When driven from their morning meetings, no dread

of another visit from military women-beaters hindered their assembling in the afternoon. When, on returning to a given sanctuary, they found its walls demolished, they calmly, but unhesitatingly congregated upon the ruins. From such distractions, Howe retired to the Continent, accompanied by Lord Wharton, not forgetting to address his flock by a pastoral letter.

His exigences making such a procedure necessary, Howe stealthily forsook the English Capital and settled at Utrecht, there to establish a boarding-house for the use of British refugees. His list of customers, included the names of several illustrious exiles. The pastor's Continental experience was extremely edifying; for he there became surrounded by many, who, like himself, had found an hospitable refuge. He and several of his eminent associates voluntarily preached in turn at the English chapel; and, on Sabbath evenings, Howe called together for worship his large household. But what is even more interesting, those exiled pastors were wont to set apart special days wherein to pray for England's deliverance. Who would venture to say how closely those prayer-meetings were connected with the Revolution? May not many of our present national blessings date a connection with those solemn occasions, when the most gifted of men and the luminaries of the church invoked blessings on the English and on their posterity. Besides all this, the home of Howe became a rendezvous for divers students who benefited by his matured counsel. The pastor's Dutch acquaintances included the Prince of Orange and Gilbert Burnet. We seem to hear the impassioned tones of the latter, as, with the entire force of his strong intellect, he advocates a liberal Comprehension; but the prince is more interested in conversing about Howe's "Old Master" Cromwell. This pleasant foreign sojourn was destined to be only of brief duration. The specious indulgence of 1687 became the occasion of many returning to London. Although the King's manœuvre proved a mere subterfuge for the shielding of papists, it served its day as a herald of the Revolution.

As months passed on, the nation was shaken by the alarms of impending revolution. The clergy were particularly concerned in watching the turn of the crisis. At a clerical dinner, given by Dr. Stillingfleet, the host ventured on expressing his belief, that ere long, the chief ecclesiastical offices would be vacant, and would have to be re-distributed among Nonconformists. Howe, on this occasion, drew forth the encomiums of the company by declaring he would never accept wages belonging to another, although he should not accept a situation of greater usefulness. Through his exercising considerable influence over the Three Denominations, our divine also became one of the Nonconformist leaders whom the government courted when proclaiming the Indulgence at the era of the Revolution. While a conclave of Dissenters were debating the merits of the King's illegal procedure, James evinced his anxiety by frequently despatching messengers for reports of the conference. Taken as a body, the Nonconformists unflinchingly resisted the royal policy, although some few individuals succumbed to the siren charms of Court seducers. From principle, Howe never meddled with State affairs; but to celebrate so auspicious a triumph of freedom as the Revolution, he fittingly headed the deputation which congratulated William on his accession.

The reign of liberty was now inaugurated. As a London pastor, Howe had his manse in the City; at one time in Walbrook, and at another, in Love-lane. While pursuing his way in the old City to be respected by a crowd of followers, he was occasionally courted by more illustrious admirers, for, not forgetting the opportune consolation of darker days, the Russells would treat him with some "incomparably good" venison. It was pitiable and humiliating when such days became the season for Antinomian disputes; but so it happened. The denominations quarrelled over the opinions of Crisp. The doctor's son, who republished the old Antinomian's pieces*, artfully obtained the signatures of several eminent divines to testify that some additions in the re-issue were really the author's own composition. This subterfuge became mistaken by many for what its inventor intended it should be mistaken for—a recommendation of the "precious farrago." Through several years an angry contention raged, which did not terminate until it brought about Dr. Williams's exclusion from the company of merchant lecturers, and until a rival lectureship was set up at Salters' Hall.

During the eventful year 1694—a year in which death took Queen Mary from the throne, Tillotson from the church, and from John Howe his former benefactors, the Earl and Countess Massareen—the pastor and his people erected a new meeting-house in Silver-street, the ancient quarters of the silver workers of London. That same 1694 saw the establishing of the Bank of England, and the triumphant progression of King William's design of humbling the persecuting power of the French government.

After the Revolution the congregation at Silver-street grew into one of the most distinguished societies of the Capital. Founded by Lazarus Seaman, a famous polemical scholar, whose fame extended back into the Cromwellian era, the church had its growth rudely checked by subsequent persecutions. In 1675, long before the dawn of liberty, the first pastor died at his secluded manse in Warwick-lane. Seaman was followed by Dr. Jacomb, the ejected lecturer of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and chaplain to the Countess of Exeter, whose mansion, as a Puritan rendezvous, then gave an hospitable renown to Little Britain. The pastorate of Howe extended from 1687 to 1705, a period through which he successively enjoyed the assistance of Daniel Williams, the munificent founder of the Dissenters' library; of John Shower, afterwards the celebrated pastor at the Old Jewry; of Thomas Reynolds, a member of the Weigh House galaxy; and of John Spademan, Howe's next successor. The closing years of our author's life were years of quietness; and, if less eventful than his earlier days, we believe their fruits were equally abundant. This portion of Howe's life, however, is provokingly obscure; frequently, for long spaces, no references occurring. When his end drew near, he seemed as though he thankfully laid aside his finished work, while he betrayed an impatience for the rest and reward awaiting him. After having lived so rare an example of the subjecting power of divine grace, death to Howe was nothing more terrible than a door of triumphant entrance on the higher life.

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* We greatly value the works of Dr. Crisp, and despite their unguarded statements, could not allow a single disparaging word to pass without protest.—C. H. S.

In figure Howe was tall and well proportioned, with a countenance "attuned to harmony with the mind." His mien was manly, and his action in the pulpit graceful. None save the dull and the vicious could attend his ministrations without profit, nor without learning to love and honour such a teacher.

As an author, the fame of John Howe rests on his genius—genius sanctified indeed, but unadorned by anything corresponding with what is now understood by literary polish. Students who search for them will find jewels sparkling in rich profusion throughout his oftentimes rugged pages. In spite of his style, or in spite of what some would designate his want of style, Howe's abundant beauties will perpetuate his fame so long as our English language shall endure. Indeed, the many editions of his collected works, to say nothing of the multitude of his separate pieces, demanded by a constituency of appreciative readers, since the author ceased to write, clearly prove, that an increasing number of admirers rejoice in gathering wisdom from the glowing pages of this master in Israel.

Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher.

WHO does not remember with pleasure the name of Dr. Krummacher? His fascinating discourses on Elijah, and his interesting review of the life of Elijah, have endeared his name to Englishmen perhaps even more than to Germans. Every production of his pen was welcomed to English homes, although none of them have obtained the popularity which his first work attained, simply because he had not excelled it by any other book. Messrs. Clark have now published his autobiography —a posthumous work, and one that breaks off at 1848, but a record of the remaining years of his life is given from various sources. The book is, from its expensiveness, out of the reach of the majority of our readers; and therefore we give them a sketch of the life of the man whose works have so interested us all.

Krummacher was born on the 28th of January, 1796, in troublous times, under the tricolour of the French Republic, and the thrilling music of the Marseillaise. His father was so fond of, and so deeply interested in, the little stranger, that he kept a diary recording his bodily and mental growth; noting when the little boy first laughed to his parents, and when he commenced to lisp the first word. Krummacher's reminiscences of his childhood are very interesting, and evince a remarkable memory. He went to school at six years of age, and in three years he outgrew the elementary classes. Beyond being taught to offer up morning and evening prayer, he had no special Christian education from his parents. "The pious spirit," he says, "which then animated them appears to have been more that of natural than of revealed religion. While they also bowed themselves with the deepest reverence at the name of Jesus Christ, yet this worship was rendered less to the God Man, Mediator and Redeemer, than to the Ideal of perfect moral excellence and of perfect humanity which they saw realised in him." This vagueness of religious conception happily did

not continue long. "Already," Krummacher writes further on, "the whole splendour of the life of evangelical faith, rich in promise, began, as if from a distance, to break in morning-dawn upon their souls." The university at Duisburg, of which his father was theological professor, failed, and the family removed to the quiet village of Kettwig, where the father laboured as pastor to an affectionate people. Here Krummacher was "degraded" from the rank of a gymnasiast to that of a pupil of a somewhat advanced elementary school. The village had remarkable picturesque surroundings; and it was evidently while here that he acquired that passionate love of the beautiful which is manifested throughout his writings.

With Krummacher, the religious life began at a time of domestic affliction. He was on a visit to a dying uncle, and the dreadful appearance of death and the simple warning words, and addresses of entreaty from the relative, made ineffaceable impressions upon his mind and heart. They produced the same effect upon his brother, Emil. The words, so solemnly addressed to the two lads, did not then bring them to religious decision. "They were, however, at least, part of that leaven, whose penetrating power, at a later period, and first after very gradually overcoming many obstacles which rose up against it, made it self-manifest in the hard dough of our nature." Leaving the quiet pastorate of Kettwig, his father settled at Bernburg. Here, the two boys prosecuted their studies amid exciting scenes. "In the first year (1812) we saw a great part of the grand army of Napoleon pass along on its march to Russia, with imposing pomp, and with an overbearing haughtiness, as if already the whole world were subject to it—a spectacle which naturally presented a most powerful attraction to our youthful fancy, whilst our parents in secret gnashed their teeth with anguish at the sight. The retreat, a few months afterwards, of the Emperor's army, once so proud and intoxicated with victory, but now reduced, by the judgment of God which overtook them on the snowy plains of Russia, to a few tattered fragments, awakened indeed, quite other feelings within us. . . . . We saw Napoleon as he sat, leaning back in silence in the corner of his carriage; only once did he bend forward with cold formality when some young girls, without any display, handed to him a bunch of flowers." Krummacher desired to shoulder the musket, during the year (1813) of the liberation of the Fatherland; but he was only permitted to sing of victories, the honour of which he could not personally share. He gives us an interesting picture of the enthusiasm that prevailed this year. He says:—"The people rendered to God, after having long forgotten him, the honour which was his due. The churches were again filled with worshippers as they had not been for many years before, and again they echoed with the songs of praise and thankfulness. 'The Lord has been our helper' men were heard frequently to say—men from whose lips such a pious utterance was never heard before. . . . . Even the cold, hard Rationalism (which then, from almost all the pulpits of the land, cast down to its scanty congregations, condemned to spiritual famine, its poor ideas, which were only chopped straw and husks) felt itself breathed upon and irradiated by the general religious spirit which hovered in the very air; and its God, who till then had only idly contemplated, as from an

immeasurable distance, the movements of his great world-machine, perpetually revolving according to fixed laws, became a living God, and came near to man as the Hearer of prayer and the Director of battles."

With deep enthusiasm, young Krummacher left his home for the university of Halle. "No Greek youth," he says, "could ever look with more hopeful expectation on the pinnacles and domes of Athens and of Delphi, as from afar he saw them rising to his view, than did we on the tower of 'alma mater,' towards which, with knapsack on our back and staff in hand, we now eagerly hastened, when at length we saw them appear on the horizon, rising up from amid the dark heath of the extended plain in which the town is built." Youth's fair dreams are, however, speedily brought to disappointment; and Krummacher had not been long in the university before he felt that some at least of his aerial visions were doomed. He was only one of six hundred students who were each struggling for fame; and he was furthermore only one of a large number of aspirants for the pulpit. Alas! the state of Rationalism in the university, and especially with the professors, was so alarming that only one teacher could be considered a pillar in the kingdom of God. His account of the scepticism of his teachers is most saddening. Some veiled their meaning, while others, disdaining reticence, openly taught that the only source of truth was in the Reason, and that Reason was the final court of appeal. The Lord of life and glory was presented to the students as a mere Rabbi, of noble character, of super-eminent gifts, but stripped of all those glorious attributes which dignified his human nature. Krummacher therefore learnt more of Rationalism than of Christianity while under this pernicious teaching. Fortunately, it had not the same permanent impression upon him as upon the thousands of young men whose minds became thoroughly impregnated with sceptical notions, and the influence of whose teaching at the present day is so productive of religious famine. One of his teachers at the university of Jena sought to explain all the Biblical miracles on mere natural principles. The transfiguration of Christ was explained as only a thunderstorm; the multiplying of the loaves was due to obtaining bread that had been hidden by the traders, and the mystery of the resurrection of Christ was said to be due to his awakening out of a deathlike sleep. It is well that these worse than childish absurdities did not meet with a cordial reception from all the students, and that some of them were treated with contemptuous disregard. Still, Germany is suffering to-day, to an awful extent, from the infidelity of the professors of its universities.

Young Krummacher thirsted for that which his theological teachers could not supply, and so he sought it by reading and meditation. Notwithstanding the influences by which he was surrounded, he grew more than ever in his attachment to evangelical truth. His heart and mind, he says, experienced a material quickening, an expansion and an advancement of their capability of appreciating spiritual truths. He acknowledges, however, that when under examination as a candidate for the ministry, his Christianity consisted more in undefined sentiment than in firm conviction—he had not grasped the great truths of religion. But he was chosen assistant teacher to the German Reformed Congregation

at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and it was during his stay in this city that he obtained clearer views of the verities of the gospel. He left Frankfurt, accompanied by his young wife, for the village of Ruhrort, of which church he became the sole pastor. The whole congregation assembled at the landing-place to greet their new minister, and he addressed to them a few words of salutation from the ship. While here, he says, "I not only preached to a congregation hungering for the word of God, which received from my lips, with eyes beaming with delight, whatever I had to offer them from the treasury of the gospel; but I also felt myself as if borne up by the affections and by the prayers of considerable circles of experienced and well-informed Christians who gathered around me, and I thought that I saw very soon my constant and yet very imperfect instruction honoured with a rich blessing of fruitfulness among the old, and especially among the young." Of his people he tells us that they had as their theologic catchwords, "The life hidden in Christ," "Christ in us;" yet they evidently went to an extreme in their ultra-conscientiousness. They adopted the notions of those who hold that secular literature, and the fine arts, and human learning, were things not to be touched by Christians. We need hardly say that this was not healthful; indeed, it confined their religious activity to narrow circles, and gave them contracted notions as to the kingdom of Christ. Still, with all their faults, no Christians were more sound in their belief, or held more tenaciously the important doctrine of justification by faith than the seafaring believers of Ruhrort.

A wider sphere of usefulness being opened up to him at Barmen, Krummacher left his charge, not without some regret, for a people whom he describes as almost "created with a religious capacity for Calvinism." They were intensely Puritanic in thought and in action. Krummacher gives us a very interesting sketch of his predecessor, Pastor Krall, who was highly honoured by his people:—"His domestic servants passed through his room on tiptoe, like fairies; and if after the heat and burden of the day his wife brought to him a lighted match for his clay pipe, it was done with a deportment and a demeanour as if she presented it to a saint." Of his sermons, we are told that they were always, to a minute, of the same length, "and never contained a single word or thought which had not first been carefully considered, and then committed to writing. They were good, home-baked, catechism bread, solid and nourishing, but without any generous refreshing ingredients." The new pastor was a contrast to the old; although the friendship of the old had probably considerable influence upon the mind of the new. It was while here, at a week evening service, that he commenced his discourses on the life of Elijah and Elisha. He witnessed a revival of religion (which unfortunately was both heightened and checked by a Methodist, whose character was not good), and his work seemed to have prospered there greatly. In 1834 he received a second invitation to the church at Elberfeld, and this time he accepted it. His congregation was now of a more intellectual cast, yet they did not lack in spiritual power. "Of the manner in which we preachers were borne up by the spiritual animation of the congregation, elevated and continually carried forward in our work, there was no experience in any other corner of the church of our fatherland. Oh, those grand, imposing assemblages, gathered

together in the church every Sabbath day—a great ocean of faces, and the men not fewer in number than the women! How overpowering their full-toned choral singing! It echoed far out into the streets, rendering the liturgical choruses and responses altogether superfluous. How earnest was the attention of the thousands as they listened to the words of the preacher! The lively evidences of the deep impressions they produced on their minds were mirrored in their countenances." Greater stimulus could no minister have than that given to Krummacher by his faithful congregation at Elberfeld. Here he laboured some time, until he was appointed by the King of Prussia to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Berlin. To him it was a new life. He was surprised, on visiting the poor, to find so many who felt no interest in the church. Instead of welcoming with acclamation, or at least pleasure, their new pastor, they merely stared at him. Some did not approve of his visitations, others were dumb, while many showed signs of indifference to him and his instruction. "I never saw so proportionately small a number attend the Sabbath forenoon worship as here; and I arrived at the conclusion, that of the population of Berlin, approaching half a million, not more, after deducting the number of military attending the garrison church, than thirty thousand persons, and those mostly women, attended the public worship of God." He found it difficult to change, at least in the winter time, the hour of the early morning public worship, "during which every one had to bring with him his lamp to a cold, dark church, from seven to eight o'clock, and after that the principal morning service, from nine till ten o'clock." Indeed, he began his labours in Berlin amid much to discourage; but he soon found sources of joy and consolation in the results of his evangelistic activity. The late King observed to him that "the soil was sandy, yet if it were diligently and faithfully cultivated, it was capable of bearing every noble plant." He found his work prospering, and his hopes were in fairest blossom when the revolution of 1848 occurred. His sympathies were with the King, for throughout his life he was a stern Tory, and during the insurrection he frequently visited Prince Charles, the King's brother. His relations, too, with the King were very intimate, and Frederick William wrote him letters of an affectionate character. The King appointed him in 1853, his court preacher at Potsdam. Krummacher's relatives speak of the King as being "of like mind with himself, a genuine believer in Christ, and animated by the ideal beauty and excellence of Christianity." The fact of the Evangelical Alliance meeting in Berlin in 1857 is due to the friendship which subsisted between the late King and his court preacher. Krummacher, indeed, took the deepest interest in the Alliance and the principles which the Alliance was instituted to promote, and his address at the Berlin meeting will long be remembered by those who heard it. At the same time, we could have wished to have heard him, in years gone by, advocating boldly the rights of Baptists to their religious freedom; rights which, thank God, are at length almost everywhere accorded them.

In 1866, he published his last work entitled, "David the King of Israel," a book full of evangelical teaching and poetic beauty, but not comparable, as we think, to his earliest production. In December, 1867, his faithful wife, whose praises he was never tired of chanting, died;

and twelve months afterwards he himself followed her. In the last sermon he preached, one month before his death, he thus referred to Paul's words, "Our conversation is in heaven:"—

"He mingles in spirit with the redeemed above. There he associates with the patriarchs, the prophets and the apostles, wearing the unfading crown. He greets again, as eternally living, those whom he loved on earth, and beside whose graves here below he may have stood and wept. And who is in their midst? He is there in his glory who bought them with his precious blood. All are united in the purest love into oneness with him. There is no longer any discord! all is harmony. There is no longer that which is in part; that which is perfect has come. No longer are there any secrets concealed; all is unveiled, and they see face to face. Oh, what a precious inheritance, this firm conviction, this heart filled with the love of Christ, and this happy and blessed prospect on this side of eternity—of which the apostle here boasts."

Krummacher little knew when he penned these words how soon the other side of eternity would be seen by him.

Who should attend Prayer-meetings?

BY G. ROGERS.

THERE are many in every congregation who never attend prayer-meetings. We need not wonder at this, as such attendance could only spring from a consciousness of the value of prayer, which they have not experienced, and would amount to a profession of godliness which they are not prepared to make. Many shrink from thus bringing themselves into special observation, and from exposing themselves to what they may consider to be the proselyting influences of any particular people. To attend the preaching of the word is a mark of respectability; to attend a prayer-meeting is a profession of real piety. Nor are prayer-meetings for men of the world so much as for men of God. They may learn much from them, but they are not in harmony with them. We do not feel therefore that we could reprove hearers only for not being statedly present on such occasions. The qualifications for their profit and enjoyment are first to be sought from a higher source. Let them learn first to pray for themselves, and then for others; first by themselves, and then with others.

We say not of any that they should not attend prayer-meetings; we have to deal with the enquiry—who should? For this we go back to what may be regarded as the first prayer-meeting in the Christian church, and the model of all that should follow. The first thing which the first Christians did, after they had seen Jesus taken up from them into heaven, was to hold a prayer-meeting. "They went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James the son of Alphæus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James. These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." The eleven apostles were all there: of this special notice is taken.

Each one is mentioned by name. The twelfth had gone to his own place. If the apostles, who held the highest office in the church, attended a prayer-meeting; if it was the first service in which they engaged after the ascension of their Lord: if they had no sooner entered the upper room than, instead of proposing one of their number to preach to them, or talking with each other upon what they had seen and heard, they said, Let us pray! and continued with one accord in prayer and supplication; surely prayer-meetings should not be viewed by us as the least important of all religious services; surely Christian ministers ought not to regard them as having the least claim upon their attendance; and surely no one, however eminent in the church or the world, should deem it below his rank to be present at them. Many look into a place of worship, and say, "Oh, it is only a prayer-meeting!" What would they have said if all the apostles were there? There they were, when on earth; and there, if they could return, they would be again. For many ministers of Christ's gospel to meet together for prayer is truly apostolic; and for each pastor to be present at the prayer-meetings of his own people, is essential both to their profit and invigoration and his own.

Who should attend prayer-meetings? The first reply of the Scripture we have quoted is—ministers themselves. The next reply is—women. "With the women." These are the women of whom the same writer speaks in a former book, when in relation to the crucifixion he says, "the women that followed him from Galilee stood afar-off, beholding these things," and soon after "the women also which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid, and they returned and prepared spices and ointments;" and again, after his resurrection, "it was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles." Of these we now read, in continuation of the same narrative, of the attendants at the prayer-meeting immediately after the ascension, "with the women." The women that followed Jesus from Galilee, that had stood by his cross, that had witnessed his resurrection, and that had probably stood afar-off and witnessed his ascension, were not likely to be absent from the prayer-meeting. There were Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women. Other women have continued to attend prayer-meetings from that time until now; they usually form the majority on these occasions. Why is this? Is it because they have more leisure? They are usually held at a time when men are supposed to be more at liberty than women. Is it because they have more need? They who have passed the day amidst the toil and turmoil of business, have surely as much need of the prayer-meetings as those who have spent it in the quietude of their own homes. Some, for "with the women" read "with their wives." For the wives of ministers to attend prayer-meetings is, without doubt, apostolic. It is a good example to the wives of their hearers, and enables them with a better grace to urge this duty upon them.

No one is exempt from this duty; this we gather from the next clause, "and Mary the mother of Jesus." Jesus had a mother. He had one Father and one mother. His mother was human, his Father was

divine. All human fatherhood was excluded from the person of Christ, but the motherhood was fully realised and owned. When the child had learned to cry, my Father, and my mother, he looked towards heaven when he said the one, and he looked to the earth when he said the other. "Thy father and I," said the earthly parent, have sought thee sorrowing." "Wist ye not," was the reply, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He owned a mother, but no father but God. He was both divine born and human born; and therefore a God-man, not man-god, but God-man, Immanuel, God with us. It will always be true that Jesus, even that Jesus who sits for ever upon the throne of the universe, had a mother. Human motherhood, more than human fatherhood, is eternally honoured in him. He knew a mother's tenderness, was nurtured at a mother's breast, and experienced a mother's sympathy with his sorrows and his joys. "Mother of Jesus!" What title could be more honourable amongst men? If to be a mother of a child in heaven is felt to be a great honour, how much more to have a child upon the throne! We forgive the motherly pride that exclaimed, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Yet this is not the highest honour in the church, though it may be so in the world. It was the great privilege of Mary to have Christ formed in her womb, but it is a greater privilege, which she, in common with thousands both of men and women enjoyed, of having Christ in her soul the hope of glory. "My little children," says Paul to the Galatians, "of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Every true believer becomes a mother of Jesus when Jesus is formed in his soul. "He that doeth the will of God, the same is my mother." Within him is an infant Jesus; he lives, yet not he but Christ liveth in him; and he grows up to a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. O then, ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye have not the honour of Christ being formed in the womb, ye have the honour of his being formed in your souls. The same Holy Ghost has come upon you, and the same power of the Highest has overshadowed you. It was an honour to be the mother of Jesus according to the flesh, but it is a greater honour to be the mother of Jesus according to the spirit; for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." "Such honour have all the saints, praise ye the Lord."

In an earthly sense, the mother of Jesus was the most honoured of women, and of the whole human race. As such she was regarded by the apostles and earlier disciples of Jesus; in the church, however, no superior position is assigned her, but she takes equal rank with the rest. "With the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus." Considering the honour paid in the East to mothers of persons of distinction, as when Solomon caused a seat to be set for his mother on the right hand of the throne, it would not have been surprising if the apostles and the first disciples should have looked with some religious veneration upon the mother of their Lord, and yet immediately after the ascension, when her honour must have appeared in its greatest height, no other mention is made of her than as an attendant at a prayer-meeting with the rest. As of the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, so of the first prayer-meeting of the Christian church it is said, "The mother of Jesus was

there." Are there those who deem their worldly or ecclesiastical honours too lofty for them to be seen at a prayer-meeting? The mother of Jesus was there. Are there those who attend the preaching of the word and are present on all public occasions where outward distinctions are recognised, but neglect prayer-meetings? The mother of Jesus was there. Are there those who think they do not need to have the Saviour kept in their remembrance and their devotion kept alive by a prayer-meeting? The mother of Jesus was there. Are there any who are kept from them by affliction and trouble? It was soon after she had witnessed the unparalleled agony of her Son, and a sword had pierced through her own soul also, that the mother of Jesus was there. Do any omit to attend religious services soon after their bereavement, and deem it more righteous, because it is more customary to remain at home? Let them remember that at the prayer-meeting held by the apostles and disciples immediately after Jesus was taken up from them into heaven, it is said, the mother of Jesus was there.

There is something most impressive in the thought that this is the last mention made of the mother of Jesus in the inspired record; we take leave of her, and she takes leave of us at a prayer-meeting. So far from being an object of worship, she meets with one accord in prayer and supplication with those with whom she now meets with one accord in praise before the throne. We think much of the last act of those whom we shall here know no more for ever. When we hear of a departed friend, we naturally revert to the last place in which we met him, the last intercourse we had with him, and the last account we heard of him. We are pleased when our last association has been in harmony with our hope of the future respecting him; and are pained if it should not have been all that we could have desired. We cannot help associating him, be it right or wrong, with the last time, the last word, the last act in our experience respecting him. Well is it if the last time we saw him was in the house of God, and especially at a prayer-meeting. When the curtain of revelation fell upon her, the mother of Jesus was there.

Who should attend prayer-meetings? Whole families as far as home duties will allow, "Mary the mother of Jesus, *and with his brethren*." The mention of his brethren in such close connection with his mother suggests that they were real or half brethren. Thus on a former occasion it was said, "His mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him." This was said at a time when his disciples were surrounding him. On another occasion we read, "Neither did his brethren believe in him," which could not be said of his disciples. None could know whether Jesus had brethren and sisters according to the flesh better than his fellow townsmen, and what say they? "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary; and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us?" The mention of his disciples as his brethren, in this connection, cannot for a single moment be entertained. The mention of cousins, or other near relations, would scarcely be in better keeping with the real aim and force of these enquiries. As Mary was known as his mother, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas were known as his brethren. These were his brethren who did not at first believe on him. To this he alluded when, in reply to the above enquiries, he said, "A prophet

is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house." He admits that there were those of his own house who did not honour him, which might naturally have excited general surprise. These could not be Joseph and Mary, and must therefore have been his real brethren. Jesus can sympathise with those who have unbelieving brethren. Yet he had doubtless often prayed for them, and he did not pray in vain. Here is Mary, the mother of Jesus, at the first prayer-meeting, after the ascension, "and with his brethren." How delightful for mothers to see their children with them on such occasions! The brethren of Christ could not have been saved by virtue of their natural relation to him; how, then, can the privilege of pious kindred become the salvation of others? There is more hope concerning them from attending the same prayer-meeting than from dwelling in the same house. How many families attend the preaching of the word, not one member of which is ever seen at a prayer-meeting! How often, of whole families that attend the Sabbath services, one representative is deemed amply sufficient for a prayer meeting! Would we know how many of a family should attend prayer-meetings? Take one more glance at the model meeting to which we have alluded. There were not apostles merely, with the women, but Mary, the mother of Jesus, and his brethren!

Musings Underground.

BY G. D. EVANS, OF GROVE ROAD CHAPEL, VICTORIA PARK.

HOW little do we think of the trouble that it costs to procure our mercies! How many of us, when the fire is sending out its fervid glow, have a care for the pitmen whose anxious labours in the darkness have wrought out and brought up from the bowels of the earth the now ruddy coal? How frequently we turn over our silver or gold, or less pretentious copper, without thinking of those whose lives are shortened by the dangerous and unhealthy toil! Our Continental neighbours say that we "take our pleasures sadly;" it would be quite as true if they said we "take our mercies thoughtlessly." Deeming that it might help us better to appreciate our blessings if we saw some few of the difficulties of procuring them, we lately took a trip to, and a descent into, a Cornwall copper mine. Do not turn away from these lines, dear reader, we are not about to inflict upon you a history of mining, or trouble you with a lengthy treatise upon choke damp (copper mines are not troubled with that dangerous article); we shall simply furnish you with a few lines from our miners' journal, with some thoughts suggested by our trip to the underground world. The foreman, or overlooker, or work surveyor of a mine, is, in Cornwall, called "a captain." We were favoured with the personal guidance of a godly captain in our voyage of discovery. Happily, godliness is no stranger to many a miner's village. The little white chapel, with its simple porch of stone, covered with a large square slab of slate, is not the least beautiful object that you gaze upon when you look down upon

a Cornish valley. In some places the Baptists, in others the Congregationalists, or a branch of the Methodist connexion, have their place of worship, where the attention of the congregation and the earnestness of the worshippers might rebuke the rustling dandyism and the gaping carelessness of many a city audience. The miner's piety, too, is no mere Sunday religion; there is no simpering blush about the profession of Christianity that he makes, no mealy-mouthed excuse for being godly; but a bold, outspoken declaration before his fellows of the love he bears to Christ. It was sweet to learn this, as we heard ringing along a dark gallery of the mine a song which we greeted as "one of the songs of Zion," and which made us feel that we were not far from a company of our brethren in Christ. You would hardly recognise your most intimate friend in a miner's dress; but it would be useless to descend into the damp underground workings either in the black broadcloth or the light travelling check. Would you make the adventurous exploration, you must strip to the skin, as we did. A miner's suit was brought us; flannel undergarments and clay-coloured outer vestments arrayed us, while our feet were uncomfortably ensconced in thick worsted stockings, and anything but pliable and elastic boots. Upon each of our heads was a skull-cap of clean white linen, covered with a thick hard felt hat, which we found exceedingly useful in protecting us from blows as we traversed with bowed heads the low subterranean alleys of the mine. Following our guide, we entered a hole about four feet square, and holding on tenaciously with our hands, descended a ladder until we came to our first landing-stage. Looking above us, we discovered just a faint glimmer of blue light from the opening overhead, and now we found a use for the miners' candles, which we fastened to the front of our hats by a candlestick of clay. These indispensable articles suggested many thoughts as we wended our way through the dark passages, or sat down upon the rude fallen stones to rest ourselves awhile, now allowing them to remain above our heads, while we used our hands for climbing; and again holding them before us as lights for our feet while we pursued the narrow windings.

By the aid of ladders, once by the assistance of a bucket, into which we placed one foot while we grasped the iron cord above it with one hand, and occasionally by clambering down over masses of broken earth and ore, we gradually found our way into the lower workings. In one corner we came upon a small body of men working upon a lode of the precious ore, using their pickaxes with a firm will to break the rock; again, we discovered a company boring the stone to place the thick-grained powder in the hole for blasting. When the light was applied to the fuse, we stood in a secure place near at hand, that we might hear the dull thud, as the powder took effect, and the earth fell; then we saw some men looking almost as grim as fiends, with the light of their candles reflected on their dusty and smoky faces, wheeling away to the pit's shaft barrows full of the fallen lumps of ore. They seemed to work with a real earnestness, perhaps inspired by the thought of their wives and little ones, who waited anxiously for their home-coming. We thought if ministers of the gospel would work as steadily and earnestly at breaking hard hearts, they might find more than they do of those veins of golden feeling and love which are, alas! so

rare. It is the hardest rock that contains the choicest metal. It is the most indefatigable worker who realises the grandest results. After descending many a weary fathom, we suggested a question to one of the miners; it was this, "Suppose your candle went out, and you had no means of lighting it, could you discover your way through all these winding passages, and up these worse than perpendicular ascents to the ground above?" He answered that he would often try it if he might have half-a-crown for each ascent. We were novices, they were experienced miners. Our light had only guided us once along the windings. They had become so accustomed to the way, that they could outbrave all of us in our ventures. They had a light within them which would tell them, as though by instinct, which path to take. I thought of those Christians of the early age, who were so possessed with the word of God that they did not need the material book to guide them, and who, if every copy of the Scriptures had been lost, could have reconstructed the whole Bible out of their own memories and hearts. I fear that if the light of the material Scriptures should be extinguished in our day, we might search through all the countries before we could find men of whom the word of God had taken such possession that they could guide themselves as well without the book as with it.

Far below the surface of the earth, we felt strange and invigorating breezes, which freshened our frames as though we were standing in the clear calm weather above. The air was being pumped down. Health was descending through the shaft. Four hundred feet below the roots of the trees we could feel the influences of the winds that made the leaves shake, and the branches quiver. We were not left, then, without the upper mercies when in the lower darkness. So God sends to his people, working down here amid the damp unhealthiness of earth, breezes that float amid the glories of heaven and rustle through the leaves of the tree of life. These breezes were as strengthening to the miners' lungs, as they were bracing to the tourists' frames, and the refreshing winds of heaven are as rich in their influences upon redeemed sufferers below as they are to redeemed songsters above.

Once or twice when the dripping water from the fissures of the rock above fell upon our heads our lights were extinguished, but never all at once. When one flame was put out a brother's candle was at hand to lend its ray for the rekindling of the light. It should be so with the children of God. Our outward spiritual lights frequently flutter, and tremble, and die, although the food upon which our piety thrives will never fail. Let us be watchful over the candles of our brethren. When declensions take place, our prayers and sympathies and kindly words should be used for the recovery of the fallen, the strengthening of the weak, the support of the fainting, the restoration of the sick. Never leave a brother in his darkness, lest he should stumble into further evils.

The light afforded us yet another illustration. After completing our explorations, we ascended to the surface of the ground above us. With our candles in our hands we retraced our steps. Weary with our journey we were glad to hail the sunshine, come out into the light, and wash our hands in a clear cool stream of flowing water. One of our number, as the sun greeted him, threw away his candle end and its candlestick of clay as useless in the bright light and clear shining of

the noon. So shall it be with every child of God. These lights of ordinances and earthly institutions of grace afford us many an illuminating ray as they catch and cast back the light of heaven upon our souls; but we shall want them no more when the effulgence of that everlasting morning shall burst upon us, and "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing beneath his wings." One of our number, however, kept the lump of clay and the piece of candle, that he might have a memento of his visit to look upon, and remind him of his journey. It will be used no more. It will simply tell a tale of guidance through the darkness, and light at the end. Is it not strange that in the description given to us of the New Jerusalem, we are told that the ark of the Testament was seen within the Temple? Rev. xi. 19. Why was this? To remind us, perhaps, that although ordinances are useless in heaven the memorials and remembrances of them may be appropriate even there. The light of ordinances shall not shine in the golden city, but there will be enough remaining of that which was its channel, to remind us of the many times that we used the flickering emblem below.

But we are out in the light again, and have no time to spend over the operations above ground where women (who, by a wise legislation, are not allowed in the pit), are breaking the ore, separating the precious from the useless, assisting in the weighing, and engaging in other labours which add a few shillings per week to the earnings of the household who combine together to procure their daily bread. Let us have pity upon the miners. They work hard, and in many cases fare but poorly. Too frequently a mean advantage is taken of our overstocked labour-market to grind them down. When capitalists make large dividends they think and care but little for the blood of the slain, and the sweating, life-shortening toil of the living which has procured their wealth. The battle between capital and labour is unequally waged. Victory is with wealth, while the purer nobler-hearted work is shamefully crushed beneath an oppressor's heel. It shall not be always so. Earth's workers shall one day share better than earth's nobles when the Judge of all the earth shall give his verdict; and,

"The might with the right
And the truth shall be,
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

Unity of Purpose.

IT is said of Thomas Pett, the miser, that his pulse rose and fell with the funds. He never lay down or rose that he did not bless the inventor of compound interest. His one gloomy apartment was never brightened with coal, candle, or the countenance of a visitor, and he never ate a morsel at his own expense. Of course he made money, for he gave himself wholly to it; and we ought not to forget that the same single-mindedness and self-denial would make Christians rich towards God. What is wanted in the service of Christ, is the same unity of purpose which has ruled all men who have won the object for which they lived. He who makes God's glory the one only aim before which all other things bow themselves, is the man to bring honour to his Lord.

In a Chariot of Fire.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

IT is always a solemn thing to die, but sometimes circumstances may combine to cast a deeper sadness around the departure of spirits than is ordinarily the case. Last Friday it was our painful duty to consign to the grave a whole household, who had been cut off suddenly by fire. Father, mother, and two loved little ones, all perished early on Sunday morning, through the smoke caused by a fire on the premises; before help could be afforded they were past all human aid. Alfred McMicken and all his house perished by suffocation, close under the Tabernacle eaves, while the sun was rising to light up another Lord's-day.

We went to the house of a relative, to join the sad circle of bereaved ones. There we met the father of the head of the household, whose affecting story we shall never forget. With his wife he had journeyed to see his son and the happy family, now no more, and unconscious of any ill, reached the house to see a crowd around it gazing sadly at its blackened walls, and talking earnestly of a terrible catastrophe which had happened within. Picture the parents' agony, as from the excited onlookers, for the first time they heard the awful news of children hurried in a moment from health and life into another world! No wonder that the mother's health has been shattered by the shock. On the Saturday, the joys of family love, and on the next morning, the weeping of Rachel, who refuses to be comforted, because her children are not. How striking a commentary on the text of the wise man: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. xxvii. 1.

Slowly our mournful procession wended its way to the Nunhead cemetery, headed by two hearses, a sight we have never seen before, and hope never to see again, four immortal beings carried at once to "*that bourne from whence no traveller returns.*" A large crowd accompanied us on our "march of the dead." We reached the mortuary chapel to find a large number waiting to testify their respect for the departed and their sympathy for the living; by their presence clad in mourning robes, and still sadder looking faces, they added to the intense interest of the scene. After reading the prayer of Moses, and transposing only two words, all felt how true it was, "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the evening they are like grass which groweth up; in the evening it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the morning it is cut down and withereth." We endeavoured to seize the solemn opportunity to impress one or two thoughts upon the weeping hearers. God's providences are not judgments. He says, "Return, ye children of men," in love as well as in anger. The way to the tree of life was guarded out of mercy, by the cherubim with the flaming sword. To perpetuate this life were an evil and not a blessing; the years of the aged man are labour and sorrow, increasingly so as time rolls on; it is a proof of anything but anger that "they are soon cut off and fly away." It is a fact, that no one lives to himself, and not less so that no one dies to himself; and in the case we now dwell upon it is clearly manifest. The sudden death of our friends is to us a warning, and

is intended to convey a lesson that the living should lay to heart. The apostle Paul spoke of filling up in his own body "that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ," as if others were to benefit by his trials and death. Even so here the "Lord of all grace" may be anxious to convey to us some spiritual gift by this sad loss. If this honour should be conferred on any of us, to suffer and to die for others, we must not complain; at any rate let us extract from this lion-like trial some honey, and out of the devourer's jaws let us pluck some meat. We do not sorrow as those who have no hope. When the ancients spake of their dead as "gone over to the majority," they only hinted at what we know and rejoice in to-day. On earth we can number the sons of men, and find that it is still a "little flock" who follow our Shepherd; but then the "one fold" has an innumerable number of inhabitants, who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither does the sun light on them, nor any heat; because upon the hill-tops of heaven he maketh them to lie down in green pastures, which cannot fade, and he leadeth them beside the streams of still and living waters, beneath the shade of the tree of life. Our friend and brother, the father of the family, was one long known to us, and though not in full communion with us, he was considering the subject, and we were hoping to have had the pleasure of listening to his profession of faith which we believed him to have for some time exercised in his Saviour. His wife was also a true though secret disciple of the Master. A friend called upon the servant, the only one of the household who escaped the fire, and she bears testimony to the fact that her mistress had spoken to her about her soul, and had pointed her to Jesus as the sinner's friend, and happily not in vain. The two little ones we believe are gone with their parents, as we surely hold that when the lambs cannot walk for themselves, the "Good Shepherd" carries them in his bosom. Noah and his family were saved by water; our good brother, his wife and family, are gone by a "chariot of fire" to the upper world. With the testimony we have of them, we sorrow with a chastened grief. We shall go to them, they cannot come to us. But are we on the road? If our turn were to come as suddenly, are we as prepared? Have we in our measure done our duty? Are we resting in Christ, and living for Christ? Let us at once make the matter certain, for they being dead yet speak, saying, "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Our departed brother might have saved himself if he pleased. He gave the alarm of fire and sent for help, but returning with loving anxiety to rescue his wife and children he fell himself a victim, while on his errand of mercy. How this reminds us of one who in order to save us, "died for us." Happily his death is not in vain. All who trust him are saved by him. They can never perish. No evil can befall them, and death itself is gain. For such to depart, is a going home to be with Christ, which is far better.

After our simple and solemn service, we adjourned to the open grave, to consign the remains of our friends to the earth, which is everywhere consecrated through the burial of our Lord. We shall ever remember the

heaping of the coffins one upon another—a truly mournful task. While it was going on, we stood beside a monument, and our eye rested upon the name which at once informed us that it was the tomb of our deceased friend's brother, and on it was the text. "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." We whispered to a friend, "Who selected that text?" and the finger pointed to the grave, and with a sob we had the reply, "He did." How striking the circumstance, which we at once turned to account. Little perhaps did he think, when selecting it, that it was prophetic of his own fate, and still less perhaps will some of our readers apply it to themselves; *but it may be eminently applicable.* Watch, therefore, and at once be prepared to meet the Lord, or to go to his presence when the summons shall come.

But, after all, death is not the greatest evil; sin is far worse. Death will not drag down to hell, but guilt unpardoned will. Death is the desired end of a good life. The Christian can say, as did the Master when his time was come, "Father, glorify thy Son." That is no matter for weeping, but for rejoicing. Do men weep when they thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe? Do men shed tears when the goodly ship well laden comes safe to port? Are there cries of sadness when the scaffolding is taken away because the building is finished? No, no. If the harvest had never ripened, all faces might gather blackness. If the ship had foundered on the voyage, men might lament; and if the building never were completed, it were well to mourn its ruin; but when the desired end is reached, let us make holy merriment and be glad rather than break our hearts and be consumed with over much grief. May devout men carry us to the grave, as if they heard "*the song of them that triumph, and the shout of them that feast.*"

May our burial be as the joy of harvest home. As the gladness of those who have reached their desired haven, and when the top stone shall be placed on our spiritual life-long building, may it be with the shouting of grace, grace unto it. More than conquerors we must be even in death, let us then strive to catch a glimpse of the silver lining which is at the back of the darkest cloud. "Let not your hearts be troubled," are words breathed by one who was about to depart, and he uttered them with others like unto them, that his joy might be in us, and that our joy be felt. Where the "*many mansions be,*" he is, and through the portals of the grave and across the bridgeless stream we hear his voice, "Rise up, and come away. Follow me, for where I am there ye shall be also. I have gone to prepare a place for you." Who will not add, "Even so, Lord Jesus. So let it be. Let me live the life and die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his"? Amen.

Afflictions.

LAWNS which we would keep in the best condition are very frequently mown; the grass has scarcely any respite from the scythe. Out in the meadows there is no such repeated cutting, they are mown but once or twice in the year. Even thus the nearer we are to God, and the more regard he has for us, the more frequent will be our adversities. To be very dear to God, involves no small degree of chastisement.

The Better Ministry of Christ.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

"For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer. For, if he were on earth, he should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests that offer gifts according to the law: who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God, when he was about to make the Tabernacle: for, See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount. But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises."—Hebrews viii. 3—6.

I TRIED to show you last Sabbath-day two things from these words. First, *what was the use of a high priest.* I showed you that every high priest was ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices. Before there was any sin there was no high priest. Adam, before he fell, and the holy angels, needed no high priest, because their praises and their adorations went up to the throne of God untinged with sin. But when sin came into the world, there was a great chasm made between God and the sinner, and then came the need of a high priest. A high priest is one who comes between God and sinners. Secondly, I showed you *that of necessity Christ must have something to offer.* I showed you, if he is to be a high priest, he must offer up gifts and sacrifices: He must stand between the sinner and God. Now to-day, I mean just to follow on in nearly a regular manner, in opening up something more about this high priest. First, *what it was that God gave to Moses.* "See," saith he, "that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the Mount." Secondly, to show you *what was the use of this.* Thirdly, to show you *that Christ has a more excellent ministry,* for he is not on earth, but in heaven.

I. Let us enquire WHAT IT WAS THAT GOD GAVE TO MOSES.

Read from the middle of the fifth verse—"As Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the Tabernacle; for, See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount." Now, brethren, you will remember, when the children of Israel lay at the foot of the rocks of Sinai, that God called Moses up twice to the top of the Mount with himself. Now, some of you will ask, why was Moses twice forty days and forty nights in the Mount? Suffice it to say, as far as I can see, that the first purpose was, to reveal the law, and the second to show him the gospel. You will see this in Exodus xxxi. 18—"And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God." And again, the second time God did nearly the same thing. You will see this in the thirty-fourth chapter, twenty-eighth verse—"And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights, and he did neither eat bread nor drink water, and he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the Ten Commandments." This wa

* Although the notes of this sermon are evidently very fragmentary and imperfect, we could not withhold it for its author's sake.—C. H. S.

the reason why Moses was in the Mount with God: he wrote the law on two tables of stone to show that it was durable; and he wrote it with his own finger, to show that it was his law. O brethren, what a view Moses would get, then, of the evil of sin! He would get a view something like that of Paul when he said, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Brethren, pray that you may see the holy law of God. I observe that you do not like to see the holy nature of the law. Dear brethren, if you have any wish to be saved, do not rest with slight views of the law.

But there was a second purpose in Moses being taken up to the Mount—it was to discover to him the glorious gospel; and this he did in two ways. First of all, he showed to him the pattern of the Tabernacle he was to make. He gave him the pattern of all that was to be in the Tabernacle—the ephod for the high priest, his garments for glory and for beauty, etc. The second way was by proclamation. He proclaimed before him, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth." Ah! brethren, these were the two glorious discoveries that God gave him. Some of you will ask, what God gave him—what it was he let him see? This is mentioned in Exodus xxv. 8, 9—"And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. According to all that I show thee, after the pattern of the Tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it." Verse forty—"And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the Mount." And then, twenty-sixth chapter, thirtieth verse; twenty-seventh chapter, eighth verse. From these you will see, that over and over again, God commanded Moses to make the Tabernacle as was showed him in the Mount. Now, what was the pattern? The most common idea is, that God showed him it all as it were in a vision. Now, it appears to me, as far as I can see it, that this is not the meaning; for he had the measurement of it already; and it does not appear to me what use it would be to give him a visionary view of it, when it was but a shadow of what was to come. Look at the eighth verse of the eighth chapter of Hebrews—"For finding fault with them, he saith, Behold the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah." And then the next chapter, twenty-fourth verse—"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." And then the tenth chapter, first verse—"For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices, which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect." Now, observe, brethren, that if God had only showed to Moses the shadow, he would have showed him a shadow of a shadow, and therefore I cannot but believe that what God showed to Moses was that which was to come. I believe that God showed him the true holiest of all. I believe that God showed him the true candlestick, which is the church of the redeemed. I believe that God showed him the true priest—the true sacrifice. I believe that God showed him the true Lamb that was to be slain. I believe that God showed him the reality, as he did to John in Patmos. God opened a window in heaven, and showed John the realities of the

eternal world. He saw the throne and him that sat upon it. And so God, on the craggy Mount of Sinai, showed Moses heaven, the throne, and him that sat thereon, etc. And this, brethren, is why he stayed twice forty days and forty nights—this is the reason why God was so careful in desiring him to rear the Tabernacle—"See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the Mount." Brethren, it is a sight of the realities of the heavenly kingdom that will make a willing workman—it is this that makes the people bring so willingly their offerings for the building of the Tabernacle. Brethren, it is the same with us: when a soul gets a view of the heavenly kingdom, then he is willing to work for Christ. It is this that makes willing parents, willing to teach their children, when they have a sight of glory. It is this that makes willing Sabbath-school teachers, when they have been on the Mount with God. Is it thus with you? Ah! brethren, has God made you to see this? Has he revealed the way into the holiest of all? You will not be a willing workman till then.

II. I hasten to the second point; and that is, to show you WHAT WAS THE USE OF THE JEWISH PRIESTS.—

Verse 4—"For, if he were on earth, he should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests that offer gifts according to the law, who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things." The use of the high priest under the law was to serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things. Not only was the altar a shadow of heavenly things, but the priest also was a shadow of heavenly things. That was the true meaning of it. He was a shadow in his *dress:* every part of his dress—the ephod, the girdle, the robes for glory and for beauty—these were a shadow of good things to come. And then the jewels on his breastplate were a shadow of Christ bearing his people's names, when he went into the holiest of all. And not only the dress, but the *character*—he was Aaron their brother. And then the *actions* when he offered atonement, they also were a shadow of Christ's sacrifice for us. And when the high priest went in once a year into the holiest of all, he remembered all the people—he had their names on his breastplate. This was a shadow of our high priest going into heaven and there appearing for us.

From this I would have you to learn this lesson—that it is our duty to serve God in whatever way we are placed. I can imagine a priest wishing he had been a gospel minister—wishing he had been a minister of the reality, and not of the shadow. But every true priest would be content to serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things. Learn you the same lesson. He is the happiest who is content to serve God in whatever position he is placed.

III. THE BETTER MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

Verse 6—"But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry." Now, I cannot stop to open up all the excellences of Christ's ministry. First, *this is the substance—that was the shadow of good things to come.* He was the substance—all that the dress of the high priest represented was in Christ. When he came, he had in him all the fulness of the Godhead. And then he had the names of his people on his breast—he had not jewels on his breast, but he had his people's names on his heart. And not only the dress, but all the character was found in him. Aaron had a little compassion: he could say, "Come unto me, and I will show

you where you will find rest." But Christ could say, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." The high priest offered up sacrifice: Christ offered up the true sacrifice. Brethren, have you gone to this true high priest? Every Jew that ever was saved came through the shadow to this high priest. Brethren, why do you despise him? Is there any other? Go round the universe, you will not find another that receives sinners. Go round the universe, you will not find another that washes out sins. Brethren, why do you not go to him? There is no other can save you. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ. This will seal the perdition of many of you. Now, just one word more. Christ's is a more excellent ministry, *because it is in heaven.* Christ was of the tribe of Judah, and therefore he could not be a priest, for of that tribe Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood. But he is a priest in heaven—he offered his sacrifice, and now he appears in the presence of God for us. I fancy sometimes that it would have been joyful if Christ had remained on earth; but that is only a dream. It is far better that he is in heaven, for we know that he will plead our cause. Ah! can you say, I have a priest in heaven? Some of you can perhaps say, "I have a father, or I have a mother in heaven." But it is far better if you can say, "I have a priest in heaven." When old companions, old lusts, and sins crowd in upon you, and when you feel that you are ready to sink, what can save you, sinking sinner? This alone—I have a high priest in heaven, and he can support in the hour of affliction. This alone can give you peace—I have a high priest in heaven. When you are dying—when friends can do you no good—when sins rise up like spectres around your bed—what can give you peace? This—"I have a high priest in heaven." Dying sinners! how little do you know that which you have so much need to know, that there is a high priest in heaven—the only high priest that can take away sin, that can receive sinners! May the Lord bless his word! Amen.

Humility and Cheerfulness.

"OBSERVE, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent *humility and cheerfulness.* Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is the stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth, glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine, and mourn, and turn colourless or leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost."

So Ruskin poetically writes of the grass; should it not be thus with believers? Their flesh is like to grass for perishing, it were well if the spirits were like to grass for humility and cheerfulness in service.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLIII.

SUBJECT.—*On account of the similarity of the structure of this Psalm to that of Psalm forty-two, it has been supposed to be a fragment wrongly separated from the preceding song; but it is always dangerous to allow these theories of error in Holy Scripture, and in this instance it would be very difficult to show just cause for such an admission. Why should the Psalm have been broken? Its similarity would have secured its unity had it ever been part and parcel of the forty-second. Is it not far more likely that some in their fancied wisdom united them wrongly in the few MSS., in which they are found as one? We believe the fact is that the style of the poetry was pleasant to the writer, and therefore in after life he wrote this supplemental hymn after the same manner. As an appendix it needed no title. David complains of his enemies, and asks the privilege of communion with God as his surest deliverance from them.*

DIVISION.—*The psalmist cries to God in prayer, verses* 1—3. *Promises praise in the anticipation of an answer, verse* 4, *and chides himself for his despondency, verse* 5.

EXPOSITION.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

2 For thou *art* the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

3 O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

1. "*Judge me, O God.*" Others are unable to understand my motives, and unwilling to give me a just verdict. My heart is clear as to its intent, and therefore I bring my case before thee, content that thou wilt impartially weigh my character, and right my wrongs. If thou wilt judge, thy acceptance of my conduct will be enough for me; I can laugh at human misrepresentation if my conscience knows that thou art on my side; thou art the only one I care for; and besides, thy verdict will not sleep, but thou wilt see practical justice done to thy slandered servant. "*And plead my cause against an ungodly nation.*" One such advocate as the Lord will more than suffice to answer a nation of brawling accusers. When people are ungodly, no wonder that they are unjust; those who are not true to God himself cannot be expected to deal rightly with his people. Hating the King they will not love his subjects. Popular opinion weighs with many, but divine opinion is far more weighty with the gracious few. One good word from God outweighs ten thousand railing speeches of men. He bears a brazen shield before him whose reliance in all things is upon his God; the arrows of calumny fall harmlessly from such a buckler. "*O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.*" Deceit and injustice are boon companions, he who fawns will not fear to slander. From two such devils none can deliver us but God. His wisdom can outwit the craft of the vilest serpent, and his power can overmatch the most raging lion. Whether this was Doeg or Ahithophel is small matter, such double distilled villains are plentiful, and the only way of dealing with them is to refer the matter to the righteous Judge of all; if we try to fight them with their own weapons, we shall suffer more serious injury from ourselves than from them. O child of God, leave these thine enemies in better hands, remembering that vengeance belongeth not to thee, but to thy Lord. Turn to him in prayer, crying, "O deliver me," and ere long you shall publish abroad the remembrance of his salvation.

2. "*For.*"—Here is argument, which is the very sinew of prayer. If we reasoned more with the Lord we should have more victories in supplication. "*Thou art the God of my strength.*" All my strength belongs to thee—I will not, therefore, use it on my own behalf against my personal foes. All my strength comes from thee, I therefore seek help from thee, who art able to bestow it. All my strength is in thee, I leave therefore this task of combating my foes entirely in thy hands. Faith which leaves such things alone is wise faith. Note the assurance of David, "*thou art*," not I hope and trust so, but I know it is so; we shall find confidence to be our consolation. "*Why dost thou cast me off?*" Why am I treated as if thou didst loathe me? Am I become an offence unto thee? There are many reasons why the Lord might cast us off, but no reason shall prevail to make him do so. He hath not cast off his people, though he for awhile treats them as cast-offs. Learn from this question that it is well to enquire into dark providences, but we must enquire of God, not of our own fears. He who is the author of a mysterious trial can best expound it to us.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

"*Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?*" Why do I wander hither and thither like a restless spirit? Why wear I the weeds of sorrow on my body, and the lines of grief on my face? Oppression makes a wise man mad; why, Lord, am I called to endure so much of it for so long a time? Here again is a useful question, addressed to the right quarter. The answer will often be because we are saints, and must be made like our Head, and because such sorrow is chastening to the spirit, and yieldeth comfortable fruit. We are not to cross-question the Lord in peevishness, but we may ask of him in humility: God help us to observe the distinction so as not to sin through stress of sorrow.

3. "*O send out thy light and thy truth.*" The joy of thy presence and the faithfulness of thy heart; let both of these be manifest to me. Reveal my true character by thy light, and reward me according to thy truthful promise. As the sun darts forth his beams, so does the Lord send forth his favour and his faithfulness towards all his people; and as all nature rejoices in the sunshine, even so the saints triumph in the manifestation of the love and fidelity of their God, which like the golden sunbeam lights up even the darkest surroundings with delightful splendour. "*Let them lead me.*" Be these my star to guide me to my rest. Be these my Alpine guides to conduct me over mountains and precipices to the abodes of grace. "*Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.*" First in thy mercy bring me to thine earthly courts, and end my weary exile, and then in due time admit me to thy celestial palace above. We seek not light to sin by, nor truth to be exalted by it, but that they may become our practical guides to the nearest communion with God: only such light and truth as are sent us from God will do this, common light is not strong enough to show the road to heaven, nor will mere moral or physical truths assist to the holy hill; but the light of the Holy Spirit, and the truth as it is in Jesus, these are elevating, sanctifying, perfecting; and hence their virtue in leading us to the glorious presence of God. It is beautiful to observe how David's longing to be away from the oppression of man always leads him to sigh more intensely for communion with God.

4 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, *who* is the health of my countenance, and my God.

4. "*Then will I go unto the altar of God.*" If David might but be favoured

with such a deliverance as would permit his return, it would not be his own house or heritage which would be his first resort, but to the altar of God his willing feet should conduct him. His whole heart would go as a sacrifice to the altar, he himself counting it his greatest happiness to be permitted to lie as a burnt offering wholly dedicated to the Lord. With what exultation should believers draw near unto Christ, who is the antitype of the altar! clearer light should give greater intensity of desire. "*Unto God my exceeding joy.*" It was not the altar as such that the psalmist cared for, he was no believer in the heathenism of ritualism: his soul desired spiritual fellowship, fellowship with God himself in very deed. What are all the rites of worship unless the Lord be in them; what, indeed, but empty shells and dry husks? Note the holy rapture with which David regards his Lord. He is not his *joy* alone, but his *exceeding* joy; not the fountain of joy, the giver of joy, or the maintainer of joy, but that joy itself. The margin hath it, "The gladness of my joy," *i.e*, the soul, the essence, the very bowels of my joy. To draw near to God, who is such a joy to us, may well be the object of our hungering and thirsting. "*Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee.*" His best music for his best love. When God fills us with joy we ought ever to pour it out at his feet in praise, and all the skill and talent we have should be laid under contribution to increase the divine revenue of glory. "*O God, my God.*" How he dwells upon the name which he loves so well. He already harps on it as though his harp music had begun. What sweeter sounds can music know than these four words? To have God in possession, and to know it by faith, is the heart's heaven—a fulness of bliss lies therein.

5. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul?*" If God be thine, why this dejection? If he uplifts thee, why art thou so near the ground? The dew of love is falling, O withering heart, revive. "*And why art thou disquieted within me?*" What cause is there to break the repose of thy heart? Wherefore indulge unreasonable sorrows, which benefit no one, fret thyself, and dishonour thy God? Why overburden thyself with forebodings? "*Hope in God,*" or "*wait for God.*" There is need of patience, but there is ground for hope. The Lord cannot but avenge his own elect. The heavenly Father will not stand by and see his children trampled on for ever; as surely as the sun is in the heavens, light must arise for the people of God, though for awhile they may walk in darkness. Why, then, should we not be encouraged, and lift up our head with comfortable hope? "*For I shall yet praise him.*" Times of complaint will soon end, and seasons of praise will begin. Come, my heart, look out of the window, borrow the telescopic glass, forecast a little, and sweeten thy chamber with sprigs of the sweet herb of hope. "*Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*" My God will clear the furrows from my brow, and the tear marks from my cheek; therefore will I lift up my head and smile in the face of the storm. The Psalm has a blessed ending, such as we would fain imitate when death puts an end to our mortal existence.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Popular opinion outweighed by divine approbation.

How the Lord pleads the cause of his people.

Deceit and injustice, twin vipers; their origin, their character, their folly, their end.

Verse 2.—"*The God of my strength.*" From whom it is derived, to whom it is dedicated, in whom it resides, by whom it shall be perfected.

Last clauses.—The two "whys." The questions themselves; the spirit in which they may be asked. The answers which may be given.

Verse 3.—The blessings desired; the guidance sought; the end longed for.

Under what influence we should resort to divine worship.

Verse 4 (*first clause*).—When? "*Then.*" Where? "*Altar of God.*" Who? "*I.*" Why?" *My exceeding joy.*"

"*God my exceeding joy.*" A most rich and precious title.

Last clause.—Possession, praise, resolution.

His Works are Mine.

"Opera ejus mea sunt."

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS flourishes most among those who know themselves least. Ignorance of what God requires, and of what we are able to bring him, lies at the root of all self-justification. Men, through comparing themselves among themselves, see no cause for alarm; on the contrary, they pride themselves in occupying a position which, if it does not give them a positive claim upon God for salvation, yet contrasts them favourably with other men. Being "whole, they need no physician;" trusting in themselves that they are righteous, they despise the plan of salvation through the righteousness of another.

When Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the Cupola of St. Paul's, he stepped back one day to see the effect of his work, and came, without observing it, so near the edge of the scaffolding, that another step or two would have proved his death. A friend who was there, and saw the danger, rushed forward, and snatching up a brush rubbed it straight across the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save his work, and received the explanation:—"Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter." So the salvation of the self-righteous man is only possible as God in his mercy mars the pride of his glory, draws the brush of truth across the canvas upon which, in the pride and vanity of his heart he has traced what he (the sinner) conceives to be a faultless picture of goodness and virtue.

"It is one of the properties of the sun to pale every light which its own rays have not pencilled, and to quench every fire which its own beams have not kindled." So when the Sun of Righteousness shines in upon the heart and conscience of a child of Adam, his candle of perfection is paled, and the few sparks of his own kindling are utterly quenched before the meridian splendour of his holiness in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. Then follows the cry, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job xlii. 5, 6.

"How, then, can a man be justified with God, or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God? Who may abide the day of his coming? Who shall stand when he appeareth?"

He who, using the words of the motto above, can say, "His works are mine."

If it be asked, "Whose works?"

I reply, his, of whom it is written, "He will magnify the law and make it honourable," and who, coming into the world cried, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God; yea, thy law is within my heart"—God's "Righteous Servant," "Jesus," "Emanuel," "God manifest in the flesh."

If asked what these works are?

I answer, his life and death obedience, or obedience unto death. All that he did and endured as the Suffering Servant and Obedient Sufferer, his spotless life, as well as his sacrificial death, his law-keeping as well as his blood-shedding.

If it be asked, "But in what sense can the works of Jesus become another's?"

I reply, "Not by their ceasing to remain his. Not by any transfer of the moral character of him who performed them; but by their preciousness and meritoriousness being IMPUTED—reckoned to that other's account—becoming the actual ground of his acceptance before God; so that he is treated as if they were really his, and rewarded accordingly." This is the plain teaching of such Scriptures as the following: "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." Isaiah liii. 11. "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one JesusChrist." Rom. v. 17. "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Rom. v. 19. "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness (1 Cor. i. 30), he (God) hath madehim (Christ) to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made righteousness

of God in him" *i.e.* (2 Cor. vi. 2), by the imputation of our sins to him, Christ was dealt with by divine justice as though he were a guilty person: and by the imputation of his righteousness to us, in like manner we are dealt with as if we were righteous persons. God laid our sins to Christ's account, and to our account he lays Christ's righteousness; and the consequence is, that he is treated as if he had been the sinner, and we are treated as if we had never sinned."* Well might it be said that "Justification, by God's imputed righteousness, is the centre arch of that bridge by which believers pass out of time into eternity."

If it be asked, "To whom, and when is this righteousness imputed? Who has a right to use the words of the motto, and say, 'His (Christ's) works are mine?'"

I answer, the BELIEVER. "For to him that worketh not, but BELIEVETH on him who justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted to him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5), *i.e.*, God reckons as the righteousness of the believing sinner, that righteousness which his faith trusts in, and appropriates, viz.—"The righteousness of God, which is unto all and upon all them that BELIEVE."

Faith, and faith ALONE, links the guilty sinner to the justifying obedience of the Lord Jesus. "A man is justified by FAITH, without the deeds of the law." Righteousness is imputed on BELIEVING.

The motto, then, at the head of this tract, may be used by every BELIEVER; even that one whose faith is most feeble, and that in the moment he believes. Eph. i. 13. It belongs alike to all, who, ceasing from their own works, cast themselves upon the sufferings and merits of Jesus crucified; in other words, renounce their own righteousness as filthy rags, in favour of "that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Phil. iii. 9.

Has my reader done this? Does he rely alone for salvation on what Jesus has done? If so, he can say, "His works are mine," and more, he can add, His reward is mine; His glorious rest is mine; His heaven is mine; yea, Himself is mine, therefore God is mine. *All* is mine, because *Christ* and "His works are mine."

"No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done."

FRANK H. WHITE.

Time of Comfort.

BY W. ABBOTT.

"When wilt thou comfort me?"—Psalm cxix. 82.

SPIRITUAL solicitude leads to anxious questions. Indifference does not question, is not concerned. There are anxious sinners and anxious saints. Both are quickened by the Spirit, and give evidence of spiritual life. The one is anxious for salvation—the safety of it, because it feels its danger, and asks, "What must I do to be saved?" The other is anxious for salvation—the joy of it; already saved from danger, it seeks to be happy, and asks, "When wilt thou comfort me?"

The subject of the text is that of comfort; the mode in which it is brought before us is that of a question. Every word of the text has an idea in it. Sometimes there are many words to one idea, but here each word holds a thought. Some texts are like some trees that have leaves, buds, blossoms,

* "Imputed Righteousness." By Edward Steane, D.D. Jackson & Walford.

and fruit all at the same time. They have a variety of ideas in different states of development.

First. The subject of comfort. This is one of inspired teaching, both in the Old and the New Testament. It has been shared by saints under both dispensations, and we still seek and enjoy it. In the olden age, one said, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Psa. xciv. 19. In the new age, another says, "God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us." 2 Cor. vii. 6. And he also speaks of God as "the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort." 2 Cor. i. 3.

(1.) Comfort is the opposite of sorrow. Sorrow is a state of mind that comfort relieves. Sin is a fertile source of sorrow. Sin so affects ourselves and our circumstances, that we are seldom without sorrow. There are various sorrows, and we need various comforts; one kind of comfort will not do for any sort of sorrow; we must have the suited comfort for the corresponding sorrow. One fountain of comfort, but varied streams. The wise and loving God has provided a comfort for every sorrow, as well as a balm for every wound, and a cordial for every fear. We must consult his wisdom and kindness about all our sorrows, and shall find the suited and seasonable relief.

(2.) There is a difference between comfort and happiness. Happiness is the result of the healthy and harmonious exercise of the faculties and affections of the soul, engaged on a worthy object and pursuit. Comfort is a cordial relieving weariness, care, and sorrow. Happiness is the spirit of the vigorous life of grace in the soul; comfort is the tonic to relieve of weakness and restore to vigour and happiness. "Set your affections on things above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God," and the result will be happiness to your soul.

Second. The question about comfort. "When wilt thou comfort me?"

(1.) "*When?*" the season, the time he was comfortless, and felt that comfort was the desideratum. He had been waiting for it a long time, and now asks "when?" His heart is very sad, and is restless till he can get some comfort. How necessary is patience to wait God's time; to wait not indifferently, but with confiding faith and expecting hope. We are poor judges of the best times and seasons. We often mark the time and get disappointed. God's time is sure to be the wisest and the best; and it often opens upon us with joyful surprise. When at the darkest, a tiny light indicates the opening morning.

"In the darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun."

(2.) "When *wilt?*"—God's willingness appealed to. Our comfort rests with God's will. The richness, measure, continuance, all according to the good pleasure of his will. His will determines our good. Comfort may not be good for us when we think it is. God knows best, and, therefore, wills accordingly. God is not disaffected towards us, and so delays our comfort; he is lovingly interested in us, but he sees that many things must precede our comfort. It may be that he wants to see our sorrows more sanctified; to see us more calm in trial, more humble in adversity, more prayerful and trusting—and that patience may have her perfect work.

(3.) "When wilt *thou*"—the author and giver of comfort—thyself the Comforter—"when wilt *thou* comfort me?" Not, when will my friends, my minister, but when will my God comfort me? He waits to see your eye looking through all to him, and your heart resting simply and solely in him; thoroughly renouncing all other sources of comfort, and seeking it exclusively and continuously from him, the fountain of comfort, joy, and happiness.

(4.) "When wilt thou *comfort* me?" Not merely send me words, promises, or direct me to the means, but give me the blessing. Let my sad heart taste the precious good. Let the light shine from thy sun, the streams flow from thy fountain, the gift come from thy treasury. Do thou send comfort, and I shall

realise the good. Sin is my chief sorrow; pardon, cleanse, renew my soul; I seek it in the Saviour's name, trusting in his sacrifice; for his sake forgive me, admit me to thy presence, and comfort me with thy love.

(5.) "When wilt thou comfort *me?*" Others are comforted, and that repeatedly; I am still in sadness, seeking comfort, and finding none. Satan bids me seek comfort in the gay and pleasure-taking world, and my own heart at times says, try it; but a wiser voice reminds me of past experience as to comfort there. How often did I seek it there, and how bitterly disappointed! I shall cling to him who says, "Seek, and ye shall find." "I will not let thee go, except thou comfort me." "Hope deferred makes the heart sick, but when the desire comes, it is a tree of life." "Though it tarry, wait for it; it will surely come, and will not tarry."

Blunham.

Vain Pursuits of Worldlings.

CROWDS of boys come to Clapham Common, and there stand up to their knees in the ponds, holding a stick with a piece of thread and a hook at the end of it. They are most clamorous, and vehemently and perseveringly intent upon their fishery. Yet after all they catch only a few tadpoles or sticklebacks, and a bottle is all they hope to fill if they are most successful. I had almost called them poor little fools, but I checked myself, for they are a true picture of the world; they are men of smaller growth, and instinctively set forth the pursuits of the many. Fame, pleasure, rank, wealth, what are all these better than sticklebacks compared with eternal things? The tadpole fishery, in what respect is it less important than fishing for stars and garters?

Questionable Familiarity.

IN observing notices from time to time appearing in religious papers and periodicals respecting the erection of churches and chapels, my mind has been frequently pained concerning the devout and solemn names by which they are called. It is somewhat strange that no voice is ever heard lifting up its testimony against the growing practice of attaching the names of the glorious persons of the Holy Trinity to perishing fabrics of brick and stone. There is shortly to be a church built at Richmond which is to bear the profound and august name of "Holy Trinity." Now I simply ask is not this derogatory to the lofty character of the sacred Deity? Why should the most revered of all names be handled with such familiarity by poor mortal creatures? I am impressed and have been long with the strong conviction that to prefix or affix the name of the Trinity in this sense to an ecclesiastical or dissenting place of worship (and I regret to say that some of our chapels bear these solemn titles), cannot be otherwise than bordering upon the presumptuous and profane, and also offensive in the sight of God. When the edifice is pointed out as being Christ's church; and that structure as being Jesus' college. While one street is termed Trinity-street in one locality, and a square is called Trinity-square in another district, I am led to enquire am I in a Christian country at all? for surely if I were, a greater respect would be paid to the Most High, than to apply the names of his Sacred Majesty to the work of men's hands. While I deplore the commonplace use made of the titles of the Godhead, I earnestly long for the day when the Lord our God shall be universally adored by the souls of men, then I doubt not his holy name will be held in universal esteem.

C. HEWITT.

Reviews.

The Treasury of David. Containing an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms; a Collection of Illustrative Extracts from the whole range of Literature; a Series of Homiletical Hints upon almost every Verse; and List of Writers upon each Psalm. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row. 1870.

Owing to our inability to do so much as usual in public preaching, we have given our energies to the pen. We hope to issue in December our first volume on the Psalms. The comment has appeared in "The Sword and Trowel," but the vast mass of illustrative matter which we have collected from all quarters has not appeared before. We hope that we have done service to our brethren in the ministry by this labour of love, and if the Christian public appreciate our work, we shall (D.V.) persevere till we have completed the Psalms. The volume is printed on large and thick paper, and contains more than five hundred pages. Such a work is usually issued at ten shillings and sixpence, but we have resolved to keep the price down to eight shillings, at which rate we do not expect to be adequately remunerated pecuniarily, but shall have none the less satisfaction if the wages of hearing that we have done good shall fall to us.

Bible Celebrities: Reflections on the Leading Figures in Scripture Story. By J. Room, B.A., Vicar of Eastwood. No 2. Noah an Example of Faith, and a Preacher of Righteousness. Arthur Hall and Co. One Shilling.

Mr. Room writes well and vigorously. He has managed to bring out many of the salient points in reference to the second father of our race, and has drawn impressive lessons therefrom. Still there is a lack of evangelical savour in the book; in fact, there is not enough of Christ in it to sweeten it to our taste.

John Ploughman's Talk. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

This offspring of our pen continues to sell with great rapidity. We have now reached the seventieth thousand.

The Confessions of a Clock. By W. J. B. William Macintosh.

A lively story with frequent morals. The boys will like it.

Facts and Dates, or the leading events in sacred and profane history, and the principal facts in the various physical sciences, the memory being aided throughout by a simple and natural method. For schools and private reference. By the Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D. F.R.G.S. William Blackwood & Sons.

To those who desire to freight their memories with the dates of all the important events of the world's history, this will prove one of the best assistants which they can procure. Dr. Mackay is well known as a maker of school books, and his works need no commendation from us. Whether or no it is of much service to the mind to bear about with it thousand of historic dates is a question we are not competent to decide, but we do not intend to solve the problem by personal experiment.

Christ is Coming.

Our walls have everywhere been covered with the Popish ensign of a huge black cross, united with the words, Christ is coming. Many were the surmises as to the meaning of this phenomenon, but it is now clear that it was meant to advertise the book before us. We suppose from the imitation of prophetic style that the author thinks himself to be inspired; we hold another theory.

Record of Events in Primitive Methodism. By Thomas Russell, Primitive Methodist Minister. William Lister, Commercial-road East.

A personal narrative of the life of an earnest Primitive of the best stamp. There is more similarity between this humble Methodist and the apostles than could be found in all the bishops of the United Kingdom, even if their cathedrals and palaces were searched with candles. It is true he never wore lawn sleeves, but in poverty, labour, persecution, journeying and suffering, he was most clearly attested to be a successor of Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles.

The Sunday School World. An Encyclopædia of Facts and Principles, Illustrated by Anecdotes and Quotations from the Works of the most Eminent Writers on Sunday School Matters. By J. C. Gray. Elliot Stock.

This is the first number of a work to be completed in eighteen parts. It is well printed on good paper, and so far as we can judge of a house by a single brick, or of a horse by seeing one of its ears, or of a volume by seeing its first few pages, we should be inclined to speak most favourably of it.

The Last Great Battle; or, War among the Nations until the Year 2000.

We are so sick at soul with the hundreds of pamphlets which are poured forth upon prophetical subjects, that, although we intended to give the full titles of this and a score more of such productions which afflict our table, we stop short, and will not help the sale of the rubbish even by mentioning them. That good paper and ink should be wasted in maunderings over vials and trumpets is bad enough, but that Christian men should be led to draw vain imaginings as to coming events from the grand Apocalyptic vision, is grievous to the last degree. The imposture of those who foretold the end of the Papacy, in 1866, ought to have covered them with shame sufficient to have deterred all aspiring prophetlings, but it seems only to have called forth another band of vaticinators who set the date a little later, or more wisely still, postpone it to the year 2000, by which time they expect to have spent their profits, and to have retired from the scene. Our Lord cometh in such an hour as we think not, and this studying of times and seasons, and setting of dates, is foolery, and worse.

New Testament Views of the Christian Ministry, in Opposition to the Errors of the Plymouth Brethren. By G. E. T. With Preface by Rev. C. Vince. Birmingham: W. G. Proverbs, Ledsam-street. One Penny.

A timely and useful tract. The arrogant assumptions of the P. B.'s need to be met, as they readily may, with the testimony of Scripture, of which they read so much, and as a rule understand so little.

Memoranda.

Our Michaelmas Meeting on behalf of the Orphanage, was a most encouraging success. We thank all the collectors and bazaar workers for their zealous aid. Goods for sale are always welcomed at the Stockwell Orphanage. We intend to hold a large bazaar next June, to assist the Orphanage funds, and we beg the renewed help of all our friends. The boys are remarkably well, and a gracious work is going on among them.

Our esteemed brother, T. W. Medhurst, late of Glasgow, has entered upon the pastorate of Lake Road Chapel, Portsea, with the happiest prospects. Mr. Gange goes from strength to strength at Bristol, and we feel persuaded that his successor will maintain in vigour the work which he has left behind at Portsea.

Mr. Wiggins, of our College, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Burnham, Somerset.

Mr. Owers has left the College to become pastor in Loscoe, Derbyshire.

Our friend, Mr. Bateman, of Niton, has removed to Leicester, to commence a new interest in the town.

We are endeavouring to form a church in Shoreham. Mr. White, has just commenced preaching in a large room.

Mr. J. A. Spurgeon has consented to minister to the Baptist Church in Croydon. Their chapel is overcrowded, and they remove shortly to a large hall in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Sawday, of Pentonville, continues to enjoy the Lord's richest blessing. The first stone of the enlargement of his chapel was laid by J. A. Spurgeon.

Mr. H. Moore, of our College, has become pastor of the church, Bath Street, Glasgow.

Mr. Crabb, of Aberchirder, has removed to Rothesay. Mr. Wills, of Lochee, to Dundee.

We have purchased a chapel at Bushey, and preaching has commenced. May the Lord send success to the enterprise.

Our late student, Mr. Tredray, late of Norland Chapel, has sailed for New York to seek a pastorate in the States. He is a worthy man, and will, we trust, be heartily welcomed by our transatlantic friends.

Our Colportage Society is enabled to offer to supply districts with a colporteur, wherever the sum of £20 is guaranteed during this year, and £30 in future. Ministers will find a colporteur the cheapest and most efficient assistant they could employ. We are more and more persuaded that no existing agency is more worthy of support than the work of Colportage. Several of our men, in addition to selling a great quantity of Bibles and good books, have been the means of opening closed-up chapels, forming cottage meetings, and adding scores to the churches. One of the best means of grappling with the apostate church of England is to enlighten the villages.

Barnes, Surrey. About three years ago, some gentlemen in this neighbourhood, mourning over its spiritual destitution, determined to erect a Baptist chapel. After considerable difficulty, this was done. The cause thus started, at first bade fair for success, but after some time declined so much that it became almost extinct. In August of last year, Mr. W. H. Priter, one of our students, was invited to supply the pulpit, connecting the work of preaching with that of his college studies. He accepted, and became the pastor of the little church. Since that time, success has attended the work. On Tuesday, September 28th, a tea and public meeting were held, to celebrate the third anniversary, and to aid in liquidating the debt of £125 which still remains on the chapel. About one hundred and seventy sat down to tea. The public meeting was presided over by W. Olney, Esq. The Pastor, in giving the report, stated that, during the past year, thirty persons had been added to the church, six are now waiting for baptism, the congregations greatly increased, and £160 raised towards the working expenses, and various necessary improvements in the chapel. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. A. Blake, F. Brown, W. Mayers, and W. Mayo. The proceeds of the meeting, including a donation of £5 from the Chairman, amounted to £20.

Mr. T. E. Rawlings, having resigned the pastorate of the second Baptist Church, Crewe, has been presented by a number of his friends with an address, expressive of sympathy and attachment, and a purse of gold. Mr. Rawlings has been engaged by a committee of gentlemen to preach in the Town-hall, Congleton, Cheshire, with a view to the establishment of a Baptist interest in that town.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 27th, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, 1869, to October 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. H. Dowding	0	10	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
A Friend, Egham	0	13	0
Mrs. Grace	1	1	0
The Elders' Bible Class	6	6	0
W. T.	0	4	2
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. C. Miller	0	10	0
J. H.	0	5	0
M. A. R.	0	2	6
Mrs. Smart	0	1	0
O. H.	1	0	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Hills	0	3	6
Preach the Gospel	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Jamieson	2	0	0
A. B. C.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips	3	15	0
Miss S. Hadland	0	10	0
A Friend, "Clifton"	2	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mr. Forth	0	3	6
Miss S. L.	1	0	0
Ann	5	0	0
A Bushel of Wheat, per Mr. Bate	0	10	0
Two Sisters at Greenford	0	6	0
Mr. W. C. Pratt	1	1	0
E. M., Perth	0	5	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mr. McLeod	1	1	0
Mr. Lawrence	0	10	0
S. G., per Mr. Spurrier	1	0	0
M. Bardwell	2	2	0
Collection at Cornwall Road Sunday-school, Brixton	1	0	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street, Holborn	10	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sept. 26	40	5	0
" " " Oct. 3	37	1	2
" " " 10	38	1	6
" " " 17	39	3	11
	£210	8	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, 1869, to October 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Chamberlin, collected	0	6	6
Mr. Massingham ,, ...	1	2	6
R. A.	15	0	0
Mr. J. W. Martin	5	5	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
J. W. M.	0	5	0
Friends in Sweden, per Mr. Darlington	5	0	0
Mr. H. Dowding	0	10	0
Mr. A. Fremlin	1	0	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Winttemore	0	10	0
A Sinner	0	5	0
Mrs. Rose	0	10	0
Mr. T. Archer	5	5	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. Garland	1	1	0
Mr. Taylor	2	0	0
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Young Ladies	2	2	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. D. Tagg	1	0	0
Bazaar at the Orphanage:—			
Mrs. Rowton 9 0 0			
Mrs. Montague 2 0 3			
Mrs. Bartlett 6 10 2			
The Misses Higgs... ... 13 7 2			
——— ———	30	17	7
Master Whitby	0	5	4
Mr. J. Davis	0	7	6
Mr. W. Glazier	1	1	0
Earthday Offering	1	1	0
Mr. Jacobs	0	5	0
A Friend at Guildford	0	10	0
Mr. McDougal	3	0	0
Sale of Programmes	0	16	10
Sale of Music, "Westminster Chimes," per Mr. Miller	1	12	9
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	17	1
Mr. W. F. Smart	0	1	0
Rebecca	0	1	0
Mr. Prebble	0	9	8
Mr. T. James...	0	13	8
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Miss Brough	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Kirkcaldy	10	0	0
D. W.	0	5	0
A Friend, Aberdeen...	0	2	6
M. A. J. M.	0	5	0
,, A Friend	0	5	0
A Friend, Clifton	2	0	0
Thankfulness, G. T....	1	1	0
Miss Bantin, collected	0	2	1
Miss Mather	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. T.	50	0	0
Mr. W. C. Pratt	1	1	0
Miss Cowen	0	10	0
M. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. G. Poole	0	2	6
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0
Mrs. Goldsmith	0	2	6
Mr. Bowden	0	2	6
Mr. Lawrence	0	5	0
Mr. Todd	0	5	0
Mr. Cumming Andrews	1	0	0
Collected at North Bradley, by Mr. Bardwell on account Students' House ...	6	0	0
J. R., R.	5	0	0
Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
Miss Celia Best	1	0	0
Mr. J. Best	1	0	0
Mr. R. Keeble, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mr. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. F. Burnett	1	0	0
Mr. John Marsh	1	0	0
Mrs. Barker	0	2	6
Mr. T. Lardner, collected	1	11	6
Mr. Marshall	1	0	0
Collecting Card and Boxes, Sept. 29th—			
Master G. F. Day 1 8 4			
Mr. F. Rose 0 6 10			
Mrs. Lloyd 0 10 0			
Miss Collins 0 4 3			
Mrs. Clover 0 4 3			
Mrs. J. Read 0 5 0			
Miss Jephs 2 0 0			
Mrs. Abbott 0 14 0			
Mrs. Fisher 0 12 9			
Miss Smith 0 10 1			
Miss Clark... ... ... 0 6 6			
Miss Parkins 1 0 10			
Mrs. Butler 1 0 1			
Miss Rose 2 0 0			
Mr. Kerridge 0 6 0			
Mrs. Ryan 0 15 0			
Miss Smallbone 0 12 6			
Mrs. Evans 1 10 0			
Miss Prosser 0 3 1			
Mr. Hollis... ... ... 0 16 0			
Mr. G. Ely ... ... 0 [illegible] 0			
Mrs. White 0 11 0			
Mrs. Crofts 1 1 0			
Mrs. Ramsey 0 16 0			
Miss McAlley 0 5 3			
Mrs. Whitehead 1 19 1			
Miss Helen Phillips 0 3 7			
Miss Amelia Phillips 1 15 11			
Miss E. Black 1 0 6			
Miss E. Jones 1 6 0			
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Mr. Knight 1 10 0			
Mrs. Foster 1 4 0			
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Master Meltzer 1 8 6			
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Mrs. Knight 0 3 0			
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Mrs. Underwood 1 5 0			
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Mrs. Pope... ... ... 1 5 0			
Miss M. A. Wells 0 5 0			
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Mrs. Batchelor 2 2 0			
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Mr. White 0 7 6			
Mr. Marshall 1 14 6			

	£	s.	d.
Miss Pack...	0	3	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	6	0
Mr. S. Myers	0	5	0
Messrs. Wickes	0	10	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	15	0
Miss Goslin	1	2	0
Mr. Tofield	0	10	0
Mr. J. Crombie	0	17	0
Miss Ratcliffe	0	7	9
Miss R. Timms	0	12	0
Mrs. Bate...	0	14	4
Miss M. Bishop	0	4	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	6	2
Mr. W. Pluck	0	6	0
Miss Lawson	1	17	0
Mrs. Moul	0	17	5
Mr. G. Gunnel	1	8	0
Mrs. Auger	0	10	6
Mrs. Vernon	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Hall	1	14	0
Miss Gillard	0	12	6
Miss Alderson	0	7	0
Miss Stocks	0	4	6
Miss A. Newman	0	3	7
Mrs. Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Neville	0	2	6
Miss E. R. Newman	0	3	5
Miss Gray...	0	7	6
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Miss A. Calthorpe	1	10	6
Mrs. Chilvers	1	3	9
Miss P. Newman	0	6	4
Miss Woodington	0	7	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	0
Miss Goodchild	0	13	0
Miss L. Lovegrove	0	12	10
Miss Hughes	0	8	8
Miss R. Keen	1	4	0
Miss A. Jackson	0	16	0
Miss A. Steward...	1	0	6
Miss Joyce	0	10	6
Mr. Shrimpton	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Smith	2	0	0
Miss Beale	0	1	3
Miss Smith	0	13	0
Master W. C. Walker	0	6	2
Master White	1	0	0
Miss Belsham	0	12	0
Miss Goodwin	0	3	1
Miss Crocker	0	6	2
Miss E. Fryer	1	3	0
Mrs. Priestly	1	2	5
Mrs. Davis	0	8	6
Miss Richards	0	8	0
Mrs. Claydon	1	3	0
Mrs. Gibey	0	11	0
Miss Mantle	0	17	6
Mrs. Williams	1	10	6
Master J. Prust	0	2	2
Miss Meeking	0	5	0
Miss Hutchings	0	12	7
Mrs. E. Clark	0	6	6
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Miss S. Budge	0	9	1
Miss F. A. Langton	0	4	0
Miss Lineker	0	5	8
Miss S. Champion	0	12	6
Mrs. Longbotham	0	14	6
Miss J. Cristie	0	5	6
Mr. Corrick	0	11	0
Mrs. Turner	0	7	0
Miss Weeks	0	4	0
Miss Ward	1	5	0
Miss Hudson	0	13	0
Mr. G. Tighe	0	10	6
Mr. W. Mitchell...	0	6	3
Mr. Jumpson	1	5	0
Mr. L. Gaze	0	16	0
Mr. G. F. Day	0	2	5
Mrs. A. Dines	0	9	3
Miss Edmeads	0	8	5
Mrs. Cropley	0	3	6
Mrs. Prust	0	2	3
Mrs. Ross...	0	18	3
Miss Cook	0	9	5
Mrs. Gwillim	1	18	8
Miss Pack...	0	3	6
Miss Stock	0	5	7
Miss L. Watts	0	7	0
Mrs. Burdett	0	15	0
Master Gleed	2	6	3
Miss Gillard	0	19	9
Mr. Padgett	0	8	10
Mr. Hobson	1	0	0
Master L. Ferris	0	5	4
Mr. Simpson	0	7	0
Master H. C. Whitby	0	4	9
Mr. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. E. Golding	0	8	0
Miss Fitzgerald	1	0	6
Mr. E. W. Saunders	1	0	0
Miss O'Leary	0	12	0
Miss Partridge	1	15	6
Mr. G. Faulkner	0	5	6
Mrs. Wright	1	5	0
Mr. G. H. Pye	0	7	8
Miss Underwood	0	10	0
Mrs. Boxall	1	17	6
Mr. H. Bennett	0	17	6
		£136	18 7
Mrs Gibbs, Annual Subscription ...		0	5 0
Friends, per Lady Burgoyne, Annl. Sub.		2	0 0
Mr. J. Skinner		1	1 0
		£345	10 7

Received for the Orphanage.—A Parcel of Boys' Clothing; Two Bushels of Scarlet Beans; Three Sacks of Potatoes from Mr. Barrow; Two-and-a-half Tons best Coals, and Two Sacks of Potatoes per Mr. Mayes; One hundred Eggs; a small Cask of Mustard; Eight Woollen Scarfs from Mrs. Bates, Dingwell; One dozen Shirts from Ladies' Working Society, Zion Chapel, Chatham.

Colportage Association.

Donations—	£	s.	d.
J. K. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0
A. Friend	3	0	0
Mr. M. Medwin	0	10	0
Thanks...	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	0
A Friend, Clifton	1	0	0
J. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Davison	0	1	6

Subscriptions—	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dix	2	0	0
Mr. E. J. Page	0	5	0
Mr. Walmsley	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly)	7	10	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
	£45	16	0

Mr. Orsman's Free Ragged School and Costermongers' Mission, Golden Lane, E.C.—Emily Smith, 10s.; "Little Harry," 10s.; O. H., £1; Mrs. Best, 5s.; S. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. and Miss Bugster, £2; Miss Piper, per Dr. Spence, £2; per R. S. Union, Lady Martin, £5; J. Baring, Esq., £3.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1869.

No Blind Eyes in Heaven.

A STORY OF EARLY GRACE, BY FRANK H. WHITE, CHELSEA.

THE Isle of Wight has been often called the "Garden Isle," and is justly famed for the beauty of its scenery and the agreeableness of its climate; whilst to the Christian it possesses an additional charm from being the scene of the birth and triumphant death of Elizabeth Wallbridge, better known as the Dairyman's Daughter.

A few miles from the old parish church, "where sleeps her precious dust, whose earnest faith and humble love are registered on high," and close to the scene of the writer's own happy childhood, lived and died Kate ——, the subject of this little memoir.

Kate received her first impression when about twelve years of age, on the occasion of her mother, a pious farmer's wife, reading aloud to her children Mr. Legh Richmond's beautiful and far-famed narrative.* From that time she began to feel an ardent desire to know and love the Saviour.

It happened that the school to which she was afterwards sent was visited by an earnest and devoted clergyman, who took a delight in instructing the scholars in the truths of the Bible; "and often," says little Katie's mother, "did my child speak with joy of those happy moments when he pointed out the way of salvation, though I did not at the time notice that any change of heart had taken place."

The lady who conducted the school shortly afterwards left the island, and Kate lost the comfort of Mr. H.'s teaching. An alarming illness seizing her, she became more than ever concerned for her soul's safety, often exclaiming she felt she was not fit to die, and wished she were a Christian.

* "Dairyman's Daughter." By the Rev. Legh Richmond. Religious Tract Society. A little book which has already been translated into more than fifty languages, and has been blessed to the conversion of hundreds, if not thousands of souls.

She was exceedingly fond of reading, and was well acquainted with almost every part of the Bible, which she made her constant companion during her illness, reading it more than any other book, though not unfrequently she was found, even at so young an age, perusing such works as the writings of Mrs. Hemans, Bishop Heber, Montgomery, etc. For literature that was light and trifling she had a singular aversion.

After a few months' illness she began slowly to recover, and was able to go to chapel again; but shortly afterwards, her eyesight beginning to fail, she was obliged to give up reading; but her kind mother devoted every hour she could spare to read to her, and thus in a great measure helped to lighten so heavy an affliction as the loss of sight must have been to a child whose chief source of enjoyment for so long had been her books.

Her health now gradually declined, and one day the doctor, after looking at her poor sightless eyes, and asking some questions, took her mamma aside, and told her that she would soon see her darling child pass away.

"I tried," writes the now bereaved mother, "to restrain my feeling of agony for her sake; but I felt as though my heart would burst. Directly we left the doctor's house she asked me what he said. I replied that I would tell her in the evening, when we had our usual converse alone. When in her bedroom, she reminded me of my promise, and finding me hesitate, said—

'You may as well tell me; for I know what he told you. He said I should not live long, did he not?'

I could not reply for sobbing. She continued—

'Why do you cry because I am going to die? it makes me happy! I have thought for a long time I should not get well again. Come, mamma, leave off crying, you will get on very well without me, and sister is old enough to take my place.' She then kissed me, and cheerfully wished me good night, telling me to go to sleep and come to her early in the morning.

Another night, on going to her bedroom, I asked her if I should help to undress her. Her answer was—

'No, thank you; I would rather undress myself. You see I can do it better than you, though your eyes are open,' laughing as she spoke.

On my gently chiding her for laughing when she was apparently so near death, she replied—

'I am happy, mamma; why should I not laugh when I feel happy?'

'But Kate,' I said, 'are you prepared to die? are you sure of going to heaven?'

To this she simply replied, 'He says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."'

And when in my anxiety I further asked, 'Have you faith in Christ?' she answered,

'I do not understand that exactly; but he says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" and I do go to him. I know that he cannot lie, so I shall trust him to save me. He has promised to take me to heaven, and he must do so.'

A little while after, she expressed a desire to see the clergyman whose

teaching she had valued so much when at school. He came, and spoke to her of Jesus, and the way of peace through faith in his blood. On his leaving I said,

'Do you feel happier now?'

'No, no,' she replied, 'he could not make me happier.'

'I do not rightly understand your meaning, dear,' I rejoined. 'Do you mean to say that you do not know the way to heaven?'

'Oh, no! mamma; for I know Christ is the way. I only meant to say I knew before that we must be saved by him, and that is all I want to know.'"

Will you not pause here, dear reader, and admire with me the simple faith of this little girl? Observe, she did not reason, but believed. She knew Jesus had promised to save all who came to him, and she doubted not that he would keep his word. This was truly to honour Christ. It was real faith. And "of such is the kingdom of God." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

She invariably manifested great cheerfulness, and would often wonder that her mother should be so full of sorrow, when she herself was so joyful.

On one occasion she begged to have some poetry read to her. Her mamma began to read—

"Spare the young, O death,
The beautiful and fair."

"Stop mamma," she cried hastily, "do not read any more of that. Read the other piece, 'Let me go.'"

"Let me go, the day is breaking;
Dear companion, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bind me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mountain wing,
Though unseen you hear me sing."

On the Friday before she died she begged to have her writing desk, work-box, and other little things brought to her bed. Taking her keys, she unlocked each, then placing their contents on the bed, she divided a portion between her mother and sister, but was too weak to finish. On Saturday she resumed her task, and completed the division. She then made mention of every article she possessed, telling her mother as she proceeded whom they were for. After all was given away, she talked very cheerfully a long while, and concluded by saying—

"Now all my affairs are settled, I have nothing more to do, I have nothing on my mind."

On her mother exclaiming, "O Kate, Kate, don't forget that you have a soul to be saved,"

She answered, "I don't forget, mamma, that Christ has promised to save me, and I really mean what I say, that I have nothing more to do; for you know, I have nothing to do with saving my soul: he says, 'Come unto me,' and I do go by prayer, and I am not afraid he will forget me."

She had a most retentive memory, and could repeat poetry at great length. On the Monday before her death, she asked her little sister to read slowly some poetry that she wished to learn during her mother's absence from her bedside, to whom on her return she said,

"You like to hear me repeat poetry; sit here a little while and I will give you a treat, the last I ever shall be able to give you."

She then sweetly and most correctly repeated the following:—

"Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield;
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven;
Every bush and tufted tree,
Warble sweet philosophy.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow."

After repeating a second piece of considerable length, she said,

"My strength fails me, dear mamma, but I must try another; you will never hear me repeat it again, if you do not now. Then commencing,

"Go where the morning shineth,"

she repeated the whole of that beautiful hymn. When she had finished, she said,

"Now one more, and that will be the last, mamma."

"Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock, he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears."

Her mother was called out of the room before she could repeat the remaining verses. On her return, the dear child wished to finish her hymn, but her mamma, with a heart bursting with emotion, begged her to desist; but presently, upon lamenting aloud that she was about to lose her darling at so tender an age, the dying child, with considerable energy, and in her sweet musical tone of voice, repeated:

"Shall I have nought that is fair, said he,
Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them back again.
My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,
The reaper said, and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

She then begged her mother to read the fourteenth of John, after which she requested that she might be left alone for half an hour. When her mamma returned, she told her with a smile that she had been trying to sing some hymns, but her voice had failed.

On the Monday evening she seemed cheerful, but told her mother, if she had anything to say before they parted she must be quick, as her mind was beginning to wander, and she could not keep her thoughts from running away. The following conversation then took place:—

"Do you not wish to live, my child?"

"No, mamma."

"Have you never wished to live, since your illness?"

"No, only once, and then but for a moment; I have always hoped I should die."

"Then you did not love me, or you would not wish to leave me companionless."

"Oh, mamma! you know I love you dearly, and in this world we should some time or other part, and if I die we shall be together in a moment, for there is no time in eternity; and if you live years after me, it will not seem a moment to me."

On Tuesday, she seemed still weaker. In the evening, one of the doctors came in and told her she was now out of danger, and would be better in a few days. On his leaving her she cried, and said,

"Oh, cruel man! to make a dying girl unhappy, by saying she would recover."

Her mother tried in vain to soothe her, by reminding her that whatever the doctor might say, no earthly power could stay the angel of death, if sent by God. Presently she said,

"Pray for me, dear, dear mamma."

On her mother saying, "What shall I ask our Heavenly Father for, my love?"

She replied, "Ask him to be with me when I die, and that he will make me willing to wait his time."

What passed after shall be given in her mother's own words.

"Soon after she complained of sickness, and heat of the brain; vomiting commenced, and continued at intervals until nine o'clock on Wednesday morning. Just after the last attack, and in great agony of body, she cried out, 'Oh, what shall—I—do?' I said, 'What do you mean; do you fear to die, my child?' 'No—no—not that—I—am —in—pain.' She then appeared to suffer dreadfully for some time, and asked me to send to Dr. —— for something to produce sleep. I did so directly. She said, 'O ask my Saviour to ease my pain and send me sleep.' I knelt and asked for what she wanted; on rising, she said, 'Give me some of Mr. H——'s wine.' I gave her a little; she reached me her Bible, and I read to her a portion from the twelfth of the first of Corinthians, fourteenth of John, and twenty-second of Revelation. She then said, 'That will do now, lift me up that I may lay my head on your bosom;' she did so a few minutes, then kissed me, and said, 'Lay me down, I shall soon be gone.' I said, 'Do you fear death?' 'No, no;' she said, 'Jesus is here.' She then fell into a gentle sleep, which continued a long while. I then saw her lips move as if in prayer. I leant forward to endeavour to catch the words, but she could not

articulate plainly, all I could understand was, 'My God, thy promise.' After that she never spoke again, nor do I think she tried. She slept till five o'clock on Thursday morning, when she quietly left this world for her home in heaven."

A young lady who visited Kate just before her death, supplies some additional particulars of some of her last hours. She says:—

"I visited her shortly before her removal, and then on entering her room, and expressing my sorrow at finding her so ill, she turned her sightless eyes upon me, and with great emphasis said, 'I am dying.' When asked if she were not afraid to die, she simply said, 'No.' I asked her if she had always been able to look forward to death without fear, and she replied, 'I had never thought about dying myself till about two years ago, when my illness came on, then I thought that perhaps I should not get well again; it made me very unhappy. I had always read my Bible, and said my prayers before, but I had never felt that I was a sinner. Then I recollected how you had wished me in your note to read my Bible, and I tried to read it so, and asked God to teach me to understand it, and used my own words when I prayed, and it was much easier for me then, because I could ask for just what I wanted. I read and prayed very often, and it was so nice to find Jesus had done all for me, and only wished me to come to him and be saved.' 'You know,' she said, 'that he says, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Well, I just went to him, and he has saved me.' This was said with such a look of rapture that expressed more than her words had done. And when the first thrill of feeling had passed, as I wished to hear some further testimony, I said, 'But are you quite sure that you are pardoned? It is possible to make a mistake, and it would indeed be sad in such a serious matter.' She suddenly turned from me, and a look of pain overspread her countenance, which made me feel exceedingly sorry that in any way I should have marred such sweet peace. But I was soon relieved by finding that she had only turned to reach a Bible, that had been concealed behind a pillow, and turning herself towards me again, with the book in her hand, and such a look of intense earnestness that it would be impossible ever to forget; still clasping the book, as she rested her hand on the bed near to me, she said, 'Here is all my hope, here he has promised to pardon all who believe in him. I have believed in him, and he has pardoned me.'

I felt it was enough; she had built upon a rock and was safe. During a short conversation afterwards, on the preciousness of the word, she said, 'I am so glad, now that I am blind, that I committed so much of it to memory; I can repeat whole chapters as I lie here.' She then asked me to pray with her, and after a few verses from the last of Revelation had been read to her, she said, 'Oh, how beautiful! there will be *no blind eyes there*, I shall be able to see you then.'

I asked her, as she had sent for me, if there was anything in particular that she wished to see me here for. 'No,' she said, 'I only wished you to come that I might tell you I had got the pardon, and thank your for your kindness.' Then I asked her if there was one thing more than another that she wished me to pray for. After a little hesitation, she said, 'No, only that all my friends may get pardoned through the blood.'"

And now in sending forth this unpretentious little memoir,* the writer has only to add that he has conscientiously abstained from garnishing or embellishing the narration of his little countrywoman in the slightest degree. A great deal has been given in the exact words of the sorrowing yet rejoicing mother.

Much more might have been written, but he did not wish to swell the size of this little book. For this and other reasons, he has resisted the temptation of adding any lengthened comments of his own, preferring that this simple "story of early grace" should be published without any wordy encumbrances from his pen.

Christian parents who may peruse it will not fail to be encouraged to pray and labour for their children's conversion while they are children.

And earnestly, it is hoped, that many youthful readers will follow the faith of this little blind girl, and trust in that precious Saviour on whom she so simply yet so surely believed, and with whom she now dwells; that they, with her, may become abiding witnesses to the truth of that golden promise, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'"

The Christmas Tree.

A CHILDREN'S STORY: BY C. A. DAVIS, OF CHESTERFIELD.

WHEW! went the north wind among the fir trees, as he swept great clouds of snow from the laden branches, wildly dashed down the steep precipices, whistled round the corners of the little mountain cot, and finally rushed boisterously down the chimney. He found a scanty fire smouldering at the bottom, and mischievously puffed the smoke into the room, to warm the people, as he said. But they were not very cross with him for all his rudeness; the grandmother and the little boy were too contented to be put out of sorts by the north wind. The grandmother was a sunny looking old woman. She sat on a three-legged stool before the table, the very picture of industry, knitting by the dim light of a lamp that was nearly burnt out, and gave just light enough to show you how little it gave. She wore over her nose a large glaring pair of spectacles, which magnified her eyes as you looked through them; but her face was so full of smiling wrinkles, and her snowy hair seemed so pleasantly to crown her forehead, that you would have sat down the other side of the table as much at home as by your own snug fireside. In one corner of the room lay a little boy tightly covered up, with his coat, trousers, and boots put on the bed to keep him warm, for the ill-natured wind would persist in rushing in uncomfortably at the window cracks and under the door, and screaming through the keyholes. The little fellow had not gone to sleep yet, but

* Our friend has done well to arrange for the publication of this delightful narrative, and we feel sure our readers will help him to circulate it. It is entitled "No blind Eyes in Heaven; A story of early grace," by Frank H. White, Chelsea. One Penny. Morgan and Chase. May be ordered at any Bookseller's.

lay still, with his nose under the clothes, and his eyes staring up at the rafters. Presently he said, "Grandmother!"

"Well, Fritz?"

"To-morrow is Christmas day."

"Yes, go to sleep, and wake early for a game in the snow."

The little fellow pulled the things closer round him, and stared up at the rafters. Presently he said again, "Grandmother!"

"Well, Fritz?"

"I wish we had a Christmas tree."

"But we haven't anything to hang on it."

"But don't fairies bring Christmas trees sometimes?"

"Only in books, Fritz."

"I wish I was in a book," said the boy in a melancholy voice.

The cheerful old woman laughed outright at the idea. "There, go to sleep," said she, "who knows but you may be in a book before morning."

Fritz chuckled quietly to himself as if a new thought had struck him, and tucked his head under the clothes as canaries do under their feathers; and presently you might have told by his breathing that he was sound asleep.

Now while he lies there let us open the door quietly, for fear we should wake him, and go outside and look about. Wrap up well, for it is bitterly cold. The stars shine brightly out from the dark sky as if they were pinched with cold, and the little clouds are hurrying after each other to escape from the chasing north wind. The cold quiet snow lies right down the mountain side, and the great mountains across the valley rear their icy heads up into the sky as if they wanted to whisper to the stars, "How cold it is!" and the trees shiver and shrug their shoulders as if to say, "You can't be colder than we are." But we shall perish if we stand out here. Run back into the cot, and let us have another look at the sleeper. Poor little fellow, he has no mother and father. His father was caught and buried in an avalanche a few winters ago, and his mother died of grief. He is left alone now with his old grandmother in the little lonely mountain cot, and no other companions but the dark nodding fir trees. She is a dear grandmother though, and Fritz is generally as happy and contented as a little boy can be, only this evening he was thinking of the Christmas trees; but now he is dreaming: he does not hear the wind whistling among the mountains, but instead of that the sound of little tripping feet, and merry voices, for he is standing in a sparkling fairy grotto. It is lighted up, oh! so brightly, lamps twinkle all about the roof like stars, and laughing faces of children meet him wherever he turns; they seem to know him very well, and he knows them too, and it never occurs to him that he has not seen them before. Presently a door opens and in walks a fairy lady, all bright and shining, so that Fritz's eyes are quite dazzled. All the children cluster round her, singing and laughing for joy; but soon they are all silent, for in the middle of the grotto there suddenly springs up a tall Christmas tree laden with fairy fruit, lighted with bright lamps of all colours, and gay with merry flags, fluttering hither and thither like butterflies' wings. The fairy lifted her wand, and such a golden shower of treasures fell from the tree into their laps,

and such shouts of mirth and gladness followed as Fritz had never heard or seen before. "Oh, oh!" cried he, and he awoke, sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes. "Where am I?"

"Here," said his grandmother, who was stooping over him.

"But where is the tree?"

"What tree?"

"Why, is that you grandmother?" and, poor Fritz, he burst out crying.

"Whatever is the matter with my boy?" cried the old woman.

"Oh, it was such a Christmas tree," sobbed Fritz, "and just as the things were falling into my lap too."

"Things falling into your lap? Why it must have been my spectacles dropping on to you when I came just now to see if you were asleep."

"Oh, I wish I hadn't awoke," said he, and he told his dream.

His grandmother sat down by his bedside. "Fritz," said she, "I have got a Christmas tree."

"Have you though?" and he opened his eyes wide.

"A brighter one than that you saw."

"Have you though!" and he sat up in bed regardless of the cold.

"Yes, lie down and I'll tell you all about it." Years and years ago there grew a beautiful tree, named the Tree of Life, but it hadn't stood long before there fell a great avalanche of sin which crushed it. People used to go about sadly whispering to each other that there would never be another, but some said that God meant some day to plant a better one.

Well, one cold winter's night there came a little child from heaven it is said that the angels sang that night, for he carried with him heavenly seed. He sowed it, and watched it till it grew into a your tree, and then to make it last for ever, and bear such fruit as was nevi seen before, he watered it with his own blood. Ever since then the tre has gone on growing, and though fierce storms have beat upon it, it has lived through them all, and still bears its bright Christmas fruit. The birds of happiness sing day and night among its branches, and every-one who eats the fruit is made so happy that he cares but little for other things."

"Is that what makes you so happy, grandmother?"

"Yes, my child, but everyone does not know of it," added she, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"But what is the name of it?"

"It is called the Tree of Life, and it grows in the midst of the Paradise of God. It bears all manner of sweet fruits of love and peace, and its leaves take away pain and sickness, so that no disease or misery can come near it."

"Was that little child Jesus Christ?" said Fritz softly.

"Yes, my dear."

The grandmother bent down to kiss him to sleep, but her eyes filled with tears when she heard him whisper, "I do love Jesus Christ."

The rough wind blew, and the snow beat down on the cottage that night, but the inmates slept sweetly and undisturbed, for the rich fruits of love and peace were shed into their hearts in golden showers from the heavenly Christmas tree, and angel wings hovered around to lull them to rest.

The Face of the Beloved.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THERE hangs in my sick room a print from Caracci's famous picture of the four Marys lamenting over the dead body of our crucified Lord. I fix my eyes upon the face of the well-beloved corpse, and my thoughts, running as they will, leave as their residuum that which follows.

A countenance is the especial throne-room and pavilion of intelligence, the parade-ground of thought, the material mirror of mind, the papyrus whereon the soul writes out her mystic lore, the pillar on which she hangeth up her writing for the world to read. There is something regal in the face of every man: the aweless lion blenches before that imperial eye, the pitiless wolf skulks from that commanding look. If we would picture angels' faces, could we select a higher model than the image of a man? Mysterious blending of matter and mind! The human visage is a sea of mystery. As Sir Thomas Wyatt says, it "Speaks without word such words as none can tell."

The face before us is not that of the first Adam. What a study might that have been! Natural innocence and free-will subdued in easy conflict by subtlety and sin. Beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere, but probably more hirsute and patriarchal, the dead face of the great sire of men, was the model of manhood at its best receiving the wages of sin. Dear face of martyred Abel! what footmarks of sweetness, tenderness, faith, and joy, did thy noble spirit leave behind, when, first of all human intelligences, it entered within the gates of pearl. One half wishes to see how Abraham slept; how Isaac closed his eyes; how Jacob composed his features; how Joshua reposed; how Samuel "fell on sleep." Into the face of Goliath, with his brow all cavernous, where went the stone of David, we peer with triumph; brute strength is never so great but that mere earth force can overthrow it. "The Egyptians are men and not God; and their horses flesh and not spirit." The head of that other great decapitated—great in a far nobler sense—teaches widely different lessons. Those thin crimson lips once cut like scimitars into the hearts of sinners; that emaciated visage was a living rebuke to the luxury of the godless: lying in the charger of Herodias, set in a ruby collar of its own gore, the head of the Baptist summoned both Herod and his paramour to the judgment-seat where every secret thing shall be revealed; a token of the victory of the faithful soul over all a tyrant's arts and terrors.

But the face before us now in contemplation, is of one nobler than all these—the face of him whose "countenance is as the sun shining in his strength." Believer, behold the head of your Head, the face of him through whom you see the face of God. Start not aside because death is ghastly, for in this case the wondrous warmth of lingering love may make you forget the chill which gathers round the corpse. There was

never such a dead countenance before, for there is not one line of decay in it. At the very instant of death, the worm puts in its writ of habeas upon this mortal body, and, however little visible, corruption exercises instantly a defiling influence over the faces of all the departed; but our Lord's case was not of this order. His holy body could not see corruption; sorrow and death might mar it, but decay could not pollute it. The imperishable gopher wood might be hewn and carved, but it could not rot; the axe might fell the cedar, but the worm could not devour it.

In every other human face, evil tempers and rebellious desires have left, after death, memorials of their power; but in the countenance of our Lord Jesus there was no sign or trace of personal sin. The noblest beauties of the material visage spring from the light of goodness within the nature, and the worst deformities of phisiognomy are those which are the result of ruling vices; in the Redeemer's case, every exquisite touch of the fair hand of virtue must have been there, and not one solitary trace of the jagged tool and maniac hand of passion. The material which formed the groundwork of the dear dead face, over which our love now sheds her reverent tears, was perfect; no original sin was mingled with the conception or birth of the Son of God; and "that holy thing" remained after thirty years of trial as perfect as when first produced. No evil was generated from within, and no evil was insinuated from without. In all those furrows of pain, and scars of anguish, there is not even a hair-line of transgression, so much as in thought. Here is a face indeed; dead, but alike free from presence of corruption and vestigia of sin.

That face must have been originally the most lovely ever gazed upon by a mother's eye. A perfect soul could only fitly dwell within a comely body. "A body hast thou prepared me"—a body, then, suitable for such a one to assume. Yet no face was ever more marred by pain than our blessed Lord's; so that the natural comeliness was overshadowed with a cloud of grief. His sorrows were so many that they must have worn his visage as constant dropping frets the stone. See we not the gravings of that never-ceasing woe? Plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning, the products of such incessant workmanship are rich and rare. Some of his sorrows were peculiar to himself—great waves of misery unknown to lesser souls; abysmal depressions, hells of anguish. Against him were aimed spiritual and heart-penetrating arrows from the black quiver, such as were never shot at human heart before. All those griefs, too, were unmixed with sin. The result of pure, unmingled sorrow on a mortal countenance is nowhere else to be discerned; the result must have been as singular as the cause was unique. The griefs of Jesus were none of them his own: "Surely he hath born *our* griefs and carried *our* sorrows." Benevolence, then, left its line side by side with every pang, and the two great artists of love and grief combined to produce that matchless countenance.

Gazing into that face, one remembers that in the wilderness those eyes beheld the tempter; at Jordan they saw heaven opened; at Golgotha they looked on death, and shot their glances into hell; yet now incapable of one glance of love at his mother or at Magdalene;

unable to utter one consoling word, the hero sleeps. Never such a history condensed into a face before.

"Thou noble countenance!
All earthly lights are pale
Before the brightness of that glance
At which a world shall quail;
How is it quenched and gone!
Those gracious eyes how dim!
Whence grew that cheek so pale and wan?
Who dared to scoff at him?

All lovely hues of life,
That glow'd on lip and cheek,
Have vanished in that awful strife;
The Mighty one is weak.
Pale Death has won the day,
He triumphs in this hour,
When strength and beauty fade away,
And yield them to his power."

Never had the grave such a captive, never death such a victim. Well might earth groan until her rocks were rent, for her Lord, her King, her glory was dead. Sit down, O soul, and bewail the dead Christ, and add thy tears to the spices brought to embalm him. But hush, the promise speaks and bids thee refrain from weeping. The battle is ended but not the victory. Is the life of Jesus closed? No! Glory be to God for ever—No!

The ghastly pallor which surrounds every feature of the most noble countenance in death cannot prevent our perceiving in the present case the peace and joy, deep and profound, which ruled our Lord's departing moments. The joy of the cross must have been as high as its agony was deep. "Lama sabachthani" is equalled, measure for measure, by "It is finished." An exultation lingers in that eye, a glow of delight gleams still in yon cheek, the lip is wreathed even now with a smile divinely exultant, and the brow is beetling with a majesty of conscious victory. That dead face is no relic of defeat, it is the epitome of the battle and victory by which men's souls were won. A spiritual Marathon, a mental Salamis, are in that countenance. Love makes each feature to be as a bed of spices; she reads over with delight the volume of his lovely face and studies every lineament; she lingers around the mouth which is most sweet; and in her heart she cries with the spouse in the Canticles, "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars: yea, he is altogether lovely."

Never let us forget, as we perceive the Saviour actually dead, that it was by yielding himself so completely that he achieved a perfect triumph. Carnal eyes beholding the dead visage of the Son of Man would have pronounced his cause hopeless, and his kingdom a chimera. Yet at that moment the Redeemer's throne was established never to be moved. He conquered when he fell. His death, like that of Samson, was the ruin of all his foes. Never let this lesson depart from us, for all truth must be conformed to the experience of him who is THE TRUTH. Every good and great cause must be betrayed into the hands of sinners, mocked, and despitefully used, and what if it be crucified and put to death? in that moment it shall consummate its victory. Comfort one another

with these words, ye lonely champions of despised truth, your hour shall come, and resurrection shall follow on the heels of crucifixion.

Among those precious things in reserve, which are this day the expectation of our hope, is the sight of the King in his beauty. That very face which was veiled in the gloom of the sepulchre shall be seen in the glory of his appearing, *and seen by me.* Oh, blissful anticipation, mine eyes shall see him for myself, and not another! O for the enjoyment of that manifestation! When will the day dawn, and the shadows flee away? Surely amid the royalties of our exalted Lord, when every sign of humiliation shall be exchanged for honour and dominion, there will still remain in that beloved face the memorials of his passion! Not to diminish, but to enhance his glory! Not to obscure a ray of beauty, but to reveal every unparalleled perfection. Let it be as it may, it shall be joy enough to me to behold the King's face in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Adieu, ye lips, which once with sweetest words did overflow,
Fresh from sharp vinegar, and bitterness of gall!
Adieu, ye cheeks, so often turned to bear the smiter's blow,
And spat upon in Pilate's judgment-hall.

Farewell, O mouth, so sweet and free from guile,
And yet, alas! by traitorous kiss betrayed;
Farewell, dear face, still bearing for my heart a smile;
I leave thee—thou art in the Garden laid.

But, O thou matchless face of God in human clay,
I wait to see thee, flaming like the sun, in glory bright;
Nor shall I wait in vain, for thou art on the way,
And all thy saints are pining for the sight.

Christian Work in Marylebone Police-Court and Workhouse.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

NEXT to the Tower Hamlets, the population of Marylebone is the largest of the Parliamentary boroughs of the Metropolis. The Tower Hamlets has certainly, since the commencement of the present century, held the first place, and for the last thirty years Marylebone, which has increased rapidly, has been second in the census list. A population of nearly four hundred thousand persons, almost entirely consisting of the middle and lower classes, it has ever presented a wide field for Christian philanthropy. How far it has been occupied we cannot stay to enquire; our purpose is to show that three different agencies by one society have for some years been at work with considerable success. Everyone has heard, through the newspapers, of the Marylebone police-court, but few have any idea that a missionary devotes a certain part of his time to such a field—a field as important as many of more conspicuous note. The large workhouse in this borough affords also another opportunity for Christian work; while the almost numberless public-houses and coffee-shops which stud the

streets open up a third means of doing good to those who are included under the comprehensive term, "the masses."

Who would care to spend his days in a London police-court? In external appearance the majority of such halls are not peculiarly attractive; while the interior is characterised by much that is repulsive. There are crowds outside, and crowds inside; and as a rule the type of persons within resembles closely the type without. For curiosity rarely brings respectable people into a police-court; and morbid love of criminals is confined to those whose tastes are not very elevated. Still, the police-court is a very popular resort for the idle as well as the vicious; and the outer court, provided for the friends of the prisoners awaiting their trial, will also be occupied by those who have but a remote interest in the men and women who are to be arraigned before the bar. We once spent an afternoon in a police-court situated in one of the poorest and most thickly-populated districts of London. We saw both the prisoners and their friends; and so far as personal appearance was concerned, we preferred the prisoners to their friends. A more motley group of demoralised beings we never met with. Of the very scum and offscouring of our London purlieus, they presented an aspect pitiable to behold. Haggard and unshorn faces, that told of vice and want; patched and ragged garments that had cost nothing for rents; shaky fingers that trembled with nervous excitement; dusky-brown flesh that had been discoloured by disease and poisoned by dirt, were to be seen in the outer court. There was loud and angry talking, discussions that were as heated as any we have witnessed in town council chambers (the noisiest, next to vestry meetings, in this land of free speech). The sad fate of Bob, the innocence of Jim, the folly of Tom in not eluding the policeman's grasp, were subjects of free debate; and the very official who had secured Tom listened with calm dignified composure to the criticism. There seems indeed to be a perfectly fair understanding between Mr. Constable and Mr. Thief. "Catch me if you can—if you're sharp enough, you are welcome," seems to be the thief's challenge, and it is evidently accepted in all honesty by our law protectors. Frequently it is sharp work to be successful, but when success does crown the policeman's exertions, it is a feather in his cap. How he congratulates himself upon his dexterity! How firmly does he grip Mr. Thief when he has him within grasp! With many thieves' friends all the fault of prosecuting a criminal is due to the policeman; and he has therefore to bear the brunt of all the harsh and uncomely words they are disposed to address to him. As for the magistrate, somehow he is regarded as a minion of the constable, and must therefore do as he dictates. At least, these criminal classes have no idea of justice. Society is dead against them. Society seeks to exterminate them. Society supports and clothes and fattens "bobbies," that they may be hunted down. All this arouses their ire. As for deserving the punishment due to their offences, the thought rarely occurs to them, until in retirement, away from their associates, they begin to seriously think. What struck me most was the large proportion of women sympathisers. Even vicious women are wonderfully sympathetic. True, it is a raw-material sympathy, but it is as acceptable to those for whom it is intended as the gentle tenderness of love is to others. Irish women

there were by the score, crying and talking—half-drunk, badly clothed —cursing and swearing with a freedom that might have been profitably restrained. At the first opportunity they rushed to the bar, pell-mell, as indecorously as the right honourable gentlemen of another House push themselves before another bar. The magistrate is accustomed to the sight of the ragged crew. Some are old acquaintances with whom he has frequently dealt; others are new faces following in the old paths that will bring them to the same position as their boasted friends before long. Such a sight is not to be witnessed without deep and serious reflection; and the more one reflects the more painful does the thought become—what has the church of Christ done to raise such depraved ones? What indeed!

I am glad, heartily glad, that the London City Mission, which does so many good things, and does them so exceedingly well, has attempted to grapple with the vice and wickedness that court the eye of all who do business in one at least of the Metropolitan police-stations. One wishes that they had competent men who could engage in this work in connection with all these courts. The difficulties attending the visitation of such places are not a few; and wisely to converse with those who are in a state of excitement, is not so easy as an outsider might imagine. The missionary not only addresses himself to the prisoners' friends, but he obtains access to the prisoners themselves in their cells after conviction. The room in which they are huddled together before being introduced to the magistrate, is generally full, and the sight is "horrifying." "On my first entering," the missionary says, "every eye seems to be directed towards me, some of them scarcely able to divine as to the purport of my visit. The keenness with which they eye me startled me at first, but I soon became accustomed to it; and in looking round on the moral filth and putrefaction that are presented here, I am not unfrequently constrained to exclaim in the language of the patriarch of old, but under opposite circumstances, 'How dreadful is this place!'" A very large number of the prisoners are brought up for drunkenness and ill-behaviour, or for offences that are due to drunkenness; and it is a melancholy fact that of such offenders there are more women than men. The majority are Irish women, the remainder being principally English. It speaks well for the moral training and education of the Scotch, that so few of their nationality are to be found in our London police-courts, and it is sad to think that the Irish are, of all classes, the most ignorant—unable to read, almost incapable of an intelligent apprehension of religious truth. The Romanist, indeed, is utterly ignorant of the true way of salvation; while only those Protestants who have been brought up by pious parents, or who have had the inestimable advantage of Sunday-school instruction, have any idea of the nature and evil of sin, and the pressing need of a remedy. Still the majority of Protestant criminals are not of this class. They are mostly acquainted with the simple elements of religious truth; but their feelings are so deadened, their course of sin has been so hardening, and their sardonic looks so evil, that one is not surprised to hear the missionary say that the truths of the gospel come with greater significance and power to those who are unacquainted with the message of mercy than to those who have had greater advantages.

Let us accompany the missionary on his round of visitation. It is Monday. Monday is the principal day at the Marylebone Police-court —especially for cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Saturday night is the pay-night, and though working men cannot—considering their scanty earnings—afford to get drunk at any time, and cannot afford to lose their brains, of which none of us can boast of having too much, or to muddle them in drink, for at no time are men's brains too clear, yet by an unfortunate circumstance those who cannot afford it, nor afford it at a time when their earnings are needed for marketing, are those who foolishly throw their money into the publican's till, and their reputation into the gutter. And so on Monday morning the magistrate is busy in punishing such offenders. Sometimes, however, the working man, to his credit, is conspicuous by his absence; and the court-room is filled with females, of all ages between twenty and seventy, and sometimes even outside both these. Here is a cluster of women of all ages, sizes, and degrees of intelligence. Old women just tottering on the borders of the grave, and who have not yet learnt the wisdom which is needed to prepare them for it; young married women, who have inaugurated their lives of misery by a drunken bout; servants who have lost their situations and their reputations through their passion for strong drink. These are huddled together with thieves and blackguards, awaiting the call of justice. How is the missionary to address such an assembly? He cannot preach to them—preaching would be out of place. He cannot privately converse with them—privacy is out of the question. Sometimes, however, he addresses them separately, and is not repulsed nor ridiculed, and he has listeners who manifest interest or indifference according to their dispositions.

Over yonder, in one corner of the room, he espies a thoughtful and pensive looking young woman, who seems to be friendless and unknown. Her fellow prisoners around are joking and laughing; but she seems unconscious of all that is passing around her, and is apparently absorbed in the thought of her own sad position. She is addressed. She answers, without any apparent reserve, the well-meant questions put to her. In the course of the conversation the missionary ascertains that she lives at some distance; that she is in respectable circumstances; but her masterful passion has been drink. The missionary kindly addresses her on the perils of sin, the need of reformation, and the willingness of the Saviour to deliver her from sin's power and dominion. She is attentive, and respectful, and he leaves her vowing that she will turn over a new leaf. Let us hope she will do it!

Are all as docile? Alas, no! In another part of the room there is a woman whose drunken habits also have brought her to this degraded position. She pettishly refuses to listen at all. "Don't want such talk; I know as much and more than you can tell me; and as to the tract, I have a Bible, and that's enough for me." Very respectfully, the missionary congratulates her on possessing so charming a treasure; but regrets that she has not made better use of it, and faithfully assures her that unless her opportunities are improved, her guilt will be great. At this she becomes enraged, and finding her inexorable, the visitor quits her for a time. After awhile, he returns, presents his tract, is not refused, and furthermore, she listens respectfully. And this woman,

respectable, somewhat intelligent, not altogether unacquainted with religious truths, has been overtaken, as it is called, with drunkenness, and is mad with herself for being "such a fool." Persistence in refusal, however, is not uncommon, and scornfully are the missionary's efforts treated by some who answer that such subjects are suited only to quite another class of persons. "No doubt," writes the missionary in one of his reports, "there is a large number of wayside, stony, and thorny ground hearers, who listen only to reject and despise the truths spoken to them; still there are many that give indications of belonging to that class of hearers represented by the good ground." One man objects to the conversation of the missionary on the ground that it makes him miserable—a very good result, as he is assured, since "like the physician with his lance physically, I want to probe your moral wounds, so that you may see the necessity of going to the great Physician of souls, before it be too late." There is great sameness in all the cases; for there is nothing interesting in sinners, as such. The sin varies, but the results are the same—hardened natures, deadened feelings, morose tempers, unsubdued wills. The missionary's work is somewhat indiscriminate and the results unknown; he has to scatter the seed, and not to tend its growth. He sees little of permanent result—that is denied him; for he does not often see the same faces again. One case, however, is an exception, and as such may be quoted. "While speaking to the prisoners to-day," he reports, "one of the policemen, who had just entered the room, informed me that there was a person outside wishing to speak to me. On going out I recognised her as one who had been brought up some months ago for drunkenness. She was a native of Scotland, between forty and fifty years of age, a servant, and at this time in a pretty good situation at Chelsea, where she had been during the last two years. She was taken by surprise that anyone should come to such a place as that to speak to her on religious subjects, and became much affected in the course of my conversation. As she had been in the habit of attending public worship, I spoke to her the more seriously as to the heinousness of her sin, especially as she gave me an intimation that this was not the first time she had failed, and there seemed to be the manifestations of real penitence." The missionary endeavoured to procure for her a suitable situation; but before he had succeeded, she managed to obtain one. And now, full of gratitude for the missionary's kindness, she had come to tell him that she was a "total abstainer, and better still, a member of a Christian church." The vast majority of cases, however, that come under the visitor's notice are such as never realise any known results.

Not so, however, the work of the visitor to the workhouse, whose last report is before me. Here he has large opportunities of being useful for the Saviour. The average number of inmates in Marylebone Workhouse is 1,370, a large proportion of whom enter for a short time, "and die after a life of calamity and heavy affliction. Some have entered with a broken heart, and a weary and heavy laden spirit, after having been bereaved by the hand of Divine Providence. Others have entered, and it is to be feared many, after a life of indolence and vice, without principle, and without natural affection. Some of these have violated every tie and every obligation of duty, and are reduced to a state as

abject as it is degraded and miserable. Vicious in themselves, they in many cases only seek, so far as they have the means, to make others as miserable and vicious also. There is also another class of inmates, which consists of persons of feeble minds, and without thought. Some of these, however, are cunning and resentful, stupid and obstinate." It is among such persons that the missionary has to labour, often with much fatigue, and burdened with much depression. He visits the able-bodied men who are engaged as hair-pickers and oakum-pickers, in their dinner-hour, once a week, and also the needlewomen and laundry-women. He converses with the inmates in the forty wards for the sick and infirm, and conducts five services on the Lord's-day in the men's and women's infirmaries. Five hundred and fifty-seven persons died in the house in 1867, and all of these persons were visited by the missionary, who is thankful to say that many had been brought to a knowledge of Divine truth through his and others' instrumentality. Two cases are interesting. A young girl of twenty years of age was placed in the refractory ward. She had not lived reputably before entering the workhouse, and was tiresome when in it. She was, however, brought to a knowledge of the Saviour; left the workhouse for a comfortable situation, and is now living consistently. Another young woman, full of merry antics, such as putting a piece of candle in some gruel, and otherwise obstreperous, was invited to the missionary's meeting. "The next time I saw her," relates the missionary, "I invited her to my meeting, but she said the meeting was not for such as she. I assured her she would be quite welcome there, but she did not attend, and I lost sight of her. She has informed me since that whenever she saw me about she would get out of the way; but one morning, being in the house rather earlier than usual, I proceeded to the women's yard, where I happened to drop on her. She made haste to run away, but I called after her and said, 'Don't run away, I want to speak to you.' She came back, and I think I was with her nearly half-an-hour. I believe the Lord put it into my heart to go early that morning to the house; and as there was a needs be for Christ to pass through Samaria, so likewise it was the case that I came early to the house for the purpose of being brought into contact with this woman. She related a full and painful tale of her past history. Her father, who lived in the locality, turned her out of doors when she was seventeen years old, and told her to get her living the best way she could. She commenced selling congreve matches, after which she took to selling watercresses, and managed to get some sort of a living; but one evening she met her father, who enticed her home, only to rob her and then turn her again out of doors. I made some enquiries about her mother, and found that she had been dead three years, and that her father was living with another woman in an unlawful way. The poor girl is a very good singer, and she got acquainted with the proprietor of a Penny Gaff, who engaged her at a shilling a night; but the immoral scenes she witnessed there soon led her to give that up." She then entered the workhouse, and at the invitation of the missionary attended his reading-class, was instructed in the way of salvation, and ultimately found it. Her case has proved permanently good.

Besides attending the workhouse and the infirmary, the missionary

addresses the casuals in the newly-opened wards. Ten thousand of this class obtained relief in six months. They are compelled to wash themselves, are then provided with six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel for supper; after which, their clothes being taken to be cleansed, they are furnished with a woollen nightshirt and sent to bed. This bed consists of a mattrass, a flock pillow, and a pair of rugs. Early in the morning they are aroused for breakfast, and to pick oakum. It is in the evening when the missionary and a Scripture-reader address the casuals, and with few exceptions, the attention given has been admirable.

The third branch of Christian work undertaken by officers of the City Mission is one that has already been described by us.* The missionary for this department in Marylebone is an intelligent man who is evidently well qualified for a work which he must love, or he could not have succeeded in it. He has found in the public-houses of this borough all classes of men—high and low, rich and poor, tradesmen, professional men, foreigners, and sailors, and to some of these he has been personally useful. In the coffee-houses which are visited, tracts are distributed, and a kind helpful word offered. In one public-house the missionary has conversed with fifty Irishmen on a Sunday evening, and brought the truth before their minds by means of such a suitable tract as "Barny the soldier, or try Christ." "As a father," he adds, "it is not likely I should overlook the very many poor little children met with in public-houses. Girls and boys scarcely as high as the bar counter, are sent by their thoughtless parents with jugs and bottles for beer and gin. A kind word and small picture-book win a smile and make an early good impression."

Thus earnestly and ploddingly do these simple agents attempt to grapple with some of the sin and misery of London life. To seek, to elevate, to rescue, those who have no love, no home, no teacher, no God —this is their mission, and in their work they are blessed.

The Church of England "degraded to the level of the Sects."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN Episcopal journals of all shades of opinion, we frequently meet with a fear lest "our beloved church of England should be degraded to the level of a mere sect." This catastrophe appears to be the climax of ecclesiastical evil. It is dreaded alike by the courageous and straightforward Evangelical, the intelligent and highly enlightened Ritualist, and the truly devout and scrupulously orthodox member of the Broad school.

The fear lest the church of England should become divided against herself, and so should come to nought, is scarcely expressed once for every hundred times in which the bugbear of "degradation to a mere sect" finds utterance. Alarm lest its ecclesiastical system should prove

* See "The Sword and the Trowel," 1868, p. 258.

out of harmony with the age, or lest heresy should contaminate its faith, or spiritual life forsake its fabric, we have heard; but the sound thereof has been as feeble as the chirping of a grasshopper compared with the voice of trembling heard upon her high places, lest she should sink to the level of the sects. To the church mind there appears to be an innermost depth of inconceivable disaster and unutterable mischief in this contingency, and therefore against it ten thousand of the elect and faithful bow the knee, crying day and night, "from all fraternal association and Christian equality with other Protestant churches, good Lord deliver us." Each Episcopal party has its own pet aversion; but all the aversions put together are not equal to this one object of dread. One churchman grows feverish at the name of the Pope, another is delirious if the famous Zulu is referred to, Dr. Temple is the horror of one, and Dr. Pusey of another; but these little family feuds are peace itself when compared with the inward violence aroused by the approach of that religious equality which is destined to make Episcopacy abate her arrogance.

Being always governed by the most generous sentiments towards the weak, and the tenderest sympathies towards the sorrowing, we are moved to offer to afflicted Episcopalians, whose hearts are overwhelmed within them by the hideous fear which we have mentioned, a few comfortable considerations.

In the first place, timorous friends, *if that which you dread should come upon you to the uttermost, what would it involve?* Your church would stand upon the same footing as other highly honourable and useful churches of Christ. They are sects or parts of that great spiritual church for which the Lord Jesus Christ shed his blood; for your community to be regarded in the same light, is an affliction which you might survive. Your church must either be a section of the one church of Christ, or the whole of it, or have no relation to it. The last it would be uncharitable to insinuate, and we do not raise the question. The second alternative we trust you have not the arrogance to suggest. It remains, therefore, that your church is already a sect, or section, or part of the church of Christ. Peace to your fears! Behold how small a mouse the mountain hath brought forth! Like the man who discovered that he had been writing prose for several years without knowing it, so, O timorous Episcopalian, you have long been a member of a sect without being aware of it.

A second comfortable consideration may be drawn from the fact that *the elevation above the level of a mere sect, which the church of England is supposed at present to enjoy, is not of the most remarkably clear or valuable character.*

Some measure of glory is supposed to flash from the church's corona, on account of *the preponderating multitude of her adherents.* When the Pan-Anglican Synod was sitting in all the pomp and circumstance of hierarchical dignity; English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish Episcopal, and the never-to-be-forgotten Bishop of Sodor and Man, side by side with Right Rev. Fathers in God from the Susquehanha River and the Big Mud Creek, and all the Presidents of all the Missionary Dioceses from Hong Kong to Natal; Protestant Episcopacy arose before the worshipful mind of the British churchman like a vision of the beatific glory, with

rustling as of lawn sleeves and crumpling of black silk aprons, exceeding apostolic. To bring down such a church to the level of a mere sect, must have seemed to any mind, rendered ecstatic by the heavenly vision, a sin scarcely to be paralleled in atrocity by that which is called unpardonable. Now that the delirium caused by that transfiguration of prelacy may have abated, and minds may have become somewhat more able calmly to judge, the question may be put, "What is the actual size of the Episcopalian church compared with other Protestant denominations? Is she so vast as to exceed all the rest of Protestantism together? Walks she as the moon among the stars? Is she greater than any, or all other bodies of Christians? Or is she not rather beyond measure so grand in her proportions as to render it utterly ridiculous to institute comparisons, even as men no longer measure Himalayas by molehills?" To assist us at arriving at some conclusion, we would venture to enquire whether those Protestant churches holding the Presbyterian form of church government do not very considerably, and even by a distinct multiple, outnumber the Episcopalians? Prussia, Holland, France, Switzerland, America, Scotland—all these countries pour forth hordes of Presbyterians, compared with whom Episcopalians are as a little flock. Where is, then, the superior elevation of the Episcopal sect beyond the Presbyterian sect? It would scarcely be a calamity to lose such elevation, seeing it has gone already, or rather at no time in history ever had an existence.

One matter too lightly regarded is the mode in which the strength of a church can properly be estimated. There are ways of manufacturing statistics so as to make them say what you will; and there are methods of swelling the census of a church, by which rather its ideal than its actual strength is represented to the public eye. To count all the inhabitants of England as churchmen, would be as inaccurate as to consider them all Dutchmen. To reckon all but avowed Dissenters as being Episcopalians, would be as correct as to put all men down as having red hair who had not taken out certificates as being adorned with raven locks. Each church may claim its own adherents rightfully enough; but no one of the churches has any right to assert that all unacknowledged by other denominations belong, as a matter of course, to itself. It were, indeed, easy to swell the apparent numbers of a church by enrolling in it all who have no religion at all, but the process is as rational as if it were a law of the census to put down all persons of no trade at all as clergymen; the numbers of that class would then be increased, but its dignity would suffer in proportion by being united with all the vagabondage of the country. Of course, if any community chooses to found its claim for superiority to all others on the fact that the scum, and draff, the non-worshipping, the profane, the debauched, the imprisoned, are her peculiar heritage and glory, and constitute her preponderating spiritual strength, she will find no rival for the honour among those decent and holy churches of Christ which are called sects. We are assured that churchmen will not wish to have their church's relative position calculated in such a manner that her numbers will rise or fall in precise ratio to the irreligion and villany of the country; such an elevation above the sects they would no more covet than the gallows of Haman. It has always seemed to us that the fairest and

most practical estimate of a church's relative strength could only be made by counting the number of her communicants. Those who love not a religion well enough to attend to her most sacred and central rite, may well be omitted from her muster-roll. Outward profession does not ensure genuine discipleship, but it would be folly to reckon those as disciples who do not even profess to be such. Let us try, then, this test of membership. The Baptist churches do not claim any pre-eminence in numbers, but are content to rank with the smaller branches of the church of Christ, yet, in America and this country, the Baptist churches number about one million and a-quarter of members. We ask the question for information, and enquire—had all the ecclesiastics of the Pan-Anglican Synod anything like this number of constant, regular communicants under their care? We gravely doubt it. Be it remembered, also, that in Baptist churches watchful and stringent discipline is maintained; the door to the Lord's-supper is jealously guarded, and any known immorality at once excludes a man from membership. No such discipline exists in the Episcopal church in England; the merest mockery of such a thing may survive, but for all practical purposes, discipline in Episcopal membership is dead and buried. Yet it is a matter open to fair question, whether the entire body of such lax and necessarily corrupt membership would be found to equal the membership of the Baptist community. The next time the Episcopalian feels inclined to look down with contempt upon the *mere sect* of Baptists, let him seek some retired spot where he may give his judgment a reason for the pride that is in him.

The statement could be defended, if it were boldly asserted, that three or four other Protestant communities are each of them equal in numbers to the Episcopal body, if not superior to it. The Methodist family, in all its tribes, might hold a "Pan-Methodist Synod," which would represent, we conceive, fully twice as many believers in Christ as the famous prelatical conclave. After all, numbers never did and never can, in themselves, give strength; the indwelling Spirit of God constitutes the true power of a church, and this, thank God, is not confined to Episcopacy, nor to any of us. If to know that it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the living God, is the level of the sects, as we honestly believe it to be, the sooner Episcopal believers come down to this level the better. The swollen greatness of a supposititious preponderance of numbers is a form of falsehood and boastfulness in which truly noble minds will scorn to indulge.

The connection of Episcopacy with the State has been supposed to lend her some peculiar charms, but even while we write, the error is vanishing into thin air. There is the less room for us to denounce the unhallowed alliance, since Time's iron tongue appears to be at once proclaiming its shame and its end. Even churchmen are becoming disgusted with the unscriptural association which is rendering their church a victim to ten thousand ills, and denying her all rights of guarding herself against them. Denison and Pusey are at one with Miall and Binney. On all hands it is admitted to be a questionable dignity for a church to be established; and were it not that disendowment follows at its heels, disestablishment would be the universal prayer of all the church's thoughtful sons. It will be no calamity to be bereft

of that faded chaplet which at this moment stigmatises rather than adorns its wearer.

The forebodings of Episcopalians may receive some mitigation if they remember that *it might even involve an ascent, if their church should reach the level of the sects.* If the position of a community is fixed by its history, a church which has degraded itself by persecuting its rivals, by surrendering the headship of Christ to a human potentate, and by other sins of the same order, must take a lower room than another church which has been faithful under oppression, and has never resorted to an arm of flesh for succour. When the votaries of the prelatical church remember Scotland and the name of Claverhouse, they may bashfully accept equality with Presbyterians, and wonder at the grace which overlooks the hateful past. How grievously must reminiscences of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Five Mile Act, and other infamous statutes, disturb the godly prelatist? What other church was ever girt around with an iniquitous rampart comparable to the Act of Uniformity? Have Methodists ever fined, and imprisoned, and cut off the ears of dissenters from John Wesley? Have Baptists seized Episcopal furniture, and horses, and cows, for tithes and church-rates? To ravine like a wolf, and to plunder like a freebooter, has been the peculiar prerogative of the church of England. Meanwhile, where else upon earth has simony reigned so supreme? At this very hour, livings are bought and sold as publicly as pigs and bullocks. It has never been so much as insinuated that such infamy is practised among "*the sects.*" In fact, in this respect the most despised of the sects is as much above the church in character as an honest woman is superior to a common harlot. If, then, reputable churches of Jesus Christ, with unsullied histories are placed upon a certain level, let it be the hourly prayer of all good Episcopalians that by deep repentance, mortification, and amendment, their hitherto grievously erring and foully offending Alma Mater, may yet be elevated to the same godly and honourable platform. It is true this prodigal church might well confess that it is not worthy to be called a son, and might count it a favour to be as one of the hired servants; but the past shall be forgiven, it shall yet be put among the children, and its brethren will receive it joyfully, when it shall lay aside its loftiness and confess that all we are brethren.

Once more, let the Episcopalian reflect that *to be reduced to the level of the sects will be an incalculable gain to his church.* The sects are free to obey the laws of Christ without the intervention of the civil power, they choose their own bishops and deacons, and govern their own affairs; but the Episcopal body is bound, hand and foot, and enjoys barely as much liberty as a mastiff chained and muzzled. No one congregation of Episcopalians can do other than receive for its pastor any stranger who may be thrust upon them; the people are usually no more consulted than if they were a flock of sheep to be sold to a butcher. As to the election of bishops, was there ever a more delectable farce? The Prime Minister calleth whom he wills, and saith to him, Sit there upon the episcopal throne, and rule in the midst of thy brethren. The Episcopal church in her fullest convocation can do nothing. The state has disarmed her of every weapon, even as mothers put edged tools out of the reach of naughty children. All the deans, and prebends, and

rectors, and vicars, and proctors, and surrogates, and canons, and archdeacons, and bishops put together, could not change one hair of the church white or black, though a single Act of Parliament could dye it green or ultramarine, if the Commons of England chose to do so. No church ever ate dirt more abundantly than "our beloved church of England;" her capacity for humiliation is infinite; there is no point at which she will become rebellious to her lords and masters. Among her matrons you shall never find a hand to wield the cutty-stool of Janet Geddes, no, not even at this day, when mass is said to their faces at their own altars. If we were desired to draw the picture of a church enslaved to the uttermost, pliant to the last degree, degraded beyond comparison, we should point to the actual current history of the church of England, and cry, "Behold that which you seek!" The bishop of the smallest congregational church would resent with indignation the slightest approach to interference from any power beyond his church, and he would have the sympathy of all his brethren with him in maintaining his church's independence; and yet here is a community crushed, overridden and manacled, which sneers at the free, and dreads to be elevated to the level of the manly and independent. Must it be always one of the worst results of slavery, that it prevents the mind from appreciating the privileges of freedom? If some such influence had not fascinated the church of England, her pious sons would long ago have cursed her golden fetters, and in a paroxysm of holy indignation have dashed them to the ground.

Possibly after all we have mistaken the meaning of the alarm which excites so many Episcopalians; it may be that their fear is *lest their church should become as sectarian in spirit and bitter in temper as the other sects.* It is fashionable to decry sectarianism, and commendable to desire to be delivered from it. If the church of England has been distinguished for her catholicity and Christian charity far above any of the sects, we devoutly pray that she may never fall from her high estate, but may remain in this an ensample to the whole Protestant community. But is it so? It is notoriously the reverse. There is no sect so schismatical, so unbrotherly, so insultingly unfraternal as the Episcopalian. Her canons remain to this hour the very quintessence of bigotry, their spirit is, to put it plainly, infernal; they are a standing disgrace to the nineteenth century. Have any of the sects similar specimens of religious spleen? No other body of Christians would tolerate for an hour the existence of such horrible canons, and if they did, they would be hooted out of civilised society. This sect denies permission to bury their dead within her graveyards, to two at least of its sister churches; nor will she even bury them herself—an inhospitality worthier of cannibals than Christians. Among the sects there is a frequent interchange of pulpits among their ministers, and a preacher of ability and grace is welcomed alike by all; but against every servant of God, who follows not with them, Episcopalians close the door. Nor must the Episcopal divine degrade himself by preaching in the pulpit of the most holy and eloquent pastor of another church. The separation is as complete as if the two parties were Buddhists and Mahometans, but it is solely maintained from one side; the sects are not so sectarian as to shut out the Establishment, but she, in

her affected superiority, cries aloud, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." The churches among the sects commend their members to each other's care; a fraternal correspondence is always going on between the pastors, concerning disciples who are removing. A commendatory letter, for instance, from the church at the Tabernacle would not only admit the bearer to the loving regard of any Baptist church, but there is no Presbyterian, Independent, or Methodist church, which would not accept the credentials. The habits of the sects are, as a rule, as fraternal as if they were parts of one organisation; but whoever dreams that this fraternal intercourse would be endorsed by the Episcopalian clergy? As far as such mutual recognition is concerned, the Church of England has a great gulf fixed between her and all our Protestant churches. She does not regard the other churches any more favourably than Rome regards all Protestants. We are not sister churches, but dissenting bodies; to differ from the Episcopal persuasion being to dissent, as though she also did not dissent from us. To meet us at the Bible Society, or the Evangelical Alliance, is a condescension only achieved by the more godly, and then wondered at as a prodigy of liberality. It is a marvel that men do not see how absurd, how un-Christlike all this isolation and affectation makes them. An Episcopalian is not necessarily one whit better or worse than a member of another church; why will he give himself airs? why will he talk so exceeding proudly? Let him think of his fellow Christians as his equals; let him profit from their ministers; let him co-operate with them in efforts for the common weal; in fine, let him hold his own faith, and pay due deference to that of others, and then he will have nothing to fear, even should his church, in brotherly love and Christian charity, rise to "the level of the sects."

Christmas Proverbs.

BY PASTOR JOHN HANSON, HUDDERSFIELD.

1. God hath spoken to his children in proverbs; and there are many aphorisms which inspiration acknowledgeth not.

2. Accept, then, the proverbs of the Bible, for they are true; but the sayings of man weigh thou, for they are fallible.

3. If thou distrustest all proverbs, thy mind is too narrow: if thou believest them all, thy faith is too broad.

4. There is a season which the church calleth Christmas; but the name thereof beareth false witness.

5. There is no agreement between Christ and the mass; and truth forbiddeth the words to be married.

6. A corrupt church brought Christmas to the birth; and a church partially reformed hath given it adoption.

7. To observe Christmas as a holiday is proper: to claim it as a holy day is popish.

8. Christmas is an ancient festival; but it hath no precept in the Scriptures.

9. The Protestant saith "Christmas," for it is convenient; but he doth not subscribe to its meaning.

10. A good man keepeth Christmas because it is pleasant, not because it is binding.

11. A man is not pious because he goeth to "church" at Christmas; but he that neglecteth the Sabbath is wicked.

12. As a muddy river floateth a precious freight, so doth Christmas give witness to Christ.

13. Christmas cometh at the winter solstice; but where Christ reigneth December blossometh into June.

14. That Christ was born no one denieth; when Christ was born no one knoweth.

15. The day of Christ's birth is obscure; but the church appointeth it *certain* by the sun.

16. The day of Christ's death is revealed; but the church decreeth it *changeful* by the moon.

17. Paganism and Popery are minced into Christmas rites, and the people swallow them together.

18. Prophecy revealed Christ in daguerreotype: the gospels are pictures of Jesus in perfect photo.

19. The birth of Christ was in "the fulness of time," and the duty of the Christian hath its proper seasons.

20. The divinity of Jesus stooped lower than the angels, and the humanity of Christ hath ascended higher than the angels.

21. The birth of Christ was the honour of womanhood, and the glory of a woman is her love to Jesus.

22. One virgin was Christ's mother, but every maiden may be his sister.

23. There was no room for Jesus at the inn, so doth the worldly heart shut out Christ, and it giveth lodging to meaner guests.

24. As the Shepherds left their flocks to go to Bethlehem, so doth a wise man subject his business to godliness.

25. The good man is like the Bethlehem shepherds; he findeth Christ and then speaketh of him to others.

26. The Romans enrolled Christ; the Jews inscribed his register; and his name is the property of the world.

27. The manger was Christ's cradle, and the heart of the poor saint is his palace.

28. An angel became a missionary to the shepherds, and he who publisheth Christ is the brother of Gabriel.

29. As the star which guided the wise men, so is the faithful preacher: but he that teacheth error is a Will-o'-the-wisp.

30. As the magi honoured Christ with their treasures, so he that hath wealth should confess that he oweth it to Jesus.

31. He that, Simeon-like, embraceth Christ, hath a merry Christmas; and death inspireth him with no terror.

32. Anna was mirthful at fourscore, because Christ was her joy; but a Christless aged woman is a harp without strings.

33. The angels struck the keynote of redemption, but the sweetness of the melody belongeth only to man.

34. When an angel singeth the Christmas Carol, his voice riseth only

to the second person: when a saint taketh up the strain, he warbleth in the first person.

35. The world's Christmas is once a-year: the saints' Christmas is once a-week.

36. At the sinner's door Christmas hath a welcome, but Christ knocketh and is refused.

37. A Christmas ball is no pledge of gladness; but when the heart entertaineth Jesus the spirit danceth.

38. A Christmas-tree withereth, and the fruit satisfieth not; but the tree of life flourisheth ever, and the leaves thereof are a medicine.

39. Christmas musicians fill the street with noise: Christian music filleth heaven with praise.

40. As a raven that emulateth the note of the nightingale, so is a drunken caroller that profaneth the song of the angels.

41. The Christmas knife sacrificeth the goose and the turkey: the Christian's spiritual knife slaughtereth cherished sins.

42. Godless ringers make Christmas melody upon the bells; but their devotion riseth no higher than the steeple.

43. As the child returneth to his parent because it is Christmas; so doth repentance bring the sinner to God.

44. The songs of Christmas are the funeral-knell of the year; and life is a mixture of music and mourning.

45. He that giveth a Christmas-box to his neighbour is generous; but he that withholdeth his heart from God is unjust.

46. The Christmas-rose blossometh in the snow; and true piety flourisheth in adversity.

47. Believe in Jesus, and let baptism witness thy faith; then shalt thy Christmas be merry and thy new year happy.

Subterranean Bells.

HONE in his *Year Book*, gives a letter from a correspondent in Raleigh, Nottinghamshire, which states that many centuries since, the church and a whole village were swallowed up by an earthquake. Many villages and towns have certainly shared a similar fate, and we have never heard of them more.

"The times have been
When the brains were out the man would die."

But at Raleigh, they say, the old church bells still ring at Christmas time, deep, deep, in earth; and that it was a Christmas morning custom for the people to go out into the valley, and put their ears to the ground to listen to the mysterious chimes of the subterranean temple. This is sheer superstition, but how it illustrates the truth that those preachers whose voices were clear and mighty for truth during life, continue to preach in their graves. Being dead they yet speak, and whether men put their ears to their tombs or not, they cannot but hear them.—*From my Note Book, C. H. S.*

Preciousness of the Bible.

THE life boat may have a tasteful bend and beautiful decorations, but these are not the qualities for which I prize it, it was my salvation from the howling sea! So the interest which a regenerate soul takes in the Bible, is founded on a personal application to his heart of the saving truth which it contains. If there is no taste for this truth, there can be no relish for the Scriptures.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander, New York.*

Immanuel.

A CORRESPONDENT from Sydney sends us the following verses, of which he says, "I possess them in your own handwriting, and value them as being your own composition at the early age of eighteen years. As it has afforded much comfort to me to peruse this hymn, I hope you will reprint it in '*The Sword and the Trowel.*'" .

When once I mourned a load of sin;
When conscience felt a wound within;
When all my works were thrown away;
When on my knees I knelt to pray;
Then, blissful hour, remembered well,
I learned thy love, Immanuel.

When storms of sorrow toss my soul;
When waves of care around me roll;
When comforts sink, when joys shall flee,
When hopeless gulfs shall gape for me;
One word the tempest's rage shall quell,
That word, thy name, Immanuel.

When for the truth I suffer shame,
When foes pour scandal on my name,
When cruel taunts and jeers abound,
When "Bulls of Bashan" gird me round,
Secure within my tower I'll dwell,
That tower thy grace, Immanuel.

When hell enraged lifts up her roar,
When Satan stops my path before,
When fiends rejoice and wait my end,
When legion'd hosts their arrows send;
Fear not my soul, but hurl at hell
Thy battle-cry, Immanuel.

When down the hill of life I go,
When o'er my feet death's waters flow,
When in the deep'ning flood I sink,
When friends stand weeping on the brink;
I'll mingle with my last farewell,
Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye,
When fairer worlds than these are nigh;
When heaven shall fill my ravished sight;
When I shall bathe in sweet delight;
One joy all joys shall far excel;
To see thy face, Immanuel.

Exaggeration.

IN certain ancient Italian frescoes, Mary Magdalen is drawn as a woman completely enveloped in her own hair, which reaches to her feet, and entirely wraps up her body as in a seamless garment. These queer draughtsmen must needs exaggerate; granted that the woman had long hair, they must enfold her in it like a silkworm in its own silk. The practice survives among the tribe of talkers, everything with them is on the enlarged scale; a man with ordinary abilities is a prodigy; another, with very pardonable faults, is a monster; a third, with a few failings, is a disgrace to humanity. Truth is as common and beautiful as a woman with flowing hair, but exaggeration is as grotesque and ugly as the Magdalen, all hair from head to foot.

A Visit to the North Sea Fishing Fleet, 1869.

BY M. W. DUNN.*

JUST twelve months prior to the visit which I propose to narrate, my friend, Mr. Alfred Parker, was staying at Great Yarmouth, and casually met with a fisherman with whom he conversed, and quickly discovered that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. They spent several hours together, and it was arranged on parting that my friend should visit the house of one of the captains of the "North Sea Fleet," when a promise was made, after a season of prayer, that, D.V., Mr. Parker should pay a visit in 1869, and preach the Word to the fishermen in the North Seas. A correspondence ensued, in which was a monthly address; a packet of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons was also regularly supplied. All these were gladly received by the Christian brethren, and there is good reason to date the commencement of increased earnestness to spread the truth as it is in Jesus to these means. A twelvemonth glided away, bearing upon its wings the many anxious hours of prayer and supplication of my friend at the throne of grace, that God's blessing would attend the labours about to be undertaken. Then having been made the subjects of united prayer, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, my friend Parker and myself embarked on board the "Lord Alfred Paget," for the North Sea.

As the shades of evening gathered, and we were fast losing sight of land, the captain suggested that a meeting should at once be held, as several of the men were already anxious to listen to the truth. We complied, and the Spirit was manifestly in our midst, and we had great access to the hearts of our sailor friends. On the following evening, having reached the spot at which the captain last left the Fleet, we laid to for the night, awaiting daybreak, in order to continue our search, as the vessels had sailed further north. While resting for the night in a beautiful calm, it was difficult to realise that we were upon the bosom of the North Sea; so profound was the quiet, a second opportunity being afforded for united worship, all on board attended, and during this season three of the men gave unmistakeable evidence that God had begun the work of grace in their hearts, which afterwards resulted in their openly avowing themselves on the Lord's side. How greatly did we rejoice together when, as with hearty grips of the hand and streaming eyes, they lifted up their hearts in gratitude to God, that he had sent the message of a Saviour's dying love to them. Though scoffers before, they at once gave expression to the hope that my friend's preaching might be greatly blessed on the coming day, which witnessed our arrival in the midst of nearly two hundred fishing smacks.

Great enthusiasm was displayed by a number of brethren, whose greeting was the heartiest I ever witnessed. I was delighted by their lovable and yet calm demeanour, so courteous, so kind, that all the roughness peculiar to their calling, which I anticipated, was totally eclipsed by the genuineness of their noble Christian character. They were already prepared to commence a service, and deputed their accustomed preacher, Captain John Mann, to ask my friend if he would at once preside, to which he readily consented. They in a short space of time gathered a goodly number on board. After singing and the reading of the Word, several of the brethren engaged in prayer. Mr. Parker then, on behalf of a few friends in London, presented a Communion service for the use of the believers in the North Fleet; also one hundred and thirty copies of "The London Hymn Book," a large number of tracts, and Pastor C. H.

* Mr. Dunn and Mr. Parker are two esteemed members of the Tabernacle. Their work in the North Sea has delighted us. Could not other followers of the Lord Jesus attempt similar work during their summer holidays. Rest and service might readily be combined.—C. H. S.

Spurgeon's Sermons, which gave such evident pleasure and gratitude as would have considerably gratified those who are interested in the well-being of immortal souls. About a dozen of the brethren then exhorted the unconverted "to hearken diligently to the words of invitation that were about to be addressed to them by the friends from London during their stay." At the close of the service, many were seriously impressed, and all expressed their assurance that there would be a large gathering the following day, which was the Sabbath. Long before we had arisen from our berths, numbers had come on board to commence the services of the day with fervent prayer, which was sustained until ten o'clock. Soon after, Mr. Parker preached the glad tidings to an eager and attentive audience of nearly three hundred souls. The afternoon service was attended by a still larger number, who were greatly disappointed at not hearing Mr. P. preach, owing to a violent attack of sea-sickness, which was shared equally by me. Those who had on all former occasions refused to hear Captain Mann, stayed to listen for the first time, thus overcoming the prejudice of his being one of themselves.

As one result of our gatherings, about eighty men came forward and voluntarily signed the temperance pledge, as they said "Schiedam" was a severe temptation. Much good was apparent from the day's labour in preparing the hearts of the men for the great blessing about to be vouchsafed on the morrow, a season never to be forgotten, the weather permitting us to meet in excellent spirits and good health. This meeting was continued for nearly five hours, during which the singing, prayer, and preaching were sustained with unflagging interest. At the close of this engagement, fifteen souls came forward, some on bended knees, confessing that they were the worst of sinners, and crying bitterly for mercy. Our joy was overwhelming in witnessing the blessed work of the Spirit, for all of them had the burden of sin removed, going back to their vessels rejoicing in a crucified Saviour. Weather did not permit of our meeting until the following Wednesday, when, after two or three hours preaching, about forty of us remained to break bread in commemoration of the death of our Lord; this was a precious season, especially considering the scene around us. One of the brethren stated at the close, that he believed it was the first time such a service had been held in the North Sea. During the remainder of the visit, the labours of our brother Parker were always sustained with equal interest and success, for which he heartily joins me in ascribing all the good accomplished to the honour and glory of Israel's One God.

Thin Congregations.

"Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke xiv. 13.

HAVING visited some thirty or forty different places of worship in and around London, partly with a view of witnessing the various phases of the work of God carried on in them, I have ofttimes felt much grieved on account of the smallness of the congregations attending them. There are but few, in comparison with the many, that can boast of a full house, except it be on some special occasion. A few remarks, therefore, on the apparent causes, and suggestions for remedies, may not be inappropriate.

Of course, the first and principal cause is an absence of interest and desire on the part of the people to join in the worship of Jehovah. Yet even those who have felt the powers of the world to come, and have fled to the Saviour for refuge, cannot be induced to attend regularly on the means of grace, unless those who conduct them manifest an earnestness in their work, in some degree commensurate with its importance. And however divine the aspirations of God's people may be, yet since the same gospel which is preached to the crowded assemblies, is also proclaimed to the scattered few, it is most evident

that there is something in the manner in which that gospel is administered which either does or does not recommend itself to the judgments of its hearers. I conclude, therefore, that the great want of the age is more men of Stephen's stamp,—"full of faith and the Holy Ghost,"—who shall proclaim the truth with power; men who shall throw their whole soul into the work, and speak as though they really *believed* and *felt* the tremendous importance of the truths they were uttering. It is too much the custom, in these peaceable times, when a minister is appointed to his pastorate, or a clergyman to his living, for him to settle quietly down, as though the great battle were already won. The remark has frequently been made that theatrical performers act out their *fiction* as though it were *fact*, and hence the impression which is produced upon their audiences; while the preachers of the gospel treat its solemn truths as if they were fiction, and hence the indifference with which they are heard. Suppose some stranger, who had never listened to the word of life before, were suddenly to drop in and hear it dispensed in the feeble, lifeless manner in which it is spoken at too many of our chapels and churches, think you that he would come to the conclusion that what the preacher said could really be true? I fear not. O, for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, that men might be made to hear the voice of the Son of God and live.

But the fault does not rest with our ministers alone: there is a work for every member of the church of Christ to do, and I fear that generally it is too much shirked. I consider the following would be an admirable method for some to adopt in order to increase their congregations. Have a large quantity of cards printed, similar to full-sized business cards, (the cost would not be very great), with a list of the various services held, and a word of invitation to the reader to attend them. Let the cards be left at every house in the neighbourhood: not thrown carelessly into the areas, but presented respectfully at the doors. Speak a kind word to whomsoever may open them: enquire if they have any lodgers, and, if so, leave a card for each family. Very nearly all will be gratefully accepted, and perhaps some persons may be induced to place them on their mantelpiece, where they will be seen for many days, and some member of the family most likely will be constrained thereby to attend the meetings. Then who can tell but that God may meet with that man, and save his soul? *Cards* will be found much better for this purpose than ordinary handbills, as the latter are sure very soon to get torn up and burned. Further, let a couple of friends be stationed at the chapel doors during each service, and, as opportunity may offer, let them invite the passers-by to enter in. Generally during the singing some will be seen loitering as they pass, in order to catch the harmonious strains. Ah, and some will really be thankful too, for a friendly word to be spoken to them, and will gladly accept the offer to listen to the Word. Perhaps that word may also prove to them the power of God unto their salvation. The friends thus engaged might also do well to give away a few tracts with discretion. Moreover, let prayer for a revival be frequent and fervent, offered with holy earnestness, as though the blessing were really wanted and believingly looked for with the expectation that it will be bestowed; then, doubtless, God will hear his people's cries, and pour them out a rich blessing. If ministers could thus see their churches alive, they would soon catch the heavenly flame, and would preach the gospel with double power. Our neighbours, too, witnessing our anxiety for their welfare, would soon become anxious for themselves, would begin to think that, after all, there was some truth in the old story of the cross, and would flock to the house of God to hear it told again. Then, seeing the place well filled with attentive hearers, the preacher's heart would be drawn out towards the people, and the people's hearts towards God: and, doubtless, there would be rejoicing in the presence of the angels in heaven over many sinners repenting, and finding peace to their souls in the Saviour's wounds.

C. H. B.

Unaware Angels.

IT is my faith that every household has its angel, sent like a gleam of sunshine to darkened lives; a hint of heaven to weary souls; a thing to lift the burden of sorrow, if only at momentary intervals, from the spirits of careworn men, and remind them that this world, with all its troubles, is rapidly passing from under their feet, and that then there comes "what comes hereafter." That these angels, like the penates of ancient times, have their special missions to special households is my firm belief; and I envy not the family in which no angel can be found. But these angels are rarely known to us until they are lost, and Gerald Massey has sweetly and truly sung—

"In this dim world of clouding cares,
We seldom know till withered eyes,
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares."

Everyone must acknowledge the truth of these lines.

Mother, when your baby came, and you held it in your arms and gazed into its eyes of heavenly blue, did you never think that the wonderful little immortal soul was an angel-gift from God? If you did not then, at least you do now, after the little moan has fallen upon your ear for the last time; when the deep blue laughing eyes can meet your own never more on earth; when you have seen the tiny white form, in coffin laid, consigned to the keeping of the grave; and when all the yearning of your great love cannot bring your baby back again for one fond kiss, or one fond pressure of your straining arms. Now it is you brood upon the look of heavenly innocence, the deep thoughts dwelling in those eyes which you could never read, the strange smile playing on the peaceful little features, even through the shadow of death, as if it were a greeting to the denizens of a purer world, which caused your heart to flutter with a vague fear of what you knew not, and made you send forth an exceeding bitter cry which echoes far into the shades.

Father, whose daughter is newly dead, what are your thoughts? Has it not begun to dawn upon your mind that she must have been an angel—an angel sent from heaven to comfort you? You did not think so at first perhaps, while she was a child sitting at her mother's feet, with her pale face bent over her book; but looked upon her merely "as a child." When that mother fell ill and died, however, and the child suddenly arose a woman, filling so well the mother's place that she who had gone away was scarcely missed; when she moved about her household duties with all the quiet dignity of matronhood, so gentle, and loving, and good,—*then* you began to discover her real value. Afterwards, when the light step grew more languid, when the eyes grew more ethereally bright, and when the pure cheek burned with the hectic flush of fever, then love grew intensified at the dread of loss, and you knew your darling was going to leave her angel-mission here to join her angel-kindred up above. Now she has gone away, but not far away, for heaven is within us, and the angel-world is nearer to us than we dream.

There are other angels who are hovering about our path, to comfort us in sorrow, to strengthen us in weakness, to aid us in distress, and to tell us of a world hereafter, where, transformed to their likeness, we shall dwell for ever and ever.

Hope is an angel who never leaves us, whatever storm may lower, or whatever joy may fade. When the winter heaven looks darkest on our vision, its bow of radiant promise ever spans the sky. When life is fresh and young, it is our morning star, which gilds the future with its beams of iris, and opens to our enraptured gaze an endless vista of intensest glory. In manhood its lustre shines above us still, speaking of high deeds and noble actions; of battles fought, and victories won, and triumphs celebrated; until the heart swells with

a glorious pride, and the spirit leaps forth into the boundless with a wild cry, striving to grasp the infinite! It is the evening star of our age, and by its subdued and mellow light we can pierce the clouds that hang on life's nearing horizon, and catch a glimpse of that heaven to which we are hastening—all!

Youth is an angel! seldom cherished as such until we see the last flutter of its "white wings lessening up the skies." Then we know we have entertained an angel unawares; and long, with an intense but hopeless longing, for the days that are departed, and for the innocent joys that can never come again.

Memory is an angel which can call up, as if by enchantment, all the faded joys of existence, can people the solitudes of life with familiar forms, make its silence musical with the sound of well-remembered voices, and make you feel again the warmth of kisses, kissed by lips that have long been cold in dust. It can restore beauty to the wrinkled face of age, brilliancy to the faded eye, elasticity to the uncertain footstep, strength to the withered frame, and life to those who have long been numbered with the dead. All-potent memory!

Love is an angel, coming with its witching smile to make the rough thoroughfares of life smooth and beautiful, its tangled ways pleasant and lovely. It watches over all our wanderings, comforting us, consoling us, strengthening us for duty, bearing us up in sorrow, and fitting us for our future home. The man who does not cherish this angel, loses the sweetest companionship of life, and chooses to dwell in a darkened world, when he might live in a sun-lit heaven.

Affliction is an angel, never known in its angelic nature until it has broken our bread, blessed it, and vanished from our sight. Then even through our tears we can behold the traces of its angel footsteps and its heavenly mission, in love strengthened, idols crushed, pride humbled, faith revived, strong wills bent, and hard hearts softened by the gush of tears.

Death is an angel, solemn stoled and black, stealing quietly into household circles; taking another angel with it into the angel world, and leaving behind it a vacant chair, and a void in many hearts. Poor, weak, human nature, sees no angel visitant in death, and cries out in its bitter yearnings,—

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

But Faith, that other angel, earnest-eyed and beautiful, whispers it to listen, and it will hear the voice that was its music, echoing from the land of shadows, and feel through the mists of death the close clasp of that loving hand.

And all these angels, and many more beside, show no respect of persons, but make their home as soon with the beggar as the prince. They are ever hovering about us, striving to make us nobler and better, to lead our thoughts into purer channels, to set our affections on higher things; and blessed is the man who can see in every circumstance of life, whether great or small, an angel working to an angel's end.—*By the late W. Leighton.*

Bigotry.

SOME men magnify the importance of their own little clique of believers by denying the godliness of all who differ from them. They remind one of Bishop Hacket's story. "At Wimbledon," says he, "not far from me, a warrener promised Thomas, Earl of Exeter, that he should have a burrow of rabbits, all of them of what colour he pleased. "Let them be all white," said that good Earl. Whereupon the warrener *killed up all the rest*, but the white rabbits, and sold them away, and left not enough to serve the earl's table. A sorry few would be left to serve the Lord, and preserve the name of Christ upon earth, if some men's judgments could be final. Blessed be God, the judge of saints is not the rabbi of any of the rival synagogues.

Reviews.

Modern Christian Heroes. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

GENERALLY we can manage to discern some slight amount of novelty, or at least something freshly stated, to relieve the monotony of reading a work under review, but we confess that we have found nothing that is true in this compilation but what we have met with a dozen times before, and moreover much better described than in this book. Why was this "gallery" ever fashioned, we asked ourselves more than once, while doomed to run through it. That Christmas is coming, and something must be ready for the press is surely no adequate reason; yet nothing but this, or the *cacoethes scribendi*, can account for the existence of this book. In spite of his horror of what he calls sensational preaching, such as Whitfield's, we wish with all our heart that we had more of that personal appeal which moves the heart, and draws tears from the eyes. The author may do his best or his worst, Whitfield was a prince of preachers, and would that we had a hundred like unto him, for this age needs something better than dry-as-dust sermons, or whipped-cream decoctions, which may pass with shallow pates as "poetic style," "flowery language," and a "refined spirit." If the preacher does not believe in an eternal, literal hell, as the author of this work questions, he may chirp his delicate lays to fastidious hearers, and tickle ears polite into rhapsodic ecstacy; but we, knowing the terrors of the Lord and the wrath to come, must be sensational enough to beseech men, both day and night with tears, to be reconciled unto God.

A Dictionary and Concordance of the Names of Persons and Places in the Old and New Testaments. Compiled by WM. HENDERSON, M.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

WE always hail with pleasure any help towards Bible study and research, and shall be prepared to render all the aid in our power to commend every work which aids the student of the sacred Scriptures. The above book will certainly be of service, and it has our heartiest good wishes. We were hardly able at first sight to settle the precise niche it was destined to fill. Our old friend Cruden is so reliable, and generally so sufficient, that we were a little jealous for him and his reputation; but he only gives a part of the great number of times in which certain names occur in the Bible. This work gives every instance, in this respect agreeing with the Englishman's Hebrew and the Englishman's Greek Concordances; but these works are somewhat expensive, and, moreover, do not distinguish very accurately between persons and places—alike in name, but very different in other respects. We think that, notwithstanding the different judgments formed on the precise meaning of certain names, it would be a valuable addition to the work, for the use of ordinary readers, if the undoubted meaning of certain words had been supplied. We miss also the English pronunciation of the names. If a student were to give the power of the Hebrew or Greek sound he would be very wide of the mark, and that alone is given here. The importance of the common mode of pronouncing Bible names is the more necessary to be given in this case, because the author, with whom we agree, has broken through the English method of sounding Greek vowels, and has given the Continental. We think this last innovation an improvement, but it renders the more necessary some help to the general reader, in order to direct him how to utter the names without appearing either ignorant or pedantic.

Old Merry's Travels on the Continent: with numerous illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

A THOROUGHLY good juvenile book. The instruction is solid, and the style is amusing; the engravings are excellent, and the whole book entertaining. Old Merry cannot do better than visit other haunts of health seekers and mountain climbers, and give the boys a taste for the lovely in nature and art by his attractive descriptions.

The Great Antichrist. Who? When? Where? Rev. W. J. Bolton, M.A. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The good clergyman proves to his own satisfaction that Antichrist is Papal Rome, and of course warns us earnestly against it; but we are quite inclined to enlarge the admonition, so as to include Ritualism at home as well as the Papacy at Rome, since for all purposes of opposition to the truth it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. We have amused ourselves over the picture at the commencement of this book. What a menagerie! Every one of the beasts would prove a fortune to the Zoological Gardens, and cause an excitement far surpassing that of the hippopotamus. Here is a young lady with her hair all on end, like the spokes of a carriage wheel, sitting on a beast with seven heads, and holding a wine glass, which she has just picked up from a quantity issuing out of a trumpet, after the fashion of a conjuror's bottle, and flowing out in a way enough to make Houdin or Frickell green with envy. A very big man stands on a tall pedestal, which he cracks like the pillars of the Holborn Viaduct. This causes much fright to an old man, whose triple crown sits on his head like the leaning tower of Pisa, and evidently makes him quite ill, for he appears to have awoke suddenly as another Jonah aboard ship, and he has had no time to put off his night dress, and is sea-sick withal. Really what can any sane man mean by such a picture? He must first have dined in Paris off snails, frogs' legs, horse-flesh, and crabs, and having gone to the Jardin d'Acclimatation before, his dreams have mixed all up together, till the result is this bilious sketch for children to laugh over.

Wee Willie; or, Trials and their Teachings. By the Author of "Helen Marchant." With a preface. By Rev. F. Tucker, Holloway. Twopence.

A most touching story, so homely, simple, tender, life-like, and holy, that it must do good. If the narrative be not literally true, as we sincerely hope it is, it can be matched a hundred times by similar instances of the sweet uses of adversity.

The Better Land. By Jeremiah Dodsworth. Hodder & Stoughton.

A book which has reached its thirty-fourth thousand needs little commendation. We are glad to meet our old friend in his bright dress. We know that it has been of much use in inducing some to think of "the better land." It is a book for the sick chamber, and will do well to lend to such as are not prepared to pass into the presence of their Maker. Under the figure of an emigrant, the reader is led away from this barren land to that "better" one on high. May God bless it to this desired end.

The Bible the People's Charter. By Michael T. Sadler. Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.

A book for citizens, and especially all who believe that the Bible is adapted for a guide through this world as well as unto the next. We have seldom read a book which expressed our mind more completely on some points which will yet have to be discussed by statesmen. The true glory of any state is its godliness, not its power of destruction. Prosperity means not wealth in the hands of a few, but the general weal of the mass of the people. A nation is strong when men fear God and keep his commandments, much more than when "high raised battlements and laboured mounds" are scattered through the land. We have yet to learn much from Jewish national life and Bible principles, and this work will help greatly in the search after the scriptural view of the people's rights and duties. The book is written in an independent but still calm and Christian spirit. There is evidence of much research, above all, in the Book of Inspiration, which he well describes as "The People's Charter."

Reconciled, or the story of Hawthorn Hall. By Edwin Hodder. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hodder is quite prolific, and is securing a reputation as a writer for juveniles. We do not mean to read his story, we have not the time, nor the inclination, and we do not care enough for stories, but we feel that the children will be quite safe with Mr. Hodder, and sure to be both amused and benefited.

An Inquiry into the Causes of the Long Continued Depression in the Cotton Trade. By a Cotton Manufacturer. Simpkin and Co. Price Twopence.

This is one of the most important pamphlets ever issued from the press. The writer shows that our trade with continental and other countries has not fallen off, and that we are quite able to hold our own with the fullest free trade, and the most unlimited competition. The tables of exports and imports, show that the decline of the consumption of cotton is *at home* and nowhere else. He then proceeds to argue upon this indisputable fact.

"A moment's reflection will make it clear to the thoughtful mind, that the reduced home demand for cotton goods must arise from one or two causes: either we, as a nation, spend our money on other things, or we are become poorer, and have not the money to spend.

We are the richest nation in the world, and yet a great portion of our population are in rags. Why is this? Is it because they get insufficient wages, and are therefore poor? No, it is because they squander their earnings in intoxicating drinks. Let us look how far this assertion is borne out by facts.

During the years 1859-60-61, the money spent upon intoxicating drinks in the United Kingdom was as follows:—

1859.....	£86,686,366
1860.....	79,541,290
1861.....	85,989,468
	£252.117,124

For the three years ending with 1868, the expenditure upon intoxicating drinks in the United Kingdom was as follows:—

1866.....	£101,252,551
1867.....	99,900,502
1868.....	102,886,280
	£304.039,333

Being an increase upon the former period of £51,822,209, or £17,274,069 per annum.

Here is an astounding fact; in three years we spend on intoxicating drinks £304,039,333, and yet, upon cotton goods, our staple production, we spend only £28.858,000. Taking the population of the United Kingdom at thirty millions, it gives for each man, woman, and child, for the three years, £10. 2s. 6d. for drink, and 19s. 6d. for cotton goods; or, taking the year 1868, we get £3 8s. 7¾d. per head for drink, and 4s. and 7¼d. for cotton. Taking a family of five persons, we have £1 3s. 0¼d. spent on cotton, and £17 3s. 2¾d. on intoxicating liquors.

Here is the great secret of our present bad trade; people cannot pour the money down their throats and put it on their backs at the same time; and so long as we spend seventeen times as much on drink as we do on cotton goods, we can never, long together, have anything but stagnation in trade. Now suppose that the seventeen millions which, during the last three years has been spent extra on intoxicating liquors—suppose it had been laid out in cotton goods, the effect would have been that goods would have been dearer. And if we had got more for our cloth, we could have afforded to have paid more for our cotton, and thus in the markets of the world we could have bid better for the raw material, more of it would have come to our mills, and there could not have been those fluctuations in the price which have been the bane of the trade. When the American war was on, people were afraid to grow cotton, lest the war should end, and the three or four millions of bales in the States be let loose, and thus swamp the market. Since the termination of the war, the fearful stagnation which has prevailed in the Manchester market has driven all heart out of capitalists. Cotton, it has been said, must come down, for people will not pay the prices for cloth. How, I would ask, was it likely, when our home trade had fallen off 35 per cent., that the prices for cloth could be maintained; and how was it likely that merchants would push on the growth of an article for which there was so little demand? Now, had there been a good trade in Manchester, cotton two years ago would not have dropped to 7d. per lb.; it would have kept up at a good price, the world would have been encouraged as rapidly as possible to increase the growth of cotton, and by this time we should have been—if not in a position of plenty—at all events much better off than we are, and we should have had a much better trade.

The remedy for our bad trade then lies entirely with ourselves. If we think we can continue to squander one hundred millions yearly on drink, and by the spending thereof increase very materially our local taxation, and sap the foundations of industry, virtue, and morality, we shall be greatly mistaken.

We may have an abundant and profitable trade; we may have a contented, virtuous and happy people; but if we are ever to secure this, we must remove the temptations to intemperance which are planted broadcast over the land.

In this argument I have taken no account of the domestic, social, and moral evils which result from intemperance. I have written as a commercial man; and I appeal to the manufacturers of Lancashire and of the United Kingdom generally, to consider the question thus imperfectly put before them: and if only a tithe of what I say be true, it will furnish abundant cause for immediate reform in a system so fraught with evil as the liquor traffic."

Manual of Historico-critical Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament. By KARL FREDERICH KEIL. T. and T. Clark.

PROFESSOR Douglas has done good service in presenting in an English form this work of an eminent German critic, and also by enriching it with extracts from Bleek, a volume of whose works accompanies this in the fourth series of Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Some few years back, the weight of human thought and intellect was certainly inclining towards scepticism; fortunately in later times able men have rallied to the defence of the truth, and have carried the battle triumphantly into the enemy's camp. We commend this work for its sound scholarship and deference for the truth. It is a book for scholars, and will meet with a hearty welcome from all students of the sacred Scriptures.

The Early Years of Christianity. By E. DE PRESSENSE. D.D., translated by ANNIE HARWOOD. Hodder & Stoughton.

PAPAL claims for a complete submission to the Pontiff, are now before the world, and this excellent volume is intended to prove that these arrogant demands have no foundation in the history of the early ages of the church. We make an extract on Baptism which we are glad to find so fairly handled by the author. "Baptism, which was the sign of admission into the church, was administered by immersion. The convert was plunged beneath the water, and as he rose he received the laying on of hands." "Faith was then required of every candidate for baptism. The idea never occurred to Paul that baptism might be divorced from faith, the sign from the thing signified; and he does not hesitate, in the bold simplicity of his language, to identify the spiritual fact of conversion with the act which symbolises it." "The writers of the New Testament all ascribe the same significance to baptism. It presupposes with them invariably a manifestation of the religious life, which may differ in degree, but which is in every case demanded." When men read their Bibles more carefully, we think this alone will be the opinion cherished by all. The translation is a good one, and we hope that the book will have a large circulation.

Old Merry's Annual. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A MOST successful rival for Peter Parley. Of course the boys are in fits over it. Still, we of soberer years wish the stories were a little more probable. Talk of Gulliver or Munchausen! they are beaten hollow by some of the marvels recorded in Old Merry. Is there nothing interesting within the bounds of fact: must writers who want to amuse children always resort to what the nigger called "telling one great big lie"?

Vestina's Martyrdom. By EMMA R. PITTMAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

A RELIGIOUS novel that lays its plot, if plot it may be called, in the times of the apostles, and introduces Paul and his fellowlabourers conversing in a way which passes through irreverence up to the line of blasphemy. We have seldom closed a book with more feelings of horror than some paragraphs of this novel have given rise to in our perusal of them.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library. An Introduction to the New Testament. By FREDERICK BLEEK.

BLEEK was a much esteemed follower of De Wette, and must rank amongst the best of the sceptical school. So far as we can judge, this work does not suffer much from these tendencies, and it is certainly rich with careful thought and ripened erudition. At the same time we are unprepared to endorse many of his views in the shape in which he expresses them. To a judicious reader this work will be very serviceable, and in his search after an accurate knowledge of New Testament teaching it will lend him a very helpful hand.

The Lord's Prayer. Lectures by Rev. Adolph Saphir, B.A. James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

This is an important work. We reserve for another month the pleasure of making a *résumé* of it for the *Sword & Trowel*. Mr. Saphir writes with a quiet charm of style which always wins our attention; his matter is always sound and full of savour; we feel at first safe, and then happy in his hands. His subject on this occasion is peculiarly suitable to his line of thought, and he brings out new thoughts from that grand "Our Father," with a simple, humble sweetness so especially his own.

Memoranda.

As our friends are aware, we have been suddenly laid aside by an attack of that dreadful disease, the small-pox. When we thus found ourselves put out of the way, just when we were wanted in a thousand places, we cried to the Lord to let none of our work suffer, and especially we begged him to care for the Orphanage and College. Within a few hours a beloved friend, knowing nothing of our affliction, called and left £500 for the Orphanage. How condescendingly did the Lord thus ease his poor servant's mind! We felt a sweet peace and holy joy in leaving all the rest of our work in the same hands. A day or two after, Wednesday, Nov. 17, the following letter was received by us, enclosing £1000. Here again we bless the name of the Lord, and set to our seal that God is true. We have many other sources of anxiety, as flesh would call them, but the gracious dealings of our God compel us to call them founts of joy, since they give us excuse for appealing to his bounty. Here is the letter, the Lord bless the writer, who will be glad to know that his donation has encouraged the trustees to take fifty more boys, and make up the full number of two hundred as soon as possible.

"London.

Dear Sir,—I have had a sum of money in my possession for some charitable purpose, but could not quite decide the object. I have lately noticed in the papers the death of a gentleman (Mr. Boetefeur) leaving various large sums to some of the best of our institutions, but not a drop of the golden shower has fallen upon Stockwell Orphanage. Under these circumstances, I have enclosed it to you for that rising charity, with the hope that it may be followed with many others from those who can give. Trusting that the Lord will give you health and strength to carry on your work, and finally, take you and *me* to himself through the merits of the Redeemer,

I am, yours, etc.

J. K."

The Annual Day of Prayer, of the London Baptist Association, was held at the Tabernacle. It was a high day indeed. The Communion at the close, was probably attended by more believers than ever at any one time sat to break bread before. It was good to be there.

Our School Chapel at Battersea is nearly ready for opening. It is one of the cheapest and handsomest buildings ever erected. May it prove a place in which souls shall be born for Jesus and eternal glory.

Mr. J. A. Spurgeon preached at the opening of Mr. Speed's very noble chapel at Bedford. A good place was much needed.

Mr. Hadler and friends at Sheerness, have laid the first stone of a School-chapel. They need and deserve help.

Mr. Lennie and friends at Leith, have celebrated their first Anniversary. They have enjoyed a measure of success, and we wish them ten times as much.

On Monday, November 1st, a meeting was held at Stratford-on-Avon to commemorate the second anniversary of the settlement of Mr. Edmund Morley, as pastor of the Baptist church in that town. Mr. Ennals, senr., one of the deacons, presided. The chapel was crowded, and earnest and suitable addresses were delivered. The chairman had pleasure in reporting that considerable success had attended the ministry of Mr. Morley since his settlement among them. On Monday, the 15th, was also celebrated the anniversary of the Bible classes for men and women, conducted respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Morley. After tea, interesting and profitable speeches were delivered, and during the evening, Mr. Morley's class presented to him, through their eldest member, as a token of their love and esteem, a valuable watch, with suitable inscription; and the members of the female Bible class presented to Mrs. Morley, through their youngest member, a very handsome photograph album, bearing also a suitable inscription. Our brother richly deserves every act of kindness which his friends can render.

Islay, N.B.—The Baptist Chapel, Bowmore, Islay, having undergone a complete renovation, was re-opened on Lord's Day, October 31, Mr. A. Macfarlane, of Glasgow,

preached in English morning and evening, and Mr. A. M'Dougall, in Gaelic, in the afternoon, to attentive audiences. On Wednesday, November 2, a soirée was held in the chapel, when Mr. M'Dougall presided and read the financial statement, which showed that the cost of repairing the chapel and minister's house amounted to £115; to meet which expenditure the sum of £85 had been received, and £5 promised, leaving a deficiency of £25 to be paid within a year. Congratulatory and encouraging addresses were afterwards given by pastors J. Mc'Gilchrist (Established Church), H. Munro (Free Church), and Macfarlane (Baptist). A very happy feeling pervaded the whole meeting, and the friends feel much encouraged to go on in the work of the Lord. Will our friends pray for us, that the Lord will revive his work in these remote islands?

The chapel at Great Grimsby, in which Mr. Lauderdale officiates, is undergoing an entire renovation both internally and externally. During the alterations the Town Hall, which is a large and noble building, has been granted by the mayor of the town for his use. Here the congregation has been almost doubled. We heartily congratulate our friend upon the encouragement he meets with. May the divine blessing abundantly rest upon his labours.

VAUXHALL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The sixth aniversary of the foundation of the cause of God in this place, was commemorated on Sunday and Tuesday, the 14th and 16th of November. Three sermons were preached on Sunday by pastors J. D. Williams, J. Butterfield, and Louis Herschell. On Tuesday, nearly 200 friends sat down to tea. G. Hanbury, Esq., took the chair, and the following ministers and others delivered very practical and interesting addresses—Pastors H. Buck and R. Berry, Judge Payne, Messrs. T. Cook, J. Marchant, and the pastor (G. Hearson). A very handsome writing desk was presented to the superintendent of the Sunday-school, the pastor's brother, by Mr. S. Saunders, on behalf of a senior class of young ladies. The singing class enlivened the meeting. The assembly was larger than at any previous anniversary, and the collections were very good. The pastor closed these interesting services by heartily thanking all his friends for their generous help and zeal, which, by the blessing of God, had already resulted in establishment of a considerable church and congregation, and also by expressing his determination to stand fast in the truth, zealously and expectantly labouring for greater victories.

On the 27th of October last, Mr. Doel, from the Tabernacle College, was recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church, in Totteridge Road, Enfield Highway, Middlesex. A considerable population having been recently gathered in that vicinity, and some earnest and energetic Baptists being found amongst them, an effort was made to procure a place for their accommodation. Mr. Russell, of Edmonton, and Mr. Evans, of Enfield, kindly and disinterestedly threw their influence into the undertaking. The Congregational chapel in the vicinity was generously lent for the preliminary meetings. A committee was formed, subscriptions were given, and a large and convenient plot of land was secured. Mr. Russell having obtained the sanction and the promise of Mr. Spurgeon's co-operation in the movement, a convenient building was raised at the rear of the ground, that might afterwards serve for a Sunday School-room. It was opened for divine worship on the 27th of October, in last year, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. It continued to be supplied by students from the College, and the attendance to increase, which led to the formation of a church in December of last year, by Mr. R. Wallace of Tottenham. It consisted at first of twelve persons, to whom about twenty more have since been added. A hearty call was given to Mr. Doel to be their pastor, under whose preaching and visitation there has been a considerable revival, and several pleasing instances of real conversion have occurred. The building is already inconveniently crowded, and funds are being raised for the erection of a larger chapel. Mr. Spurgeon is rendering considerable help, and it is hoped that many others will show their sympathy substantially with a people who have done, and are still doing, their utmost for themselves.

The Committee of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, request us to acknowledge the receipt of forty-one copies of "Morning by Morning," for the use of the inmates of their Asylum, at Camberwell. The Committee returns sincere thanks to the kind donor who has presented her gift, under the name of "a lady subscriber."

It is resolved to hold the usual quarterly festival at the Orphanage, on the 28th inst., when friends will have an opportunity of bringing in their collecting books with the amounts collected. One feature of the festival will be a large Christmas tree for the young folks. Contributions of useful and fancy articles will be most gratefully accepted by Mr. Blackshaw, Tabernacle, Newington, or Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—November 1st, twenty-six; 3rd. one: 11th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, 1869, to November 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Davison	0	4	0
Mr. J. G. Conder	3	3	0
K. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. N. P. Sharman	10	0	0
A. S. L.	0	10	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	10	0
Miss Maxwell	0	5	0
Mr. A. Hornsey, per Rev. J. Collins	0	5	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	0	10	0
S. Cullen	0	5	0
Miss Rogers	0	1	8
Mr. J. Green	0	2	4
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
G. M. R.	0	3	0
S. M. S.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Gifford	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	15	0
Mrs. Sedgley, Collecting Box	0	17	7
Miss Pringle, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
M. A. S.	1	0	0
A Friend at Sunbury, per Mr. J. Menlove	0	5	0
Miss Fountain, per Rev. H. Hill	1	4	6
Maryport	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Galt	0	10	0
Mr. M. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. R. Garnett	5	0	0
Collection at Drummond Rd. Bermondsey	4	0	6
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. Chas. Griffiths	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 24	20	11	1
" " " 31	36	7	0
" " " Nov. 7	27	8	2
" " " 14	29	5	5
	£153	4	3

Received a box of books from Mr. E. W. Davies.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, 1869, to November 19th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
On Account, Students' House	1	0	0
A Reader of "Sword & Trowel," Ellon	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Heath	1	1	0
Found in money box after death of Master Jago	0	1	3
In memory of a beloved daughter	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertshaw, Collecting Card	1	0	6
H. W. L. F.	0	4	0
A. H. S.	0	5	2
J. B. W.	0	5	0
A Friend from the Country	0	10	0
Red Jacket	1	0	0
E. K.	0	9	0
E. Watts	0	2	6
Tee Hay	2	0	0
R. B.	0	3	0
T. S., West Drayton	10	0	0
A Reader of Sermons	1	0	0
An Occasional Hearer	0	5	0
R. M.	0	5	0
Miss Biggs	0	3	0
Mrs. Biggs	0	17	0
Mr. Moss	2	0	0
Miss Cowen	0	10	0
M. A. R.	0	2	6
S. H., St. Leonards	1	10	0
Master W. Funnel, Collecting Box	0	11	9
Mrs. Adamson	0	2	0
M. T., Dalkeith	5	0	0
M. A. B.	0	1	0
G. M. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hayward	1	1	0
Miss H., per R. B. L.	0	10	0
Miss Maxwell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0
Mr. J. Bragg	0	10	0
Mr. John Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. Wood	0	15	0
Mr. W. Mayo	0	16	6
Mr. P. H. Gutheridge, Junr.	5	0	0
Mrs. Higgins	5	0	0
Miss Pringle, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
M. A. S.	0	10	0
A Friend at Sudbury, per Mr. J. Menlove	0	5	0
Maryport	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. W. Galt	0	10	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Miss Hallam	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T.	500	0	0
J. K.	1000	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, Oct. 26	2	1	5
" " Nov. 16	1	14	1
Miss Winkworth, (Annually)	0	5	0
Mr. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. A. Dunn	2	2	0
	£1581	0	9

Received from the Sunday School at Ridgmount, 10/1 for Sunday School House.

Received for the Orphanage.—Two dozen Scripture Texts, Mr. Sanderson; A Basket of Walnuts, Mr. Jackaman; A large school Slate, Mr. Hammond; Two small Baskets of Pears and some Grapes, Mrs. Tyson; A Bag of Rice, Mr. Potier; A small Box of Sultanas, a friend per Mr. Potier; Five Bags of Potatoes, Mr. Hale; Fifty Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; A Box of Paints, and a small model of a Steam Boat, Anon; One Ton Potatoes, Mr. May; Three Pairs of Worsted Socks, Miss Hallam; A Sack of Flour, and a Box of Nye's Corn Flour, Mr. Nye; A Foot Ball, Mr. Alabaster; Several Joints of Fresh and Salt Beef, Mrs. Gosling; A Piece of Patchwork, from the Lonely One.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions—			
Mr. and Mrs. Hellier	0	10	0
A. B. (Quarterly)	7	10	0
Mr. Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mr. C. Waters	0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer	1	1	0
W. R.	2	2	0
Donations—			
Rev. J. Hurlstone, Wilts	0	2	6
Rev. Sir W. Tilson Marsh	2	2	0
Rev. J. Field, Exeter	0	10	0
Mr. Banks	0	6	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	6	0
Miss Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. Davison	0	5	0
Anonymous	1	1	0
	£18	6	6