THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1873.

"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.

FRIENDLY READER,

THROUGH another year I have tried to cater for you, hunting up topics of interest with no small degree of anxiety, and sending forth my monthly magazine with earnest desires that it might not only win a hearing, but produce beneficial results of all kinds. You are the best judge as to how far I have succeeded in avoiding dulness, and at the same time providing solid matter. It is mine to thank you for the courtesy which has borne with me, and the generosity which has continued to give the periodical the benefit of your perusal; I do thank you very heartily, and beg at the same time to wish you in all sincerity the benedictions of God at this season.

The year 1873 is now a matter of history. To each one of us in the retrospect it wears a different visage, but to each one it has doubtless been a year of great mercy, for which we do well to bless the name of the Lord. Let us shut the gate of the year with thanksgiving, even as we opened it with hope. To the church of God, as a whole, it has not, we fear, been a year conspicuous for growth. Its colour is not altogether black, but certainly not altogether bright; it has been a mingled season, calling forth both regrets and praises. The zeal of God's people is not dead, neither is it distinguished for fervour; the character of the work done is not to be censured, neither can it be greatly praised. Our progress has been but slow, yet progress there has been. Our light is not clear, neither is it turned into darkness. There is a general need of improvement, revival, and refreshing; but there is a sense of this need pretty widely felt, and this is a very hopeful sign. Every moment of the wheat's history, from the time of sowing to the day of reaping, is big with importance to the husbandman, and so every year of the history of the church is a crisis, upon which vital interests depend; the present time is probably neither more nor less fraught with peril than eras now past and forgotten, but it assuredly is a period in which there is need of great faith, and no room for vainglorious exultation. The most sanguine must see reasons for watchfulness, and the despondent may be excused if they suffer from a measure of serious anxiety. Clouds are gathering, storms are threatening, and the vessel had need be kept in good trim, with all her crew at their posts. Superstition possesses the public mind, and divides

the empire of current thought with her equally deadly rival, unbelief. Both from the side of ritualism and of scepticism there have come developments little expected, which cause us to wonder at the perversity of fallen humanity. Nothing seems too absurd for men to believe, nothing too sacred for them to cavil at. Now is the time for the upholders of the truth of Jesus Christ to be firm and unflinching: to waver now will be treason to men's souls. Now also is the hour for vigorous action, and intensely ardent endeavours to disseminate true religion. May my readers not be found backward, but be among the vanguard of the Holy War.

I would venture to request my friends who are interested in the magazine to do their best to increase its circulation. A little effort from each one would double our area of usefulnesss, and increase our means of doing good. As the pastor of a large church, president of a college, chairman of an orphanage, &c., &c., I have little time to spare, and am most anxious that the work I do should tell to the greatest advantage, and this depends much more upon my friends than upon anything which I can do myself. I edit this periodical most conscientiously, giving it my personal attention, and I spare no pains to make it as good as I can; I cannot expect help from those who do not sympathise in my views and modes of action; but from those who are in accord with me I do affectionately seek continued and increased co-operation. They can render me great aid by assisting the College, Orphanage, and Colportage; they can do it almost as well by increasing the number of my readers; failing both of these, they can do it by their prayers. Soon will editor, writer, and readers be beyond the region of earthly service; may we be able to render in a good account of our stewardship.

Possibly some of my readers are unsaved. The Lord grant that ere the year closes they may taste his love. May faith in Jesus now be wrought in them and be exercised by them. This is at this moment my soul's prayer. Unsaved reader, will you not say *Amen* to it?

In any case, I am,

Your hearty friend,

C. H. Spurgeon

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1873.

Acta non Verba.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A CHURCH, in the United States, lately advertised for a minister, and stated that, having been for some years overdone with eloquence, they desired a pastor who would preach to them the gospel of Jesus Christ: there are churches on this side the Atlantic, sickened with essays and "intellectual treats," whose aspirations are much of the same kind. Fine language amuses the ear, as the tinkling of their little bells pleases the continental coach-horses, but it cannot satisfy the soul any more than the aforesaid tintinabulations can supply the place of corn and hay. The art of arranging words, and balancing sentences, is a mental jugglery, as astonishing when perfectly practised, as the feats of the Chinese or Japanese artistes who just lately have charmed vast audiences at the Crystal Palace; but *cui bono?* what is the good of it, and who is the better for it? Who was ever convinced of sin by an oratorical flourish? What heart was led to Jesus, and to joy and peace in believing, by a fine passage resplendent with all the graces of diction? What chaff is to the wheat, and dross to gold, that is the excellence of human speech to the simplicity of the word of God. For awhile fascinated by the siren voice of vain philosophy and affected culture, many of the churches have drawn perilously near to the rocks of heresy and doubt, but divine grace is visiting them, and they will shake off the spell. Everywhere there is a cry for the gospel, for men who will preach it in the love of it, for ministers who will live it, and innoculate others with its life: the church is growing sick of

essayists, and asks for men of God. She is weary of word-spinners, and pretenders to deep thought, and she cries for men full of the Holy Spirit, who are lovers of the word and not speakers only. Soul-winners will soon be in demand, and your genteel essayists will have to carry their dry goods to another market. Sane men do not need fiddlers, while the life-boat is being manned to save yonder perishing ones from the devouring deep.

The intensely practical character of Christianity might be inferred from the life of its founder. In Jesus we see no display, no aiming at effect, nothing spoken or done to decorate or ornament the simplicity of his daily life. True, he was a prophet, mighty in words as well as in deeds; but his words were downright and direct, winged with a purpose, and never uttered for speaking's sake. Nobody ever looks at Jesus as an orator to be compared with Cicero. "Never man spake like this man." He was not of the schools. No graver's tool had passed over his eloquence. In his presence Demosthenes is seen to be a statue, carved with great skill, and the very counterfeit of life; but Jesus is life itself,—not art's sublimest *fac simile* of nature, but the living truth. Jesus, whether speaking or acting, was still practical. His words were but the wings of his deeds. He went about, not discoursing upon benevolence, but "doing good;" he itinerated not to stir up a missionary spirit, but "to preach glad tidings to the poor." Where others theorized he wrought, where they planned he achieved, where they despaired he triumphed! Compared with him, our existence is a mere windbag; his life was solid essential action, and ours a hazy dream, an unsubstantial would-be which yet is not. Most blessed Son of the Highest, thou who workest evermore, teach us also how to begin to live, ere we have stumbled into our graves while prating about purposes and resolves!

The first champions of the cross were also men in whom the truth displayed itself in deeds rather than in words. Paul's roll of labours and of sufferings, would contrast strangely with the diary of a reader of pretty little sermonettes; or, for the matter of that, with the biography of the most zealous among us. The apostles were intensely active, rather than intellectually refined; they made no pretence to be philosophers, but thought it sufficient to be servants of Jesus Christ. Their hearers remembered them, not because they had melodiously warbled sweet nothings into their ears; but because they spoke in the demonstration of the Spirit and in the power of God. They were not mystics, but workmen; not elocutionists, but labourers. We track them by the cities which they evangelised, the churches which they founded, the tribes which they converted to Christ. By some means or other, they came to grapple with the world hand to hand, whereas the good men of these times do anything but that: they tell us what was done of old, what should be done now, and what will be done in the millenium, but they themselves mingle not in the fray. Where are the heroic combats of the first ages of the faith? Where hear we the din of real fighting? We see shaking of fists, feints, and challengings in abundance, but of downright blows there is a lamentable scarcity; the modern battle of church and world is too frequently a mere stage imitation, a sham fight of the most wretched

the combatants of those days—a whole-souled fight was

theirs. The world, like a veteran gladiator, defied the young combatant with fierce terms of hate, and gazed upon him with tiger-like ferocity, determined to wash his hands in the intruder's blood; while the church quailed not in the presence of her savage opponent, but avowed her determination to make no terms with sin, and accept no truce with idolatry. They meant fighting, and they fought! A divine of the modern school is of opinion that the lines have faded considerably between what is known as the church and the world, arising from a mutual movement towards each other; we cannot look upon this fact with the complacency which he manifests, but we are compelled to observe and lament it. Many professors play at being Christians; they are not real in their church-membership, not in very deed separate from sinners, or devoted to the service of God; hence the world has no care to oppose them, and leaves them utterly ignorant of the very meaning of the word "persecution." Of course, if we never rebuke the world's sin, nor bear witness against its follies, it will have no cause of offence, and will leave us unassailed. The apostles' blows were laid on with a will, and left their impress where they fell. Fussy officials they were not; pompous dignitaries they could not be; but real workmen of the Lord they evidently were; hence their power under God to move their age, and all succeeding ages.

The marks by which, according to the Scriptures, genuine believers are to be known, are very matter-of-fact tokens. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is a pretty plain intimation that no amount of profession or religious talk can evidence godliness, if holy actions be absent. At the last great day, the blessed of the Father are not represented as having advocated the relief of the poor, but as having actually fed the hungry. No mention is made of writers upon the inspection of gaols, or the suppression of mendicity; but a hearty word of praise is given to those who visited the prisoner and gave drink to the thirsty. The main point seems to have been the real and actual doing of good; whatever went with it is cast into the scale without mention, as being comparatively insignificant. True faith proves itself not by its boastings, but by its effect upon the life of its possessor.

Here is the bone of contention which the earnest man will have with himself. We know what we ought to be, but are we all that? Our neighbours perish for lack of the gospel, but do we carry it to them? The poor swarm around us, in what measure do we feed them? They would be well enough off if good intentions and excellent suggestions could clothe and feed them, but as it is, they derive small benefit from us. To know how to do good, and to leave it undone, is no small sin. Accountability grows with the amount of information. Mountains of lead ought to press down consciences which now lie at ease in the bosoms of men of great powers, who have eloquently proclaimed duties which they do not touch with one of their fingers; nor much less should be the discomfort of those who have again and again resolved upon duties which they have never yet performed. They own their obligations to the poor, but no orphan is fed by their help: they lament the ignorance of the people, but no ministry is aided by their gifts; they long to see zealous evangelists sent forth, but no

student is succoured by their bounty. Alas! for the piety which ends in feelings and words! It is vain as the foam of the sea!

Everywhere the evil is the same. Saying over-rides doing. One of the most evident weaknesses of most religious societies is a lack of practical common sense. They are great in red tape, rich in committees, and positively gorgeous with presidents and vice-presidents, and secretaries, and honorary secretaries, and minute secretaries, etc., etc.; but what comes of it all? We behold a fine display of wooden cannon and pasteboard soldiery, but conquests there are none. There will be a sub-committee on Tuesday, and surely something will come of it; or, if not, the quarterly board-meeting will doubtless work wonders:—no, there will be cackling and cackling, but of eggs none—or addled. In many of our denominational conferences, resolutions are picked over word by word, as if every syllable might conceal a heresy; amendments are moved, seconded, re-amended, fought for valourously, or withdrawn; hours are spent, and lung force without stint, and what comes of the parturition of the mountain? Has the pitiful mouseling strength enough to crawl across the floor of the assembly? If any holy project needs putting out of the world in a legal fashion, so that no charge of wilful murder shall be laid against any one of its destroyers, consign it to a committee: it will have every care and loving attention, and the soothing syrup will be of the most excellent quality. If, perchance, the thing of beauty remain among us, it will be a joy for ever; never viciously fanatical, or vehemently enthusiastic, but, clothed in a regulation strait-waistcoat, its life will be spent within those sacred bounds which officialism is inspired to prescribe. If it be asked to which or what society we refer, our reply must be, "Let every dog follow its own master:" to some more, and to some less, our strictures apply. In general, a society is a creature of the imagination, a group of shades impalpable, a collection of names without persons; if its business be well worked, the credit is due to one or two worthy men, who are, in fact, the society; if it be badly managed, it is because it is nobody's business, being generally understood to be everybody's. The fault does not lie in the principle of association—which is excellent—but in the everlasting overlaying of the hand by the jaw: the mistaking words for actions, speeches for service. A dozen or two General Grants, eloquently silent, would form a fine board of management; men who can give, and work, and pray, are worth a hundred times as much as those who can compose resolutions, cavil over expressions, move the previous question, discuss and re-discuss, till all is blue-moulded or green with verdigris. Not that we would kill off the talkers,—we are not intent upon signing our own death-warrant; but a little gentle choking of those who will neither be quiet nor practically helpful, we humbly venture to prescribe. The fact is, we don't get at the work before us. The drowning heathen lies at the bottom of the pond, and our drags do not touch the body, much less fetch it to shore. The ignorant masses around us glide from our fingers like slippery eels, we have not learned the nack of holding them. We seem to be bobbing after our great objects like boys trying to bite at apples which swim in a tub of water. We are planning, suggesting, arranging; but when are we going to begin? For scores of years we have been tuning up: when

will the music commence? So much time is spent in chopping the chaff, and bruising the oats, that poor Bucephalus is getting lean as Rosinante.

Gentle reader, has no self-accusing thought crossed your mind while trying to keep yourself awake over these lines? No; you are really active, and by no means loquacious. It is well! All honour to you! But where do you live, and of what mother were you born, and what is your age next birthday? The writer enquires eagerly, and will be glad if you should turn out to be one of a numerous family. Our own confession tells no such flattering story. We have, by God's grace, done something, but how little! It is as nothing! Compared with high resolves, and day-dreams, and proposals, what are our achievements? Tears are the fittest comments upon our life's review. We long to begin to live. We have loitered long, like too many more, and work undone accuses and condemns us. Shall we write about it, or from the pulpit pour out a verbal plaint which will die away with its own echo? No; but if God will help us we will try to glorify him, and publish his salvation. To lift up Christ is real work; to cry "Behold the Lamb!" is practical ministry. To teach the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to reclaim the lost, this is Christlike service. What is all else, if we serve not the Lord Christ?

For the year 1873 we suggest the motto, "ACTA NON VERBA,"—Deeds not Words.

William Dawson,

YORKSHIRE FARMER, AND "TRAVELLING LOCAL PREACHER."

BY J. L. KEYS.

OF late years it has become the fashion to glorify the poets, dramatists, musicians, and reformers of the past by centenary, bicentenary, or tercentenary celebrations of their birth; but this year '73 seems to be singularly unfortunate, despite its "odd numbers," for the lovers of hero-worship. The proverbial "old almanacks" must have been at fault, as not a few weather-bound travellers in dull country inns, who are supposed to be shut up to such dry reading on wet days, must have had abundant opportunities during the incessant down-pour of the past months for poring over their pages, and thus finding out who was born a hundred years ago. If the world cannot find some worthy, whose memory it may especially delight to honour this year, the church needs never lack from among "the number whom no man can number," some "bright particular star," who on earth turned many to righteousness, and now shines in heaven, and "shall shine for ever and ever." Such a servant of Christ was William Dawson, more commonly known as "BILLY DAWSON," a brief outline of whose life we now place before our readers on the centenary of his birth, from materials supplied by his biographer, the late Rev. J. Everett.*

* Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Ministry of William Dawson, late of Barnbow, near Leeds. By JAMES EVERETT. 1842.

William Dawson was born March 30th, 1773, at Garforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. His father, Luke Dawson, was steward to Sir T. Gascoigne; his office was to superintend the colliery department; he also had a farm of about one hundred and fifty acres at Barnbow, whither the family went to reside when William, the eldest child, was yet an infant in arms. There were ten children in all, six of whom reached maturity, four dying in infancy. Concerning his father we have but very meagre information: that he was a decided Christian seems to be taken for granted by his biographer; it is certain that he was of unblemished character, and had not only the respect but the fullest confidence of his employer, in whose service he was for a period of twenty-one years, when death put an end to his labours.

Dawson's mother was no ordinary person; Solomon's portraiture of the "virtuous woman" (Proverbs xxxi.) was in many of its particulars applicable to her; for 'she looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arose up and called her blessed; her husband also, and he praised her: her own works praised her in the gates.' The biographer of her son tells us that she was "not only religiously disposed, but admirably fitted for the momentous charge of the children, as to religion and morals; and as in the order of Providence she was destined to be left with them, while some of them were yet young, she acquired thereby a commanding influence through life, which was the more important as age advanced. In order deeply to impress William's mind, together with the hearts of the other children, she prayed with them, read the Holy Scriptures to them, and enforced many of her remarks by select portions from the "Practice of Piety," two paragraphs of the latter, William declared, late in life, fastened their contents upon his mind; further stating, that he often wept and prayed over them,—adding, in his expressive way,—'Many a time have I thumbed them since.'" When quite an infant, William was sent to Whitkirk, little more than two miles from Barnbow, to reside with his paternal grandfather, with whom he continued for nearly five years. We are told that, during the first half-year of his existence, he was feeble and sickly, and cried both night and day, "so much so, that his father and all the domestics, with the exception of his mother, wished, for his own sake—supposing that his life would be one of debility and suffering—that the Lord would call him hence. To this almost incessant crying, he afterwards attributed the strength of his lungs." When we first read this, we thought, in our ignorance, that his biographer might have omitted so childish a matter. Forgive us, ye mothers, who have crying babies; and ye fathers, to whom wearisome nights of sleeplessness are appointed, murmur not, nor seek to hush these encouraging signs of growing power to "cry aloud;" rejoice the rather in the hope that each dear babe will one day be to many sinners a "son of thunder," and therefore to yourself a "son of consolation." That "the child is father to the man," was, moreover, manifest in little Billy's case, for, when scarcely five years old, he strolled with a little playmate into the village church hard by his grandfather's house, and while the sexton's back was turned, "mounted the reading-desk, assigning to his companion the less dignified office of clerk, and opening the

Bible, whose unwieldly size required all the physical energy he possessed to unfold its pages, announced the book, and with an audible voice read a chapter." His mother used to remark, in after life, "He was born a preacher." We may mention here that the village or township of Barnbow had, at that period, a population of less than three hundred, and the neighbouring villages had about the same number of inhabitants, so that educational advantages were very small. Two schools were tried, and William's progress not being satisfactory, a third was sought with better results, for the teacher appears to have been well qualified for his office, and his young pupil obtained what for his station in life, would then be considered a fair amount of learning. That he was a thoughtful boy, one who had "an old head on young shoulders," seems clear from the character of the books he read in early life, if we may take as a fair specimen the two named, namely: "Drelincourt on Death," and "Flavel's Treatise on the Soul." How many school boys have read these? we asked ourselves: we fancy many youths of the present generation would pronounce them to be "awfully slow," and much prefer the pious fiction and religious story-telling of the day. Happy would young Dawson have accounted himself if he could have had access to a tithe of the good and interesting works which are now within the reach of all; but he made the best use of the few good old books at his command, and thereby became a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

His parents were regular and devout attendants at church, which term we use in its conventional sense. They were not satisfied with the form of godliness without its power, for they preferred the ministry of the clergyman at Kippax, to that of the parson of their own parish, though this preference necessitated a journey of six miles instead of only two. Their son did not, however, profit by the preaching, for the style of the preacher was not suitable to the comprehension of one so young. When William was nine years of age, a change took place; Mr. Atkinson was succeeded by a Mr. Richardson, whose sermons were more adapted to his youthful hearer's capacity; "for dealing occasionally in strong expressions, not unfrequently spiced with the quaintness of the preceding age, he at once caught and fixed the attention of his young auditor." The first intimation which we have of any direct spiritual profit from the ministry of the word, was received under the ministry of Mr. Dikes, the curate of Barwick-in-Elmet, who took especial interest in the spiritual state of young Dawson, and put "Doddridge's Rise and Progress" into his hand, which was greatly blessed to him; not, indeed, in giving him peace of conscience, but in deepening his sense of sin, and increasing his anxiety for the light and liberty of the gospel. On one occasion, he wrote a long extract from it, headed, "A Solemn Surrender to Almighty God," to which he appended, opposite the date,—"solemnly performed this day:" he was then about seventeen years old. "His solicitude for deliverance from spiritual bondage increasing, he naturally sought for relief in the use of the ordinances of God;* and it was agreed that he should receive the

* We highly disapprove of this. No one should come to the Lord's table unless he be already saved.—Ed.

sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of Mr. Dikes, in company with John Batty, one of his father's servants, who was also the subject of serious impressions, with whom he often conversed on spiritual matters, and who had grown up into a kind of band-mate for him. The minds of both were impressed with sacred awe; vows, promises, and protestations were made; and the 'Week's Preparation' was not only seriously read, but its directions were rigidly observed. Though the day of liberty was still in hazy twilight, his ardour for salvation was considerably increased by the solemnity of the occasion. All was anxiety within: the spirit was struggling to be free; and the very solicitude experienced was so strained and overbent, that it seemed to break and prove a hindrance to itself; like a body of water, which, in consequence of its own superabundance and onward force, is prevented from finding a ready issue through the straitened sluice. He was unable to give full expression to his feelings; and hence, sat brooding over his inward wretchedness."

In the pages from which we have extracted the foregoing brief outline of William Dawson's conflict with unbelief, we think we discern an index to the character of the theology he studied or listened to. Soundly evangelical as it was esteemed, there may have been, we venture to think, a lack of encouragement to look out of self to Christ: too much insisting by inference, if not by direct teaching, on a certain amount of preparation by the law ere the troubled soul might take the Saviour to be his "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Had the "Warrant of Faith" been more clearly exhibited, peace might have been sooner attained. He was for a long time in the kingdom of God's dear Son, but with eyes only partially opened, he could not enjoy the blessedness of the sight of the King in his beauty. In his case, however, as in that of many of his children, the Lord sovereignly permitted his servant to be thus exercised, that he might in after days be the better able to comfort the mourners in Zion: but no thanks to unbelief!

Besides John Batty, William had another companion in the King's highway, who had somewhat outstripped the two; this was Samuel Settle—a somewhat significant name, by the way—who afterwards "settled down" as a clergyman of the Established Church, and was often instrumental, by his godly letters, in settling many anxious questions propounded by William in subsequent years. This young man was, at the time to which we are alluding, servant to a miller in the neighbourhood. He had sought the Lord, and been found of him, and told his friend William that he enjoyed an assurance of the favour of God. "This was a light unexpectedly springing up in a dark place; and he kept his eye as steadily fixed upon it till he was led to the Saviour, as did the 'wise men' on the portentous 'star' that finally guided their steps to Bethlehem. . . . . Samuel was William's guiding star. The latter had read of Christian assurance, and had heard what he deemed something like it urged from the pulpit; but he had been led to contemplate it as the privilege only of a highly-favoured few—of saints of the highest order, and rather to be held in prospect, approaching nearer and nearer to it, till just on the verge of the grave, than to be enjoyed at present: and till now, he had never conversed with any who

experienced the blessing. He embraced every opportunity for conversing with Samuel, and of corresponding with him on the all-absorbing subject. On leaving church, they often slipped notes into the hands of each other, and thus, for some time, enjoyed the advantages of Christian fellowship." Are not these communings set down in God's "book of remembrance"? How much of our communications with "those that fear the Lord, and that speak often one to another," are thought fit by the Lord for his note-book?

In the years 1790-91 two circumstances of deepest interest to young Dawson occurred—the death of his father, and his own deliverance from his long spiritual bondage, and an assurance of eternal life in Christ Jesus. He was between eighteen and nineteen years of age when his father died, and William succeeded him in the stewardship over the collieries of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, and the management of the farm; his brother, however, principally attended to the farm, on the produce of which the family chiefly depended. William Dawson thus became, at this early period of life, the father of the family.

About this time, his friend and pastor, Mr. Dikes, was succeeded in the curacy of Barwick by Mr. Graham, another godly minister of Christ, "who had not been long at Barwick before the subject of these pages was enabled to lay hold on Christ by faith, and to rejoice in a sense of sin forgiven. This took place in the church, while Mr. Graham was administering the Lord's Supper, and just as he was uttering, 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life; take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving:' he was overwhelmed with a sense of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, and had the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him."

His biographer here tells us that "though he considered himself a member of the Established Church, yet he had, from boyhood, been in the habit of attending the prayer-meetings amongst the Wesleyans, and of hearing the local preachers in the afternoon of the Lord's-day, but without any intention or disposition to unite himself to the body. During the successive labours of Messrs. Dikes and Graham at Barwick, his attachment to the Establishment was still more strongly marked; the former minister influencing his heart by fervent zeal, the latter maintaining his authority over his intellect by superior talent; the two combined, not only nailed him to the door-posts of God's house, but exercised a beneficial influence on his character in after life; and a spirit at once so ardent, and a genius so exuberant, required the more sedate training of the clergy of the Established Church, to moderate the strength of the one, and prune the luxuriant shoots of the other." With all due respect to the "fervent zeal of the one," and to the "superior talent of the other" of these good ministers of Jesus Christ, and also to the opinion of the gifted biographer, we heartily thank the Great Husbandman that the sequel goes to prove that the very qualities which the process described would have "improved away," were his gifts, and made Dawson the successful soul winner he afterwards became, and that therefore his servant was not allowed to continue under the sole care of such under-gardeners. "Prune" as they might,

the branches of this fruitful vine "ran over the wall" and out of the reach of their pruning-knives: for the contagious influence of the Methodist locals, and the holy fire of their prayer-meetings, were more than a match for "the more sedate training of the clergy."

Very gradual was the process by which William Dawson made manifest that he was called to the work of speaking in the name of the Lord. He continued regularly to attend Mr. Graham's ministry on the mornings and afternoons of the Lord's-day in the church, and in the evenings in the schoolroom, where Mr. Graham was in the habit of conducting a less formal service, generally selecting a chapter and expounding it in a lucid and interesting manner. Similar meetings were held on Thursday evenings in his own house, or some other private dwelling. Mr. Graham also kept a school, and during the vacation and at other times when he was called from home, "William supplied his place, read a portion of Scripture, and offered a passing remark upon it; or, as he playfully observed, in the language of an illiterate man, whom he sometimes quoted—*expunged* a little." Here also he often prayed, but never, in any public meeting, without a printed form. He also continued to mingle with the Methodists; and on one occasion an old class-leader called out, "Willy, go to prayer." He refused, and felt indignant at the request, but this led to great searchings of heart, and he came to the conclusion that "*pride* or *shame* was the cause of his refusal, and that neither of these were fit companions for a professor of religion in a place of worship." Soon after the old class-leader, "stuck the hymn-book in his face," to use his own words, saying unceremoniously, "Here, give out a hymn, and go to prayer." He did so, and though ashamed of himself that he "made but poorly out," continued to exhort and pray in private meetings, avoiding the formality of a sermon, but not without prayerful preparation, as meditations on passages of Scripture written at this period and found among his papers seem to show. "He began to read more freely the publications which issued from the press among the Wesleyans, and to pick up, when at Leeds, selections from their poetry," and not a few of the hymn books with which we are all familiar. He acquired a great liking for poetry, and himself attempted the composition of some hymns, together with other poetic pieces.

Finding that the diary in which he was wont to jot down the day's doings, secular and sacred, was scarcely adapted to religious purposes, and that "he required something in which to minute the workings of his soul, he commenced another—a day-book for the heart." As it is from this that we gather his desire to be devoted to the Lord's work, we give a few extracts from it. The dashes mark off entries for each respective day. The first entry is dated "April 28, 1796," and is followed by a long prayer for a blessing upon his plan thus to record the Lord's dealings and his own heart's exercises. We cull a few lines here and there as a sample: "July.—'A sweet nearness of soul to Jesus in private prayer—Carried away with a bad spirit—Why should God permit such a wretch to speak to him—Tasted that the Lord is gracious, and yet rather light—Spoke on Psalm lv. 6. Well may a Christian wish to be at rest. In all I do, there seems to be something of pride mixed up with it—Read "Watts on the Mind"—Friday set apart for

prayer—Overcome with anger.'" "August.—'At Leeds. Heard Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Thom; useful sermons, but derive most profit in attending our church at home—Thursday, sweet views of Jesus and heaven. Spoke on 2 Cor. i. 3—6; if any benefit, God be praised—Feel the risings of pride—Was advised, with others, not to frequent Methodist meetings—Sweet time with Settle in the B [arn ?], Lord answer our united prayer.'" "October.—'Ministry of the Word irresistibly impressed upon my soul. Enable me, Lord, to follow thy will in all things.'"

His anxieties about his call and fitness for the ministry were very deep, and he freely consulted Mr. Graham on the matter, who being persuaded as to his gifts and his grace, "asked him pleasantly, yet not without sincerity, whether he was 'disposed to exchange the drab for a black coat.' On replying in the affirmative, the Rev. interlocutor told him that he would recommend him to the 'ELLAND SOCIETY,' of which the Rev. Miles Atkinson, of Leeds, was a member; a society near Halifax, composed of clergymen, whose object was to recommend young men of character and talent, and to furnish them with a preparatory education, to enable them ultimately to discharge the duties incumbent on clergymen of the Established Church. Mr. Graham, with a view to pave the way to future studies, advised him to procure a Latin Grammar; but like most persons who permit the teens to pass away before they enter upon the study of the foreign classics, he found it hard work to fix his mind with any degree of satisfaction on his task. After a time he returned to Mr. Graham in a fit of despondency, observing that he could 'make nothing of it,' that he was afraid it would 'crack his brain.'" He did not, however, wholly give up the attempt, for his desire was strong to enter the ministry. This longing was kept alive by the frequent letters of his friend Settle, who was at this period at Cambridge University, preparing for the church. His friend's communications were not *always* very encouraging, but sometimes unsettling we should think, if we may judge by the following short extract:—"Lately, I have been much engaged in the schools; and am surprised that wise men will regard such nonsense. But, the fact is, I am tired of Cambridge studies; and I am persuaded I shall always consider my time spent in Mathematics, the least beneficial of any employed in the whole course of my life. Had I been engaged in searching the Scriptures, in composing sermons, and in reading the history of mankind, I should then have possessed some useful knowledge on going forth into the world. Instead of that, I shall have spent three or four years in grammar, and three or four more in again forgetting it. Such is my tale."

Happily for the church of Christ, such was not to be Dawson's "tale," for there was long delay in obtaining any satisfactory reply to the application of his friends on his behalf to the "Elland Society," which was short of funds; but the Master had need of him, and supplied him with education in a far different college. "In addition to his arduous secular avocation; his regular perusal of the Word of God; a new sermon for some months successively for his Thursday auditory; the public ordinances at Barwick; visiting the sick; attending prayer-meetings at schools and elsewhere; writing letters of reproof, advice,

and encouragement ;—he found time for the perusal of 'Law's Serious Call,' part of Fletcher's Works, of Madeley, Young's 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Arminian Magazine,' 'D. Brainerd's Journal,' etc. ; faithfully recording the effects of the latter upon his mind, and accompanying each letter with an ardent prayer to God to bless it to its intended use. He set apart days for fasting and prayer, and otherwise practised great self-denial." Without remitting his regular attendance at church twice on the Lord's-day, he sought every opportunity to hear any godly minister or evangelist who came within reach. These, of course, were nearly all Methodists. Hearing one preach in the open air—a new thing to him—he caught the spirit, and was led to enter upon the same work himself.

"Doors of usefulness continued to open in different directions, and in 1798, became next to oppressively numerous. His zeal induced him readily to yield to the promptings of friendship at home, and to the calls of strangers at a distance, to favour the villages and hamlets with the word of life. Colton was the first place at which he preached and formally took a text, out of his own parish ; first in the house of Grace ——, the next time on the stone at her door, and subsequently on the common. This led to the establishment of preaching at Whitkirk, in the vicinity, at the house of Mrs. Dean, a relative of Lady Irvin, who was much attached to him as a preacher, and was in the habit of designating him, 'My Willy.'" He there preached this good lady's funeral sermon, great crowds were attracted, and they had to adjourn to the open air ; it being in the night, exceedingly dark, a friend suspended a lantern to a tree that the crowd might see as well as hear the preacher, "while he proclaimed, like the Baptist in the wilderness, the doctrine of the kingdom."

"With all his attachment to the Established Church, several things occurred, like so many small driftings, to bear him out of his original course." His engagements became so numerous, that by degrees he was obliged to give up attendance upon the services at church on the Lord's-day, for he often preached in places some miles apart from each other on that day. Moreover, he was more frequently at meetings of Methodist brethren; and soon "a further advance was made, by stepping from the outer to the inner court of Wesleyan Methodism, by attending some of their love-feasts." On one of these occasions he remarks, "I found a near approach to God. Blessed be the Lord !" He no longer was able to enjoy the services at the parish church, even had his engagements allowed of his attending. Mr. Dikes and Mr. Graham had both been removed, and the pulpit was occupied by one, of whom he observed that not only were "his notions of religion incorrect, but his life was opposed to the ministerial character."

His singular position, halting between the desire to enter the church, and the stronger attraction of immediate usefulness in winning souls to God, was at length changed to one of decision; he attended class-metings, and thus, to use his biographer's simile, passed the Rubicon. Returning to the narrative, we find that he was no less active below than above ground. His duties required him often to descend the mines under his stewardship. "He had a dress for the occasion; and after finishing his survey, he was often accosted by the colliers with, 'Come, give us a

word: there are some of your children here, and they want a bit of bread.' This appeal, made by those whom he had 'begotten through the gospel.' and who were anxious for the bread of life, was rarely made in vain,—never, indeed, when time and prudence gave their suffrage."

He commenced the new year, 1800, with a solemn dedication of himself to God, and earnest prayer for a revival of religion; he increased his labours for Christ, till ere long, nine other neighbouring places were included in the already large circle of his itinerancy. "He found his own horse, paid his own tolls, and supported the whole of the wear and tear of the road." Lest it should be thought by this that his temporal circumstances were prosperous, we must here mention that the farm required all the industry and energy of himself and the other members of the family to make it pay, and he never was able to save a penny, while his stewardship at this time only brought him in fifteen shillings per week, and until just prior to the time we are writing of, his pay was but twelve shillings. The time approached for his acceptance or non-acceptance, by the Conference, as an itinerant preacher. Many obstacles of a domestic character stood in his way. He was just about arranging his affairs satisfactorily to his family, and was accepted by the Conference, when, through circumstances which we have not space to enter upon in this short sketch, he felt it was the will of God that he "should relinquish all thoughts of going out to travel," and continue in his stewardship and farm for the sake of those dependant upon him.

Hearers and converts continued to multiply in his own neighbourhood; his labours were greatly blessed at Leeds also, where he frequently preached. Indeed, year after year his circle of admirers enlarged, and he was in constant request for special services where collections were needed. "His power over the passions, and his tact for improving funeral occasions, continued to augment his engagements."

At this time, great exertions were making by the Baptists and the agents of the London Missionary Society on behalf of the heathen. Mr. Dawson was present on one occasion when Andrew Fuller was pleading the cause of missions; he had been expatiating on the great good that had been effected by Dr. Carey and others, and asked, in his energetic way,—"Where will it end?" "In heaven," responded Mr. Dawson, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard, with his face beaming with emotions. The Methodists soon entered heartily into this glorious work, and Mr. Dawson was invited to take part in their first public missionary meeting at Leeds. This was his first appearance as a platform speaker, in which branch of service he soon achieved remarkable success, so much so, that his help seemed to be a necessity. When, on the above occasion, he was told that a resolution would be committed to his care, he said, "Me take a resolution! I know not what to do with it. I shall be blundering over it, like one of our senators, who had to take the sacrament to qualify him for his seat." "How was that?" was asked. He replied, "He was an irreligious man; and being as ignorant of religion, as he was personally indifferent to it, he went to church—supposing his appearance within its walls sufficient—when a female was returning thanks, and was thus *churched* with her;" repeating, "I shall be sure to blunder." But he did not blunder, for his speech was like

a fire, enkindling in his auditory such a fervent spirit for the cause of missions, that invitations poured in upon him thenceforward. Nor did he in any instance disappoint the expectations of those who sought his help on the platform; for unusually large and liberal collections always bore witness to the power of his addresses, which were generally carefully prepared beforehand, as appears from the number of manuscripts of this kind found among his papers. He did not, however, depend upon his paper; indeed, we did not find that he used notes either in the pulpit or on the platform; and that he could not endure the *reading* of sermons or speeches is clear from the following incident:—

"One of the speakers at a missionary meeting, appearing on the platform with a bundle of papers in his hand, Mr. Dawson, suspicious of an attempt to inflict punishment on the patience of the people, enquired—'What are you going to do with all them papers?' 'To read them, to be sure,' was the reply. 'What, the whole of them?' 'Yes,' returned the intended reader, subjoining, 'Such documents constitute the *life-blood* of a speech.' 'Let me tell you, then,' said Mr. Dawson, who looked upon reading on a platform as producing the same effect upon a congregation that the damper produces when put into the oven; and who knew well the difference between the exercise of the intellect upon written documents and matter bubbling up from the heart—'Let me tell you that your speech will die of *apoplexy*; for the *blood* has all gone up to the head.'"

"From 1821 to 1824 he was frequently engaged in the Metropolis, Bristol, the large towns in Cornwall, the Southern, Western, and Northern Counties, and there were few places of magnitude from which he had not letters of invitation. He very often had to turn out of the different places of worship and preach in the open air to accommodate persons who could not gain access to the chapels; and the chapels themselves could only be endured from the intense eagerness the people felt to hear him. A person came up to him at Cullingworth, nearly breathless, wiping the perspiration off his face, and saying, by way of showing his hardships and exciting pity, 'I have had to stand all the time!' 'So have I,' returned Mr. Dawson, when silence was instantly imposed, the person perceiving that Mr. Dawson had the fatigue of the pulpit added to it." In this connection there are numerous instances given of the Herculean toil of the "*travelling* LOCAL *preacher*," as he once facetiously designated himself, one of which we insert as a sample:—"During six days, aided only by the regular heavy coaches, he travelled three hundred and forty miles, preached ten sermons, was only three nights in bed; the time allowed for repose occupied only a space of ten hours, not averaging quite three hours and a half." We must bear in mind that most of his journies were performed on horseback, or by coach, for at this part of his career he had not the travelling advantages of the "iron way;" but he had an iron will, and proved the truth of the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

From such labours it is reasonable to suppose that great spiritual results would follow, and that records of multitudes of conversions would find a place in such a biography; but the singular position of the labourer will, upon a moment's reflection, account for the absence of any means of forming, even roughly, such an estimate. Had Mr.

Dawson been the pastor of a church, the instances of his usefulness in conversion coming under the notice of himself and of his friends in one's and two's would, we believe, have been multiplied a thousandfold; for, says his biographer, "at this period Mr. Dawson was not merely popular, nor was the feeling which accompanied his labours evanescent; he did not take the work away with him to the next place, but left a savour of hallowed feeling behind: he drew the people to God, not to himself."

(*To be continued*).

The Religion of Rome.

WE welcome the publication of a volume entitled "The Religion of Rome." It consists of letters published in a Roman Journal, which have been translated from the Italian, by Mr. William Howitt. In these times, when liberality is the only popular virtue, and zeal for truth the cardinal sin, it is worth much to let the public know assuredly that Popery is not the angel of light it professes to be. "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" but, to the rightminded, to see Romanism is to abhor it. It is a system which is as dangerous to human society, as it is hostile to true religion. We would by no means abridge the civil rights of a Catholic, or a Mormonite, but whether in any community the confessional or polygamy ought to be endured is not a question with us. The system of confession to priests is the sum of all villanies. Murphy was martyred for speaking the truth about the confessional, and in his person the liberty of public speech received a serious blow. The day will come in which that man's name and fate will be looked upon in a different light, and many will regret that he was given over as a victim to Romish bigotry, when they feel that bigotry burdening themselves. We have seen with our own eyes that which would make the blood of any decent man boil within him. In the confessional boxes in Germany and Italy, anybody may see for himself, exhibited in the compartment allotted to the priest, a list of the sins concerning which the confessor is to enquire; these include crimes which we will not pollute our paper by mentioning; he must be a hardened profligate who would dare allude to them in the presence of a young girl. Not in the pages of a folio reserved for studious eyes did we read the degrading memoranda of which we speak, but in the confessional itself, where every passer-by may see them if he will. True, the document is in Latin; but, unfortunately, such words as *abortio*, *sodomia*, and the like, need no translation. But we dare not trust our hand to write more,—the superstition of Rome is the worst of all the evils which have befallen our race; may the Lord arise, and sweep it down to the hell from whence it arose.

Mr. Howitt has seen Old Giant Pope at home, and marked for himself the monster's baleful influence, even in times when advancing light tends to mitigate the evils of his reign. To his testimony we can add our own corroborating witness, and so, we believe, can every

sojourner in Italy. He says—"Well may the people of Italy rejoice over the fall of this incubus of the ages! If anyone would satisfy himself of what Popery is at its centre; what it does where it has had its fullest sway, let him make a little tour, as we have lately done, into the mountains in the vicinity of Rome, and see in a country extremely beautiful by nature, what is the condition of an extremely industrious population. In the rock towns of the Alban, Sabine, and Volscian hills, you find a swarming throng of men, women, and children, asses, pigs, and hens, all grovelling in inconceivable filth, squalor, and poverty. Filth in the streets, in the houses, everywhere; fleas, fever, and smallpox, and the densest ignorance darkening minds of singular natural cleverness. A people brilliant in intellect, totally uneducated, and steeped in the grossest superstition.

These dens of dirt, disease, and, till lately, of brigandage, are the evidences of a thousand years of priestly government! They, and the country around them, are chiefly the property of the great princely and ducal families which sprung out of the papal nepotism of Rome, and have by successive popes, their founders, been loaded with the wealth of the nation. The pope-originated aristocratic families live in Rome, in their great palaces, amidst every luxury and splendour, surrounded by the finest works of art, and leave their tenants and dependants without any attention from them. Some steward or middleman screws the last soldo from them for rent; and when crops fail, as they did last year from drought, lifts not a finger to alleviate their misery.

And the Papal Government, too—a government pretendedly based on the direct ordination of Him who went about doing good—what has it done for them? Nothing but debauch their minds with idle ceremonies and unscriptural dogmas, lying legends, priests, monks, and beggary! The whole land is a land of beggars, made so by inculcated notions of a spurious charity. Every countrywoman, many men, and every child, boy or girl, are literally beggars—beggars importunate, unappeasable, irrepressible! What a condition of mind for a naturally noble and capable people to be reduced to by—a religion!

And is this the *religion* which so many of our educated countrymen and countrywomen, and still more signally the clergy, are so anxious to give us in exchange for the freedom and intelligence of Protestantism? What a stupid blunder, to say the least of it!"

The letters which are translated for us in this volume, touch upon a wide range of subjects, and are written with great vigour and vivacity. It is a remarkable sign of the times that they should have appeared in a daily paper in the Eternal City itself. Here is a paragraph upon "Kissing the foot of the Pope":—

"Why does the pope cause his foot, or rather his slipper, to be kissed? When did this custom begin? We will give our readers a brief answer to these queries.

Theophilus Rainaldo and the Bollandist fathers, as well as other Roman Catholic authors, tell us a gallant story of Pope St. Leo I., called the Great, which, if it were true, might show the origin of the practice. They say that a young and very handsome devotee was admitted on Easter day, to kiss the hand of Pope St. Leo after the mass. The pope felt himself very much excited by this kiss, and remembering the words of the Saviour, 'If thy hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee' (Matt. v. 30), he at once cut off

his hand. But as he was unable to perform mass with only one hand, the people were in a great rage. The pope therefore prayed to God to restore his hand, and God complied: his hand was again united to the stump. And to avoid such dilemmas in future, Leo ordered that thereafter no one should kiss his hand, but only his foot. A very little common sense is sufficient to make us understand that such was not the origin of this custom.

The first who invented this degrading act of kissing feet was that monster in human form, the Emperor Caligula. He, in his quality of Pontifex Maximus, ordered the people to kiss his foot. The other emperors refused such an act of base slavery. But Heliogabalus, as emperor and Pontifex Maximus, again introduced it. After that impious wretch, Heliogabalus, the custom fell into disuse; but the Christian emperors retaining some of the wicked fables given to the pagan emperors, permitted the kissing of the foot as a compliment on the presentation of petitions. We may cite a few instances. The Acts of the Council of Chalcedon say that Fazius, Bishop of Tyre, in his petition to the emperor, said, 'I supplicate, prostrate, at your immaculate divine feet.' Bassianus, Bishop of Ephesus, says, 'I prostrate myself at your feet.' Eunomius, Bishop of Nicomedia, says, 'I prostrate myself before the footsteps of your power.' The Abbot Saba, says, 'I have come to adore the footsteps of your piety.' Procopius, in his 'History of Mysteries,' says that the Emperor Justinian, at the instigation of the proud Theodora, his wife, was the first amongst the Christian Emperors who ordered prostrations before himself and his wife, and the kissing of their feet.

The ecclesiastics, the bishops, and, finally, the popes, were not exempt from paying this homage to the emperors. The prelates of Syria held this language to the Emperor Justinian:—'The pope of holy memory, and the archbishop of ancient Rome, has come to your pious conversation, and has been honoured by your holy feet.' Pope Gregory I., writing to Theodorus, the physician of the Emperor Mauritius, in the year A.D. 593, said, 'My tongue cannot sufficiently express the great benefits that I have received from God Almighty, and from our great emperor, for which I can only love him and kiss his feet.' In the year A.D. 681, Pope Agathon, sending his legates to the sixth council, writes to the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus:—'As prostrate in your presence, and embracing your feet, I implore you,' etc. In the seventh century, therefore, not only did the popes not have their feet kissed, but they themselves were obliged to kiss those of the emperor. Becoming sovereigns of Rome, they soon began to adopt the same custom. Pope Eugenius II., who died in 827, was the first who made it the law to kiss the papal foot. From that time it was necessary to kneel before the popes. Gregory VII. ordered all princes to submit to this practice.

From what we have said, it is clear that the origin of feet kissing was entirely pagan and idolatrous. That this system is in total contradiction to the precepts of the Gospel would be a waste of words to assert. Jesus Christ was so far from desiring people to kiss his feet, that he set himself on one occasion to wash the feet of his disciples. These are the words of the Gospel: 'He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.'

This act of Jesus Christ is in perfect keeping (John xiii. 4, 5) with all his precepts, with his inculcations of modesty, equality, humility, and with his condemnation of those who set themselves above others. Who would have said that a day would come in which those claiming to be his vicars should cause people to kiss their feet? How thoroughly has Catholicism borrowed from paganism its idolatries? And with all this, with this so flagrant a violation of the religion of Christ, a herd of people go and press their lips on the slipper of the pope, as was done formerly to the Roman emperors, the pontifices maximi, that is to say, the priests of Jove. The comparison is sufficiently eloquent."

Very terrible is the chapter upon Excommunications and the Holy Office of the Inquisition: it is indeed sickening. The story of Rome's bloody persecutions of all who differed from her, when told in the mildest manner, is yet a thing to chill the blood and make the flesh creep. Blessed be God she has such horrors no longer in her power; but if she had her fangs untrimmed as of old, it would not be long before her victims would be aware of it. We will give but a brief extract, referring to times of comparatively modern date.

"The times changed, and being no longer able to burn the heretics and the excommunicated publicly, the holy office found means of putting them to death without the *shedding of blood* and for the *glory of God*, by means of walling-up and ovens.

The walling-up was of two kinds, the *propria*, and *impropria*, or complete and incomplete. By the first they punished dogmatists, by the second, the professors of witchcraft and sorcery. To punish the former, they made a niche in a wall, where standing upright on his feet, they placed the condemned, binding him well to the wall with cords and chains, so that he could not move in the least. They then began to build from the feet to the knees, and every day they raised the wall a course, at the same time giving the prisoner to eat and to drink. When he died, and God knows with what agonies, the wall was built up. But dead or alive, it was closed in such a manner that no one could see where the niche had been and that a body remained there.

The incomplete walling-up, or enclosure, was made by sitting the condemned in a pit bound hand and foot, so that his head only was above ground. The pit was then filled up with quicklime, and moisture from the body soon acting on it, converted it into fire, and the miserable wretch was burnt alive with the most frightful torture.

As knowledge and civilization increased, and the people began to see through the impostures of the priests, they feared lest, spite of their secrecy, such atrocities might creep abroad amongst the corrupt sons of the age, and in order to retain the knowledge of these *holy* proceedings amongst a few, they dismissed the building-up, and adopted a plan more anticipative of the pains of hell, and this was by burning the condemned without flame, and without *shedding of blood*. They invented ovens, or furnaces, which being made red-hot, they lowered the condemned into them, bound hand and foot, and immediately closed over them the mouth of the furnace. This barbarous punishment was substituted for the burning pile, and in 1849, these furnaces at Rome were laid open to public view in the dungeons of the *holy* Roman Inquisition, near the great church of the Vatican, still containing the calcined bones."

The manufacture of relics would be a deeply interesting subject if some one behind the scenes would write upon it; and we need not despair of that desideratum, for many of the works of darkness have of late, by accident or otherwise, been brought to light. The following extracts will show that even in the depths of roguery which surround relic-making, there is yet a lower depth, and even counterfeits are counterfeited:—

"A sudden and terrible blow has fallen on the popedom in the discovery of a most extensive manufacture and sale of false relics by the priest officials of the papal court. Before, however, stating the particulars of the illicit traffic in relics, it will be as well to take a view of what is the regular practice at the Vatican in regard to relics. It is well known that for ages the papacy has carried on a trade in relics, and that they abound in all parts of the world amongst Catholics, who put,

the most profound faith in them, and believe them possessed of wonderful supernatural power. These have all issued from the manufactory of the Vatican under authority of the successive popes, and many of them have been expressly blest by them. Notwithstanding that on this system they have two heads of St. Peter in Rome, as many as four, five, six, seven bodies of the same saint in different places, and as much wood of the true cross as would build a navy, these things do not in the least shake the faith of devotees. The priests say, that there being such things only makes the miracle the greater. The Vatican has for ages had a distinct department for the production and dissemination of relics, at the head of which is placed the Pope's vicar. This vicar appoints a superintendent of relics, a Jesuit by-the-way, who pronounces to what saint the body about to be cut up into relics belongs, and these are prepared in the Vatican itself.

In the Roman daily paper, *La Capitale*, on the 6th of April, 1871, there appeared an announcement of the discovery in the papal archives of a judicial trial or investigation into a charge of an extensive manufacture of false relics by the official priests of the Lipsanotica, or relic department of the Vatican. The documents of this inquiry had by some means fallen into the hands of the Italians, since their forcible entry into Rome on the 20th September, 1870.

The publication of so astounding a fact was immediately declared by the papal journals to be a totally groundless and atrocious calumny. But unfortunately for this denial, immediately appeared one Guiseppe Colangeli, who had been the porter of the Lipsanotica at the time of this lucrative traffic, and had been charged, not only as an accomplice, but as one of the greatest offenders. He had been imprisoned on this charge in St. Angelo, condemned, and, as we shall see, as suddenly liberated and dismissed. He now came out, with a long and circumstantial letter in his own defence in the *Capitale*, thus putting the truth of this official process and of these records of it beyond all doubt. From the documents which have been published, and are on sale in Rome, and from Colangeli's letter, we arrive at the facts, of which we proceed to give a brief *résumé*.

Besides Colangeli, two other laymen were accused as concerned in this unholy but most lucrative trade—Vincenzo Campodonico, chaplet-maker, and Guiseppe Campodonico, maker of shrines for the false relics. Amongst the priests implicated were, the Rev. Dr. Guiseppe Gaggi, Jesuit and official of the Lipsanotica; Brother Benoit, also a Jesuit priest; the Abbot Spirito Rembert, a minorist priest; Norberto Constantine, and the Rev. Dr. Archangelo Scognamiglio, the custodian of the Lipsanotica, Bembo Nare, Don Antonio Anselmi, and Don Guiseppe Milani, priestly officers in the Lipsanotica, who, having access to the seals of the cardinal vicar, the head of the relic department, freely used them for authenticating these forged relics.

It appears that so far back as 1828 this trade was going on, and at that time Agostino Campodonico, the father of the present Campodonicos, was largely concerned in it. At the trial before the cardinal-vicar of the pope, Guiseppe Campodonico was known to be in the habit of making little shrines, or calendars, for the false relics, and that Vincenzo Campodonico supplied these with pieces of bones of sheep and

hares, or of human bones, old and carious, taken from the catacombs, but such as were probably those of pagans, certainly not of saints and martyrs whose names they affixed to them. These bits of bones were fixed into little images of wax, professed to be the likenesses of the saints they had belonged to, and were secured to the backs of the shrines by threads of silk, and then by seals, purporting to be the seals of the papal office, and to bear the signature of the custodian of the Lipsanotica. Giuseppe Colangeli, the porter of the Lipsanotica, was represented to be the medium by which these lots of trumpery were conveyed to the Lipsanotica, and the necessary authentications of the custodian obtained, after which he carried them back to the Campodonicos, who dealt in them.

Enormous sums were given by English noblemen, and others, English ladies and gentlemen, by wealthy Spaniards, and Spanish ladies, by rich and religious Belgian dupes, and, in fact, the false relics were sent all over the Catholic world, and sold in the different monasteries and convents. Brother Benoît, the Jesuit, was a great agent in this traffic, and all parties were reaping a rich harvest from it. The custodian of the Lipsanotica, Dr. Archangelo Scognamiglio, defended himself by saying that Colangeli, being employed by him, in consequence of the large sale of *genuine* relics, that is, such relics as the Vatican calls genuine, to write out the authentications for his signature, wrote out twice as many as ordered, and appropriated half to his own use in this nefarious trade. To this shallow pretence, Colangeli, in his published letter, properly replied, that, had this been the case, the custodian would at once have noticed the extra number, and he assured the public that the custodian, with his assistants, Anselmi and Milani, were as deep in the business as any of the set.

The Jesuits play a prominent part in these transactions, as they do in most Catholic affairs. Father Gaggi, we are told, put the authenticating seal to the false relics, some of which were in shrines, and others in settings of gold or silver. Brother Benoit was the great wholesale dealer in them, and during the trial, with their usual cunning, the Jesuits took care that he could not be found. It was confidently believed that he was secreted in the head-quarters of the Jesuits at Lyons. No means whatever were taken by the pope, or his court, to make known the existence of this legion of forged relics, so that, so far as they were concerned, the thousands and tens of thousands of dupes might go on for ever worshipping the bones of sheep and hares, and carrying them to the sick in the hope of their being healed by them.

The exposure of this most scandalous manufacture of and traffic in the bones of sheep, hares, and old pagans, within the precincts of the Vatican, and by the spiritual officers of the pope himself, has produced a profound sensation throughout Christendom, and has invalidated the whole of the pretended holy relics in existence. The report of this trial, and the letter of Colangeli, are printed in a small book, and sold for two francs, little more than eighteen pence, and have been translated into German and other languages.* In combination with the shock given to the popedom by the resistance to the dogma of infallibility,

* Processo delle reliquie false. Rome, via de cessarini 76, Prezzo 2 lire.

this exposure has gone far to shake the great papal impostnre to its deepest foundations. What a religion must that be, which trading on the ignorance and superstition which it has itself created in such vile fetich wares as these, makes its impostures so gross and palpable, that its very priests, seeing all its impudent greed, themselves extend the base delusion on their own account."

Another subject may also interest the reader. At the further end of St. Peter's, one may see what is said to be the *chair of Peter*. It is raised above a majestic altar, composed of fine marbles, and is supported by four gigantic figures. Angels hover all around, and above it is a field of transparent glass, coloured to represent light, and so to typify the presence of the Holy Spirit. Is this the chair of Peter or no? Common sense is quite able to give the answer, and her verdict is abundantly sustained by rumour and fact. The whole story of this blessed chair lies in a nut shell; here it is:—

"Lady Morgan, in her work on Italy, in the fourth volume, relates a story about the famous chair of St. Peter, which is venerated in Rome with so much solemnity, which account we now give in her own words:—'The sacrilegious curiosity of the French, in their occupation of Rome, in the beginning of this century, overcame all obstacles. and would see the chair of St. Peter. They took off the precious case of gilt bronze, and laid open the relic. Through the dust they saw the traces of antiquity, and some figures cut in the wood, which resembled letters. The chair, being taken out and exposed to the light, after clearing away the cobwebs and dust, they made an exact copy of the inscription, which proved to be the well-known Mahometan confession of faith, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' It is supposed that this chair was one of a number of relics brought by the Crusaders from the East in times of ignorance."

We have no desire to insist on the truth of the statement of Lady Morgan, which would make this out to be the chair of some devout Mahometan, instead of being that of St. Peter; but we do not think the reply made by the theologians to the English traveller was either serious or conclusive. The most telling reply is that which the theologians of Rome gave to demonstrate the impossibility of this chair having belonged to a Turk—namely, that the Turks do not use chairs. But the Roman theologians, if they knew the history and customs of the East, would know that the Orientals, though they do not use chairs in their houses, at least commonly, yet they use them in their mosques to preach from. Al Jannati, a famous Arab writer, relates that Mahomet caused a chair to be made by one Nakum, a Greek workman, to preach from; and says that upon this chair both Mahomet and all the Califs, his successors, preached; and, in imitation of this, there is in every mosque a chair to preach from. What wonder, then, if the chair of which Lady Morgan speaks should be one of these chairs taken by the Crusaders from some mosque? And this the more, that the sacred motto of the Mahometans is only found on sacred objects. For the rest, the testimony of Lady Morgan begets at least a doubt; therefore, let the Roman priests expose to view this famous chair without its covering of bronze, and then it will be seen whether Lady Morgan has erred, or has spoken the truth.

The identity of this chair has been placed in doubt—or, rather, denied by the learned and pious Father Tillemont, the Benedictine, who says—"It is pretended that the episcopal chair of St. Peter is preserved in Rome, and Baronius says that it is of wood; but people who saw in 1666 that which was about to be solemnly placed in the church of St. Peter, asserted that it was of ivory, and that the sculpture upon it was antique, and of the third or fourth century, and that it represented the twelve labours of Hercules. How happens it, then, that Baronius and Tillemont are not in accordance? How can possibly be found on the same chair the twelve labours of Hercules and a profession of the Mahometan faith? These two things certainly cannot exist together, and especially in a chair of St. Peter. This is probably the truth of the matter. In the time of Cardinal Baronius, the chair was really one of the old curule chairs of ivory, and had upon it sculptured the twelve labours of Hercules. Cardinal Baronius caused Clement VIII. to observe that, if it was important to have in Rome the chair of St. Peter, it was still more important that the Protestants and the incredulous should not find in this an evident argument for the denial of its antiquity. A curule chair, with the labours of Hercules sculptured on it, was a thing incredible as a chair of St. Peter. The pope was convinced of this, and caused the chair to be changed, without any publicity, the public not being able to observe this change, since the chair was in a case of gilt copper. Into this case was put an old chair of wood, in the Gothic style, and this is the chair of wood of which Baronius speaks.

Sixty years later, Alexander VII. caused the famous altar of the cathedral to be erected, as described above; but when they were about to put the chair into the present case, it was remarked that the Gothic style did not exist in the time of St. Peter. Then they rejected the chair selected by Baronius, and wished to restore the former one; but here the labours of Hercules presented an equal obstacle. The warehouse of relics was then visited, and there they found an ancient chair brought from the East, by the Crusaders, and this was it which was put into the new case, and which is the one spoken of by Lady Morgan. So then the grand proof of the Roman clergy of St. Peter having been in Rome, is a chair from a Mahometan mosque!

Here we are reminded of the trial about the false relics! If they falsify even chairs, can you then believe in their bones? What reason had Pope Ganganelli, who suppressed the Jesuits, to exclaim, 'If one put faith in all the relics that they exhibit in all countries, one must many times be persuaded that a saint had ten heads and ten arms!' It was a pope who said this—that is, an infallible person—and not we only."

Essence of lies, and quintessence of blasphemy, as the religion of Rome is, it nevertheless fascinates a certain order of Protestants, of whom we fear it may be truly said that "they have received a strong delusion to believe a lie, that they may be damned." Seeing that it is so, it becomes all who would preserve their fellow-immortals from destruction to be plain and earnest in their warnings. Not in a party-spirit, but for truth's sake, our Protestantism must protest perpetually.

Dignitaries of the papal confederacy are just now very prominent in benevolent movements, and we may be sure that they have ends to serve other than those which strike the public eye. A priest lives only for his church; he may profess to have other objects, but this is a mere blind. Our ancient enemies have small belief in our common sense if they imagine that we shall ever be able to trust them, after having so often beheld the depths of Jesuitical cunning and duplicity. The sooner we let certain Archbishops and Cardinals know that we are aware of their designs, and will in nothing co-operate with them, the better for us and our country. Of course, we shall be howled at as bigots, but we can afford to smile at that cry, when it comes from the church which invented the Inquisition. "No peace with Rome" is the motto of reason as well as of religion.

C. H. S.

The Founder of Pennsylvania.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART I.]

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist in regard to the value of the life-work of William Penn, all intelligent observers of the times in which he lived concede to the great Quaker those distinctions which belong to men of superior powers, and to notable historical characters. From our stand-point, Penn also stands out as an eminent Christian Patriot, as will appear as we proceed. The family to which he belongs are of a good stock, dating their pedigree far back in the dim centuries of English history. The grandfather of William was a sort of sea-adventurer, who succeeded in winning the countenance of Charles the First, and partly by means of presents of hawks and high-bred horses which were brought from distant climes for the King's use. Then William had an uncle, who inherited in full measure the daring and enterprise of his race. He settled on Spanish soil and grew rich; but paid for his temerity by falling into the hands of enemies, and by having to surrender his wealth to the fierce agents of the Inquisition. He was tortured well-nigh to death, and languished in prison during three years.

Admiral Penn, William's father, may be classed among the trimmers of the Commonwealth; for while not disdaining to receive honour and emolument from Cromwell, he maintained friendly communications with the exiled King on the Continent. When his real character was detected by the Protector, this able colleague of Blake, and some others, were committed to the Tower. But these family troubles were of brief duration. With the dawn of the Restoration, the old seaman's star was again in ascendancy. As a favourite with the new King, the Admiral was not slow in conforming to the new order of things. He became a commissioner in the Navy, and his house in Navy Gardens, near Whitehall, was soon a rendezvous for fast livers and deep drinkers. "The Admiral, who had been a Puritan among the Puritans," to

borrow a sentence of slang from Penn's latest biographer, "became a roystering blade with the returning cavaliers."

Yet, though the Admiral lapsed into the loose living common to the times, he exercised judicious forethought on behalf of his son, for whom he harboured ambitious designs. Being in possession of ample means, he determined that William should go forth into the world with every advantage springing from a superior education; and, having benefited by a liberal preparatory training, William was already at Oxford while the Restoration was becoming history, and while Dr. Owen was Dean of the University. William was a tender-hearted boy, one who in very early life discovered that religion carried an attractive face; and at Oxford, among grave Puritan professors and hard-working students, the good impressions of childish days returned in force. Moreover, though so young, this youth could think for himself. He looked into the question relating to the union of Church and State, and imbibed Nonconformist principles. He also listened to the doctrinal teachings of the new sect of Quakers which was just rising, and in the foibles of the weakest among whom, "roystering blades" found targets for their arrows of wit and banter. The poor Quakers, with their odd whimsies of refusing to remove a hat even in presence of the King, and of declining an oath in the highest court, were everywhere reviled, ridiculed and spoken against; but provided he thought them in the right, Penn was strong enough to disregard the popular verdict. It was quite otherwise with the Admiral. The world was his idol; and he felt that he could not afford to risk losing its good opinion. He wanted bravery to face the world's sneers. On William's return home, therefore, the Admiral was highly chagrined on discovering the extent of the change which had taken place in his son's character and outward bearing. He would have laughed and scoffed these notions away, but his breath would have been as effectively spent in trying to blow down one of the oaks in Navy Gardens. Then came threats and storms of passion. Young Penn was even turned out of doors; but when a reconciliation took place, in consequence of the mother's tears and entreaties, the Admiral thought of other and more potent means of winning William back to the world. He would send the young scholar to Paris, where his zeal would vanish into air, and his love of former ways return. Nor were the hopes of the elder Penn entirely disappointed. Amid the tinselled glitter and elegant pleasures of the Paris of Louis the Fourteenth, William partially relapsed into a worldly mind, and according to Pepys, returned home, transformed into "a fine gentleman." The French manners were ingrained into him, until little of the Puritanism of Oxford appeared to be left in his nature.

In time, however, the good impressions of other days returned. Penn realised the vanity of earthly advancement and reputation, in an unusual degree for a youth of his years. The father observed the change with pain. As on a former occasion Paris had acted as an antidote, so now, for a similar purpose, the Admiral placed William at the lively court of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Again it was seen with satisfaction that the worldly spirit returned. Cordially received by the Duke of Ormonde, the brilliant young courtier lived and moved as one of the stars of the Dublin aristocracy. Once more the delighted

Admiral saw his object partially gained. Amid the music and feasting, the smiles of high-born ladies, and the sprightly converse of fashionable men, William's religious enthusiasm again cooled, though his morality and high principle remained unimpaired. It even happened that he, who was destined to live henceforth a pattern and apostle of peace, listened to the siren voice of the tempter Military Glory. A petty insurrection or mutiny broke out among the soldiers of a neighbouring garrison; and none more signally distinguished themselves in restoring order than William Penn. He tasted the cup of flattery, and so fascinating did the attractions of a soldier's life appear, that the Admiral was petitioned to yield to his son a captaincy in the army; but for this office William fortunately petitioned in vain. It was providentially ordered, when he found himself thus disappointed; though even had he secured the captaincy, it is not probable that he would long have retained his military honours. Again he saw the vanity of the glitter and rivalry which reigned around him in Dublin; and, when the world ceased to yield satisfaction, religion reappeared with her unfading attractions. The Quakers had previously impressed him by their preaching; now he finally embraced their doctrines. The Admiral was more than displeased. His indignation was aroused; and, on resisting all entreaties to return to former ways, William was turned out of doors!

Turned away from home a second time, on account of adherence to principle, William saw his father relent after the first outbreak of passion. In the meantime, the convert set his hand to the gospel plough, and commenced preaching with power and acceptance, accounting no fatigue too heavy in this high service. His pen also was not idle. "Truth Exalted," his first publication, attracted considerable notice. This was soon followed by "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," a pamphlet written in defence of his principles against the attacks of other Nonconformists. Of the controversial passages contained in these works, it would be wearying to speak. Probably the insertion of some things in Penn's first literary efforts did not reflect a very mature wisdom; and, certainly they were the occasion of many false reports concerning their author. Some persons understood Penn to deny his belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. Penn, however, believed in the Trinity, and indignantly repelled the charge of having explained away the Deity of Christ. "I pretend to know," he said, "no other name by which remission, atonement, and salvation, can be obtained, but Jesus Christ the Saviour, who is the power and wisdom of God." Nevertheless, he was misunderstood. The quarto pamphlet created an unusual stir. The author was committed to the Tower. This imprisonment, not being effected quite in legal form, soon became a matter of some difficulty, both to the King and his advisers; while the outside world of friends and enemies, were filled with admiration when beholding the unyielding and dignified bearing of the prisoner. Yet, neither the King nor his advisers, appears to have been animated by any remarkable bitterness. Perhaps they even wished for some way of creditably dismissing their captive; for Stillingfleet, as one of the most eloquent and popular of living divines, was actually appointed to visit the young, sturdy, and uncompromising Quaker, and if possible, to argue him out of his monstrous principles. But Stillingfleet was not likely to succeed where a father had failed.

The churchman spoke, though he spoke in vain, to a mind as powerful and logical as his own. "Tell the King," cried Penn, "that the Tower is the worst argument in the world. Whoever is in the wrong, those who use force in religion can never be in the right."

A Puritan Quaker, if only tolerably well supplied with quills and paper, did not set down a seven-months' confinement in the Tower as any very extraordinary cross. "No Cross, no Crown," came forth from Penn's cell to encourage many to be faithful unto death, who now enjoy eternal rest. Released in 1669, William was reconciled to his father, and crossed over into Ireland to look after the family estates, and in a few months he again returned to England.

Of course, this young enthusiast, grave beyond his years, and earnest almost beyond his strength, was a surprising enigma to the crowd of gay courtiers and greedy place-hunters who thronged the gallery of Whitehall. Though he had not long come of age, he was deliberately turning his back on the most brilliant prospects which the world can spread before the young. Not only did he renounce the world; he courted what the world contemned. First a Puritan, he soon degenerated into something even more odious in the eyes of fashionable men and women—he actually joined the most despised section of Puritanism, the Quakers, or *Shakers*, as some called them; people whose absurd every-day procedure and unaccountable opinions grieved the pious, and formed convenient butts for the wit of court fops and profligate playwrights. Yes, William Penn was a phenomenon; though, as his writings testified, he was no dullard.

He was at large once more; though in such times, when scarcely any were found who dreamed of toleration, and when hundreds of the Christian populace were languishing in noisome prisons, it was not to be expected that a man of Penn's bearing and opinions would long continue free from trouble. When the soldiers were called out to suppress Nonconformist meetings, Penn and a companion were arrested in Gracechurch Street. Because the military held possession of the chapel, the congregation proceeded with their worship in the street, and thus composed what was an unlawful and riotous assembly in the eye of the law of those days The trial which ensued was among the most remarkable judicial proceedings of the times, besides being one of those disgraceful scenes which expose the intolerance and coarseness of the Revolution era. The prisonerswere browbeaten and reviled by Starling the Lord Mayor, and by Howell, the Recorder of London; and in a style which might have served as a model for Jeffreys in subsequent days. But although trimming sycophants sat on the bench, who were glad of an opportunity of insulting English gentlemen, freedom had not quite released her hold on England. The jury were true to their oath. For days and nights they held out with neither food nor fire. They returned an evasive verdict, and at last, to the chagrin of the judges, gave in an acquittal. They were fined for contempt of court, and committed to Newgate with the prisoners; though this was soon proved to be an illegal exercise of power in the Court of Common Pleas. Penn himself absolutely refused to pay money in obedience to the arbitrary order of unjust judges. The admiral lay in his last sickness at Wanstead, longing to see the son he now thought had been treated too

harshly. The son, also, would have paid down any price for liberty at such a time, short of a surrender of principle. Principle must be preserved at any cost; and thus the prisoner begged that the fines might not be paid. Some unknown friend, however, paid the fines, and the patriotic, self-denying Penn was released.

Soon after being released from prison a second time, Penn lost his father by death. Having drunk copiously of the cup of temporal prosperity, the admiral perceived the vanity of earth's best things, and, it is hoped, set his heart ere it was too late, on eternal riches. "Son William," he cried, "I am weary of the world. I would not live over my days again. . . . The snares of life are greater than the fears of death. . . . Oh, have a care of sin! It is that which is the sting both of life and death. . . . Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. . . Whatever you design to do, lay it justly and time it seasonably. . . . Be not troubled at disappointments, for if they may be recovered, do it; if they cannot, trouble is vain." He repented, too, of past unkindness to William, even though William may have been misguided in his enthusiasm for "The Quaker Way." Then things which the admiral had lightly esteemed now appeared of first importance in his eyes. The dying man also entertained fears that on account of his religious zeal William would turn out a thriftless manager; and, consequently, a message was sent both to the King and the Duke of York, asking them to keep a friendly eye on the young man. Hence the duke became William's guardian, or a trustee of the family property; and hence, also, the relationship between Penn and James II., which has been wrongfully interpreted.

The times being what they were, it was almost impossible for conscientious dissenters to preserve their liberty; but though Penn again suffered a six months' imprisonment for speaking to an unlawful assembly in Wheeler Street, life did not want pleasant variety. He travelled in Holland; and when it is said he travelled, it is commonly meant that he laboured by the way as an itinerant preacher of the gospel. In Holland he heard much to interest him concerning that New World whither people were fast removing in search of "Freedom to worship God." After returning from this excursion, Penn met the pious, sprightly, and handsome Guliema Springett, whose father, at the age of twenty-three, lost his life in the civil wars. At Chalfont, in Bucks, did the fortunate suitor first set eyes on the amiable Guli, who during her maidenhood had been highly privileged—the brilliant circle of her neighbours and acquaintances having included John Milton and other celebrities. Penn asked Guli to become his wife, and soon they were happily married.

The zealous Quaker still laboured hard, both as a preacher and writer. He also added to the interest he had long felt in America by consenting to act as a trustee of the territory of West New Jersey. A code of laws being drawn up for the colony, with proposals and directions for intending emigrants, hundreds of persons took advantage of the opportunity to escape from English persecution.

It was a fortunate thing for the natives and settlers of an American state, with an area nearly equal to that of England, when as a rich uncultivated wild it passed into the possession of so earnest and devoted a

philanthropist as William Penn, who, assisted by Algernon Sydney, composed a wise code of laws for the government of the country. The manner of Penn's coming into possession of so vast an inheritance was singular, and to posterity will appear providential. He inherited from his family a claim on the English government of sixteen thousand pounds; in those days not only a large sum, but one inconvenient to pay when royal treasuries were more often bare than filled with treasure. Penn had laboured hard over the apparently hopeless task of establishing freedom in England; and besides making only a faint impression for good, he thrice saw his friend Algernon Sydney cheated out of a seat in the House of Commons, after being properly elected. Discouraged and depressed by what he saw at home, he looked wistfully towards the New World, where opportunities existed for cultivating the freedom which seemed to be dying a natural death in Britain. The family debt was too large a consideration to entirely forego, and there being no likelihood of ever receiving cash, it was proposed that a tract of country, marked on the map with ill-defined boundaries, should be given as satisfaction for the money. A clamour of opposition was raised against Penn's proposal at the court of Charles; but the King was glad to make a concession which would so easily wipe off a disagreeable obligation. When the territory was granted, however, many difficulties to settle remained. Even in regard to the name of the new country divers opinions were expressed. "New Wales" was suggested, and objected to by a member of the council, who, as a native of the Principality, abhorred the very name of Quaker, and "New Wales" was to be a Quaker settlement! Penn ventured on suggesting "Sylvania." The king liked "Sylvania:" it suited the nature of the wooded country; and if "Penn" were prefixed Charles thought the two words would make quite a rhythmical compound. The modest petitioner thought otherwise. Surely it would savour of vanity to name, what was destined to progress into a great state, after himself and his family. He actually sought, and tried strenuously to have "Penn" omitted. Charles would not yield to any entreaty. The two words thus ingeniously wedded, carried too musical a sound to warrant alteration. The king had joined them together and they should not be parted. The name was, therefore, entered in the charter where it still remains—PENNSYLVANIA.

Penn now commanded a vast property, and inherited corresponding responsibilities. Having set his heart on governing the new province in person, he sailed, in 1682, from Deal, with about a hundred emigrants. Just before embarking the Governor lost his mother by death, in addition to which trial he experienced great solicitude for Guli and her children; and to these latter he wrote a long letter of parting. Not knowing whether he should ever again see his family in the flesh, the kind-hearted husband and father wrote down his wishes in regard to their procedure; and this document yet testifies to the affectionate nature of its author, no less than to his business shrewdness. But if Penn supposed it possible that he might never see his dependants again after stepping on board the *Welcome*, how must his forebodings have darkened, when out in the open sea small-pox broke out in the little barque and commenced its plague-like ravages. It was a time of distress and terror, during which about a third part of the passengers died.

In such crises the true greatness of Penn appeared. No less generous than fearless, he cheerfully relinquished his own stores for the use of the sick, and constantly visited the infected cabins to impart to the patients the consolations of the gospel.

After having endured these horrors of the sea, Penn thankfully landed in his kingdom, and soon exemplified to the world what a potent influence could be exercised over the untutored redskins by Christian love and justice. Probably one of the most remarkable treaties ever agreed to in this world by people of opposite races was drawn up without being either sealed or sworn to, under an elm tree in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. Neither violence nor injustice of any kind was to be done to the Indians. Whatever they supplied would be paid for, and their hunting grounds were not to be enclosed without treating for the right to do so, and obtaining full permission. The fabric of the entire state was to be founded in truth, on the basis of Christianity. The Indians who may have heard of other forerunners of civilisation from the distant nations of pale faces—fire and gunpowder—were no less delighted than surprised. The words spoken to them, in irresistible affectionate earnestness, went straight to their hearts, and completely conquered their rude but susceptible natures. It was seen, too, by others, that a man like Penn, in his open-handed unselfishness, in his rare devotion to God, and unceasing solicitude for man, could not make enemies either among whites or blacks. Even the Dutch settlers, who gathered about him on his first landing, begged to be allowed the privilege of annexing their territory to Pennsylvania. The outspokenness and unselfish honesty of the man captivated all in common.

In a little more than two years after Penn's landing in Pennsylvania about fifty vessels arrived with emigrants from the British Isles and the Continent of Europe. Numbers of these poor people, who landed during the cold weather were exposed to much privation; but the sufferings associated with having to build houses ere necessary shelter could be obtained, or being obliged to labour at timber-felling and land-tilling simultaneously, were preferred to the prisons and ceaseless persecutions of the Old World. Philadelphia, as a city, named and planned by the Governor before the first stone of her future greatness was laid, speedily rose into existence; Penn himself with superior knowledge and business tact directing the builders. Quaker meetings were set up, and a port established; while neither the art of the printer nor the services of the schoolmaster were overlooked. There were hardships to be borne, and difficulties to be conquered; the little band bore the hardships with patience, and overcame the difficulties with the determination of people who had God for their strength. The wilderness had its mercies. "The wild pigeons came in such numbers," we are told, "that the air was sometimes darkened with their flight; and flying low, those that had no other means to take them, sometimes supplied themselves by throwing at them as they flew, and salting up what they could not eat, they served them for bread and meat in one. They were thus supplied, at times, for the first two or three years, by which time they had raised sufficient out of the ground by their own labour; those settlers had at this time neither horses nor plough, but

tilled the ground with hoes. The natives were remarkably kind to them, in supplying them with such provisions as they could spare, and were otherwise serviceable in many respects."

Other glimpses into the every day life of the settlers are afforded by the letters sent home to England. "After some time," one wrote, "I set up a mill on Chester-creek, which I brought, ready framed, with me from London, which served for grinding of corn and sawing of boards, and was of great use to us. Besides, I, with Joshua Tittery made a net, and caught great quantities of fish, which supplied ourselves and many others; so that notwithstanding it was thought near three thousand persons came in the first year, we were so providentially provided for that we could buy a deer for about two shillings, and a large turkey for about one shilling, and Indian corn for about two shillings and sixpence a bushel. And, as our worthy proprietor treated the Indians with extraordinary humanity, they became very civil and loving to us, and brought in abundance of venison. As in other countries, the Indians were exasperated by hard treatment, which hath been the occasion of much bloodshed, the contrary treatment here hath produced their love and affection."

January, the Gate of the Year.

THE year was dying, and I stood
Hard by the New Year's gate;
And all around, in varied mood,
Ranged the great human brotherhood,
Watching their coming fate.

And motley groups of old and young,
And crowned heads and bare,
And those who wept and those who sung,
Stood that mixed multitude among:
The rich and poor were there.

"But what of the dawning year?" they cried:
"What issues shall it bring?
To one a widow, to one a bride;
What hidden changes shall betide
The peasant and the king?"

Statesmen were there, whose eager gaze
Could tell no more than this:
The figure of these coming days
Is hidden by the shifting haze
Of probabilities.

Pastors were there, with gentle mien,
And brows that spoke of care;
These, watching silently, were seen
To pray, as though their thoughts had been:
"Our flocks—what meets them there?"

And, lightly, some did jesting wait
The coming year to greet;
To them it brought the welcome date
When dance, and rout, and show, and fête,
Their brightest hopes should meet.
And others brought a purpose high:
To suffer and to toil;
To suffer?—aye, perchance to die:
To labour on unflinchingly
In this world's ceaseless moil.
And friends stood there alone that day:
The voices wont to cheer,
The hands that in life's rugged way
Had ever been their strength and stay,
Were gone with the vanished year.
And as I stood there, mute and still,
My heart it whispered low:
"Oh! shall this year my chalice fill
With bane or blessing, good or ill?
Shall it bring joy or woe?"
And as I saw my feeble bark
Once more ride out to sea,
'Mid eyes that watch, and hands that mark,
The servant toiling in the dark,
My heart sank hopelessly.
When, looking up, I saw the gate,
Slowly, it opened wide;
And, rushing forward to their fate,
The crowds that eagerly did wait
Pressed in on every side.
And as I feared to cross the door
My future to divine,
Methought the Lord whom I adore
That dreaded portal stood before,
And laid his hand on mine.
And lovingly that voice did say,
"When he puts forth his own,
He goes before them in the way,
And, gently leading day by day,
Speaks with a voice well known.
Oh! Lord, if thou with me abide,
No future will I fear;
But, clinging ever to thy side,
With thee, my Saviour for my guide,
Haste on from year to year,
Until, at length, I stand before
A fairer gate than this;
When, all life's care and labour o'er
Thy hand shall lead me through the door
Of everlasting bliss.

"The Romance of the Streets."*

A LONDON rambler has done good service to the lowest ranks of the London poor, and to the City Mission which so ably befriends them, by putting his observations into a book and calling it, "The Romance of the Streets." From the fact that several of the chapters have appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, the reader will at once detect our good friend Mr. Pike, under the *nom de plume* of "A London Rambler," and we trust they will like the work none the less for that. We were asked to give a review of our friend's volume, and we thought it better to serve up a brief article composed of scraps from the romance. An African woman complained bitterly that her husband did not love her, and cited as conclusive evidence the fact that he had never beaten her; we hope Mr. Pike will not conclude that he has no share in our esteem, because we shall not lay our critical whip about his shoulders. If he does reason so perversely, we will let him wait till he produces something else, and then oblige him as far as we can. His interesting matter would atone for a good many faults of style, and his ardent desire to do good would disarm any censorious critic; but, apart from this, he has written well, and his book will command an audience.

If one wants romance, he will find it more readily in real life among the poor than in the pages of fiction, for after reading one or two novels with plots and *denouements*, one ceases to feel that such things are romantic; but it is not so in actual life, which remains ever vivid and exciting. What a situation for a novel would be the following! "A Southwark missionary, after groping up a dark staircase, entered a garret, the inmates of which, mistaking him for the doctor, at first received him respectfully. The room sheltered three women, two of whom were crouching over the fire; but on a bed lay another woman, one of those pitiable objects—a dying drunkard. She no sooner recognised the Christian visitor than she called out in piercing shrieks, bordering on an unearthly yell, '*Leave me! LEAVE ME!*' Reading the Bible, speaking of judgment and repentance, filled the poor creature with terror; and as it was impossible to calm her apprehensions, she was left in the hands of him who will judge faithfully."

The following incident has also a sufficiency of the sensational in it, only it is the sensationalism of truth. Would to God that such cases were few and far between. "In the vicinity of a brilliant concert-room was once encountered a showily-attired girl, about twenty years of age, whose experience and state of mind illustrate the truth of the words, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' 'My friend, will you take a tract?' said the missionary. Startled, and gazing as if bereft of speech, the girl needed to have the question repeated, before giving the curt rejoinder, '*Can't* read.' 'I am sorry for that,' returned the other, little suspecting the hidden meaning of *can't*. 'Perhaps some one will read it to you.' But the woman trembled, and her eyes flashed wildly, as she added, 'CAN'T read; must not read. *If I read I think*; AND IF I WERE TO THINK I SHOULD GO MAD.' Having said this she hurried off, and was lost sight of in the darkness."

How deeply interesting is such a narrative as the following:—"One

* "The Romance of the Streets." By a London Rambler. Hodder and Stoughton.

night in early winter, when the missionary of a western district was just closing the usual meeting, a woman, weeping and manifesting considerable agitation of mind, desired he would immediately minister religious consolation to her sick husband. Not accustomed to slight such calls, the wish was at once complied with, and the visitor found the patient prostrated by fever, but troubled more in mind than body. Seemingly overwhelmed with misery, the man desires that prayer should be offered, and meanwhile confesses, 'I have been one of the greatest of sinners; I have sinned against light and knowledge.' Ah! as he lay in the narrow room of a London back street, with brow burning and sick at heart, how fast memory became crowded with scenes of a rural home in Scotland! There were the preceptors of his youth, the parents who prayed for him and instructed him in the path of virtue. This man left Scotland to push his fortune at twenty years of age, and at the date of meeting the missionary he had been running a career of vanity for sixteen years; and now, as it seemed, was about to be engulfed in the vortex of ruin in London. With the example of the prodigal son in memory, he has yet run a prodigal course, and as a slave of sin and drink, has wasted his life substance. He knew the good way; and now, laid low by fever, it distracts him to remember that instead of enjoying home comforts with a young wife, he squandered time and money in public-houses; and while conscience prescribed his acting a worthy example before dependants, he preferred rioting with low companions. During those melancholy years, truth learned too well in far away Scotland to be easily forgotten, rose up at times, like an insulted monitor, to assert its authority. Then, one memorable Sabbath evening, he stepped within the precincts of a chapel at service time, and heard what remained fast in the memory. While the teaching of better days rose up to condemn, remorse haunted him like a spectre, refusing to be exorcised. The man grew wretched by day and wakeful by night; and when he became more fevered and restless, occurred a still more trying crisis. During the stillness of night he imagined he saw his aged father, long since dead, come, and in a spirit form rebuke the erring wanderer. 'O, my son!' said the apparition, 'must I stand at the right hand and hear that awful sentence pronounced against you, "Depart from me ye cursed," and confess that it is just?' Awakened by fright, the man more than ever realised his misery—the misery of one who would have prayed and yet dare not venture. Then came the dawn of brighter days. The missionary's word was blessed until the late drunkard relinquished evil habits, and returned to the good old way learned at the parental hearth. Gradually darkness and horror departed, and for a look of agonising terror when judgment and repentance were mentioned, he showed a countenance beaming with satisfaction or even with rapture. Physical disease succumbed to the surgeon's art; but how small an affair was convalescence when compared with the spiritual victory won so completely! 'You have led me to the Saviour, and my future life shall thank you,' he cried out to his friend the evangelist. But the triumph did not end here. The convert would express gratitude through the medium of a society, which coming to him in the person of its agent, while he lay in a woful condition, had held out a rescuing hand. He founded a ragged-school in St. Giles's, and

established a working man's auxiliary in aid of the mission. To crown all, he became the first London City Missionary selected from the ranks of those who ascribe their conversion to the society's operations."

No one need complain of the dulness of the age if he will set about doing good. If there is nothing in the papers, you will always find something in the streets, lanes, and courts of the poor quarters of the town. Incidents crowd around the philanthropic, some horrifying, and others enchanting; nature among the poor is more in the nude, less artificial, more intense, and hence more interesting, than in the regions of stereotyped respectability. The poet Rogers, while prescribing travelling as a cure for spleen, suddenly pauses, and says: "And yet—and yet, is there not, after all, a surer and pleasanter remedy?—a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold." A Piedmontese nobleman, whom I met at Turin, had not long before experienced its efficacy; and his story, which he told me without reserve, was as follows:

"I was weary of life, and, after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned, and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible; not less so was the lesson he had learned. 'There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food.' 'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me; it filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow!' I cried. Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"

May many a reader of these lines find in the true romance of London a relief for all hypochondriacal and dyspeptic sorrows.—C. H. S.

A Lesson from the Battle Field.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 3.)

THE following episode belongs to the annals of the Crimean war:—

A party of men were one day playing cards when a stray cannon shot instantly killed one of their number. With seeming unconcern, those who remained unhurt carried away the corpse to a little distance, and then proceeded with their pastime as though nothing terrible had occurred. This reminds me that one generation is slow to learn wisdom from the experience of the one preceding it. Ours is a commercial age. Men are engrossed over amassing wealth, and too often their employment excludes from their minds all thoughts about the riches which are eternal. They begin the race in youth; middle life finds them yet more desirous of grasping the prize. Even old age fails to teach them the vanity of adding field to field and house to house. At last death takes them away to give an account of their stewardship. What follows? Others, left behind, eagerly fill up the ranks, and, like those who have been taken, re-enact the round of follies which they prescribe for themselves who sacrifice the best things of life for the sake of dying rich!

William Carey and the Lie.*

A CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

A LIE is to you and me what Goliath was to the army of Israel. It is our enemy. Every lie is opposed to God and truth. And we have got to fight with it for the truth's sake and for God's sake. For if the lie be not killed, the lie will try to kill both God and truth. We are related to truth just as David was to Saul and his army; the truth is God's side, and our side. And we are bound to stand by it, and fight for it, as David did for Israel. It was a great honour David got when he killed Goliath. But it is as great an honour to kill a lie. A lie is a far worse evil in the world than a Goliath. Poor Goliath! He might have drawn a harrow, or driven a plough, or felled a tree, if he had not been killed. But a lie is for ever and everywhere a bad thing, a thing useless and worse than useless, a thing hurtful, poisonous, and wicked. And he, therefore, who will put to death, in his own heart, or the heart of another, one such lie, shall be in God's sight as great a hero as David was.

Many a boy never tries to win the battle against lies. And many who try to win are beat. But there are some whom God teaches to win by allowing them first to lose. And that was the case with an English boy I am going to tell you about, who was fought and beaten at a shop counter in England, one Christmas time, nearly a hundred years ago.

His name was William, and he was an apprentice to a shoemaker. At Christmas time his master allowed him to go round to the customers for a Christmas-box for himself, and, at the same time, he was to collect some accounts for his master. William went first to an ironmonger. 'Will you have a shilling or a sixpence?' the ironmonger said. 'O please sir, I will have a shilling.' So the ironmonger handed the boy a bright new shilling, and William thought he had made a good beginning. Other people added to his box, and by-and-by, he had a number of shillings. Then he thought it was time to lay out his money, and he went to a shop and bought something he needed, and asked what was to pay. He had to pay away almost the whole contents of his Christmas-box. So he took out his money and laid it on the counter. The shopman looked at the bright shilling which the ironmonger had given, and said, 'That's a brass shilling.' And just at that moment came up a thought of William's own heart, and said, 'William, you have bought the things, and you can't be telling the shopman that you have no more money, or how you got this shilling,—just take a shilling of your master's.' That was all the thought said. And that was all William did. He just took a shilling of his master's. But nearly all the battle was at that point, and William had already let go the moment for gaining the victory when bad thoughts came up to him again. The first said: 'O William, what a fine scolding you will get from master. There have you gone and borrowed some money from his, without his leave!' And then spoke up a second thought: 'Never mind, William, why should you be afraid that way? Just tell your master that you got the brass shilling in payment of his accounts.' And the thought that first spoke to him at the shop counter came back and said: 'That is the right thing to do, my boy. Master will never know, and besides, you couldn't help it.' William did not know the name of this conduct at the time, but he learned afterwards that it was falsehood and fraud. And, instead of fighting or fleeing from it, William there and then gave in and let the falsehood and the fraud have the victory.

But he had no sooner done this, than his conscience woke up, and said to him: 'O William, William, William; you have committed sin, and God will

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* From Dr. Macleod's "Talking to the Children."

bring it to light.' At this, a great fear fell upon the lad, and he wished he had not listened to the bad thoughts; but still more, that that ironmonger hadn't given him the brass shilling. And then the battle began again. 'Shall I tell all?' he said. 'You will have such a scolding if you do,' said the bad thought. 'Tell all, William, and be an honest boy,' said conscience. 'No,' said the bad thought, 'you can't be that now, for you see you have given away the shilling.' 'Too true—too true,' cried William; 'the thing is done and can't be undone, I must brave it out.'

Then William did a thing that older people sometimes do. But it is a strange thing for all that. William was passing through a lonely field on his way home, and there he prayed to God and said: 'O God, help me through with this theft, and I will never steal, or do anything bad again. I could not help this once; but I will never, never be guilty again.'

Then William came to his master and told him the lie. And the Lord God, who had heard William's prayer and resolved to answer it, but not in William's way, put into the master's thoughts to suspect the boy and make inquiries. And then it came out, that the ironmonger had offered the lad a good sixpence and a bad shilling. And so William was found out. God in his mercy and love did not help him through. And William was so affronted that for a long time he could hardly lift up his head, or speak, or go out into the streets. But when he did steal out in the evenings, and go round by unfrequented paths where nobody would see him; and when he got into his bed at night, and hid himself beneath the blankets, he shed many a bitter tear over his sin and his bad heart. And he cried to God to give him a new heart. And this time also God heard his cry and came to his help, and drew him nearer to himself, and opened the gate of righteousness and helped him to enter on that path where, instead of bad thoughts, there are good thoughts, and better than these even, Jesus Christ.

And William became good; and great as well as good. By-and-by he went out to India and fought one of the noblest fights of faith ever fought in India. And when he died, full of years and grace, all England mourned over him and said, 'The Great Carey, who has translated the Bible into the languages of India, has gone home to rest.'

I would not like you to think, because I happen to tell you this story of a good fight fought in boyhood, that it is only when you are young you have to fight it. All life is intended to be a good fight. And the noblest lives are those who fight it to the end. But there are some lives where the battle is more felt than in others: some lives where the force of the battle gathers at successive moments, and the poor fighting one seems always to be contending with giants: and some lives where all the fight seems to be gathered up into a single moment. God only knows how it shall be with you. All I know is that, in one way or other, at one time or other, every one of you will have to fight this battle. In fighting it, do not for a moment forget on whose side you are bound to be, and with what foes you are called to fight. You are to fight on God's side and on His side only. And you are to fight against badness, and wrong doing, and error, and sin. Wherever you find the evil you are bound to fight with it; but if you would conquer, you must begin with the evil in your own heart.

All your life long you will have to carry on this fight. As David had to do—and against far stronger enemies than Goliath. And as Paul had to do. And I hope it will be with you, as with Paul, when you come near the end of your lives, and that you also will be able to say:

> With heavenly weapons I have fought
> The battles of the Lord:
> Finished my course and kept the faith
> Depending on His word.
> Henceforth there is laid up for me
> A crown which cannot fade;
> The righteous Judge at that Great day
> Shall place it on my head.'

Confessing Christ.

"Ye are members one of another." "Now ye are the body of Christ." "This do in remembrance of me."

"THIS language expresses the fellowship which exists among believers springing from union with Christ their Head. The body which represents it is called the Church, a collection of persons who are governed by the will of God, taught by the Holy Spirit, and whose excellencies spring from a heavenly principle within—'the church of God,' which Christ, the fuller accounts of the New Testament go on to say, 'purchased with his own blood,' '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.'

It is the 'household of God,' with spiritual ties and relationships like the natural ties and relationships which bind together the members of a family.

This spiritual household exists visibly in the world, with an organisation to provide for its welfare, look out for its interests, and help on its work.

If you are a child of God, you will wish to be recognised as such by entering his visible fold; you will wish to be seen and found there. It is your first and highest duty, as well as privilege.

'But cannot I be as good out of the Church as in it, and as useful?'

No, emphatically, no. The condition of growth and usefulness consists in separating yourself from the world and entering into covenant and fellowship with Christ and his people. We have no right to live merely as individual Christians, each one walking his own way; we are a whole consisting of many parts, that exist *for* each other and *through* each other. Nor have we any right to set up our private judgment against the express will of its Divine Founder. The Acts of the Apostles shows us that those who repented and believed were 'added to the Church.' Repentance is not enough; you must own it by joining the people of God. Both rest upon the same authority. Standing aloof is no way of showing our allegiance and love. To remain an alien is a poor preparation and a worse position for either getting or doing good.

'But I am afraid I shall not act up to my profession. I fear I shall be inconsistent, and fall short of what a Christian ought to be.'

Our Lord foresaw that we should not love, obey, and worship the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as we ought to, and yet he enjoins our covenanting with his people, and enjoins it as a means of bringing our practice into closer correspondence with what it is our aim to reach, and our duty to become. You cannot stand selfishly apart by yourself, and fulfil Christian duty. It is not God's way of educating us for heaven. We must become a part of the 'body of Christ' in a close, living, visible union.

'Having had our bodies washed with pure water,' says the apostle, let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering;' that is, within the fold, our *stand taken*, we are in a position to make good our obligations to faithful and loving service.

The Holy Supper was instituted and enjoined by our Lord himself, in the upper chamber where he last ate with his disciples. Your presence at his table declares you from choice and affection a disciple of Christ, and you thus seek to deepen and strengthen the spirit and purposes which mark the disciple.

There are some who seem to regard a seat at his table as an end attained, a goal reached, after which they may sit down securely, without further occasion for watchfulness or fighting. This is a great and, in many cases, a fatal mistake, and accounts for the cold, selfish, and unfruitful lives of many whose names are indeed on the records of the church, and that is all. No spiritual increase in grace or good works proves them *living* members of the body of Christ.

Let it never be forgotten that the Lord's Supper is especially designed to help and strengthen us, to revive and quicken us to greater diligence and faithfulness in making 'our calling and election sure.' It is one of the great means of carrying on the new life begun within us, and which has made as yet but little progress towards maturity.

And since he has said, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' we must needs enquire what it is to remember Jesus in his word and his works, in his sympathy and sufferings, in his death and resurrection for us, with all the hopes, privileges, and blessings which flow to us, and will for ever flow to us from his cross. And as he, 'the author and finisher of our faith, for the joy set before him, enduring the cross, despising the shame,' so in looking to him, and believing in him, we gain strength to endure and to suffer, to watch and to pray, animated by the hope set before us of entering into the joy which our dying and risen Lord has already won for us.

The real value and efficacy of the Lord's Supper, as a means of grace, must depend upon our own sincerity and earnestness. If we are cold, inconsiderate, and unprepared, it will be but an idle ceremony. If our attention is lively and our hearts tender; if by suitable thoughtfulness, prayer, and self-examination, we come with a temper prepared to receive the grace and the Spirit of the Lord, we shall go away strengthened, comforted, and refreshed from communion with him.

Our Lord took the most common and wholesome things as symbols of his redeeming love, thus teaching us that his mercy and grace do not flow to us in rare and costly appointments, difficult to be had and hard to be understood. Bread and water are ever found where hunger and thirst urge sinful and needy creatures to seek his grace.

Our union with the Lord unites us in a close and vital relation to the Lord's people. 'Ye are members one of another.' All true love is service, living for others. Neither high nor lowly station can release us from responsibility to the Church; nor should any member feel that he can, from any pretext, withdraw himself from taking part with his fellow-believers in Christian fellowship and Christian work. An attentive study of the twelfth chapter of the first of Corinthians fully instructs us on this point. 'There are,' indeed, as the apostle says, 'diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; differences of administration, but the same Lord; diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all.'

'As the body is one and hath many members, all the members of that one body being many, *are* one body:' 'the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the hand to the foot, I have no need of thee; much more then members of the body which are more feeble are necessary. And the members should have the same care one for another; if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it: or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now are ye the body of Christ, and members one of another.'

St. Paul plainly teaches that the gifts of God and his grace are not bestowed upon believers for their own individual good solely, nor only for the honour and glory of their Divine Giver, but that they are held, as it were, in trust for others, and that in thus using them, they strengthen and sanctify the whole.

The principle of union is love. 'By this shall all men *know* that ye are my disciples,' said the Lord, 'if you *love* one another.' And the office of love is to promote peace and harmony; to root out strife, division, jealousy, exclusiveness, and neglect—to *unite* and not *divide*. It teaches us also to submit to the order and discipline of the Church, and to weigh well both our motives and our acts, if they oppose its requirements.

We can all understand the pain of a true father's heart over the refractory conduct of a self-willed child; much more grievous must it be to the heart of our heavenly Father to find indifference, coldness, and alienation among his children, and to see them so absorbed in their own separate and selfish ends as quite to forget each other.

It is a bad sign for us to forget or neglect the 'power of welcome.' 'Come' is the sweetest word which fell from the lips of Jesus—the first full utterance of the love which came to bless us. Let us always keep in mind that this love is not only the life of the Church, the badge of discipleship, but also the *conquering* power of the people of God.

In our Lord's prayer for all who should believe in his name, we find this striking petition: 'That they all may be *one*, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world *may believe that thou hast sent me.*' A body of people under every diversity of condition and character, breathing the Spirit and living the life of Christ, must be a most powerful argument for his divine and redeeming work.

The world, it is true, has not yet seen this argument, as it some time will. The oneness of God's people is yet to be apprehended as a victorious power. When all that is separating and hindering shall drop away, the Church will arise and shine in her glory and strength.

May the Lord hasten that time, towards which all true hearts are yearning, for which all true hearts are praying, and to which all true work is tending.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

THE COLPORTEUR.—Can nothing be done to meet the evil which is being wrought in England by the cheap pernicious literature which finds so ready a sale at the present day? This question must have occurred to everyone who has observed the enormous increase of late in the number of sensational publications circulated among our youth of both sexes, and of which the chief attraction is the vice portrayed therein and disguised under the specious name of heroism. These, together with several weekly newspapers, which consist for the most part of records of crime and licentiousness, and thousands of obscene prints and photographs, are working incalculable injury to the nation, and without exaggeration may be said to be one of the greatest curses of our time, the debasing effects of which are but too apparent around us.

Encouraged by the success of Colportage in Scotland in supplanting this injurious literature, and substituting for it pure and good reading, the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association was commenced six years since with the view of carrying out the same plan in our more southern counties, and at the same time of providing a means of evangelization which is so much needed among our rural population.

The testimony of its agents has amply confirmed the value of such efforts, both in increasing the sale of good literature and in carrying the gospel to the very homes of the people. It is but too true that multitudes of our fellow countrymen and women lack not alone the grace of salvation but the opportunity of hearing of it. "As sheep without a shepherd" is but too faithful a description of the condition of the inhabitants of most of our villages and many of our towns. "No one ever visits *us*," is the complaint of many to the Colporteur, while, alas, in too many of the places of worship within their reach, the power of Christ to save, though nominally the subject of discourse, is but rarely actually so. In the best of neighbourhoods, however, in town or country, there is opportunity and need of service which none can supply better than the Christian Colporteur. The books he carries are selected as those that speak of the weightiest matters under heaven, and often has the word of God contained therein been blessed to the soul's salvation.

Were this only an effort to extend the sale of purer reading, it would surely be deserving of the earnest support of all well wishers to the truth.

The Colporteur, however, does not only sell, he gives a tract at many doors; but better still, warm loving words of comfort to the troubled, warning to the

careless, and direction to the seekers after God. He goes where others could not; his pack of books being his introduction, he can freely visit at the cottage or the mansion, in the field or on the highway; and passing by no door without a call, is the best known man in all the district round. What opportunities he has of reading with the sick, inviting to a cottage meeting, or the house of God, or offering in the market-place the truth that sets men free! The books he sells are as seed sown for Christ; and, far from hindering his mission work, help to maintain him, make his visits regular, and open the way for him to speak the truth in unlikely places.

During the last six years twenty-five districts have thus been worked by this Association, but not all at one time, for lack of funds has limited the number; and though thirteen districts are now in operation (the largest number yet maintained), unless contributions are more freely forthcoming it is feared they must be diminished before the end of the year.

The expense of management is but small; all the officers giving their time freely to the work, and most of the districts assist by local subscriptions; but still there is a large deficiency to be made up. All who know the work feel its value, and are most anxious to see it extended. Scotland has upwards of 200 men thus engaged. Ireland and America recognise the usefulness of the Colporteur, while each year sees fresh men thus employed upon the Continent. England alone is without the agency to any great extent. Shall it remain so? This is not a Baptist Association, but seeks to serve the cause of Evangelical truth without regard to sect or party.

In order to multiply the number of Colporteurs, two things are needed. First, a guaranteed subscription of £40 a year from the district to be supplied; and for this purpose individuals or churches may unite, or local committees be formed as is the case at present in some districts; and secondly, by increased subscriptions and donations to the general fund, which if sufficiently large to enable the opening of fresh districts, will lead the way to a future guarantee.

Several friends of the Association who have already contributed most liberally, have offered to repeat their donations if others will assist to raise such a sum as will enable the Committee to extend the work, and it is confidently hoped that, the need and value of the agency having been stated, this appeal will not be made in vain.

The following are the Districts at present supplied by the Association:—

Ely, Cambridgeshire: A. Smee.—A very successful district for sales, which amount to upwards of £250 a year. The Agent visits some fifteen villages, and is heartily received by the people.

Eythorne, Kent: R. Marshall.—One of the longest established, the guarantee for which is given by the Baptist Church at Eythorne. The Colporteur supplies one or two preaching stations, and his work is much appreciated.

Haydock, Lancashire: John Varnham.—A mining district, needing constant and earnest effort. The Agent here conducts frequent open-air services, night schools, and cottage meetings, and many souls have been won for Christ through his instrumentality.

Warminster, Wiltshire: S. King.—The Agent here travels as much as twenty miles from his centre, very often accomplishing the journey on a velocipede, and his visits are eagerly watched for and highly valued by many of God's aged people, while his testimony to sinners has not been in vain.

Haroldwood, Essex: A. E. Ingram.—The Colporteur here in addition to his rounds has the charge of a small chapel. The population of the district is sparse, but a fair attendance is secured, and the worshippers assist in the support of the Agent.

Bushton, Wiltshire: B. Summersby.—Rather an extensive district like that at Warminster, but equally successful; the Colporteur being assisted in his journeys by a pony and cart. Many souls have been blessed in this district.

Minster, Isle of Sheppy: W. Baker.—This Colporteur has been greatly used of God in the conversion of souls. Several meetings weekly are held in various parts of the Island, and are well attended and much blessed, especially the Bible classes held by the Agent at his own house.

Burnley, Lancashire: Joseph Powell.—A manufacturing population, among whom the last Agent laboured with success. The present Agent is only recently appointed, but writes encouragingly of the prospects of the work.

Ross, Herefordshire: W. Horwood. The local Baptist Union subscribe for the support of this district, which comprises a large number of villages regularly canvassed, and several services conducted therein.

Arnold, Nottinghamshire: D. J. Watkins.—A manufacturing district, recently commenced and partly maintained by a Bible class at the Tabernacle. This promises to become a very successful agency.

Sunderland, Durham: R. Ayers.—A good sphere for a Colporteur. The Agent here will labour in connexion with a Mission Church situated near the Quay, where an earnest band of Christian working men welcome his co-operation.

Cosham, Hampshire: H. C. Algar.—This district consists of a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. The labours of an earnest man are much needed here, and it is hoped that the Colporteur may be much blessed.

Riddings, Derbyshire: J. Richards.—This Agent, formerly of Burnley, has not yet commenced the work here, but will do so very shortly, and will find a promising sphere.

N.B.—The five last named districts have only been commenced this year.

The money value of the sales last year by nine Colporteurs, amounted to £1,173 0s. 4d., and consisted of—

1,103	Bibles.	11,664	Miscellaneous Books.
939	Testaments.	2,962	Bible Parts.
6,074	Spurgeon's Sermons.	4,768	Temperance Magazines
624	Spurgeon's Works.	10,482	Children's "
1,775	Almanacks.	1,635	Baptist "
1,206	Hymn Books.	14,198	Miscellaneous "
743	Bunyan's Works.		

A total of 57,573 publications.

Frederick A. Jones, *Hon. Sec.*

Reviews.

Talking to the Children. By Alexander Macleod, D.D., author of "Christus Consolator." Hodder and Stoughton.

It is not an easy thing to preach to children, or even to talk to them upon divine things, in a really profitable manner. Those who can do so should cultivate the gift, and use it as often as they can. Dr. Macleod has a large proportion of this rare ability, and we trust that among the juveniles he may be a power for lasting good. "Talking to the Children" is such a book as boys and girls may read on the Lord's-day, and be both interested and profited; indeed, it matters not what the day is, they will do well to dive into its pages. We give as a specimen a story about William Carey, which every Baptist boy ought to know already, but we are afraid many do not; for our part it was, we must confess, quite new to us.

Golden Hours, edited by Dr. W. M. Whittemore and published by Macintosh, makes a gorgeous volume, abounding with engravings and teeming with tales. We can't think where all the tale-writers come from; the tale-readers must be legion, or there would be a glut in the market.

The Sword and the Trowel, new volume, can be had of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, The articles being most of them of permanent interest, may be read in years to come.

The Tabernacle, and its Priests and Services. By Wm. Brown. Second Edition. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

We are glad to see a second edition of this excellent work, and to note that some improvement has taken place in certain of the woodcuts. This cheaper edition will, we hope, be widely circulated.

Old Paths for Young Pilgrims. Religious Tract Society.

Contains much excellent advice for young disciples. It has hardly enough of a free grace savour to be quite to our taste, but it is wisely and zealously practical, and likely to prove useful to the inexperienced convert. Elsewhere we insert the chapter upon "Confessing Christ."

Daniel: Statesman and Prophet. Religious Tract Society.

A valuable addition to the popular literature of the book of Daniel. Objections to its authenticity and inspiration are met, and the assaults of infidels are made to bring out the evidences of divine authority with all the greater clearness. We are delighted with the book, which is, in addition, beautifully got up. Every student and minister should have a copy.

The Story of Daniel: for the Use of Young People. By the late Professor Louis Gaussen, of Geneva. Johnstone and Hunter.

We remember well the venerable Gaussen, and shall never forget the delight we felt in being entertained by him in his own residence. This book breathes his spirit. It is such a work as the young need, solid but not dull, really instructive, and earnestly evangelical. Daniel is in a fair way of being well interpreted.

The British Workman. The Band of Hope Review. The Family Friend. The Children's Friend. The Infant's Magazine. The Friendly Visitor. Partridge and Co.

Each one of these is so surpassingly excellent, in its own way, that we do not see how it could be better. The production of such a collection of popular serial literature is not only a work of philanthropy, but a feat of genius seldom equalled. The engravings in these works are beyond all praise, and are worthy of the admirable letterpress. We are glad to see that the large engravings of the "British Workman" can be had as pictures for the wall at the nominal price of One Penny.

The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton) is hardly so good, but still it follows close in the wake of the preceding.

The various Christmas Annuals are exceedingly good this year, or else, owing to being so long upon our back, we have had more time to look into them. Although intended for reading on Christmas-day, the stories are worth reading at any time all the year round. *Good Words* blossoms with a capital sixpenny-worth of *Good Cheer. The Sunday Magazine* branches into an equally fascinating extra, entitled, *One New Year's Night;* and *The Christian World Magazine*, by the help of Miss Worboise and Maggie Symington, even more than keeps pace with its compeers by producing a *Round of Stories for Christmas Circles.* Many of the stories are not merely attractive reading, but have an elevating tone and a holy air about them.

Our Own Almanack and Christian Counsellor for 1873. By Walter J. Mayers. James Paul.

This is a tasteful, useful, and gracious companion for the new year. Our friend does his work well, and charges only twopence for it.

The Baptist Almanack, by R. Banks, Racquet Court, is a guide to London Dissenting chapels.

The London Almanack and Diary, by C. R. H., is a very beautiful neat, and handy pocket-book, bound in roan, at 1s. 6d.; or morocco, 2s. Shaw and Co. are the publishers.

The Religious Tract Society also issues several capital pocket-books, such as the *Scripture* and *Young People's.* We see no room for improvement.

The first number of the *Interpreter* has appeared; we hope our readers will use it in their families.

Christian Confirmation: or, Apostolic and Modern Confirmation contrasted. A Sermon. By H. Kiddle. Jarrold and Sons.

A suitable pamphlet to distribute in villages where the farce of episcopal imposition is about to be practised.

Gift Books for the Young. Sunday School Union.

Four very attractive threepenny books, in a striking case. There is plenty for the money; we do not know a better shilling's worth.

The Books of the Chronicles. By C. F. Keil. Translated from the German by Andrew Harper, B.D. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Students are placed under renewed obligation to Messrs. Clarke by their theological issues of this year. Keil gives us three volumes on Kings, Chronicles, and Daniel; and Hengstenberg furnishes another upon the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament. These four volumes can be had for one guinea. Our churches ought to subscribe regularly for such works as these, and so keep their ministers' libraries replenished. The set of one hundred and sixteen volumes of Clarke's series would make a splendid present for a pastor, and would only cost £30 9s. We cannot say much for the spirituality of some of the volumes, but they are all helpful in interpreting the Scriptures, and enabling the student of the word to ascertain what literary criticism has to say upon the text of the inspired volume.

The Book-stall Boy of Batherton. By Edwin Hodder. Religious Tract Society.

Mr. Edwin Hodder has here killed several birds with one stone. Knocking over caste prejudices, he at the same time teaches boys that life, to be life indeed, must have some higher object than self. A very good shilling's worth.

The Orphan Sisters. Sunday School Union.

We are pleased to see the Sunday School Union so energetic in its publishing department; it is issuing some really good and taking things. This little book is one of their shilling Juvenile Series, and would be a pretty present for a little girl.

The Boy's Watchword; or, The Story of the Old Back Room. By Jennie Harrison. Shaw and Co.

A delectable story, but made to look a great deal larger than it is by being leaded out, so as to contain very little in a page. The mannerism displayed in such words as soul-boat, boy-key, mother-face and so on, is to us un-English, and sickening; but for all that, a good story it is, and it is sure to be popular with the young.

Ointment Poured Forth; or, some of the Precious Things of Jesus; in Poetry and Prose. By the late Henrietta M. Warner. Edited by C. R. H.: Shaw and Co.

A collection of very good things in prose, and a quantity of rather feeble poetry. The whole book is sweet, very sweet; but really there are too many publications of this sort, all upon the same level of mediocrity, and all made up of scraps and hints, and effusions, about which nobody can say anything but that they are as good as gold and as heavy. Our friend, C. R. H., is the best judge of the spiritual meat which best suits his own circle of readers, and we always feel that his productions are safe reading; we are, therefore, glad to see him sending forth works which will be sure to be acceptable to hundreds of believers, even though we prefer rather more substantial meat.

The "Romance" of Peasant Life in the West of England. By Francis George Heath. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A little collection of facts of a very sad nature, bearing upon the condition of agricultural labourers in Somersetshire. The writer always handles his theme temperately and fairly, and the result is a plea for the oppressed peasant, which to us is overwhelmingly convincing. We hope things will soon be better; we blush to think they could ever have been so bad in any part of Christian England.

The Road to Destruction: an Allegory. By a traveller for some years on the broadway. Elliot Stock.

The author of this extraordinary rigmarole has evidently been all abroad, and his allegory is, therefore, very far-fetched. In his preface he calls himself a fisherman, and discourses in so pleasantly familiar a style, that we feel sure he is a good-tempered well-meaning personage,—but we think he had better drop all allegorical baits, and try something a little more comprehensible, otherwise the whales and minnows which he expresses a hope of catching will not be very likely to get into his creel.

A Glimpse of the Great Secret Society. Wm. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

The secret society intended is the Confraternity of the Jesuits; and if such be a mere glimpse, what would a full sight of it be? Of all the mysteries of iniquity to be laid bare when "there is nothing secret that shall not be made manifest," this must surely have the pre-eminence. If so hateful to man, when so little known, what must it be to Him that knoweth all things? Wickedness clothed in the garb of piety is more infernal than human, and, therefore, its works are in the dark. "It hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest its deeds should be reproved." It cannot, however, prevent the light, at all times, from coming to it. Here some rays pierce through the thick darkness and give a glimpse of its deeds. This work is a hole dug in the wall to reveal "the wicked abominations that they do here." If anyone would know what Jesuitism is and always has been; if he would know what part it has taken in the most tragical events in the history of Europe; if he would know how far the Fenian movements in the United States and in Ireland, how far the late Œcumenical Council in Rome, and how far the recent wars upon the Continent, have been influenced by it; if he would know what its purposes and operations in this country are at the present time; let him avail himself of this "Glimpse of the Great Secret Society." It is no rhetorical and impassioned tirade against Papal aggression, but a clear and orderly statement of facts, verified by accredited documents given in full detail. It is a *burning* as well as a *shining* light.

Bible Words for Wine: an Examination of Dr. Ritchie's "Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine." By the Rev. W. Maclor, Ballymena. Nisbet and Co.

Those who wish to form a truthful view upon this subject should read this pamphlet, price ninepence. It is written by a teetotaller, and is, therefore, all the more valuable as a corrective to teetotal error upon the point discussed. When men go the length of calling the cup of the Lord the cup of devils, it is time that somebody should let a little daylight in upon them.

The Misssionary World: being an Encyclopædia of Information, Facts, Incidents, and Anecdotes, relating to Christian Missions. Elliot Stock.

Multum in parvo! Just the book for our young brethren who are cutting their oratorical teeth, and airing their early eloquence, at juvenile missionary meetings. Here they will find a great variety of matter, much of it quite new to the general public (especially to that part of it which is not Wesleyan); and if they do not interest and influence the youngsters, so much the worse for them. The Encyclopædia ought to be placed in every Sabbath-school library at once, and used and re-used till it grows stale, which will not be just yet. Thanks to Mr. Stock for producing a work so likely to be useful in exciting sympathy towards the Lord's work in heathen lands.

Puritan Theology. By Rev. G. Macaulay. In Two Volumes. Nisbet & Co.

We have here not so much a statement as a defence of Puritan Theology, and this, we lament to say, is more needful at the present time. The second volume consists of practical discourses, but the former, which is the larger and more vigorous of the two, is devoted to the refutation of the principal innovations of modern thought. Rationalism is fully exhibited and discussed in its whole origin, progress, and results. The writer takes the vantage ground of inspired authority, and keeps it. Though evidently able to contend with Rationalists with their own weapons, and upon their own level, he adheres to the testimony of the Scriptures; and maintains, that to fight against that, is to fight against God. There is no middle ground, he affirms, between Atheism and Revelation. This is a position which commands all the fortresses of modern error, and cannot be reached by them. Another position assumed is, that Rationalism fails to provide satisfaction for a single want of man, while the Old Gospel covers the whole area of his being, and supplies his whole need. Here, too, he assails, and is unassailable. We consider these treatises upon the prevailing errors of the day, to be not only valuable in themselves, but as good examples for all who are "set for the defence of the gospel."

The Beautiful Gleaner: a Hebrew Pastoral Story: being familiar Expositions of the Book of Ruth. By the Rev. WILLIAM BRADEN. James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet-street.

WE are not among those who would violently spiritualise all Scriptural history, but we are equally at variance with those who find only the morality of common life in the sacred narratives. Could Mr. Braden never once have mounted to higher spiritual and evangelical considerations while lecturing upon the Book of Ruth? Is there no type in it? Has it no voice to the regenerate spirit? We complain not of what there is in his Exposition, though it has disappointed us, but we do complain of what is not, but ought to have been there. Mr. Braden is of opinion that Samuel wrote the Book of Ruth in the early part of David's reign; but Samuel was dead long before David occupied the throne. He speaks rather cynically of certain commentators, whom, upon the whole, we prefer to himself. In all probability those whom he censures did good in their spheres, as we trust Mr. Braden is doing in his own.

The Feet of Jesus in Life, Death, Resurrection, and Glory. By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE present season has not produced a more precious volume. It is deeply spiritual and eminently practical, handling themes dear to all sanctified minds, and setting them forth in choice and attractive language. All Mr. Power's writings have a peculiar charm about them, and "The Feet of Jesus" is, perhaps, his masterpiece. The *unction* of the volume is not its only excellence, though it is, perhaps, the most remarkable one; but mental power is also manifest, and thus a clear mind furnishes the sacrifice, and a fervent heart applies the holy flame.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie: a Scottish Tale. By ELIZABETH HAMILTON. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

GODLINESS, cleanliness, and domestic economy are here beautifully commended in a pleasant story of their triumph over sin, dirt, and negligence. The work is adapted for great practical service.

Sunday Evenings at Northcourt. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

MATTER—excellent, but rather heavy. Get-up of the book—all that could be desired. On the whole, a volume to be highly commended for Sunday-evening reading; rich in gospel truth, holy experience, and devout fervour.

Scriptural Holiness. A Series of Papers by Revs. JOHN HARTLEY, JOHN MOORE, and other Methodist Ministers. A. Osborne, Farringdon-street; and G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster-row.

THE beauty of holiness is so perfect that none can extol it too highly, or enforce it too earnestly; so far we are at one with the authors of the work before us: but if they are really aiming at the revival of the Wesley doctrine of perfection, we, without desiring to enter into controversy, must beg to differ. To aim at complete deliverance from indwelling sin is our duty, and our privilege; to profess to have obtained it may be a gross error, and the cause of countless evils; but we forbear.

Scenes in Old London. Religious Tract Society.

THE story of the greatest of cities, concisely and attractively told. The information contained in this pretty little book concerns every Englishman, and more especially every Londoner. The first geography and history children should learn, should be descriptive of their own country and native place.

Notes.

DURING the Pastor's absence abroad, the church at the Tabernacle has not been without evidence of spiritual life. So many had come forward to avow their faith in Jesus, that there were one hundred and thirty-five to be received into the church upon his return.

Mr. Spurgeon, through the extreme dampness of the weather, has suffered so much from rheumatic affections as to be

unable to occupy his pulpit. He is recovering, but is so weak and so susceptible of pain, that friends are entreated not to press him to preach for them for some months to come.

Mr. Groombridge, of our College, leaves us to be engaged in connection with the China Inland Mission, which has been so successfully superintended by Mr. Hudson Taylor.

Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire, of our College, have gone to Madrid, to labour for the Lord. May they prosper, and may a missionary spirit arise in many more hearts!

Mr. Wilson, of our College, settles at Downham Market.

We are glad to see that the church under the care of our brother, Mr. George Sheppard, of Newtown, Sydney, is making progress, and has erected a new place of worship. Equally gratified are we to find Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Hibbert aiding in the instruction of young men for the Australian ministry.

Mr. Henry Morgan has arrived in Adelaide, and has been heartily welcomed.

Mr. Dyke, of Toronto, has celebrated a happy anniversary; may he be spared to enjoy fifty more such.

Mr. Babington, late archbishop of the church in the arch, Wyndham Road, Camberwell, has accepted a call to the church in Eastbourne. The church there is worthy of the help of all who love the gospel.

Mr. Pegg, of Turk's Island, and now of St. Domingo, has come to this country upon a visit. Brother Jacob Forth is labouring at Perth, Ontario; and Mr. Lennie at Smith's Falls, which is a few miles away. Thus our beloved brethren are spreading in every direction, and we earnestly pray that in every place they may be a sacred salt, preserving the truth of God.

At once to complete the Orphanage buildings, so that they may hold two hundred and fifty boys, and to erect a suitable schoolroom for the junior children, is the object which lies first before us. This will be done and cleared out of the way in a very short time, if half our many friends will give us speedy assistance.

We have a piece of ground in view upon which to erect buildings suitable for a College and rooms for classes, for our young men and women and senior scholars of the Sabbath School. Compared with the size of the congregation, we are badly off at the Tabernacle for class-rooms. We have the people, but greatly need accommodation for them. The College rooms are dark, dreary, vaulty, and unsuitable; and happy shall we be to reach the upper air. Has not the Lord some steward who will feel it in his heart to help us through this necessary labour? We have some provision towards the building, but shall need some £5,000 more.

Mr. Moore has removed from Glasgow to Stockton-on-Tees. His Glasgow friends, at a valedictory service, presented him with a purse of sovereigns.

The church in North Shields has presented Mr. Pipe with a handsome testimonial. We congratulate both pastor and people. Kind actions are naturally beneficial.

We are glad to learn that the Baptist Church at Newton Abbot, in connection with which Mr. W. C. Jones has laboured with much success, has invited Mr. Field, formerly of Exeter, to be his successor. May the good work prosper.

The New Baptist Chapel, Faversham, Kent, pastor, Mr. A. Bax, late of the Tabernacle College, will (D.V.) be opened on Thursday, January 2nd, 1873, when Mr. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, London, will preach in the afternoon and evening. On Sunday, January 5th, two sermons will be delivered by Mr. C. Kirtland, Secretary to the Home and Irish Mission. On Thursday, January 9th, Dr. Landels, of Regent's Park, London, will preach both afternoon and evening.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—November 21, thirteen; 25, fifteen; 28, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
A Widow's Mite, S. N.	0	1	6
Mrs. Simmonds	0	10	0
Sale of Fancy Work, The Misses Heath	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall	0	10	0
J. M. R.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Carter, Sen....	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Messrs. Helas and Co. ... £1	1	0	
Mr. J. Leach	0	10	0
Mr. S. Gostage...	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0
Mrs. Withers...	0	5	0
	2	6	0
A Sincere Friend and Wellwisher, Wantage	1	0	0
Miss Burls	5	0	0
Mr. Conder	3	3	0
Mrs. Bickmore and Friends	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
S. M. S.	5	0	0
A Thank Offering	0	10	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Sermons	20	0	0
A Few Christian Friends, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. Dougharty	2	2	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0	9	11
Mr. F. T. Comerford	1	0	0
Miss Janet Milne	0	5	0
Mr. La Touche	3	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	6
Rev. D. Mace	0	10	0
Mr. John Wyles	1	0	0
Two Friends, per Mr. Wright	1	10	0
Mr. W. Knight, per Rev. E. Spurrier	0	10	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Harding	0	10	0
J. W. C.	0	10	0
Miss Winslow	1	15	8
Mrs. Legge	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	3	0
Mrs. John on	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Smith	2	10	0
Mr. B. Wilkinson	1	0	0
R. F.	0	12	0
Mrs. Love	1	0	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mr. Rainbow	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wright	2	0	9
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Nov. 24	30	2	0
" " " " Dec. 1	10	0	5
" " " " " 8	25	14	6
" " " " " 15	30	2	9
	£203	4	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1872.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Beck	3	0	0
Miss Bays	0	10	0
Rev. J. Cockett	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite, S. N.	0	1	6
Mrs. S. Glennan	2	0	0
A Langton Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Colthrup	0	10	0
Cornwall-road, Brixton, Sunday-School, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	8	0
Mrs. A.	0	5	0
Messrs. Bartram, Harvey and Co.	5	5	0
Mrs. Clark	0	10	0
Mrs. Peaple	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Ecton	1	0	0
Miss Knott	2	0	0
Mrs. Spedding	1	0	0
W. N, F. Godalming	0	6	6
Mr. A. Debenham	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald	0	10	0
Band of Hope Concert on, per Mr. J. Field	0	15	0
J. M. R.	0	10	0
R. E. S., A Special Th ering	0	7	0
Rev. C. A. Davis	5	9	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	1	1	0
E. F.	2	0	0
A. G. P.	0	5	0
A Friend, Norfolk	0	3	6
Mrs. Adamson	0	2	6
A Working Man, Dumfries	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Mrs. Gatehouse	1	0	0
Mr. C. Verdan	0	10	0
The Misses Smith	20	0	0
Motherwell	0	0	0
Katie Turnbull	0	3	6
A Friend, Old Meldrum	0	5	0
Collected by Master Brownlow Riddell	0	12	0
A Sincere Friend and Wellwisher, Wantage	1	0	0
Fochabers	0	8	0
Orders	0	1	0
Miss Martin	1	0	0
Castle-street Sunday-school, Calne	0	5	0
Miss Burls	5	0	0
Mrs. Kelsey	0	10	0
S. M. S.	2	0	0
A Friend and Wellwisher	5	0	0
J. C.	1	13	3
Collected by a Friend, per James Agnew	1	0	3
A Friend in Yorkshire	1	0	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	20	0	0
Mr. La Touche	3	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	2	0	0
Rev. D. Mace	0	10	0
M. M. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Kirby	1	0	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. Coutie	0	5	0
Mrs. Fulcher	5	0	0
Mr. R. T. Blake	0	10	0
Mr. Cornborough	0	10	0
Mr. W. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Barnes	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	3	0
Mrs. Johnson	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Smith	2	10	0
Mr. B. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mrs. Hare	0	5	6
A Little Girl's Earnings	0	2	6
M. B.	1	0	0
Ellen	0	5	0
Mr. E. F. Young	1	10	0
Penny Subscription by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Sibery	1	15	4
Mrs. Clayton	20	0	0
Mrs. Clayton for Infant School-room	5	0	0
A Clapham Bus Driver	0	11	0
Miss Barnard	0	13	6
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
J. W. B.'s Class at Victoria Park Tabernacle Sunday-School	0	5	0
Gratitude	0	5	0
Mr. G. Kerridge	0	2	6
Mr. R. H. Sharp	10	0	0
Mrs. Fulks	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	1	1	0
Mr. R. Alderton	2	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. Green	1	0	6
Mr. Rainbow	1	0	0
A Friend of Orphans	0	10	0
Miss Abbott	0	10	0
United Christian Brothers' Benefit So.	3	13	0
Mrs. H. Marshall	0	5	0
Mizpah	0	2	6
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Rusherford	0	6	6
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions.			
Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Messrs. Helas and Co. ...	£1	1	0
Mr. J. Boorne	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	6	5	0
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
	2	2	1

	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. May	£0	5	0
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
Mr. Kearsley	0	5	0
	1	0	0
	£181	18	5

FOR CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT ORPHANAGE.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Gatward	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smellie	2	2	0
A Widow and Daughters	0	6	0
A Mite, from M.	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite	0	3	6
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	1	0
Mr. W. Bigg	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Aldridge	0	3	0
Mr. Payne	0	10	0
Charlie, Willie, Fred, and Harry ...	0	7	0
T. B. (Oakham)	1	0	0
W. R. A.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Sinclair	1	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
C. Frearson	0	2	6
Sunday School, Sittingbourne	0	14	0
Misses A. and M. Windett	0	10	0
Rev. W. H. Burton...	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	0	10	0
R. F.	0	8	0
Market Harboro'	0	5	0
Mrs. Toller	0	5	0
A Grateful Reader	1	1	0
Four Fatherless Little Ones	8	0	0
Miss Kemp	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
S. G. K.	0	4	0
Mr. R. H. Sharp	2	2	0
G. J. G.	1	1	0
Mrs. Glennom	2	0	0
A Brother in Christ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyrer	1	0	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
Rev. E. Blewett	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baker	0	5	0
J. J., Wolverhampton	0	5	6
Mary and Nellie Spurrier	0	4	1
E. N.	0	3	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth :—			
Mr. W. Rickett	1	0	0
One Hundred Farthings and £1 13s. 6d. from the Girls' practising Schools, Training College, Stockwell ...	1	13	7
	2	15	7
	£37	12	8

[These lists only run on to the 27th December. Many donations and articles have come since.]

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS :—Sack of Flour, Mr. Belsey; Fruit for Boys' Puddings, Mr. Daintree; 2 Boxes of Fruit, Mr. Llewellyn; 1 ditto, Ann, Walworth; 240 eggs, Janet Ward; 93 Oranges, Ambrose.

CLOTHING :—50 Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 14 ditto, Mr. Muir; 6 ditto, Mr. Mogridge; 18 Cotton ditto, R. Ford 6 ditto, Mrs. Butt; 6 ditto, Mr. Boylett; 3 ditto, Anon.; 12 ditto and 6 Pairs of Socks, Mr. Dodson.

GENERAL :—A Tin of Soap, a Friend; 250 Copies "Sinner's Friend," Warren Hall.

BAZAAR :—Small Parcel, Girls' Practising School, Training College, Stockwell; Drum Clock, Mr. Rowles; Fancy Box of Fruit, a Friend; Small Box of Articles, Mr. Case; ditto, Mr. Feltham.

Donations per Charlesworth, for Infant School :—H. Hoperton, 5s.; A Lonsdale, 10s.; Mrs. H. Marshall, £1; Messrs. Hill and Jones, £1 1s.; Hitherto, 2s. 11d.; Principal and Students of Marlborough College, £2; Jane Harris, 5s.; J. H. Stephenson, 5s.; H. Coulson and C. Plant, £1.—Total £6 8s. 11d.

Received at the Tabernacle for the Orphanage Bazaar :—14 Tracts, Mr. Hooper; Parcel from Messrs. Oakey and Sons; Swiss Baskets, Mrs. R. Dawbarn; Case of Figs, Mr. Harrison; Bed and Chair Cover, Mrs. Davies; Dolls in Roman and Swiss Dresses, Mrs. Fitzgerald; Hamper of Cheese, Anon; Parcels from Messrs. Bryant and May; Toilet Cushion and Mats, Mrs. Mackintosh; Antimacassar, Anon.; Small Parcel, Mrs. Eastty; Dress, Miss Clark; Parcel of Music, Messrs. Weeks and Co.; Box of Articles, Anon; Box of Articles, Mrs. Gloag; Brown Paper Parcel, Mrs. Shaddock. 24 Folding Chairs, Mr. A. Goodwin; Parcels from Messrs. Tarn and Co.; Scented Soap, Mr. Clark; Parcels from Miss Ormandy, Miss Barnard and Miss Gooding, Miss Marshall, Miss Gatehouse, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Ballard. Parcels of Books from Mr. Baker and Mr. E. Stock; Cases of Biscuits, Messrs. Huntly and Palmer and Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co; Box of Composite Candles, Messrs. Harriss, Blackman, and Sons; Parcel from Mrs. Grange; 2 Purses, Mrs. Matthew; Pocket Knife, Mr. Martin. Mr. Palmer, £1; Mr. Paterson, 4s.; Mr. R. Law, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Skinner, 10s. 6d.; A. B. C., 5s.; Mr. W. H. Roberts, 21s; Miss H. Fells, 10s.; Mr. Searle, 10s.; S. M. S., £2 10s.; Dispute, 1s. 9d.; Mr. T. Haynes, 5s.; Mr. Alway, 20s.; Mr. T. D. Price, 5s.; A. M., 10s.; Mrs. Mackrill, 5s. 4d.; A Brother in Christ, 10s.; Mrs. Lane, £1.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions :—			
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	6	0	0
Arnold District, per Elders' Bible Class	5	0	0
Sheppey District, per Miss Bishop ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Nesbitt	0	10	0
Donations :—			
Mr. Botting	2	2	0
Mr. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. W. Jones	1	1	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0
Mr. H. Allen...	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Davies	0	10	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
S. M. S.	1	0	0
A Lincolnshire Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	10	0	0
Mr. W. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Legge	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	0	10	0
	£37	8	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

Acta non Verba.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

[PART II.]

THOSE words which have the best excuse for their utterance are generally the least acceptable. Speak to the point with practical aim, and either somebody's toes will be trodden upon, or a hubbub will be raised by theorizers as to possible toes which may have been inconvenienced. For instance, in the Preface to the last volume of *The Sword and the Trowel*, we recorded our fear that the Nonconforming Churches had not enjoyed a prosperous year, and that the lean kine were eating up the fat kine. We believe that we stated facts; at any rate, we had consulted and had followed statistics which are usually relied upon. We did not pour forth the unfounded imaginings of a morbid mind, or speak as if the end had come, and our churches must cease to be: on the contrary, we bade our brethren be of good courage, and hope for brighter days, and work in expectation of them. We little knew that in even mentioning a gloomy fact, we were sinning grievously. The *Christian World*, in a leading article, came down upon us heavily, because we had written what the enemies of Dissent could quote, and had already quoted, to show the decline of our cause. What was that to us? What do we care what use our adversaries may make of a truthful statement? David might have refused to write psalms, because the devil would quote them for the worst of purposes, if the possible uses to which writings may be turned are to be taken into consideration. Are we to represent everything which concerns Nonconformity with the *coleur de rose?* So it

would seem, not only from this little incident, but from the general manner and attitude of certain Nonconformist advocates. Everything that has to do with Dissent is to them necessarily good, and to be gloried in, and the faults of our systems are either to be defended or denied. They have probably borrowed this evil habit from their opponents, for the rabid Episcopalian is equally resolved to fight for every whim and crotchet of mother church. This seems to us to be an unwise and unworthy course of action; it is childish, and even wicked. We sincerely wish that all our Dissenting churches were sound in the faith, earnest in Christian labour, and increasing with the increase of God—but we shall never try to prove our zeal for the grand old cause by asserting that these things are so when we fear they are not? We wish that all Nonconformist ministers were paragons, all their plans perfection, their spirit angelic, and their success unbounded,—but in order that our loyalty to Dissent should be placed beyond all suspicion are we to declare that these *desiderata* are already possessed? If so, we rebel. We shall no more think of lying or suppressing truth to aid Dissent, than dream of glorifying God by blasphemy. When we observe an evil we shall point it out; when we see a failure we shall speak of it as such, and if perchance this injures the cause, let it be injured. If truth hurts an interest or party, let it be hurt. It is the height of madness to pretend that we, the Nonconformist churches, make no mistakes, are always prospering, never quarrel, are quite able to do everything, and are far beyond the need of improvement. Such crowing may be practised so successfully that we may even rival the noble chanticleers of the Establishment, whose voices are peculiarly loud, and clear, but what is the good of it? Suppose they brag of the blessing of a national church, is it really the best way to answer them to cry up our working of the voluntary principle, as if we had done all we could or should? The principle is perfect but we sometimes fail to carry it on to its full triumphs, and when we come short, the manliest plan is to admit the fault. The bepraising of our noble selves is not a beneficial exercise, it tends to foment party pride and prevent real progress.

Still, says one, it is a pity to mention anything which our enemies can use against us. So think the timorous, whose faith in the invincibility of truth is hampered by their greater belief in caution and policy. We feel too sure of the ultimate victory of our principles to care much for the screams and yells of our adversaries when they hear us heave a sigh, or utter a lament. Suppose *The Church Times* did rejoice over the witness of a well-known dissenter to the want of success among his own sect—what of that? Did that make us any the weaker, or the Ritualists any the stronger? Who winces at such things save cowards who cannot bear a sneer? For the life of us we cannot see how we "furnished our foes with an argument." What was the argument? How did it run? The Dissenting Churches did not increase last year, therefore——therefore what? Therefore they never will—is that the idiotic inference? Therefore they are in the wrong—is that the insane conclusion? To all the legitimate comfort which Anglicans can draw from such facts we make them heartily welcome. For our part, we feel that with truthful principles, and an honest heart on his side, a man

may give his opponents leave to make the most they possibly can of all his personal confessions of imperfection, and admissions of occasional failure; and it will never enter his head to look around before he dares to speak, lest haply a listening chiel should take notes and print what he may say.

We beg permission to say if the Voluntaries will *do* more, they may without injuring their cause, *say* less about their doings, and if Dissenters will evangelize the country more thoroughly, they may spare some of those modest eulogiums which their worthy advocates are so prone to utter. Having said thus much, we shall proceed to the practical matter which made us take up our pen, and at the risk of further trangressing we shall point out a fault in most of our religious systems.

It is a singular fact that our churches have suffered the chief agency for carrying the gospel into new regions to fall into almost total disuse. The settled ministry among us, especially when it brings out and wisely directs the gifts of the church, is eminently adapted for conservative purposes, for edifying the saints, training young converts, and cultivating the soil which has been already fenced in by religious agencies; but only to a very small degree is the ministry aggressive or can it be. If it does its homework well it has enough to do, and its further efforts will never be very extensive as a rule. To carry the gospel into the regions beyond, and form new churches—whose business is this? Among the heathen we have our missionaries, but what agency are we employing in our own country? In a small way in connection with regular organizations the work is attempted, and irregular agencies perform it on a larger scale, but for all that, most of the Christian churches, as such, are negligent in the service, *and have no specific agents set apart to attend to it as a matter of church work.* To extend the Redeemer's kingdom and win the world for Jesus is the great purpose for which the church exists, and yet, to a very large extent, she leaves this, her supreme vocation, to hap-hazard.

Our Lord, when he would arouse Palestine, sent forth seventy evangelists. Not one of these was bidden to settle in any place, or to become a pastor, but to go and preach the gospel from town to town. They were itinerant gospellers. After Pentecost, the disciples being scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the Word, they broke up new ground, and made the truth known among those who had never heard it before; so far they did the work of evangelists, and the kingdom of Christ came with power. The apostles and others travelled into regions where the name of Jesus had not been known, and everywhere told forth the glad tidings of salvation: whatever else they were, they certainly fulfilled to the full the office of evangelists. We have a few who exercise that office now, but they are rather tolerated than appointed, and certainly their work is not regarded as a part, and a necessary part, of our ecclesiastical action. It would be easy to prove that in all times of her spiritual health and growth, the church has owed much to her holy pioneers who have led the way to sacred conquests. Without burdening the reader with church history we may cite the Methodist revival as an eminent case in point, for it was mainly due to those who left regular pulpits and gospel-hardened congregations to preach Jesus

among colliers and street crowds. It would be equally easy to prove that by ministries exercised in churches and chapels we can never reach those who shun all religious edifices, neither can we hope to found new churches in neglected counties unless we send forth men whose direct object it is to labour to that end.

In many districts of England there are no Baptist churches, and we will make these districts the example for our present object. Now, as far as the Baptist churches are concerned, have we any men, appointed by the church, whose business it is to spread the gospel, as we believe it, in these places? We know of very few. But our conviction is that if we were doing our duty after the apostolic fashion we should soon find in our midst, thrust forth by the Holy Ghost, evangelists who would till these fields of labour. Suppose a man of power, full of the Holy Ghost, and gifted for the work were maintained in a county—say Cumberland or Westmoreland, with the view of preaching all through the region, and forming churches wherever the Lord might bless his word; might we not expect to see the churches increased in those parts. He ought not to be a mere common man, much less an inferior preacher for whom an office is made because no regular congregation will hear him. We should like to see the experiment tried with one of our best men, we would have him liberally supported, and supplied with ample means for travelling, and hiring rooms and halls. We should almost envy him the opportunity for toil, self-denial, and success. If the Lord anointed such a man he would be the pioneer for scores of pastors who would take up the young Christian communities as fast as they were formed, while the evangelist would move on and dig out new foundations for other churches. A dull commonplace official would make a miserable mess of such work, and disappoint those who support him, but we think we know at this moment two or three men who, by God's blessing, would make full proof of their calling.

Our belief is that scriptually there should be at least as much work done evangelistically as pastorally. Now, we provide for pastors, and rightly so, but few, if any, churches provide for evangelists. We have the right men, but no organization for their support. We serve out their rations (often scanty enough) to the militia who defend the country, but for our brave Uhlans who are in the van of our conquering hosts we make little or no provision. Some few churches have their evangelistic missionaries, but, alas, how few! And these are usually in connection with their own immediate neighbourhood, so that still the neglected large towns, and immense agricultural regions are left, as far as we are concerned, without the gospel.

We rejoice in the zeal of Methodists and Independents in spreading themselves in every direction throughout England; if we were a Free Churchman we should like to see a Free Kirk in every village in Scotland; and being a Baptist we desire to see a Baptist church in every town in England. This, of course, is judged to be a very wrong desire by those who think that we should interfere with their monopolies, but the desire to us seems natural and laudable. How then can it be accomplished? How can any Christian community cover the land with its adherents? We see no means at all comparable to the support of good, efficient, well-sustained *evangelists*.

Thus much we can give in evidence to support our opinion. From our College we have in a considerable number of instances sent forth men to preach where there was no church to support them, finding them maintenance for a season, and promising aid for the needful expenses of worship at the commencement. The brethren at home have mentioned these pioneers continually in their prayers, and the Lord has heard their requests. From the efforts of these brethren churches have sprung up in quarters where no Baptists were known to exist, and such churches have been a clear gain to the denomination. There is, under God, no limit to this work so far as we are concerned, if we had the pecuniary means. We are content to wait the Lord's mind as to further effort; he will indicate it by furnishing supplies. The experiment, however, has succeeded beyond our hopes.

The Colportage Society also is a fine instrumentality for ploughing up new ground. The Colporteur takes a full survey of the country while selling his books, and his calls bring him into personal conversation with each inhabitant—he is therefore one of the best of pioneers. In the course of time by holding cottage meetings, and preaching out of doors he collects the nucleus of a congregation, perhaps he is able to do so in each of the larger villages of his district, and thus he prepares the way for the settled ministry. He is the cheapest and most efficient agent for clearing the backwoods, and preparing for future tillage.

Now, work like this, it seems to us, should be carried on widely, and be made the *specialité* of the churches. Not alone should colporteurs and young students be employed in it, but some of our very best men should be set apart to it. Think of an apostolic man in the neglected county of Surrey; or better still, in those parts of the crowded regions of Lancashire and Yorkshire where our community is scarcely represented,—what might he not achieve, with God's blessing? Let him be a man fit to lead others, a genial spirit who will co-operate with those who are already on or near the spot, a man full of faith and mighty in the Scriptures, and, by the power of the Holy Ghost, his work would soon prove the sacred value of his office. One or two wealthy men may, perhaps, be led to find the silver and the gold for such a man's support, and we believe they will never spend money in a manner more profitable for the cause of God and truth: but the churches also, as such, should undertake the work, which beyond all others is their own.

WE MUST GROW. We MUST make the pure gospel to be known in every corner of the land. Public meetings, in which we glory in our principles, are well enough if they do not lead to glorying in the flesh; but we must put forth vehement efforts to spread those principles. He knows not the truth who does not desire others to know it. The religion which is not worth propagating is not worth believing. Prayer to God for the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom is most commendable, but the prayer which does not lead to effort is hypocrisy. Effort, then, there must be; let it be wise, let it follow the New Testament model, let it be most hearty and sustained. With all our heart we beg the churches to consider the question which we have now raised. *Ought we not to pray for evangelists, and prepare to support them when the Lord sends them, even as at this time we support the pastors of the churches?*

The Founder of Pennsylvania.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART II.]

BUT while the peace-loving and philanthropic Quakers were congratulating one another over the quick progress of civilisation in their colony; while the young city, Philadelphia, was raising her roofs and towers above the virgin wastes; and while the enlightened governor was himself sending home accounts of the limitless animal, vegetable, and mineral resources of his unexplored forests, letters from England arrived with sombre news, and with news such as filled many noble hearts with grief and concern. His wife Guli, whom Penn very fondly loved, was ailing. His dear friend, the patriotic Algernon Sydney, had perished by the axe of the executioner; and enemies were already at work blackening the Governor's character with the government of James the Second. Penn perceived the necessity of at once returning home.

A stumbling-block in the path of many good people has been Penn's friendly connection with the royal House of Stuart. They have been unable to comprehend how a man of high patriotism and of undoubted piety could live on intimate, or even affable, terms with a character like James the Second. Before making hasty conclusions, such persons should take care to properly understand Penn's surroundings, and the relation of parties in England. James the Second was the Quaker Governor's appointed guardian, so that the acquaintance with the king came to Penn more as an inheritance of his house than as anything he himself had sought. The king treated him with great uprightness and kindness; why, therefore, should the Quaker have quarrelled with his sovereign merely because their principles were at variance. It would have been both unchristian and impolitic to have lived on unfriendly terms with the king and government in such times; and those who raised the cry of "Trimmer" or "Jesuit," knew well enough that Penn counted royal favour, and all worldly advantage, light as feathers when weighed against religious principle. By frequenting the court, he exercised a great and beneficial influence in favour of the oppressed Nonconformists. It was largely owing to his instrumentality that more than twelve hundred Quakers were released from their dungeons at one time. Then while his heart was wrung with anguish over the atrocities of "The Bloody Assize," he begged twenty persons from among the condemned victims for the American settlement, where peace and plenty awaited them. In every work which promised to advance religion, or to promote the welfare of man, he was ever ready to take a lion's share.

His hands were now full of business connected with his province and home matters: besides which the boundary of his territory was disputed by Lord Baltimore. Hence Penn took lodgings at Kensington, so as to be near the court at Whitehall; and to Kensington, therefore, Guli and her family were removed.

While Penn thus lived in London, ready to defend his rights and character, he tried unceasingly to exercise a good influence over the strong-headed James after that monarch's accession to the throne. Had Penn's advice, offered day after day in the royal closet, been accepted and acted upon, instead of living to stir up strife, to become the ruin of his house and a by-word among European nations, James would have stood forth as an enlightened reformer and the benefactor of his country, whom posterity would have remembered with respect. Penn would have healed the quarrel which occurred between the King and the University of Oxford; he would have saved James from the humiliation he suffered in the affair of the Seven Bishops, and also from the ruin engendered by a long catalogue of lesser blunders. As an advocate of entire freedom of conscience, the Quaker hailed the indulgence of 1687 as a real boon under the circumstances, even while he mistrusted any concessions not sanctioned by Act of Parliament. James's mistakes brought him to ruin; but the chronicles of the day will show that whatever the King did to promote his own discomfiture and to bring disaster on his subjects, he did in opposition to the views, and, in many instances, contrary to the advice of the unflinchingly outspoken and patriotic Quaker.

After the Revolution, Penn found himself overwhelmed with trouble of various kinds. The principles on which the great reforms of the Revolution were founded were Penn's own; but none the less on that account was he suspected by the new government. The timeservers of the hour, over anxious, like all their race, to profit by any means within reach, stood ready to inform against a man they hated, and in the meantime they renewed the old charges of Jesuitism and other crimes. To lying slanders were now added a new accusation—that of being in treasonable communication with James in exile. Penn was arrested and arraigned before the authorities, but his ingenuous behaviour and straitforward replies ensured an honourable acquittal. Besides slanders, other things exercised a baneful influence on the governor's fortunes. William the Third was almost instinctively a man of war, and his greatness most appeared when he fought with the enemies of freedom in the open field. The one great object for which William lived, and to secure which he consented to rule as King of England, was that of crushing Louis the Fourteenth—the arch enemy of the peace and prosperity of Europe. The French were established in Canada, and on that account it accorded with English policy to establish a more warlike rule in Pennsylvania than that of Penn, the peace-loving governor, whose only arms of defence and aggression were such as the gospel supplied. Accordingly during thirty months the province was placed under the authority of Colonel Fletcher. This blow fell heavily on a man who loved the colony he had planted with as much unselfishness as a father might love a family. It was an unexpected return, moreover, for the toil and self-denial to which Penn had been subjected, for instead of having enriched himself by securing a property of twenty million acres of land, he had actually become impoverished by the transaction. To these trials were now added other sorrows in the loss of his wife and eldest son by death. Penn would have been weighed down by calamity had not sustaining

grace borne him up. As it was, he found himself well supported—so well, indeed, that nothing sufficed to hinder his usefulness. He laboured still in writing for the press and in preaching the gospel. His name also appears among those Quakers who visited Peter the Great at Deptford with the laudable object of converting that semi-barbarian to Christianity.

In 1699 Penn again embarked for the New World, having been reinvested with the governorship of his province. The manor house he erected for himself on the Delaware River was called Pennsbury. Surrounded by an estate of six thousand acres, including beautiful and well-kept pleasure grounds and productive kitchen-gardens, Pennsbury must have embodied the realisation of its owner's most cherished day-dreams. On all hands nature blossomed and budded like the garden of the Lord. It was a land of plenty and of peace. "The mansion-house was erected on a moderate eminence," we are told. "A broad walk through an avenue of poplars led to the river, descending from the upper terrace to the lower grounds by a flight of steps. The house was surrounded by gardens and lawns, and the more distant woods were opened in vistas, looking down the river and upward to the falls. These woods had been laid out in walks at the proprietary's first visit, and the preservation of the trees is enjoined in several of his letters. The proprietor sent out from England walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, fruit-trees, and a great variety of rarest seeds and roots. While in this country he procured from Maryland several panniers of trees and shrubs indigenous in that province, and he directed by his letters that the most beautiful wild flowers should be transplanted into his gardens. On the whole, his directions indicate a love of nature and an elegance of taste which are very remarkable."*

Penn could enjoy an elegant retreat in the wilderness-like Pennsbury in a manner which a mere worldly man could never have done. Not having coveted wealth for wealth's sake, he could yet appreciate the gifts of Providence. He was as humble as he was condescending. Though he kept a coach, as he would have done in England, the vehicle was seldom used, the roads over the new country being so indifferent that the Governor preferred travelling either on horseback or in a barge. While out riding he once picked up a bare-footed little girl, and placing the delighted urchin behind his saddle, carried her to her destination. But if amiable and obliging, Governor Penn was not free from prejudice, or what would be called prejudice in these days of psuedo-liberalism. Thus he abhorred tobacco, as appears in a passage of the New Jersey Historical Collections. When passing in his barge between Philadelphia and Pennsbury, he frequently stopped at Burlington to see Governor Jennings, of New Jersey, who was also an eminent minister among Friends. On one occasion, Jennings and some of his friends were enjoying their tobacco, a practice which the gentlemanly Penn disliked. On hearing that Penn's barge was in sight, they put away their pipes, that their friend might not be annoyed, and endeavoured to conceal from him what they were about. He came upon them, however,

* Quoted by Janney, from "Fisher's Discourse on the Private Life of William Penn."

somewhat suddenly, and pleasantly remarked that he was glad they had sufficient sense of propriety to be ashamed of the practice. Jennings, rarely at a loss for an answer, rejoined, that they were "not ashamed, but desisted to avoid hurting a weak brother!"

While living thus in the midst of the prosperous colony which he had founded, we must remember that the source of the Governor's strength was God himself. Penn sought daily supplies of grace with an earnestness which few now-a-days would consider practicable. He lived in an atmosphere of devotion and prayer. Three times every day did the inmates of Pennsbury meet to worship their Maker. Thus we are told that "When he was visiting meetings in Pennsylvania, he lodged one night at Merion, where a boy, about twelve years old, son of the person at whose house he lodged, being a lad of curiosity, and not often seeing such great men, privately crept to his chamber, up a flight of steps on the outside of the building. On peeping through the latchet-hole, he was struck with awe in beholding this great man upon his knees by the bed-side, and in hearing what he said, for he could distinctly hear him in prayer and thanksgiving that he was then provided for in the wilderness."

Penn went out on his last voyage with the intention of finishing his days at Pennsbury, and he had taken his second wife and family thither. This intention was frustrated by the activity of enemies in England. It was sought to deprive the governor of his colony by Act of Parliament, and therefore again, to defend his rights, he hastened home in the fall of 1701. The obnoxious Bill was abandoned, and, with the accession of Anne, Penn rose again into court favour, though he never returned to Pennsbury.

We are conscious of a feeling of sadness as we follow this great man to those closing years of a busy and eventful life, when disease added its burden to the weight of years, and when his noble intellect became partially clouded. Having always believed the world to be vanity, he now realized the truth of what he had believed. In prosperity he showed that he counted such days as lost wherein no progress was made towards the higher life: now he tasted the blessedness of having run a course which had been a life-long preparation for death. After carefully looking into Penn's character and life-work, we cannot discover that mere ambition weighed with him in founding the colony named after his house. Probably a more unselfish character does not shed its lustre over the page of English history. To such men disaster never comes. Life is to them a discipline for immortality, the lights and shades of which are equally turned to profit. Yet, as seen from the human standpoint, what a depressing spectacle does Penn, in his last years, present to view. His estate was impoverished by the expenses of the colony, and he suffered as the victim of shameless cheats and two-faced friends. Many dearly-cherished hopes were disappointed. His first-born son lay in the grave. A second son—also a child of the beloved Guli—as a worn-out profligate, broken both in purse and health, was hiding on the Continent, far from the sight of virtuous connexions. The younger children of the Governor's second wife alone stood around him in his last days at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, in 1718. It, indeed, was a happy day when the Governor's spirit passed into the rest which,

for half-a-century, he had eagerly anticipated, and from which even the cares of Pennsylvania could never divert his thoughts.

After seeing what we have of the character of this godly Quaker, it will be as well to deal with some of the charges which have been brought against him. How such charges could have found supporters with actually no substantiating evidence, such as would weigh with any intelligent jury, must remain among "the curiosities of literature." In regard to these charges, it must be remembered that Macaulay would naturally entertain prejudice against one, who, partly by accident—on account of "property, not popery"—was a friend of James the Second, and consequently, though a Reformer instead of a Jacobite, was still not an adherent of the historian's great idol, William the Third. It will be observed, also, that while for the majority of the charges Macaulay quotes some sort of an authority, other assertions have nothing more substantial than rhetoric for a foundation, One of this class occurs in the "History," under the year 1685. After detailing Penn's prosperity and power at court, Macaulay says: "He paid dear, however, for this seeming prosperity. Even his own sect looked coldly on him, and requited his services with obloquy." The archives of Devonshire House, where Penn worshipped, disprove this gratuitous calumny by showing that he attended there throughout the year in question, and was held in honour by the people.

But the most notorious of Macaulay's charges relates to the ransom-money exacted after Monmouth's defeat from the Taunton girls, between whom and the ladies at court Penn is alleged to have stood as acting agent. It can be clearly proved that he who really did act as agent in this wicked traffic was one George Penne, whose occupation consisted in business of this description. The only authority for implicating William Penn in a transaction from which he would have shrunk in disgust, is a letter by Lord Sunderland, among the State Papers, and addressed to "Mr. Penne," which, by some remarkable false reasoning, in a footnote published in 1857, Macaulay maintains was written to the Founder of Pennsylvania. Let it be remembered that the only warrant for associating the Quaker with the Taunton proceedings is the following now celebrated letter:—

"Whitehall, Feb. 13, 1685-6.

"Mr. Penne,—Her Majesty's Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the Relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high Misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that His Majesty has been pleased to give their Fines to the said Maids of Honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"SUNDERLAND."

Penn's name was not Penne, and accordingly Macaulay argues that surnames were formerly spelt in various ways—an assertion which does not appear to be true to the extent we are expected to believe. It is inconceivable that Lord Sunderland, with whom Penn had been on terms of friendship from childhood, would have written such a letter to one of the first men of the town, and it would have been still more remarkable had the minister in this letter made an unfortunate exception

to his usual way of spelling his friend's name. On no occasion does Lord Sunderland write Penne for Penn when addressing the Governor, and though ministers of state may assume a cold style when writing officially to acquaintances, they do not address gentlemen in language only suitable for grovelling pardon-mongers.

A still more baseless charge occurs in connection with the celebrated Baptist pastor William Kiffen. The king wished to seduce Kiffen by the bribe of an alderman's gown, and, according to Macaulay, Penn was employed in the business of seduction. The pastor himself tells us that he appealed to Penn, seeking to secure his services as mediator, and it is impossible to prove from Kiffen's memoirs that Penn acted otherwise than as a mediator to serve the Baptist, whose "Meeting" stood within bow-shot of the Quakers' Devonshire House.

But as if bent on blasting once and for ever the character of a good man, who happened not to be a worshipper of William the Third, Penn is accused by Macaulay of having been guilty of "simony of a peculiarly disreputable kind." This comes out in connection with the dispute between the King and the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. Penn did meet the Fellows, but in what character? "Macaulay's story of this meeting is a comedy of errors," says Mr. Dixon, quoting authorities in support of the assertion. "He is wrong on every point —the *time*, the *place*, the *method*, and the *motive* of this interview. Macaulay describes the *time* of meeting as immediately after James left Oxford, while the King was 'greatly incensed and mortified by his defeat.' This was early in September. The meeting was not really held till five weeks later, October 9, 1687. Macaulay gives the *place* as Oxford. It was really held at Eton, near Windsor, where Penn had then a country house. Macaulay described the *method* of this interview as a visit made by Penn to Hough and other Fellows. The actual method was a deputation from the college to Penn; a deputation of which Hough was the head; a deputation which had to follow Penn to Eton, and to ask his leave to occupy a morning of his time. Macaulay describes the *motive* of the interview as a design of Penn to make the Fellows compromise their course. The actual motive was a strong desire on the part of Hough and other fellows to procure Penn's powerful mediation and support with James."

There are other charges adduced against the Quaker, such as that of inciting the deposed King to invade England by foreign troops, and the proof offered is that the French agent, Avaux, mentions one "M. Pen" as among James's correspondents. It can be proved to demonstration that Avaux's "M. Pen" was Neville Pen, one of the paid Jacobite spies who infested the court of William the Third. This same Neville, and not William Penn, proposed that "James should make a descent on England with thirty thousand men," which piece of treason Macaulay puts down as usual to the credit of the innocent Governor of Pennsylvania. There was a paid Jacobite spy then living in London of the name of Williamson, and the only basis of proof on which the historian's charge can rest is a paper sent by Williamson to the court at St. Germains, which runs as follows:—"Mr. Penn says that your Majesty has had several occasions, but never any so favourable as the the present," &c. After quoting this letter Mr. Dixon says:—

"With the utmost confidence I say that William Penn never wrote and never spoke this stuff. Penn never used the phrase 'Your Majesty,' here used four times in as many lines. Penn never called Louis the Fourteenth 'the most Christian King.' The first expression shows that 'Mr. Penn' was *not* a Quaker; the second expression shows that 'Mr. Penn' *was* a Catholic. . . . Was there any 'Mr. Penn' in James's pay whose place in such a list would be where Captain Williamson puts him? Yes; we know there was. 'Mr. Penn' was Neville Penn. Neville Penn was acquainted with Williamson. Neville Penn was a paid agent. . . . Neville Penn was a Roman Catholic. Neville Penn would address James as 'Your Majesty,' and assuredly speak of Louis as 'the most Christian King.'"

These charges, as mean as they are false, will ultimately damage the historical accuracy of the writer who published them far more than they will affect the reputation of the Founder of Pennsylvania. Rhetoric and literary art have done their worst in attempting to blacken a great man's memory, but character is safe when the man's whole life contradicts the fictions of traducers, and is corroborated by the very State Papers on which the charges are based. We believe it was Lord Brougham who spoke of a celebrated historian as "a tolerably good writer of romances." To what degree the sarcasm is true we need not enquire. We regard the author referred to as a brilliant example of a school which will not offend the worldly by speaking too well of Christianity; and will not risk its prestige among a better class by openly deprecating religion. These writers are educated at the University of Fair-speech under Professors Timeserver and Anything. Though able to write brilliant sentences, and occasionally to do good service, they are not always competent to appreciate a great and noble character such as was WILLIAM PENN, FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Longing for Sun Light.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 4.)

I HAVE heard that in the vast salt-mines, families are reared under ground, and in many instances, have no ideas of what is to be seen above. The sights shown are grand and striking to visitors; and persons of intelligence who have been reared in the subterraneous region, appreciate the effect of illuminated galleries and other wonders of the depths. A certain curious traveller once explored one of these mines, and as he stood gazing at the scene, overwhelmed with astonishment, a native asked him somewhat triumphantly, if earth could supply a scene more desirable? "Ah," replied the stranger, "*The gloomiest* ABOVE *is brighter than all your illuminations!*" Was it so indeed? Was there then a world to which he was a perfect stranger? so thought a young miner. From that day he pined for sun-light, and would not rest satisfied until he had seen it. We may become so engrossed with this world as to doubt whether God's universe contains anything more to be desired. Yet the meanest place in heaven will infinitely out shine the fairest earthly inheritance.

Christ and his Table Companions.

A MEDITATION AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him."—Luke xxii. 14.

THE outward ordinances of the Christian religion are but two, and those two are exceedingly simple, yet neither of them has escaped human alteration; and, alas! much mischief has been wrought, and much of precious teaching has been sacrificed, by these miserable perversions. For instance, the ordinance of baptism as it was administered by the apostles betokened the burial of the believer with Christ, and his rising with his Lord into newness of life. Men must needs exchange immersion for sprinkling, and the intelligent believer for an unconscious child, and so the ordinance is slain. The other sacred institution, the Lord's Supper, like believers' baptism, is simplicity itself. It consists of bread broken, and wine poured out, these viands being eaten and drunk at a festival;—a delightful picture of the sufferings of Christ for us, and of the fellowship which the saints have with one another and with him. But this ordinance, also, has been tampered with by men. By some the wine has been taken away altogether, or reserved only for a priestly caste; and the simple bread has been changed into a consecrated host. As for the table, the very emblem of fellowship in all nations—for what expresses fellowship better than surrounding a table and eating and drinking together?—this, forsooth, must be put away, and an altar must be erected, and the bread and wine which were to help us to remember the Lord Jesus are changed into an "unbloody sacrifice", and so the whole thing becomes an unscriptural celebration instead of a holy institution for fellowship. Let us be warned by these mistakes of others never either to add to or take from the word of God so much as a single jot or tittle. Keep upon the foundation of the Scriptures and you stand safely, and have an answer for those who question you; yea, and an answer which you may render at the bar of God; but once allow your own whim, or fancy, or taste, or your notion of what is proper and right, to rule you instead of the word of God, and you have entered upon a dangerous course, and unless the grace of God prevent, boundless mischief may ensue. The Bible is our standard authority; none may turn from it. The wise man in the Proverbs said—"I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment;" we would repeat his advice, and add to it the sage precept of the mother of our Lord, at Cana, when she said, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

We shall now ask you in contemplation to gaze upon the first celebration of the Lord's Supper. You perceive at once that there was no altar in that large upper room. There was a table, a table with bread and wine upon it, but no altar. And Jesus did not kneel—there is no sign of that—but he sat down, I doubt not after the Oriental mode of sitting,

that is to say, by a partial reclining—he sat down with his apostles. Now, he who ordained this Supper knew how it ought to be observed, and as the first celebration of it was the model for all others, we may be assured that the right way of coming to this communion is to assemble around a table and to sit or recline while we eat and drink together of bread and wine in remembrance of our Lord.

While we see the Saviour sitting down with his twelve disciples, let us enquire *what did this make them?* then, secondly, *what did this imply?* and, thirdly, *what further may we legitimately infer from it?*

I. First, then, we see the Great Master, the Lord, the king in Zion, sitting down at the table to eat and drink with his twelve apostles—WHAT DID THIS MAKE THEM?

Note what they were at first. By his first calling of them they became his *followers*, for he said unto them, "Follow me." That is to say, they were convinced, by sundry marks and signs, that he was the Messias, and they, therefore, became his followers. Followers may be at a great distance from their leader, and enjoy little or no intercourse with him, for the leader may be too great to be approached by the common members of his band. In the case of the disciples their following was unusually close, for their Master was very condescending, but still their intercourse was not always of the most intimate kind at the first, and therefore it was not at first that he called them to such a festival as this supper. They began with following, and this is where we must begin. If we cannot enter as yet into closer association with our Lord we may, at least, know his voice by his Spirit, and follow him as the sheep follow the shepherd. The most important way of following him is to trust him, and then diligently to imitate his example. This is a good beginning, and it will end well, for those who walk with him to-day shall rest with him hereafter; those who tread in his footsteps shall sit on his throne.

Being his followers, they came next to be his *disciples*. A man may have been a follower for a while, and yet may not have reached discipleship. A follower may follow blindly and hear a great deal which he does not understand; but, when he becomes a disciple, his Master instructs him and leads him into truth. To explain, to expound, to solve difficulties, to clear away doubts, and to make truth intelligible is the office of a teacher amongst his disciples. Now, it was a very blessed thing for the followers to become disciples, but still disciples are not necessarily so intimate with their Master as to sit and eat with him. Socrates and Plato knew many in the Academy whom they did not invite to their homes. My brethren, if Jesus had but called us to be his disciples and no more, we should have had cause for great thankfulness; if we had been allowed to sit at his feet and had never shared in such an entertainment as that before us, we ought to have been profoundly grateful; but now that he has favoured us with a yet higher place let us never be unfaithful to our discipleship. Let us daily learn of Jesus, let us search the Bible to see what it was that he taught us, and then by the aid of his Holy Spirit let us scrupulously obey. Yet is there a something beyond.

Being the Lord's disciples, the chosen ones next rose to become his *servants*, which is a step in advance, since the disciple may be but a child, but the servant has some strength, has received some measure of

training, and renders somewhat in return. Their Master gave them power to preach the gospel, and to execute commissions of grace, and happy were they to be called to wait upon such a Master, and aid in setting up his kingdom. My dear brethren and sisters, are you all Christ's servants consciously? If so, though the service may at times seem heavy because your faith is weak, yet be very thankful that you are servants at all, for it is better to serve God than to reign over all the kingdoms of this world. It is better to be the lowest servant of Christ than to be the greatest of men, and remain slaves to your own lusts, or mere men-pleasers. His yoke is easy and his burden is light. The servant of such a Master should rejoice in his calling, yet is there something beyond.

Towards the close of his life our Master revealed the yet nearer relation of his disciples, and uttered words like these: "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you *friends*, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." This is a great step in advance. The friend, however humble, enjoys much familiarity with his friend. The friend is told what the servant need not know. The friend enjoys a communion to which the mere servant, disciple, or follower has not attained. May we know this higher association, this dearer bond of relationship. May we not be content without the enjoyment of our Master's friendship. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly;" and if we would have Christ's friendship we must befriend his cause, his truth, and his people. He is a friend that loveth at all times; if you would enjoy his friendship, take care to abide in him.

Now, note that on the night before his passion, our Lord led his friends a step beyond ordinary friendship. The mere follower does not sit at table with his leader; the disciple does not claim to be a fellow-commoner with his master; the servant is seldom entertained at the same table with his lord; the befriended one is not always invited to be a guest; but here the Lord Jesus made his chosen ones to be *his table companions;* he lifted them up to sit with him at the same table, to eat of the same bread, and drink of the same cup with himself. From that position he has never degraded them; they were representative men, and where the Lord placed them he has placed all his saints permanently. All the Lord's believing people are sitting, by sacred privilege and calling, at the same table with Jesus, for truly, our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. He has come into our hearts, and he sups with us and we with him; we are his table companions, and shall eat bread with him in the kingdom of God.

Table companions, then, that is the answer to the question, "what this festival made the apostles?" This is what this festival shows all the members of the church of Christ to be, through divine grace, table companions with one another, and with Christ Jesus our Lord.

II. So now we shall pass on, in the second place, to notice, WHAT DID THIS TABLE-COMPANIONSHIP IMPLY?

It implied, first of all, *mutual fidelity.* This solemn eating and drinking together was a pledge of faithfulness to one another. It must have been so understood, or otherwise there would have been no force in the complaint: "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his

heel against me." Did not this mean that *because* Judas had eaten bread with his lord he was bound not to betray him, and so to lift up his heel against him? This was the seal of an implied covenant, having eaten together they were under bond to be faithful to one another. Now, as many of you as are really the servants and friends of Christ may know, that the Lord Jesus in eating with you at his table, pledges himself to be faithful to you. The Master never plays the Judas—the Judas is among the disciples. There is nothing traitorous in the Lord; he is not only able to keep that which we have committed to him, but he is faithful, and will do it. He will be faithful, not only as to the great and main matter, but also to every promise he has made. Know ye then assuredly, that your Master would not have asked you to his table to eat bread with him if he intended to desert you. He has received you as his honoured guests, and fed you upon his choicest meat, and thereby he does as good as say to you, "I will never leave you, come what may, and in all times of trial, and depression, and temptation, I will be at your right hand, and you shall not be moved, and to the very last you shall prove my faithfulness and truth."

But, beloved, you do not understand this Supper unless you are also reminded of the faithfulness that is due from you to your Lord, for the feast is common and the pledge mutual. In eating with him you plight your troth to the Crucified. Beloved, how have you kept your pledge during the past year? You have eaten bread with him, and I trust that in your hearts you have never gone so far aside as to lift up your heel against him, but have you always honoured him as you should? Have you acted as guests should have done? Can you remember his love to you, and put your love to him side by side with it, without being ashamed? From this time forth may the Holy Ghost work in our souls a jealous fidelity to The Well-beloved which shall not permit our hearts to wander from him, or suffer our zeal for his glory to decline.

Again, remember that there is in this solemn eating and drinking together a pledge of confidence between the disciples themselves, as well as between the disciples and the Lord. Judas would have been a traitor if he had betrayed Peter, or John, or James: so, when ye come to the one table, my brethren, ye must henceforth be true to one another. All bickerings and jealousies must cease, and a generous and affectionate spirit must rule in every bosom. If you hear any speak against those you have communed with, reckon, that as you have eaten bread with them, you are bound to defend their reputations. If any railing accusation be raised against any brother in Christ, reckon that his character is as dear to you as your own. Let a sacred Freemasonry be maintained among us, if I may liken a far higher and more spiritual union to anything which belongs to common life. Ye are members one of another, see that ye love each other with a pure heart fervently. Drinking of the same cup, eating of the same bread, you set forth before the world a token which I trust is not meant to be a lie. As it truly shews Christ's faithfulness to you, so let it as really typify your faithfulness to Christ, and to one another.

In the next place, eating and drinking together was a token of *mutual confidence*. They, in sitting there together, voluntarily avowed their

confidence in each other. Those disciples trusted their Master, they knew he would not mislead or deceive them. They trusted each other also, for when they were told that one of them would betray their Lord, they did not suspect each other, but each one said—"Lord, is it I?" They had much confidence in one another, and the Lord Jesus, as we have seen, had placed great confidence in them by treating them as his friends. He had even trusted them with the great secret of his coming sufferings, and death. They were a trustful company who sat at that supper-table. Now, beloved, when you gather around this table, come in the spirit of implicit trustfulness in the Lord Jesus. If you are suffering do not doubt his love, but believe that he works all things for your good. If you are vexed with cares, prove your confidence by leaving them entirely in your Redeemer's hands. It will not be a festival of communion to you if you come here with suspicions about your Master. No, show your confidence as you eat of the bread with him. Let there also be a brotherly confidence in each other. Grievous would it be to see a spirit of suspicion and distrust among you. Suspicion is the death of fellowship. The moment one Christian imagines that another thinks hardly of him, though there may not be the slightest truth in that thought, yet straightway the root of bitterness is planted. Let us believe in one another's sincerity, for we may rest assured that each of our brethren deserves to be trusted more than we do. Turn your suspicions within, and if you must suspect, suspect your own heart; but when you meet with those who have communed with you at this table, say within yourself—"If such can deceive me, and alas! they may, then will I be content to be imposed upon rather than entertain perpetual mistrust of my fellow-Christians."

A third meaning of the assembling around the table is this—*hearty fraternity*. Our Lord, in sitting down at the table with his disciples, showed himself to be one with them, a brother indeed. We do not read that there was any order of priority by which their seats were arranged. Of course if the Grand Chamberlain at Rome had arranged the table, he would have placed Peter at the right hand of Christ and the other apostles according to the dignity of their future bishopries in graduated positions, but all that we know about their order is this, that John sat next to the Saviour and leaned upon his bosom, and that Peter sat a good way off—we feel sure he did, because it is said that he "beckoned" unto John; if he had sat next to him he would have whispered to him, but he beckoned to him, and so he must have been some way down the table, if, indeed, there was any "*down*" or "*up*" in the arrangement of the guests. We believe the fact was, that they sat there on a sacred equality, the Lord Jesus, the Elder Brother, among them, and all else arranged according to those words—"One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Let us feel then, in coming to the table again at this time, that we are linked in ties of sacred relationship with Jesus Christ, who is exalted in heaven, and that through him our relationship with our fellow-Christians is very near and intimate. O that Christian brotherhood were more real. The very word "brother" has come to be ridiculed as a piece of hypocrisy, and well it may, for it is mostly used as a cant phrase, and means very little in many cases But it ought to mean something. You have no right to come to that table

unless you really feel that those who are washed in Jesu's blood have a claim upon the love of your heart, and the activity of your benevolence. What, will ye live together for ever in heaven, and will ye shew no affection for one another here below? It is your Master's new command that ye love one another—will ye disregard it? He has given this as the badge of Christians,—"Hereby shall ye know that ye are my disciples"—not if ye wear a gold cross, but—"if ye have love one to another." That is the Christian's badge of his being, in very truth, a disciple of Jesus Christ. Here, at this table, we find fraternity. Whosoever eateth this sacred supper declares himself to be one of a brotherhood in Christ, a brotherhood striving for the same cause, having sincere sympathy, being members of each other, and all of them members of the body of Christ. God make this to be a fact throughout Christendom even now, and how will the world marvel as it cries, "See how these Christians love one another!"

But the Table means more yet: it signifies *common enjoyment*. He eats, and they eat, the same bread. He drinks, and they drink, of the same cup. There is no distinction in the viands. What meaneth this? Doth it not say to us that the joy of Christ is the joy of his people. Hath he not said—"That my joy may be fulfilled in them that their joy may be full?" The very joy that delights Christ is that which he prepares for his people. You, if you be a true believer, have sympathy in Christ's joy, you delight to see his kingdom come, the truth advanced, sinners saved, grace glorified, holiness promoted, God exalted;—this also is his delight. Oh! but my dear brethren and fellow-professors, are you sure that your chief joy is the same as Christ's? Are you certain that the main-stay of your life is the same as that which was his meat and his drink, namely, to do the will of the heavenly Father? If not, I am afraid you have no business at this table; but if it be so, and you come to the table, then I pray that you may share the joy of Christ. May you joy in him as he joys in you, and so may your fellowship be sweet.

Lastly on this point. The feast at the one table indicated *familiar affection*. It is the child's place to sit at the table with its parents, for there affection rules. It is the place of honour to sit at the table—"Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table," but the honour is such as love suggests and not fear. Men at the table often reveal their minds more fully than elsewhere. If you want to understand a man you do not go to see him at the Stock Exchange, or follow him into the market; for there he keeps himself to himself; but you go to his table, and there he unbosoms himself. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ sat at the table with his disciples! 'Twas a meal; 'twas a meal of a homely kind; intimate intercourse ruled the hour. Oh! brethren and sisters, I am afraid we have come to this table sometimes and gone away again without having had intercourse with Christ, and then it has been an empty formality and nothing more. I thank God that coming to this table every Sabbath-day, as some of us do, and have done for many years, we have yet for the most part enjoyed the nearest communion with Christ here that we have ever known, and have a thousand times blessed his name for this ordinance. Still, there is such a thing as only seeing and eating the bread and the

wine, and losing all the sacred meaning thereof. Do pray the Lord to reveal himself to you. Ask that it may not be a dead form to you, but that now in very deed you may tell to Christ your heart, while he shall show to you his hands and his side, and make known to you his agonies and death, wherewith he redeemed you from the wrath to come. All this, and vastly more, is the teaching of the table at which Jesus sat with the twelve. I have often wondered why the Church of Rome does not buy up all those pictures by one of its most renowned painters, Leonardo da Vinci, in which our Lord is represented as sitting at the table with his disciples, for these are a contradiction of the Popish doctrine on this subject. As long as that picture remains on the wall, and as long as copies of it are spread everywhere, the Church of Rome stands convicted of going against the teaching of the earlier church by setting up an altar when she confesses herself that aforetime it was not considered to be an altar of sacrifice but a table of fellowship, at which the Lord did not kneel, nor stand as an officiating priest, but at which he and his disciples sat. We, at least, have no rebukes to fear from antiquity, for we follow and mean to follow the primitive method. Our Lord has given us commandment to do this until he comes—not to alter it and change it, but just to "do this," and nothing else, in the same manner until he shall come.

III. We will draw to a close by asking—WHAT FURTHER MAY BE INFERRED FROM THIS SITTING OF CHRIST WITH HIS DISCIPLES AT THE TABLE?

Answer—First, *there may be inferred from it the equality of all the saints.* There were here twelve apostles. Their apostleship, however, is not concerned in the matter. When the Lord's Supper was celebrated after all the apostles had gone to heaven, was there to be any alteration because the apostles had gone? Not at all. Believers are to do this in remembrance of their Lord *until he shall come.* There was no command for a change when the first apostles were all gone from the church. No, it was to be the same still—bread and wine and the surrounding of the table, until the Lord came. I gather, then, the equality of all saints. There is a difference in office, there was a difference in miraculous gift, and there are great differences in growth in grace; but still, in the household of God, all saints—whether apostles, pastors, teachers, deacons, elders, or private members being all equal, eat at one table. There is but one bread, there is but one juice of the vine here It is only in the church of God that those words so wild politically can ever be any more than a dream, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." There you have them—where Jesus is; not in a republic, but in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, where all rule and dominion are vested in him, and all of us willingly acknowledge him as our glorious Head, and all we are brethren. Never fall into the idea that olden believers were of a superior nature to ourselves. Do not talk of *Saint* Paul, and *Saint* Matthew, and *Saint* Mark, unless you are prepared to speak of *Saint* William and *Saint* Jane sitting over yonder, for if they be in Christ they are as truly saints as those first saints were, and I ween there may be some who have attained even to higher saintship than many whom tradition has canonised. The heights of saintship are by grace open

to us all, and the Lord invites us to ascend. Do not think that what the Lord wrought in the early saints cannot be wrought in you, It is because you think so that you do not pray for it, and because you do not pray for it you do not attain it. The grace of God sustained the apostles, that grace is not less to-day than it was then. The Lord's arm is not shortened ; his power is not straitened. If we can but believe, and be as earnest as those first saints were, we shall subdue kingdoms yet, and the day shall come when the gods of Hindooism, and the falsehoods of Mohammed, and the lies of Rome, shall as certainly be overthrown as were the ancient philosophies and the classic idolatries of Greece and Rome by the teaching of the first ministers of Christ. There is the same table for you, and the same food is there in emblem, and grace can make you like those holy men, for you are bought with the same blood, and quickened by the same Spirit. Believe only, for all things are possible to him that believeth.

Another inference, only to be hinted at, is this—*that the wants of the Church in all ages will be the same, and the supplies for the Church's wants will never vary.* There will be the table still, and the table with the same viands upon it—bread still, nothing more than bread for food; wine still, nothing less than wine for drink. The church will always want the same food, the same Christ, the same gospel. Out on ye, traitors, who tell us that we are to shape our gospel to suit this enlightened nineteenth century! Out on ye, false-hearts, who would have us tone down the everlasting truth that shall outlive the sun, and moon, and stars, to suit your boasted culture, which is but varnished ignorance! No, that truth which of old was mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, is mighty still, and we will maintain it to the death! The church wants the doctrines of grace to-day as much as when Paul, or Augustine, or Calvin preached them; the church wants justification by faith, the substitutionary atonement, and regeneration, and divine sovereignty to be preached from her pulpits as much as in days of yore, and by God's grace she shall have them too.

Lastly, there is in this truth, that Christ has brought all his disciples into the position of table-companions, *a prophecy that this shall be the portion of all his people for ever.* In heaven there cannot be less of privilege than on earth. It cannot be that in the celestial state believers will be degraded from what they have been below. What were they, then, below? Table-companions. What shall they be in heaven above? Table-companions still, and blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God," and the Lord Jesus shall be at the head of the table. Now, what will his table of joy be? Set your imagination to work, and think what will be his festival of soul when his reward shall be all before him and his triumph all achieved. Have ye imagined it? Can ye conceive it? Whatever it is, you shall share in it. I repeat those words—whatever it is, the least believer shall share in it. You, poor working-woman—oh! what a change for you, to sit among princes, near to your Lord Jesus, all your toil and want for ever ended! And you, sad child of suffering, scarcely able to come up to the assembly of God's people, and going back, perhaps, to that bed of languishing again—you

shall have no pains there, but you shall be for ever with the Lord, and the joy of Christ shall be your joy for ever and ever! Oh! can you not realise those words of Dr. Watts:—

"Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create?"

In the anticipation of the joy that shall be yours, forget you present troubles, rise superior to the difficulties of the hour, and if you cannot rejoice in the present, yet rejoice in the future, which shall so soon be your own.

We finish with this word of deep regret—regret that many here cannot understand what we have been talking about, and have no part in it. There are some of you who must not come to the table of communion because you do not love Christ. You have not trusted him; you have no part in him. There is no salvation in sacraments. Believe me, they are but delusions to those who do not come to Christ with their heart. You must not come to the outward sign if you have not the thing signified. Here is the way of salvation—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. To believe in him is to trust him; to use an old word it is recumbency; it is leaning on him; resting on him. Here I lean, I rest my whole weight on this support before me; do so with Christ in a spiritual sense: lean on him. You have a load of sin, lean on him, sin and all. You are all unworthy, and weak, and perhaps miserable, then cast on him—the weakness, the unworthiness, the misery and all. Take him to be all in all to you, and when you have thus trusted him, you will have become his follower; go on by humiliy to be his disciple, by obedience to be his servant, by love to be his friend, and by communion to be his table companion.

The Lord so lead you, for Jesus' sake.

William Dawson,

YORKSHIRE FARMER, AND "TRAVELLING LOCAL PREACHER."

BY J. L. KEYS.

[PART II.]

ONE cause, among others, which doubtless contributed to Mr. Dawson's popularity, was the freshness with which he invested the entire service by the fertility of his imagination and his aptitude to illustrate the old familiar histories and doctrines of the word read or preached, or the sentiment of the hymn to be sung. He was not content with the orthodox style of the day in conducting the "preliminary services," as the exercises of praying, reading, and singing are sometimes contemptuously called. Most of us remember that style—a long chapter read in a sepulchral tone, or with a tincture of pulpit whine in it; the hymn "given out" by some utterly incompetent "clerk;" while the man of the hour

sat stately and solemn, conning his notes, or turning over and over the pages of the big Bible, while the people were getting "solemnised" ready for the sermon. Mr. Dawson, on the contrary, would even dare occasionally to diverge from the accustomed "order" of the service, never being tortured with the fear of disturbing conventionalities when to do so would banish dulness and bespeak attention to earnest truth.

"His introductory remarks on the hymns, as well as his observations on particular lines and verses, were often not only very striking, but just and valuable, and showed that they had been chosen for his subjects with unusual care. Two or three cases may be noticed. On giving out the six hundred and seventy-second hymn, he paused when he came to the first and second lines of the second verse:—

'True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;'

and enquired, 'Why do they *tire?*' Is it because it is '*strait* and *thorny?*' No—

'But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.'

Thus gliding into the succeeding lines without suffering the congregation to feel any interruption by the break, while he furnished them with a subject for reflection, showing them that they should 'sing with the understanding.'

On another occasion he announced the two hundred and fourth hymn. A number of musical instruments being in use in the services, and each performer evidently bent on attracting attention, he turned suddenly round to the orchestra, on coming to the fifth verse, and with a mixture of holy jealousy for his God and fear on account of the persons engaged, exhorted them with a rebuking eye, to guard against the evils to which they were exposed; and then slowly and gracefully turning to the assembly, he said in an earnest plaintive tone, and with an expression of pity in his countenance,—'O friends! pray for them—pray for them—for they are in danger!' proceeding with the verse,—

'Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.'

In this way he showed the depth of his piety, being anxious to preserve the spirit of public worship in all its simplicity, purity, and power. At another time, at Colne, during a period of great commercial distress, when the spirits of the people were depressed, he commenced the service by saying, as he opened the hymn-book,—"When I am engaged in preaching occasional sermons, I am often presented with a number of notes containing different announcements. After reading them I put them into my pocket, where they sometimes inconveniently accumulate, till I reach home. Going into the fields, I sometimes take them out and look at them, to see whether any of them are worth preserving. I read one; not being worth anything I tear it into fragments;—up comes a

breeze, and away the shreds fly;—I look at a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth,—tear them and scatter them in the same way." "While he was narrating this little incident, imitating himself by putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, as if reading, tearing, and scattering, —the congregation meanwhile on their feet waiting for the hymn, and wondering what the relation might mean,—with the shreds of paper drifting like flakes of snow in the imagination across the field, he suddenly adverted to the depressed state of the trade of the place, directed his hearers to an overruling providence, exhorted them to exercise confidence in God, gliding into the hymn, announcing, with the number of the hymn and page—

'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.'

The effect was overpowering; and the sermon being of an encouraging character, the whole had a permanently soothing influence on the minds of devout persons, who were exhorted, as he had done the flying shreds, to 'give to the winds *their* fears.'"

He was equally striking when he referred to hymns, as illustrations, in the course of his sermons. Adverting to the fourth verse of hymn five hundred and ninety-nine, he observed, that a boy, weak in mind, was asked, while rubbing a brass plate on a door, what he was doing? when he replied, "I am rubbing out the name." "Little," said Mr. Dawson, "was the poor boy aware that the more he rubbed the brighter it shone. So it is with Satan, who wishes to obliterate the word of God from the memory, as well as every impression of its internal evidence from the understanding and from the heart. But," continued he, in holy triumph,—

'Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.'

Then shouting amain, as if the chief fiend of hell were as idiotic as the poor boy, and engaged in the same useful employment, 'Rub, devil—rub! but all is vain; the evidence only brightens by the attempt; for of the Lord—yes, of the Lord may it be said—

'His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.'"

Who could repress a smile at the grotesqueness of this illustration; and who, on the other hand, does not see that in the speaker's mind there may have been an entire absence of any design to divert his hearers; while, in a style peculiarly his own, he gave utterance to his heart's deep loyalty and love to the dear old Book, and its unfaltering faith in the exceeding great and precious promises. Well might the common people hear him gladly.

Scattered here and there in the pages of Mr. Everett's book, are short fragmentary passages from Mr. Dawson's sermons, but the ministerial reader is left without the means of judging of his abilities as a *sermon maker*, which a few well-chosen outlines might have afforded. Perhaps good Mr. Everett had so frequently heard his brethren in the ministry, in Conference assembled, pray, "Lead us not into temptation," that he felt moved to consign all such precious manuscripts to oblivion. For the gratification of any very original brother, who, of course, will not be likely to fall into the snare we have hinted at, we hereby inform him that we once saw in a public library a volume containing thirteen of "Dawson's Sermons;" date, 1860; in which there is a very short and imperfect sketch of Mr. Dawson by Mr. R. A. West, who had frequent opportunities of hearing him preach. He gives the following description of Mr. Dawson's outer man:—

"I first heard Mr. Dawson from the pulpit in the year 1828. His apparel and demeanour struck me as unclerical. True, he wore a black coat and vest, and a white neck-cloth; but his lower extremities were incased in a pair of drab breeches, and he wore what are technically called 'top boots,' such as are, and were at that time, universally worn in England by substantial farmers as a part of their Sunday or market-day attire. He crossed the floor of the chapel on his way to the pulpit, with a rolling gait, as though he were traversing a ploughed field, with a hand in each pocket of his drabs, half whistling, half humming the air of a good old Methodist tune. Of this he was apparently unconscious, for his eyes were turned downward in a reverie, and he seemed shut in from all surrounding objects. In all my subsequent knowledge of him I never saw a repetition of the mood."

A writer whose particular vocation was to besmirch the reputation of popular preachers in general, and the most gracious and useful in particular,—himself, by the way, the most highly desiccated of the Dr. Dry-as-dust school who ever inflicted a sermon upon us, classes Dawson as one of "those who in every denomination occasionally spring up, preaching with eccentricity enough, and drollery enough, to afflict the church and to amuse the world." He knows better now: we believe he has joined William Dawson and many of his spiritual children in the better land, where "he now admires what here he spurned;" for over his mortal remains "dust to dust" has appropriately been pronounced.

It is quite possible that in so long a course of public ministry there were incidents which would "amuse the world," a very dreadful thing to do, no doubt; and, what is even more dreadful, there may be some sinners in the church who would be willing to suffer the infliction of a few anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Dawson's easy method of amusing the said world and afflicting the church; and, when they have heard the worst, will pronounce it a "light affliction," and be ready to pray the Lord to raise up many more such, whose words may fill the mouth of his people with laughter and their tongues with singing. But now to our anecdotes.

"Preaching on the returning prodigal, Mr. Dawson paused, looked at the door, and shouted out, after he had depicted him in his wretchedness, 'Yonder he comes, slipshod! Make way—make way—make way,

there!' Such was the approach to reality, that a considerable part of the congregation turned to the door, some rising on their feet, under the momentary impression that some one was entering the chapel in the state described. In the same sermon, paraphrasing the father's reply to the son that was angry and would not go in, he said: 'Be not offended; surely a *calf* may do for a *prodigal*, *shoes* for a *prodigal*, a *ring* and a *robe* for a *prodigal*, but ALL I have is THINE.' As to the more striking part, when pointing to the door, similar effects were produced when referring to the Witch of Endor. His picturing took such hold on the imagination, that on exclaiming, 'Stand by—stand by! There she is!' some of the poor people inadvertently directed the eye downward, where his own eye was fixed, and the spot to which he was pointing, as if she were about to rise from beneath their feet, and become visible to the congregation."

The following story is narrated by Mr. West; there is no allusion to it in Mr. Everett's work:—"Perhaps somewhat apocryphal, yet generally received as true, is a story of his preaching at Pudsey, a village inhabited by woollen cloth weavers, some five or six miles from Leeds, from the history of David slaying Goliath. He was indulging freely in the pictorial representation, of which he was so perfect a master. Personating David, he had struck down the boasting Philistine, and stepping back in the pulpit, he cast his eye downward, and commenced a strain of irony, which had the two-fold effect of rebuking every one that exalted himself against the Lord, and of adding force to the graphic picture he had already given of the conflict. So powerfully did the speaker depict the conqueror's emotion, so rapidly and continuously did he heap taunt upon taunt on his prostrate foe, that the congregation seemed to lose sight of the actual state of things in the ideal, and waited in breathless suspense for the catastrophe. Some in the gallery, in the intensity of the excitement, leaned forward, as though they expected to see, upon the floor of the pulpit, the prostrate giant with the stripling's foot upon his breast; and one person, unable longer to bear the suspense, gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming in the broad dialect of the county, '*Off with his head, Billy!*' This interruption moved Mr. Dawson for a moment from his propriety, otherwise it would scarcely have been noticed by the congregation, so oblivious were they of outward things in their rapt attention to the preacher. I have no doubt of the truth of the anecdote, having myself seen and felt similar excitement under the same sermon; and have a strong impression also that Mr. Dawson acknowledged its truth in my hearing, coupled with the remark that he ever after refused application to preach at Pudsey for prudential reasons. He feared that his vivid fancy would recall the circumstance, with such concomitants as would disturb his gravity."

On one of his visits to Sheffield, preaching in Carver Street Chapel, "the congregation was large, and the feeling intense. He exhorted his hearers, in the course of his sermon, to give their hearts to the Lord, and added, laying his hand upon his own, with a fine gush of feeling, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, 'Here's mine,' when a voice from the gallery cried out, 'Here's mine too, Billy!' Nor was this the only audible token of the effect of his preaching, such exclamations as 'That's right!'—'True,'—'Glory be to God!' etc., being frequently

repeated during the service. The effect of his ministry might have been embodied in a sentiment of his own:—'If Methodism does not make men *parsons*, it certainly converts them into *clerks*, for they are responding 'Amen!'—'Glory be to God!' wherever we go.'" In this connection his biographer remarks: "Anything like sober, sedate feeling, through the whole of even a solemn discourse, was very often out of the question; and in his more tempestuous moods he was dangerous as a model, and never to be imitated. He stood alone, and ought to remain alone; but in that individual form, as in all unique cases, he was rather to be prized than diminished in value."

The next extract is part of a peroration of a sermon from Rev. vi. 7, 8, "And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see," etc. "'Come and see,' then, the awful condition of an unsaved sinner. Open your eyes, sinner, and see it yourself. *There* he is in the broad road of ruin; every step he takes is deeper in sin; every breath he draws feeds his corruption; every moment takes him farther from heaven and nearer hell. Onward, onward he is going—death and hell are after him—quickly, untiringly, they pursue him—with swift but noiseless hoof the pale horse and his pale rider are tracking the godless wretch. See! See! they are getting nearer; they are overtaking him. "At this moment the stillness of the congregation was so complete that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard in every part of the chapel. Upon this, with a facility peculiarly his own, he promptly seized, and without seeming interruption. Leaning over the pulpit in the attitude of attention, and fixing his keen eye upon those who sat immediately before him, he continued in an almost supernatural whisper, "Hark!—hark!—that swift rider is coming and judgment is following him. That is his untiring footstep! Hark!"—and then imitating, for a moment or two, the beat of the pendulum, he exclaimed in the highest pitch of his voice, "Lord, save the sinner! save him! Death is upon him, and hell follows! See, the bony arm is raised! The final dart is poised! O my God! save him—save him—for if the rider overtakes that poor sinner, unpardoned and unsaved, and strikes his blow, down he falls, and backward he drops—hell behind him, and as he falls backward, he looks upward, and shrieks—'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost; Sabbaths lost; means lost; soul lost; heaven lost! ALL LOST, and lost for ever.' Backward he drops; all his sins seem to hang round his neck like so many millstones, as he plunges into the burning abyss. 'Come and see.' Lord save him! O my God, save him! 'Come and see.' Blessed be God! The rider has not overtaken him yet; there is time and space yet for that poor sinner: he may be saved yet—he has not dropped into hell. 'Come and see.' The horse and the rider have not overtaken you yet; there is, therefore, an 'accepted time,' there is a 'day of salvation!' 'Come and see.' There is God the Father inviting you; God the Father commanding you; God the Father swearing he has no pleasure in your death, but in your life. There is Jesus Christ come to seek you. He has travelled thirty years to save you. He is dying on the cross. With his outstretched arms he says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' 'He that believeth in me shall never die!'" The effect was so overwhelming, that two of the congregation

fainted, and it required all the preacher's tact and self-command to ride through the storm which his own vivid imagination had aroused."

"Towards the close of a sermon on Ezekiel iii. 17, 19, he proposed the question with solemnity and deep feeling—'Why will you die?' stating that he would sit down and give them time for deliberating upon an answer, taking his seat at the same time in the pulpit, in the midst of death-like silence. The effect would have been ludicrous had the people not been awed into stillness and sober thought by his previous reasonings and appeals to the conscience. After a short pause, he turned his scrutinising eye to one side of the gallery, and asked, '*Why* will you die?' next to the other, shifting the emphasis on different words, 'Why *will* you die?'—next to the front, 'Why will *you* die? and lastly below, 'Why will you *die?*' With the sound of death still vibrating on the ear, he rose, and in a modulated tone said—'What, not an answer! not one capable of assigning a reason for his conduct! Is silence your only reply? Speechless here and speechless hereafter!' At that moment, for it had not occurred to him to employ it before, the fact of one of the judges having sentenced a poor wretch to be hanged in the city two days before, flashed into his mind; and with the same solemn feeling he imitated the judge while putting on the 'black cap,' one of his customary actions coming to his aid at the instant, of stroking down his wig on each side with both hands, pronouncing with firmness and vehemence that part of the text, 'Thou shalt *surely* die.' The whole was easy, natural, and contrary to what anyone can be supposed to conceive, except those who witnessed it—deeply impressive."

In the year 1836, some of his friends proposed a plan for rendering his labours still more generally available to the Missionary cause, by raising a fund for the purpose of enabling him to devote himself exclusively to the interests of the Wesleyan Connexion. The following extracts from two resolutions passed at the first public meeting at Leeds, held for this purpose, will show the high value set upon Mr. Dawson's services; and we would add, *sotto voce*, not a little shrewdness and business tact on the part of the promoters; this is the first resolution:—"That to promote the object contemplated by the friends of Mr. Dawson, it would be highly creditable to the Wesleyan Connexion to raise by voluntary subscriptions not less than the sum of *Four Thousand Guineas*, to be invested with the General Treasurers of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, on condition that they allow to Mr. Dawson an annuity of *Two Hundred Pounds* during the term of his natural life; and at his decease, an annuity of *Fifty Pounds* to his brother, Thomas Dawson, should he be the survivor (who is fifty years of age, and from peculiar circumstances dependant on his brother), during the term of his natural life. The said sum of Four Thousand Guineas to be at the disposal of the said Treasurers for the time being, for the purchase or erection of suitable premises for a Mission House, Offices, etc., for the transaction of the general business of the Society, in London; or for the general purposes of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as the Committee may deem expedient." The second resolution was to the effect that no single subscription was to exceed one guinea. The plan only partially succeeded, as only about half the amount proposed was raised when the Committee, towards the end of

1837, decided to close the accounts. The Committee of the Missionary Society decided to secure to Mr. Dawson an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds, and thirty pounds annually to his brother, in case the latter survived him. Mr. Dawson was not willing to be wholly under the direction of the Society as to his preaching engagements, as he wished still to have the opportunity of preaching in aid of Sunday Schools, and chapel building and enlargement operations. It was therefore arranged that he should "be considered under the direction of the Society for six months in the year, not continuous; and that for the remaining months he should be at liberty to gratify his friends and his own kind heart by attending such other missionary, chapel, and school anniversaries, etc., as he might please."

Mr. Dawson gave up his farm and other secular engagements in 1838, and "the people taking it for granted that he was more at liberty than he really was, petitions poured into the Mission House from different quarters, requesting a share of his public service." His work now became excessive; so much so, that friends about him counselled some little consideration for his health and strength. "Uncle," said his niece, who kept his house (he being a bachelor), "your labour is too oppressive; you should contrive, in your arrangements, to secure two or three days occasionally for rest." "Mary," he returned, "I shall *rest* in my grave. I must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

His journeys in 1840, included an Evangelistic tour in Ireland, travelling from place to place, preaching and attending missionary meetings. Immediately on his return he continued his labours in the North of England, and although it was but too evident to all who saw him that his health and strength were rapidly declining—he was sixty-four years of age—he preached twenty-nine times within the space of eighteen days, travelling four hundred miles. When returning home, he called on the superintendent of the Leeds circuit, and making a low bow, pleasantly said, "I am a poor man, and have been out of work four days; will you be kind enough to give me a job?" He never thought he could do enough for the sacred cause of his Lord and Master.

Although he continued for some months to fulfil all his engagements, it was with so much pain and difficulty that upon one of his journeys his kind host and hostess contrived, by a *ruse*, to take him to the house of a medical gentleman, who persuaded him to frankly state his symptoms; whereupon the good surgeon assured him that immediate cessation from work, at least for a time, was imperative, or fatal consequences would ensue. He paid little heed to this, but persisted in keeping all his appointments.

On Saturday, July 3rd, 1841, he rose early, and left Leeds, in company with his friend, Mr. Phillips, for Colne, where he was announced to preach on the morrow. In the evening he joined in singing several hymns, selected the hymns and tunes for the Lord's-day service, and then took a Bible and retired to his apartment for some time. On his return, after a light supper, he prayed with the family, and retired about eleven o'clock. At two o'clock in the morning he awoke his friend, Mr. Phillips, saying, "Edward, get up; I am very poorly."

Several members of the family and a medical man were soon at his side, but all help was unavailing. While sitting in his chair, labouring for breath, he spoke a little to those around. The few sentences which fell from his lips attested that all was right within, and his last words were :—

"Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare."

In attempting to repeat the other lines of the verse—

"And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care,"

utterance failed; and in his inclined position, he crossed his hands upon his breast, as occasionally in the pulpit, and expired without a struggle, thus giving reality to poetic expression—he "ceased at once to work and live."

We have no space to detail the many evidences of affectionate regard which were given at his funeral, and wherever the intelligence of his departure was made known, not only in Methodist circles, but among all sections of the church of Christ where he had been known and honoured in life for his works' sake.

Many who have heard of Mr. Dawson, associate his name and fame with one prominent idea; namely, that his genius was of the "rough and ready" order, and that he was remarkable for the grotesque and humourous, or even comic, character of his sayings or representations. A very different opinion, however, would be the result of a careful study of his biography; for although there was a keen sense of humour in his composition, and his powers of sarcasm and irony were frequently conspicuous, he had the happy art of making these subservient to high and holy purposes; for he was always tender and regardful of the feelings of others. Some use their wit as the school-boy does his first pocket-knife, trying its edge upon everything that comes in the way; the mahogany table is notched and the favourite rose-tree is mutilated, on all alike he leaves his mark; he cannot help it; he's so full of spirits, and what's the good of having a knife, if one must not use it? But William Dawson knew that only children and fools play with edged tools; and timed his wit so judiciously that, like the skilled surgeon's lancet, "anointed with balm," it wounded but to heal. The following is an instance of the manner in which he reproved and silenced a fault-finder whom he met in Leeds, the day after he had occupied one of the pulpits in that town :—

Gentleman.—"I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday."

Mr. Dawson.—"I hope you not only heard, but profited?"

Gent.—"Yes, I did; but I don't like those prayer-meetings at the close. They destroy all the good previously received."

Mr. D.—"You should have united with the people in them."

Gent.—"I went into the gallery, where I hung over the front, and saw the whole; but I could get no good; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received under the sermon."

Mr. D.—"It is easy to account for that."

Gent.—"How so?"

Mr. D.—"You mounted the top of the house; and, on looking down your neighbour's chimney to see what kind of a *fire* he kept, you got your *eyes* filled with *smoke*. Had you 'entered by the door'—gone into the room—and mingled with the family around the household hearth, *you* would have enjoyed the *benefit* of the *fire* as well as *they*. Sir, you have got the *smoke* in your eyes."

From the common penality of pulpit popularity, Dawson was by no means free. To him were attributed the very same absurd, not to say blasphemous, utterances, and outrageous actions in the pulpit, which were fathered upon conspicuous Christian orators before him, and are still roundly asserted of the favourite preachers of our own day, and with just the same amount of truth, or rather falsehood; these are familiar to most of us, and there is no need that we should defile our pen by naming, even for the purpose of contradicting them; across them all we ought to write, as good Rowland Hill did in the case of those attributed to him,—"a lie!" "a lie!" We will not go as far as did a preacher in our hearing, when speaking over the remains of a deceased brother minister, not a little notorious for the employment of drollery in the pulpit. His apologist, in a rather fulsome panegyric to his deceased friend, adverted to his propensity for smart utterances, and said that this doubtless had contributed to his popularity, and that no man could have attracted and held so large a congregation for so many years as the departed had done, had he not possessed a quick sense of humour and a ready wit in public. What Mrs. Malaprop might call the *jocular vein* may be a very important member in some preachers' organism, but we believe that in Mr. Dawson's case, Mr. Paxton Hood is correct when he says, "He seldom indulged in drollery for its own sake." On the contrary, his words, like the great Apostle's letters, were always "weighty and powerful," while, unlike the apostle, his bodily presence was not "weak and contemptible," but congruous to his mental characteristics, stalwart and commanding. Mr. Dawson once said of a preacher he heard, that "he was like a tailor's goose, *hot* and *heavy;*" to himself the simile was most inappropriate, for he was fervent and *weighty*, but never *heavy*—words, which when applied to pulpit style, are far from being synonymous.

We conclude our paper with two or three short extracts, containing the pith of all we have been able to gather, which may throw some light upon the causes which operated to make this "Yorkshire Farmer" so great a favourite with the many thousands who from time to time were favoured to hear God's message from his lips.

The following is from the pen of the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, in "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets:"—

"Dawson was a trumpet; the effects he produced when he spoke were amazing; men could not contain themselves; feelings were wrought upon and excited. He was a plain farmer, and had received only the most ordinary education; but there was a bold, strong, adventurous imagination in all he said, which, while it enabled his mind to walk steadily in the most difficult paths, and saved him usually from coarseness, vulgarity, and profanity, bore his audiences along with him upward, and compelled them intensely to realise his conceptions and his descriptions. . . . . The world needs preachers such as he was."

John Angell James, and others who like him were no mean judges, pay similar homage to Mr. Dawson's rare gifts and sterling godliness; but of those other elements of his character which contributed to his wide-spread popularity and usefulness, namely, solid reading and indomitable perseverance, we shall let his biographer testify.

"He earned his notoriety with hard toil, though he might have flourished a little without it; and candidates for the Christian ministry should be deeply impressed with the fact that the industry which is necessary to raise a man to a high point of elevation is equally necessary to keep him there; for, like a growth in grace, not to proceed is to draw back, and a man often loses the past for want of perseverance. Mr. Dawson's studies and reading could not be called systematic; but still he thought, and thought intensely, too; and he also read to purpose—not absorbing the mind in the newspapers of the day, and giving a political hue to everything he touched—but works that assisted his piety and his preaching. He was far from being extensively read, as to the actual number of volumes which passed through his hands, though extensive when taken in connexion with the small portion of time he had at command for the purpose: but when we advert to the authors that have incidentally occurred in the course of the memoir, such as Dr. Watts, Flavel, Drelincourt, Sherlock, Dr. Owen, Romaine, Burgess, Scougal, Dr. Bates, Saurin, Dr. Manton, Dr. Goodwin, Baxter, Alleine, Showers, Law, Fletcher, Brainard, Young, Venn, Benson, Bishop Newton, Bishop Butler, Bunyan, Rogers, Ambrose, Doddridge, Wesley, Whitfield, Cennick, Henry, Preston, Watson, Clarke, etc., and others might be noticed, a familiarity with the theological writers of his own country may be fairly inferred; and when the manuscripts he has left are taken into account, comprising at least four hundred sermons, mostly full, and others in outline, exclusive of essays, diaries, speeches, and other public addresses, and an extensive correspondence, he may,—all his secular engagements, travels, and pulpit labours being preserved in remembrance,—be exhibited as an unusual type, or extraordinary model, of industry; a son in whom the Founder of Methodism, himself one of the most laborious men that ever lived, would have gloried."

Rara Avis—A Book.

A REVIEW, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PREACHERS abound but divines are few. The printing press pours forth a mass of matter but a real book is a phenomenon. We count ourselves happy, for we have met with a divine in Dr. James Culross, late of Stirling, and now of Highbury Hill, London, and in his new work entitled "John, whom Jesus loved," we have found *a book*. It is a part of our appointed suffering in this present life, to be compelled to winnow heaps of literature with great result in chaff and dust, and small gain in bread-corn; and therefore our rejoicing is the greater when grain comes to our garner as clean provender, in good weight and

measure. It is essential that great truths should be popularized, and those who exercise themselves in so doing answer a most useful purpose, therefore we have not a word to say against certain teeming book-makers, except that we wish they diluted their material a little less, and were not so given to hammering out a thought to the extremity of thinness. To the student, the productions of these vendors of evangelical milk and water are less profitable than wearisome, and he turns with eagerness to those who will give him condensed thought, and truth in solid form. In reading certain of the Puritan authors, one feels that he has come into a land wherein a man may eat bread without scarceness—a land whose very dust is gold. The art of writing books like theirs is not wholly lost, for now and then we are gladdened by a volume of the same solidity: the work before us is a case in point. It is a great book for matter though very modest in size. It is perhaps compressed a little too much for the general reader, which is a virtuous fault for students. We can conceive of many readers suffering from indigestion after reading one of the chapters, for in our own case, a few pages sufficed us for a day's nutriment, and we were compelled to pause, and meditate.

The opening paragraphs are a fair specimen of the whole, and therefore we submit them to the reader's own judgment. The chapter deals with John—*the Man*, and our extract treats of his relation to his Lord:—

"The central point of history is the manifestation of the Son of God in the flesh. Even those who deny his higher nature must admit that his appearing is the new beginning of the ages. His brief sojourn on earth exhibits a perfect love, combined with perfect truth and righteousness, which men had not even imaged to themselves as possible. In his presence sin becomes exceeding sinful, and holiness exceeding lovely. He is the faultless Type of humanity; the 'Express Image,' in our nature, of the Invisible God; the Revealer of heavenly things; the Redeemer from evil; the Founder and King of a new creation; the Dispenser of the Holy Spirit; the Life from whom all life flows. The Secret of nature, providence, and grace is unlocked in him, 'for whom are all things.' It is a mighty step taken when I exchange my barren abstraction of 'Deity' for the I AM of the Old Testament; a still mightier when I see the I AM livingly in Jesus Christ. During his brief and lowly transit through mortal life, glorifying the Father and bearing the burden of our salvation, comparatively few eyes were drawn to him; and even of these few, many 'seeing, saw not;' the place he occupied was that of a Stranger whom the world did not know. That all the ends of the earth, and all ages, might have tidings of him, he chose certain followers, and received them into the inner circle of communion, who should hear his words, see his works, witness the disclosures of his glory, become penetrated with his light, receive the impress of his personality; and who in turn should declare, with human lips, what they had seen and heard, and show, in human life, the Eternal Life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto them: an infinitely more gracious thing for us, more suited to the needs both of our intellect and heart, than if he had left behind him some stereotyped book setting forth in naked abstractness what we must believe and do.

Because he himself was so truly and deeply *the Wonderful*, it was necessary that his witnesses, who were also to be the future organs of his Spirit, should be men of broadly varied nature—not copies one of another, like images of clay cast in kindred mould, but differing in mental constitution, experience, spiritual affinities, and faculty of vision. No single man could take in his full image, or apprehend, in its completeness and unity and infinite reaches of application, the truth revealed in him; and therefore the 'chosen witnesses' were many and many-natured. And farther, as no single flower can show forth all that is in the sun—as it takes the whole bloom of the year to do so, from the first snowdrop that pierces the dark earth to the latest flower of autumn—so he needed them all for the adequate forthtelling of his holy personality."

Many writers are mere echoes of other men's voices, and are mainly of use in stirring up pure minds by way of remembrance; they imitate the good steward in bringing forth things old, but things new are quite out of their way. Dried fruits are their merchandise; such a thing as a freshly-gathered peach is never seen in their basket. One of the excellencies of Dr. Culross is the freshness of his thought. The dew is on his branch; he is no withered bough of the autumn forest. His mind allows young flowers to break through its soil after their own fashion, and to blossom in their own sweet way; take this as a specimen:—"So far from being *un*practical, there is nothing *more* practical—for all kinds of true work—than this letting the love of Christ get in and about the roots of our being. In a window, this summer, there was a flower-pot containing a plant whose use it was to be odorous and beautiful. The leaves were just beginning to curl up. I poured a cupful of water into the saucer in which the flower-pot stood; and a child, looking on, asked, *What good will that do? Why did you not rather pour water on the leaves?* It was a child that asked—and I answered the best way I could, that when God would bring beauty and fragrance and healthfulness into our lives, he waters us at the root. And his rain does good by going down *there*."

Here is another equally instructive parable:—"Once, I remember, in looking through a painter's portfolio, which contained a number of unfinished sketches,—just as they flashed up before his inner eye,—one little sketch attracted and interested me specially. It was the sketch of a martyr's face. Noticing the interest which his sketch excited, he took me into another room, and showed me the picture finished and almost living to the eye; and in the finished picture I saw at once the earlier sketch. Even so—if one may reverently use the parable—Christian men and women are the unfinished sketch; but God sees the perfect Christ in each of them—the Christ to whose glorious image they shall one day be perfectly conformed; and each of them he sees in the perfect Christ."

The following is a remarkable description of John:—"A traveller, giving an account of an ancient volcano which he visited, tells of a verdurous cup-like hollow on the mountain summit, and, where the fierce heat had once burned, a still, clear pool of water, looking up like an eye to the beautiful heavens above. It is an apt parable of this

man. Naturally and originally volcanic, capable of profoundest passion and daring, he is new-made by grace, till in his old age he stands out in calm grandeur of character, and depth and largeness of soul, with all the gentleness and graces of Christ adorning him—a man, as I image him to myself, with a face so noble that kings might do him homage, and so sweet that children would run to him for his blessing."

A still more vivid instance of the freshness of our author's thought will be found in his explanation of what is usually thought to be the ambitious request of the mother of Zebedee's children for her two sons; in this he runs counter to generally received notions, and not without much reason. There is room for discussion upon the point, but there can be no two opinions as to the thoughtfulness of the suggested explanations.

"With heartless and blind pertinacity, commentators ground accusations which they fail to prove, upon this request, and oftener reveal their own evil thoughts than enter into the spirit of the two disciples. As the story is told in the Gospels, I do not read 'selfish ambition' in it, nor 'immense egotism,' nor a 'proud contempt of others,' nor 'a proof of the weakness and wickedness of human nature,' nor a violation by 'that woman' and her 'sons of the primary conditions of brotherhood. On the contrary, I read John's faith in Jesus as the 'King most wonderful,' his love to him, his high-hearted fortitude, and desire for the glory that he alone gives. We wrong the man by detaching his request from its historical connection, and inventing a connection of our own for it. It is like the buying of land in Rome, when the city was in the power of an enemy. The Lord had just foretold, in vivid and awful terms, his approaching sufferings—how he should be condemned, mocked, scourged, spit upon, crucified, and the third day should rise again. No words could have been plainer. It is at this moment, in connection with this announcement, and not knowing what the 'rising' on the third day might mean, that the brothers ask places at his right hand and his left, in his glory. What if they remember his large and varied teaching about exaltation in the kingdom of heaven? What if they understand, however dimly, that the greatest greatness is that which can bear to be despised and rejected of men—that the chiefest power is that of suffering love? What if they understand, however dimly, that all greatness under him is held in like manner—that all power under him is like-conditioned? What if their desire on this occasion has been quickened into energy by his very prediction of the cross, and is kin to that of Paul, 'that I may know . . . the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death, if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead'? When it is put to them, they hold themselves prepared to suffer with him—to drink of his cup and to be baptised with his baptism, sharing his sufferings of both kinds, inward and outward. It is true, they knew not what was involved in their request, and the means of its accomplishment, and the Lord tells them so:—who knows all that lies in his own prayers?—but the Lord reads their sincerity of heart, and accepts them, and they shall learn afterwards, in good time, how deep and serious their word was. It is noticeable that while Jesus explains that places in glory are given by the Father to those for whom they are

'prepared,' he does not blame the ambition of the brothers, but (if at all) their ignorance. I do not say that unworthier thoughts were not present in their minds; but I cannot join in the sweeping assertions which ascribe to them a mere selfish and vulgar ambition, as if they were trying to drag down others from their seats and to mount in their stead.* I do not think they could have brought *that* (as they did) under the eye of the meek and lowly One. Ambition there is; but I would venture to call it noble, though as yet untaught in the highest truth; not that soiled and unholy thing, the selfish lust of power or of human admiration—the thirst of fame, which is well-nigh as base as the thirst of gold, but that *greatness of mind* which the Lord himself creates, and to which he makes appeal, as when he promises his apostles to sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel—when he tells that the faithful servant shall have dominion over many things—or when he says, 'If any man serve me, *him will my Father honour.*' We shall not know the Apostle John till we recognise his 'high humility,' his noble ambition to be great, seated by the side of the suffering King in His glory. Were we more Christlike, we should be able to enter more sympathetically into this aspect of his Christianhood. The spirit of simple contentment with lowly things is of Christ's giving (and is one of his most precious gifts)—as in the shepherd-boy in the Valley of Humiliation, who sang—

'He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his Guide,'

but so too is the princely spirit. The one evil thing in high or low is selfishness."

The excellent author deals with John—the man, the companion of Jesus, the apostle after the ascension, the writer, and the theologian; giving us also a chapter upon his influence, and an appendix of legends and traditions concerning him, thus furnishing us with a full length portrait of "that disciple whom Jesus loved." He has evidently chosen a congenial subject, and has such sympathy with the man before him, that he is able to see far into his mind and heart. It is a small matter to recapitulate the mere facts of a great life, but to unveil their secret springs requires a mind in harmony with the person described. One could hardly imagine Luther writing upon John with any great unction, nor would the judgment of Knox be peculiarly appreciative: they could either of them have represented him grandly as the son of thunder, but the tenderer side of his character would have baffled them. Even to comment upon John's writings is far from easy, he is so simple, and yet so fathomlessly deep, he uses so many of those pregnant monosyllables, so much more expressive than long words. Dr. Culross is a Christian of the Johannean stamp, and hence he is at home with the beloved disciple. He has not fallen into the common mistake of depicting John as a molluscous character, a

* "It may be that an action displeases us, which would please us if we knew its true aim and whole extent."—*Letter of Meta Klopstock.*

sickly sentimentalist, whose sweetness of disposition was due to the effeminacy of his nature; he has more justly depicted the brave apostle. Upon this point we quote the following:—"Like all men of true, powerful, and loving nature—yea, like the Lamb himself—he is capable of vehement and burning anger. This characteristic shows itself—very mistakenly indeed, and so as to need rebuke—in his proposal to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritan village that would not receive Jesus. It shows itself also—so as *not* to need rebuke—very largely throughout his writings. Nowhere else, save from the lips of Incarnate Mercy, do we find such awful words launched against sin: all the more terrible that they are so very calm, and so evidently proceed from a tender and loving heart.* Because he speaks so much of love, he has frequently been pictured as one of those shrinking and yielding natures, deficient in nerve and stamina, unfit for the battle-strife, that are left at home to comfort the women and children; whereas, in reality, though gentle as a child, he carries in his bosom the germ of all strength and heroism; and the volume and force of his being are as remarkable as its quality. He is not in the least sentimental. Nowhere does he exhibit trace or taint of that false 'liberality' which bids truth and lie shake hands and be friends, or judicially binds them over to keep the peace; far less of that 'philosophic breadth' which places Jesus Christ, Zoroaster, Sakya-Mouni, Mahomet (and why not by-and-by Joseph Smith?) in the same Pantheon. He is full of the grand intolerance of love; incapable of compromise or truce with falsehood, however mighty or loftily throned. If a man come and bring not the doctrine of Christ, whosoever biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds. He never puts himself forward in the sight of others, challenging observation, but yet is ever found by his Master's side in the hour of danger, quietly, and as of course; one of those who willingly offered themselves, and did not turn back in the day of battle. Thus, on the night of the betrayal, he closely follows Jesus from the garden, goes in along with him to the place of trial and judgment, and never for a moment falls away from him. Peter, too, follows, but afar off, and takes his place with the officers and servants, as if he belonged to their company; and there lay his weakness and danger. John goes in with Jesus, quietly, and as a simple matter of course; and in this very cleaving to the Lord lay his safety. Again, at the crucifixion, he held his station near the cross of his Master all day, a witness of his dreadful sufferings; exhibiting that rarest form of courage, which so few even of strong men are capable of—the courage to stand still and look upon the sufferings of a beloved friend, protracted and intensifying from hour to hour, which we can do nothing whatever to relieve. Ah, it takes courage of the loftiest order for *that!*"

That our author is himself by no means undecided in his views, or wishful to gain the cheap honours which are awarded to modern "liberality" is clear enough from many passages of this work. Some

* "Anger is one of the sinews of the soul. He that wants it hath a maimed mind, and, with Jacob, sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt.'—*Thomas Fuller.*

of the notes are so especially happy on this point, and so accurately hit the nail on the head, that we cannot do better than reproduce them: even when they are quotations they will reveal the man, for the set of an author's thought may be seen as clearly in his quotations as in his original matter. Here are two notes from page 23:—

"There *is* a legitimate place for compromise, but it is not the realm of truth. Take an illustration which keeps clear of all theological complication. One man says, *Five times six are thirty.* Another says, *Five times six are twenty-eight.* Our liberal friend steps forward and says, *Come now, don't fight about it; you must love one another; split the difference, and say, Five times six are twenty-nine.* Even in arithmetical discussions, men should show a right spirit, and not be overbearing or selfish or bitter; they are all the likelier to arrive at truth in this way; but compromise is no step toward truth—does not even lie on the road to it at all."

"The vague cloudy men are always talking against intolerance. Why, our very calling is to be very intolerant; intolerant of proved error and known sin. The evil is, that we are not intolerant enough; though, at the same time, we are not benevolent enough. A man, however, must have a clear eye and a large heart, before he has a right to be intolerant, either towards concrete error or concrete sin."—*Colloquia Peripatetica: Dr. John Duncan.*—'Thou knowest the serpent cunning of this liberal spirit. . . . . It is killing our children; it hath already slain its tens of thousands; . . . . this city is sick unto death, and dying of the mortal wounds which she hath receeived from it."—*Edward Irving.*

Another note deals a well-aimed blow at the modern doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God, a dogma which has deluded thousands, and is as deadly an error as ever reeked from the bottomless pit. If all men are sons of God already, there is no need of the new birth, and conversion is a superfluity. One of the theories which have been invented to justify infant baptism required this flattering falsehood to bolster it, and therefore it has been received pretty extensively among Congregationalists, to whom we wish grace enough to renounce both the theory and its buttress. Dr. Culross says:—"There is a theology—I hope not growing—which gives the 'relationship' in the unqualified New Testament sense, without the 'birth.' Milton makes the devil say:

> 'The son of God I also am, or was;
> And if I was, I am; relation stands;
> All men are sons of God,'

I think I have met this very reasoning in prose,—only not put in the devil's mouth. If believers are but as Adam was,—if *creaturehood* is all that lies in John's expression, '*sons of God*,' (then to say the least) the expression is poorer than it looks. As to the doctrines that '*humanity was born again, in the incarnation of the Son of God*, I do not find it anywhere in John's writings, nor do I see proof of it in the world's actual condition. '*As many as receive him*' are 'sons,'—however scornfully such a doctrine may be talked out of 'enlightened' and 'intellectual' circles."

It is altogether without reserve that we commend the work before us. It is not a bottle of milk for babes, but a portion of meat for men. A half-a-dozen readings will only make it more interesting to those who meditate upon what they read.

We have heard of a gentleman who entered an hotel and ordered a

dinner of chops. One chop was brought him with due state, this being considered to be sufficient for a meal. The hungry diner inserted his fork into the lonely portion of flesh, and as he put it upon his plate, he said, "Yes, this is the sort of thing, bring me a dish of them." So have we risen from the perusal of many a modern book, feeling that the one or two thoughts which we had obtained were good, but we wanted more of them: no such tantalizing have we undergone while reading this work, but on the contrary, we have had a feast of fat things full of marrow.*

A Coat Story.

REV. DR. DOWLING tells the following instructive story in a recent number of the *Baptist Weekly*. He was on a steamer going from Schlosser, three miles above Niagara Falls, to Buffalo. He says: Upon looking around the cabin of the boat, I observed a young man of about twenty-five years of age, dressed in Quaker garb, reclining on a lounge with a respectable-looking, but somewhat careworn old lady, sitting in front of him. The sunken and hollow cheeks of the young man, his thin attenuated fingers, and his frequent, hollow cough, told me that he was in the last stages of consumption.

As I cast a parting glance upon the pale face, my heart warmed towards him, and I thought, perhaps here is an opportunity for usefulness. So, approaching him, I made some allusion, in the mildest possible terms, to his evidently feeble state of health, and ventured to enquire whether he was in the enjoyment of the Christian's hope, which, to one in circumstances like his, "is like an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast."

Much to my surprise, he looked up with evident displeasure, and fixing his glassy eyes upon me, inquired what particular right I had to question him?

"I claim no particular right, my friend," I answered, "but seeing a fellow-creature, like yourself, just on the verge of eternity, my conscience would not suffer me to omit the opportunity of asking whether you had a hope beyond the grave, and as a disciple and minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, of pointing you to that Saviour who is able to save, even to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him."

Never shall I forget the words, or the tone, or the manner of his reply. Raising himself up on one elbow, and summoning all his strength, he gazed at me for a second or two, scanned me from head to foot, and then exclaimed in a most contemptuous tone, "Thou a minister of Christ!"

Somewhat surprised, I replied, as soon as my astonishment would permit, that I had the happiness of sustaining the character of a minister of Christ, although an unworthy one; when he exclaimed again with increased emphasis of tone, "Thou! *a minister of Christ!*"

Supposing now that the sick man was labouring under some mistake, that perhaps he mistook me for some one else, in whom he might have observed some unbecoming conduct, I turned to a Christian brother who was my travelling companion, and who I saw was as much astonished as myself, and I enquired of my friend whether he had observed in me, since coming on board, anything unbecoming the character of a minister of the gospel; and then, turning to the sick man, I told him if he had, to tell me plainly what it might be, and promised that I would receive his rebuke with meekness.

"Thou a minister of Christ, indeed," he again exclaimed, in a somewhat softened tone; "Didn't Christ wear a seamless garment?"

"Oh," said I, considerably relieved, "it is my coat that is wrong, is it?

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* We forgot to note that Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher of Dr. Culross's work.

I'm glad it is nothing worse." I then endeavoured to explain to the young man the kind of garment the Saviour wore, and pointed out to him in my pocket Testament the words of John (xix, 23): "Now, the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout;" and, therefore, I told him it was entirely different from the coats worn in America. But, failing in my attempt, to satisfy him, I pleasantly took hold of the lapel of his own coat, and passing a finger along one of its seams, I said: "So Christ wore a *seamless* garment, and you think that I ought to do the same. Now my friend, why don't *you* imitate him? I perceive that your coat has about as many seams as my own."

"Ah, well," said he, somewhat abashed, and now in a subdued tone, "I confess I dont imitate Christ as much as I ought."

But, soon after, recovering himself, he pointed to my coat, which by the way, was by no means exquisite in point of style, and said: "Do you think that Christ wore a coat like that? what's the use of those buttons up there, near the collar?"

Pulling my coat together, I noticed for the first time that there were some buttons there which no button-hole could reach, and said: "Well, now we shall understand each other. Your objection then, is against having buttons, or anything else intended merely for ornament, and not for use. Is that it?"

"Yea, verily," said he, "and thee must confess, friend, that Jesus Christ would wear no such things as those."

"Well," I replied, "though I never thought particularly of these buttons before, yet I don't know but I would be willing to cut them off, if that would remove your difficulty." "But first," I added, with a smile which I found it difficult to suppress, "let me see that *you* have no *useless buttons*. Ah, what have we here?" I added, as I put my hand behind him, (for he was now in a sitting posture), and felt the usual buttons at the back of his coat, which certainly could have no corresponding button-holes.

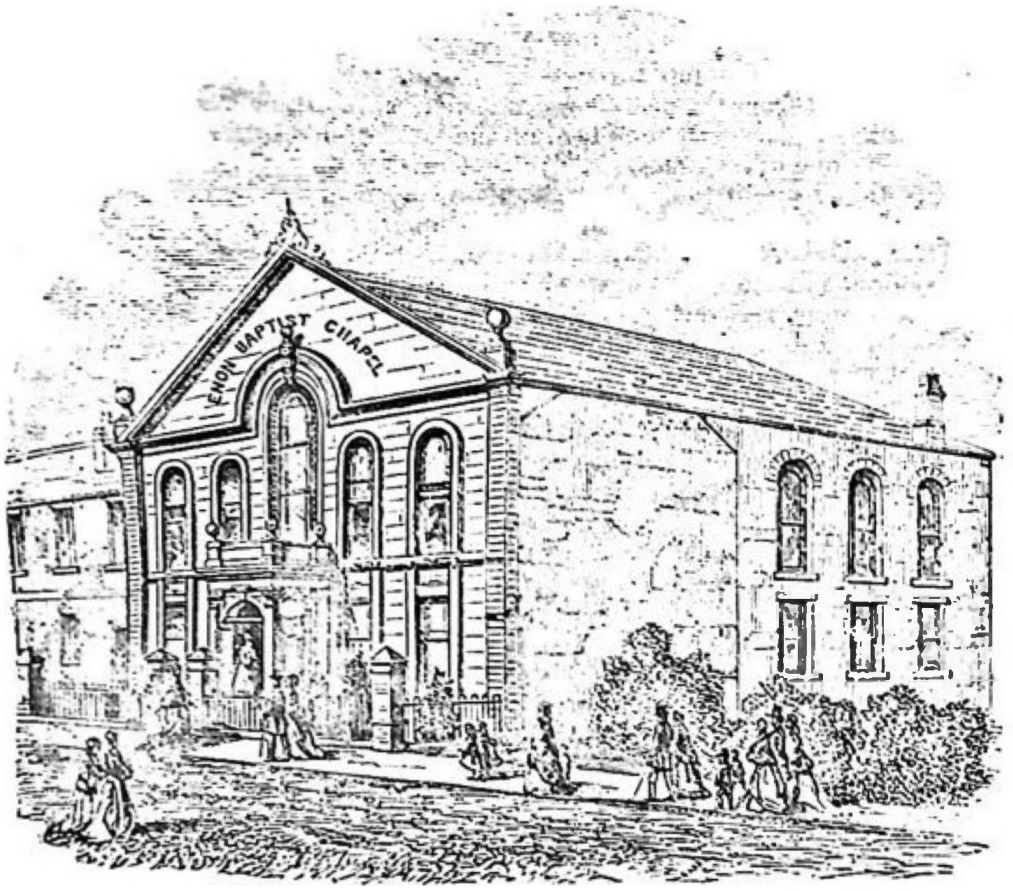
The poor young man now looked considerably ashamed, as he replied in a comparatively humble tone of voice, "Well, I know I ought to imitate Christ better than I do."

I now felt that duty called for a faithful warning to this poor victim of Pharisaic self-righteousness, and therefore tenderly told him of the folly of placing his trust in the wearing of a plain garment, and preached unto him Jesus, as the Lord our righteousness, whose blood alone could cleanse him, whose robe of righteousness could cover him, and through whom alone, God could be just, and yet "the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

He then lay down, and I left him to his repose. As I was passing away, I observed his aged mother, who had heard it all, was in tears. Beckoning me to her, she thanked me for my conversation with her son, told me she was herself a Methodist, but that her son had recently adopted the Quaker garb and principles, and since then had appeared to be wholly wrapped up in a conceit of his own righteousness; but she hoped that what I had said to him might be blessed to his soul, and be the means of leading him to trust for salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. "May the Lord grant it!" said I.

"Amen!" said the aged, weeping mother. The boat had now reached the wharf. I left the boat, and have never seen them since. But who can tell but that I may meet them both in heaven? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

[*We insert this story with no reference to our esteemed friends, the Quakers, who think far less of garb and phraseology than some suppose, but merely as an instance of the solemn trifling by which men ruin their souls. Small points of doctrine, or of practice, are quibbled over, while the great things of eternity are neglected. Things no more important than buttons are made more of than faith and the new birth. Reader, is this your case? Till thou art really reconciled to God by the death of his dear Son, all other matters are as the small dust of the balance in importance. Be wise, and seek after the* ONE THING NEEDFUL.—ED.]



Enon Chapel, Monkwearmouth.

THE above engraving is a representation of the chapel about to be erected for the church and congregation under the pastoral care of our former student, Mr. G. S. Neale, who went to Monkwearmouth in April, 1870, and now sends us the following account of the work in which he has been engaged during the past three years:—

"I found, upon coming here, a good chapel, free of debt, capable of holding 300 persons, but the church was almost extinct, eleven persons only composing both church and congregation, with a dense population all around. I accepted the invitation of this little band, not for what it was, but for what it might become; not for what there was inside the chapel, but for what there was outside. I have never regretted the step I took, but rejoiced in it. By the end of the year the place was filled, and every sitting let, which has continued to the present, and large numbers are waiting for sittings in our new chapel. We commenced a Sabbath school, which gradually increased, and, for a length of time our average attendance has been 120 scholars and 16 teachers; we might have many more, but cannot accommodate them, till we get more room. Our membership is over 70, and there are cheering prospects of regular increase. I am happy to state that our last Sunday evening text and *motto* for the year, which was, "*Go forward*," has been blessed to the decision of many, not only to be on the Lord's side, but to go forward in obedience to the Lord, in baptism; I expect in a few weeks to baptise a number of believers. We are earnest, united, loving, labouring, and liberal, and devise liberal things; hence, a year and a-half ago, we resolved to extend our place; we have ground behind to-

make it three times as large as it now is. We have counted the cost, and found it would be about £1,500; we determined to have two-thirds of the money before commencing the building, and the other third before the opening day, as we are determined not to have any debt upon it. We have now nearly £800 in hand, and by April next, when we intend to build, we hope to have £1,000; this will be principally raised in Sunderland. I trust that by an appeal to friends of the denomination at a distance, and other efforts, we shall succeed in having the building opened free of debt. We think we are warranted in this undertaking. first, because we cannot increase further till we have more room; secondly, because of our central situation, in the midst of a population of 30,000, which is constantly increasing, and ours is the only Baptist Church. On the other side of the river Wear, a few hundred yards distant, there is a population of 80,000, with only three Baptist Churches, and two of these very weak ones. Our chapel built, and our present pressure removed, we shall be able to go up at once and possess the land, the boasting and threatening Goliaths shall be slain by God's Davids and the giants, the tall sons of Anak, shall be despatched by God's Joshuas and Calebs.

Reviews.

Education: the Old Rut and the New Road. By a Wesleyan Minister. Elliot Stock.

CAPITAL. A most able review of the great Wesleyan debate upon national education. Everyone should read it whatever their views may be upon this difficult question. The manner in which Wm. Arthur handled the question commends itself to us right thoroughly; but the way in which some of the School Boards are profaning the Bible in their debates, renders us doubtful whether any good can come of their touching religion, except such as God can bring forth by overruling evil for good.

The Insidious Thief; a Tale for Humble Folks. By one of themselves. Samuel Tinsley, 34, Southampton Street.

A LIVELY tale, well wetted with seawater; it shows the sorrows which a drunkard brings upon his family, the joys of his reformation, the horrors which attend his relapses. Not only teetotallers, but all other temperance men will approve the author's design, though they may judge that the story is rather meagre, and too plentifully saturated with the sea-faring slang which is supposed to be the mother-tongue of old sailors, but which we confess we have never heard from them.

The Miracle Recorded in the Tenth Chapter of the Book of Joshua; an Enquiry, Critical and Scientific, to excite further Enquiries. By Rev. EDWARD BILEY, M.A. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

A CLEVER and interesting argument, in which the author endeavours to shew that the phenomenon of the standing still of the sun and moon may have been occasioned by the temporary arrest of the earth's rotation on its axis. The hypothesis appears to have been well ventilated in a dissertation by a French geologist, entitled *Elémens de Geologie, par L. A. Chaubard*, and, whether it be correct or not, its discussion brings to light many singular facts. No reader need fear that he will be entrapped into a sceptical pitfall, the little treatise is written by a devout and believing man. Perhaps we had better add that only those of our readers who are persons of scientific tastes will care for this treatise.

The Biblical Treasury: a Magazine of Scripture Illustration and Catechism, Vol. III. Sunday-School Union.

WE do not know where we could find a more useful serial; it is full of instructive illustrations of Scripture. The yearly volumes are in constant use in our own library, and the penny numbers, month by month, interest us.

Minutes of the Proceedings of the Conference on Colleges summoned by the Committee of the Congregational Union. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VALUABLE record of the views and opinions of eminent men of the Independent body as to the education of students for the ministry. We shall have something to say upon the subject at a future time. The cucumber, it is said, should be carefully sliced, discreetly peppered, plentifully flavoured with vinegar, and then thrown on the dung-hill; on the same principle, the amalgamation of Colleges needs much consideration, and when well considered should be finally abandoned. The mingling of several subjects in the students' course is a wise method, though Mr. Allon judges it to be an evil. As a man can work more and more easily by changing the form of his labour and bringing various muscles into play, so can the mind endure more study if the objects presented to it are varied. We should be sorry to see our young ministry kept for three years apart from all divinity studies in order to perfect them in the classics, as well keep a child's heart without blood until the hair grows on its head. Nature carries on her processes simultaneously, and the way of wisdom is to follow her track, and train the whole mental manhood at the same time. We are glad to see Mr. Groser advocating free *evening classes* for young men aspiring to preach the gospel, and that our College subscribers may see that their generous gifts are not bestowed in vain, we quote a paragraph from his paper, read at the Conference.

"Mr. Spurgeon, with characteristic acuteness, and a promptitude which one could have wished to see imitated elsewhere, has organized Evening Classes, in connection with his Pastor's College, in which young men receive elementary instruction *gratuitously*; passing thence into the College, if duly qualified, and desirous of entering the ministry; if otherwise, engaging in other departments of Christian effort. There are no denominational restrictions; and it is not many months since the pastor of an Independent Church expressed to me, in the warmest terms, his sense of obligation to Mr. Spurgeon for the timely and valuable help thus afforded. From these classes, which were commenced in 1862, young men are constantly passing into the College, many of them becoming (according to the report of their tutor, the Rev. George Rogers) both apt scholars and successful preachers. 'We consider,' he adds, 'that the Evening Classes furnish the 'missing link;' for they bring the abilities of young men of earnest piety under the immediate notice of the tutor, and thus we have an additional guarantee of their suitableness for the work of the ministry."

A New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote; religious and moral, original and selected. Elliot Stock.

A NEW Cyclopædia of illustrations, but not a Cyclopædia of new illustrations by any means. It will be of great use to those who have no other, but those who possess either Arvine, or Mr. Dickinson's "Dictionary of Illustrations," need not purchase this. Having been issued in monthly parts it will reach many who otherwise would have had no store of anecdotes to fly to, and thus it will answer a most excellent purpose; but we wish the work had been a little newer, and together with the antique and venerable stories of our great grandfathers, had presented us with a few more fresh gathered clusters. No authors' names are given, and it is as well, for nobody now knows who first wore these "old shoes and clouted;" the mercy is that the material affords the best proof of its intrinsic quality by having endured the wear and tear of time. We have great reverence for oratorical illustrations which have "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," as these have done, and we shall not be ashamed to wave some of them in conflicts yet unwaged. Good old things may be better than new; certainly old, pithy, sententious, and forcible things are better than flimsy, vapid, frothy novelties.

Life Thoughts. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE. Bemrose and Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

WHAT was long ago done for Mr. Beecher is here performed for Mr. Talmage. The extracts are not only "life thoughts" (we have no idea what that means) but *live thoughts*, all alive; "all a growing and a blowing" as our flower-sellers are wont to cry. The preacher is full of mental electricity, a man charged like a Leyden jar: we do not know his like. May he win thousands to Christ.

Feathers for Arrows, a book of Illustrations. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR book of illustrations, mostly original, has had a fair sale, so that our publishers have printed the twentieth thousand. They want a fresh notice in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and we would therefore inform our new readers that the book is prettily got up and is very cheap, being only half-a-crown. It is as good as we knew how to make it, and the reviewers have without exception given it a good word.

The Father of Methodism: a Sketch of the Life and Labours of the Rev. John Wesley. By EDITH WADDY. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

WE thought there were lives enough of John Wesley, but assuredly this is not one too many. Teeming with illustrations and prettily written, it will do more to make Wesley known to the many than any other dozen biographies of him. Methodists will buy it by the thousand, and Christians of other denominations will purchase it too. For a lady's first essay it augurs well; we shall hear more of Edith Waddy.

The Resurrection of the Dead. By WM. HANNA, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

THERE are so very few works upon the resurrection, that we the more heartily welcome this exposition of the memorable fifteeth chapter of the first epistle of the Corinthians. Dr. Hanna writes flowingly, yet discreetly. We do not in all things see with him, but we have read his work with instruction and benefit, especially that portion which deals with verses 23 to 28, which in a future number we hope to give to our readers. There are mysteries connected with a future state which only the event can clear up, and the prophecies concerning the second advent are especially perplexing to some of us; but the glorious hopes which Jesus brings are none the lest bright because we cannot altogether decipher them, it is in fact their excessive glory which overpowers our limited understanding. The work before us is tastefully produced by the publishers, and is altogether admirable.

An Earnest Question; or, Why Baptize an Infant? By A. M. STALKER, Southport.

Rejoinder by A. M. STALKER to "The Analogy between Circumcision and Baptism," by a Layman of the Church of England.

BOTH of these tractates may be had of Mr. Stock, of Paternoster Row, for One Penny, and are in spirit and in matter models of controversial reasoning. Surely the Circumcision theory only needs to be carefully thought over to be for ever renounced by spiritual men, and, indeed, by all rational people. It is one of the weakest of the various defences of Infant Baptism which the ingeniuty of error has devised. It is a web scarcely strong enough to retain a fly. The countless evils which daily arise from the departure from the primitive ordinances should drive all Christians to their Bibles for plain warrants for every article of faith and practice. Happy will that day be for the church, but it will usher in the downfall of many a cherished idol, and Pœdobaptism will perish with the rest. Meanwhile, the wide circulation of such pamphlets as these before us will be a means to the much desired end.

Across the Sea; some Thoughts on the Voyage of Life. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. Sunday School Union.

VERY good thoughts very well put. Earnest use is made of the appliances of vessels, and the incidents of voyages, and important truths are brought forward in a form in which they are likely both to strike and stick. The book is well rigged without, and well stored within; young people will find Mr Clarke a first-rate steersman.

The Sower, Vol. XI., and *The Little Gleaner*, a Monthly Magazine for the Young, Vol. XIX., both published by Houlston and Sons, are thoroughly gracious and sound publications. Whatever may be their artistic and literary merits, one thing can be said of them, without contradiction, viz., that they are full of most precious gospel truth, undiluted and unadulterated. The highest Calvinist will be content with them, or else he is good for nothing himself.

Dublin Addresses, as delivered at several of the half-yearly Believers' Meetings in Dublin from 1862 to 1872. Edited by C. R. H. Shaw and Co.

ADDRESSES varying much in worth, so far as edification is concerned. When heard, we have no doubt they were all impressive, and under the Spirit's blessing were rendered graciously helpful to the hearers; but, as read in our own quietude, we must confess that some of them seem to be devoid of depth, and indeed of anything like teaching. The volume will be a very pleasing memorial of happy meetings to those who united in them.

The Experimental Guides. By ROBERT PHILIP, D.D., of Maberly Chapel. Wm. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

THESE "*guides*" are a series of eight excellent devotional books, which in former years enjoyed a large circulation, both in England and America. The subjects treated of are all of practical importance, the style is simple and earnest, and the matter is calculated to be of much service to the young Christian and the seeker. In all probability, we should differ from the author in some of his modes of utterance, but we none the less heartily acknowledge the value of his books, which are akin to the Rise and Progress of Doddridge and the Anxious Enquirer of J. A. James. The good man has gone to his reward, but he still speaks. His useful books had become almost unknown to this generation, and Mr. Nimmo has done well to give them a resurrection. After forty years of usefulness in the past, it is not presumptuous to prophesy that they will have a blessing resting upon them in the future.

Memorials of Lucy Maria Holy. Partridge and Co.

A LOVELY child, an amiable girl, a holy woman is here photographed, as was most meet. She lived a choice life, interspersed with suffering but full of holiest peace and love. She has fallen asleep early. It is well. The king has one more of "his honourable women" to behold him in his glory. To those who knew her this memoir will have great value.

Helps for the Untrod Way; or Illustrative Sketches for Youth. By Rev. MATTHEW BROWN, Hightae. John Menzies and Co., Edinburgh.

EARNEST addresses to young people upon personal religion, and the life which grows out of it. Mr. Brown adapts himself to his readers, and presses home his teaching both pleasantly and forcibly. His book deserves a better binding; our copy has lost all form and comeliness, merely in coming to hand. Publishers should not send out books in covers which will be ruined in a day or two; it injures their sales.

Tales of Heroes and Great Men of Old. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is the very best way to teach boys the old Greek mythologies. What common sewers we waded through in connection with Lempriere's Dictionary, and its delicate classical explanations! Holywell Street is nothing to it. It was a dipping in the Styx, or something worse, and might have been our ruin for time and eternity. In this book all is pure and clean, and as far as possible the venerable rubbish is put to practical use: in fact, it is an interesting, instructive, and improving book for the juveniles.

Book of Texts. Arranged by MAY VISCOUNTESS HOOD. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

ONE hundred and thirty-seven texts in red, with verses of poetry in black, appropriate thereto; that's all.

A Handbook of Revealed Theology. By JOHN STOCK, LL.D., *with a Recommendatory Preface by* C. H. SPURGEON. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a third and enlarged edition of a work which was produced by Mr. Stock at our urgent request. It has certainly grown a great deal, and we hardly knew the child again when we put eyes upon it in its third stage of existence. May our young men study this and similar compendiums of sound divinity, and by God's grace escape those horrible swamps of misbelief, nonbelief, and sham-belief which are now engulfing thousands. Albeit that the *anythingarians* are just now riding the high horse we must never despair for the truth, nor even grow low in

spirit about its ultimate success. There is a remnant according to the election of grace, and out of these there shall arise deliverance unto Israel. Such works as this Handbook will be useful in leading to truthful doctrine those who else might have had no definite views.

Notes.

THANKS to the hearty co-operation of friends at home and abroad, the Bazaar for the Orphanage was a success beyond our hopes. The money needed for the Preparatory School Room is raised, there being £1,200 as the gross result of the Bazaar. The Lord be praised for the hearty manner in which all co-operated; whether donors, keepers of stalls, or purchasers,—all were animated by an earnest spirit and carried the thing through. We were just able to speak for few a minutes at the opening of the Bazaar, and were too ill to be again present; but the witness of all was that if any one saw aught of wrong in what was done, it must have been the the reflection of his own perverse imagination.

Slowly has the Editor recovered strength, but he is now convalescent, and hopes to attend to the duties which the Tabernacle imposes upon him. More, he would be insane to attempt.

Of the first number of the "Interpreter" the publishers have sold five thousand; the second number can now be had. Many persons have assured us that it is what they have long wanted. We hope they will introduce it to their friends. Those friends who wish it to be issued fortnightly are respectfully reminded that we could not write it so quickly. They must be content for a while to use the "Interpreter" once a day.

Mr. W. C. Jones, late of Newton Abbot, has become the Secretary of the Colportage Association, with a view to the extension of that work. Should he call upon any of our friends we hereby certify him as the authorised officer of the Society, and hope that he will have a cordial reception.

The buildings required by our College are our next care. We are cramped in our work for want of them. We hope soon to have the ground, and then we shall need £5,000 to complete our plans. To train evangelists and help the Lord's servants to understand the Scriptures, and to preach the gospel, is a work which is of infinite importance; and we do not believe that the Lord will suffer it to be in want. Our College has always had its bread and water supplied it, and now its God will surely find it house-room.

Our friend, Mr. Tydeman, has become pastor of the church in Plymouth, over which Dr. Stock formerly presided.

Mr. Tarn, of our College, has an evident blessing resting upon his work at Park Road, Peckham, where he is now the pastor.

Among other works of usefulness connected with the Tabernacle is a service for the Blind. Mr. James Hampton, a working man, has carried this on for some time in his own house, but now a larger room is taken in Walnut-tree Place, Kennington Road. To induce the poor blind to attend, a few pence are allowed to their guides, and both guides and blind people receive a tea. Thus about forty are got together of poor indigent persons, and then brethren from the Tabernacle address them. The numbers might be increased indefinitely if we could afford it. Any money sent to us for this object we will gladly receive. When the work is more fully organised we will notice it at greater length, and report progress.

Mr. Wilkins, late of Leighton Buzzard, has removed to Cheltenham.

Mr. S. Pilling, late student with us, has been recognised as the the pastor of the church at Potter's Bar, Herts.

Mr. Spufford has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bovingdon, Herts. Mr. C. Evans has settled at Rickmansworth, and Mr. Williamson at Waltham Abbey. Mr. H. C. Field has become pastor at Burslem and Newcastle, North Staffordshire, and Mr. Gillespie, at Barking Road.

We thank the friends at Redruth for remembering our work. We trust that our friend, Mr. Edwards, who has just settled among them, may enjoy much prosperity.

Mr. Fulton is preaching the word in St. Andrew's, N. B.

Mr. W. Ward Willis, of our College, has accepted a call to the Eleventh Church, Philadelphia.

Mr. R. A. Griffin is Pastor of the church in Zanesville, Ohio. Mr. T. Harford is located at Hamilton, Ohio; and Mr. A. Macfarlane at Wooster, Maine, Ohio. All these are we believe doing well.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 19th, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1872, to January 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
The Late Mrs. Mary Beaumont	5	0	0
A Reader	0	5	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Latimer	0	5	0
Mr. Vickery	2	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	18	0	0
A Friend, Bromsgrove	0	9	4
B. S.	4	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Alpha	5	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mrs. Whittaker	0	10	0
Miss Barnes	5	0	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	0	10	0
G. L. B.	0	2	6
S. Powney	0	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Charlotte Ware	0	5	0
Church at Darvil, Kilmarnock	0	5	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ruffhead	0	5	0
Mr. E. Williams	1	1	0
John Ploughman's Horse Shoes	2	10	0
Mr. M. Trutton	5	0	0
A Mite for the Lord's Work, J. H. D. ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Mills	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tod	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon ...	12	10	0
G. A. E.	2	0	0
Mrs. Brockie	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. J. Laing	0	5	0
Help	3	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Baptist Chapel, Cheam	1	2	10
A Thank Offering	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Scott...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. J. Fergusson	1	0	0
S. W. L.	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Dec. 22	45	13	4
" " " " " 29	60	4	6
" " " " Jan. 5	25	14	6
" " " " " 12	32	2	3
	£261	11	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th to January 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Bateman and Sons, Wisbeach...	2	0	0
New Brighton	0	5	0
J. L., Regent's Park	0	7	0
A Friend, per Rev. W. Osborne	0	2	6
Mr. John Daniels	0	5	0
E. C. P., Stamford	0	5	0
A Widow's Mite	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A Cobbler	1	0	0
R. E. W. C. W.	0	5	0
M. S.	1	0	0
A Thank Offering, C. L.	0	5	0
A Working Man	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hart, per Rev. W. Osborne ...	2	0	0
Mr. Dalton	0	10	0
Part of the Tenth	2	0	0
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0
Mr. Hunting...	2	2	0
Mr. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. G. Norton, Hitchin	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Benzies...	1	0	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	0
Mr. J. McDougall	0	10	0
Sunday School, Hardway, per Mr. Dove	0	11	0
St. Ives	0	2	6
Mr. L. M. Mills	2	0	0
Per Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. H. Skeet, Australia	1	0	0
Sunday School, Sutton-on-Trent, per Rev. W. E. Lynn...	1	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Marah...	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Trickett	0	10	0
Jane Bowmer Cheld	1	1	0
Mr. J. Carlyon	0	5	0
Friends in Birse, Aboyne	0	11	7
Church at Redruth	2	3	0
Mr. Vickery	2	0	0
J. B. C.	0	10	0
Belfast...	0	10	0
A Thankoffering, Wilton	1	0	0
J. Bain	0	10	0
Mrs. Slater	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Baines, per Miss J. Cockshaw ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Debenham	4	0	0
A Little Girl's Box, per Mr. Forsyth ...	0	3	10
Mrs. Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. S. Vast's Money-box	0	6	0
E. G.	0	8	0
A Secret Mite	0	5	0
Mr. J. Noble...	0	10	0
H. T.	0	2	0
Two Friends, Craig	1	5	0
Hastings	0	1	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
A Humble Servant	0	2	0
H. S.	0	5	0
Miss Jephs	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Stocker	0	15	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	5	0
Aberdeen	0	1	0
Orders	0	5	0
W. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Herbert	0	11	0
Mr. G. Carse	1	10	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	0
Mrs. Broughton	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
Miss Ratcliffe	0	4	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	1	0	0
Mr. Lainey	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Kennedy	0	3	0
Miss Lizzie Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Grosse	0	3	0
Mrs. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Alpha	4	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth...	0	7	6
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
A Domestic Servant	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lock	2	10	0
N. W. M.	0	5	0
A Work-room	0	7	0
Mr. J. Pike	0	15	0
Mr. T. Craigie	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Amey	0	7	6
Mr. Churchill	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A. E. Y.	2	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
S. C. C.	4	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0
Per Rev. J. Collins:—			
Mrs. Scott 0 10 0			
Friends 0 5 0			
	0	15	0
A Reader of Sermons	0	5	0
In Loving Remembrance of Carrie	0	10	0
S. C. C.	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Colsell	1	0	0
E. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	0	2	0
First Earnings, W. Dann	0	10	0
Sermon Reader	0	13	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from a Poor Woman	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Dalton	0	2	0
Miss Edmeades	0	2	0
Mr. W. Rooksby and Friends	1	1	0
W. J.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hazell	1	0	0
A Bereaved Parent	1	0	0
Messrs. W. & J. Ronald	1	10	0
G. L. B.	0	2	6
S. H.	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	0	10	0
Mr. R. Evans	5	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. Bristow	0	5	0
Mrs. Shaddock	0	10	6
S. Powney	0	5	0
Mr. J. Keeril	5	0	0
Mr. E. Midgley	0	9	11
F. G.	0	10	0
E. D., Herne Bay	0	14	0
Every Little Helps	0	3	0
A Thank Offering for Printed Sermons of 1872	0	3	0
Stamford Hill	0	5	0
T. S. W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	20	0	0
Freddy Steele	0	2	6
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	1	0	0
Mr. Chessher	0	10	0
Mr. H. Bowling	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Palmer	1	0	0
Maggie's Gift for the Orphans	0	10	8
Mrs. Ades, per Miss J. Ward	1	0	0
Mrs. Morris	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston	1	0	0
Friends, Kirkcudbright, per Mr. S. Finley	2	8	0
Mrs. Finley	0	12	0
C. G.	4	0	0
Mrs. Lamine, per Mrs. Webb	1	0	0
S. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Sale of Opossum Skins from Hobart Town, per H. B.	5	0	0
Help	2	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ruffhead	0	3	0
Mrs. Cruickshank's Bible Class	0	10	0
Mr. J. Donaldson	12	0	0
Mrs. M. Cassin	1	0	0
F. A. Brechin	0	1	0
A Sermon Reader, Newhills	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. E. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	2	0	0
Mr. S. Shoobridge	5	0	0
Mr. S. Shuttleworth	20	0	0
Mrs. M. Clark	0	5	0
Mr. Watts	1	1	0
A Friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	13	0
A Widow, per Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Childrens' New Year's Gifts	0	8	6
Mr. M. Trutton	5	0	0
Mr. G. Ross	0	5	0
A Mite for the Lord's Work, Mr. D.	0	10	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
A Friend, Hanging Houghton	0	2	0
Moiety of Thankoffering at Baptist Chapel, St. Austell	2	10	0
Miss E. Andrew	0	2	0
Mr. J. S. Mills	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
S. W. L.	2	10	0
A Friend, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	13	10	0
Mr. Reading	0	17	8
Mrs. Davies	0	16	6
Mrs. Berry	0	6	2
Miss Riley	0	11	10
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	7	0
Annual Subscriptions:—Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Keen £0 5 0			
Mr. Lavender 0 5 0			
Mrs. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mr. Probin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probin 0 5 0			
In Remembrance 0 5 0			
Mrs. Taylor 0 5 0			
Miss Taylor 0 5 0			
D. B. 0 5 0			
Mr. Telfer Higgins 0 5 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. Longhurst	1	0	0
Rev. T. R. Steventon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Abbott	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	0
Mrs. J. W. Fidge	1	1	0
Mrs. Lillycrop, Windsor	1	1	0
	£231	10	8

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—4 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; a Sheep, Peter Cowell; Hamper of Meat, P. Chard; 42 small Bags of Flour, from the Bazaar, Mr. Potter; 20 Ditto and 12 Boxes of Figs, Mrs. T.; A Cask of Honey, Mr. Taylor; Eight 6-lb. Jars Marmalade, per Ship "Avon;" a Pig, Mr. F. B. Thomas; a Sack of Flour, per G. E. R., marked "Thomas Collins, Sandhurst."

Books:—6 copies "Kind Words, The Editor; 220 Almanacks, for boys' use, Rev. J. T. Mayers.

Clothing:—64 Flannel Shirts, from "Miss Dorcas," per Rev. J. T. Wigner; 64 Ditto, "Young People's Working Meeting," per Rev. W. J. Mayers; 29 Ditto, the Ladies' Working Association, North Brixton Hall, per Rev. V. J. Charlesworth; 12 Ditto, Mrs. Plaisto; 200 Pocket-handkerchiefs, the Misses Dransfield; Fancy Ties and Bows for the Boys, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 10 Shirts, Mrs. Rice; 24 Ditto, the Misses Painter; 7 Ditto, "A Widow's Sympathy;" 6 Ditto, Mrs. Zimmerman; 20 Shirts, Mrs. Vinson; 3 Caps, Miss Strugnell; 120 Pairs Socks, The Misses Bourdon Sanderson.

Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—Lydia Brown, £1; B. Vickery and Friend, 12s 6d.; Rev. J. Morris, 10s. 6d.; Rev. J. Collins, £1; Mr. Wilson, 10s.; Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith, £1 3s.; Mr. Chambers, 5s.; A. Goosenagh, 5s; J. H. Woodman, £1; W. Gray, £1; Mr. Bearment, 5s.; W. J. Barker, £1.—Total £8 11s.

Error last month—*for* Tin of Soap, *read* "Ton."

Donations for Infant School Room:—An Orphan, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Booth, £1; Mr. J. Clegg, per Mr. Lang, £1; Mr. A. Pearson, £1; A Family Thankoffering, £5; Mrs. Goddard, per Miss J. Cockshaw, £1; A Few Bricks for New Room, 3s; Inverness, 10s.

For Christmas Festival at Orphanage:—Annie, Fred, Nelly, Carrie, and Loo, £1; Maud Harvey, 2s; Little Annie, 5s; Ivycross, 6s; M. G., 10s; C. Robertson, 2s 6d; S. M. A. G., 5s; Mrs. Dunsford, 5s; Mr. Harper, £1; A few Friends at Henley, per Mr. Lambourne, £1 10s; Mr. A. Hine, 10s 6d; Mrs. Smith, £1 10s; A Friend, per Mr. T. Davis, 10s; Mr. J. Foulding, £1; Willy, Freddy, Gerty, and Lilly, 10s; Friends at Foxton, 10s; Mr. C. Kiloh, 5s; Laura, £2; Trottie, Sam, and Gussie Goldston, 10s; Mrs. Goddard, per Miss J. Cockshaw, 10s; Miss H. Fells, 5s.

Parcels for Boys' Christmas Festival, received from :—Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.; Huntley and Palmer; J. T. Daintree; G. T. Dean; G. S. Fowles; T. Culver; H. Doulton; W. Fisher; Mr. Cantell; R. Priest; Mr. Woodnutt; W. Harrison; Mr. Tubby; B. Vickery; Rev. J. T. Wigner; a Friend, per Mr. Hunn; Ditto, per Mr. Hearson; and Mr. Zimmerman.

Bazaar at the Tabernacle,

December 31st, 1872, and January 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1873, to raise funds for Building an Infant School Room at the Orphanage.

STATEMENT OF TOTAL RECEIPTS FROM EACH STALL.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Spurgeon, per Mrs. Murrell ...	197	11	6
Mrs. H. Olney	173	0	0
Mrs. Mills, The Misses Cook and Greenwood	151	15	10
Mr. Rowton...	101	1	8
Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Page	100	0	0
Mrs. Bartlett	83	3	0
Mr. Passmore	69	5	0
Home and Foreign Missionary Working Society, per Mrs. Evans	70	0	0
Miss May	63	0	0
Miss Higgs	61	17	3
Miss Wright	35	9	6
Mrs Dring	16	3	0
Mrs. Davis	9	0	0
Mrs. Broquant	8	0	5
Mrs. Lewis	2	14	0
Miss Brooks...	0	9	4
Entrance Money	72	17	9
	£1,217	8	0

Parcels received at Tabernacle for Bazaar from :—Mrs. Brassington; Mr. J. D. Betts; Mrs. Gething; Mrs. Ingham and Mrs. Bottomley; Miss Wilmot; Mrs. W. Mathewson; Mr. H. Ward; Friends from Gloucester; Mrs. Austie; The Misses Best; Mr. W. J. Haynes; Mrs. Tyrer; Mrs. Lake; Z. Z.; E. E. Nichols; Mrs. Wilson; Servants, Cedars Road, Clapham; Mrs. Gibbs; Mrs. Burchell; Mr. J. Thorne; Mr. J. Neal; Miss Partridge, her Sister, and Miss Edwards; Mr. J. Darby; Miss Brockie; Ladies of Mr. Osborne's Congregation, Gamlingay; Mrs. Kyne; Mrs. Kerridge; Miss Miles; Miss Lamb; Mr. W. S Watson; A Sincere Friend; Mr. C. Russell; S. and E. Billings; Mrs. Ewart; Mrs. Goslin; Mrs. Salter; Mrs. F. Smith; Messrs. T. Webster and Co.; Miss Thorne; Mr. Doyle; Mrs. Davis; Mr. Nicol; Miss Mattie Webster; Mrs. F. Fuller; Mr. Mitchell; A Friend, per Miss E. Benser; Miss Fuller; M. G., 10s; E. F. (Norwood), 5s; Mr. Vickery, £1; M. A. Law, 5s; Mrs. Rhead, 5s; Maria Gooding, 5s; Mr. J. Naylor, 2s 6d; E. R. C., 2s; Mr. H. Smyth, 10s; Mr. C. Gladdish, £1; A. S., 2s; Mr. Walmsley, £3; Friends, per Mr. Galt, £1 10s; Mr. H. Speight, 10s.

Parcels for Bazaar, collected by Mr. Rowton and Mr. Charlesworth, from :—Messrs. Price and Co.; Collier and Sons; Fry and Sons; Cadbury and Co.; Watling and Son; Haynes and Co.; W. Collins and Sons; Hodder and Stoughton; Morgan and Scott; Ruck Brothers; Izard and Betts; Schweppe and Co.; R. Green; A. Dunn; J. Neal; R. Priest; W. Fox; J. T. Peacock; H. Banger; S. Saunders; F. W. Carter; J. Bromley; J. Bath; W. Zimmerman; J. Cryer; R. Thwaites; J. Fitch; J. Hill; W. Dennis; J. McDougall; Bartholomew; C. Russell; R. Davies and J. Ward; J. Baker: Mr. Oxley; Messrs. W. Tarn and Co.; and Mr. Toogood; Mrs. Hewitt, Lillystone, Pearce, Passmore, Shetler, and Elsey, and a "Sermon Reader;" Misses Allen, Moore, Stapelton, Bilbrough, Heritage.

Parcels for the Bazaar from the Friends of the following Orphan Boys :—Robinson, Kentfield, Wool, Harper, Read, Machin, Young, Wheeler, Barclay, Mallett, Edmonds, Morley, Harris, Hitchcox, Passingham, Sharpe, Glassborrow, Parker, Daniels, Brucklacher, Brazendale, Parry, White, Godsmark, Bailey, Okill, Cockerton, Johnson, Campbell, See, McKenzie, A. C. Jones, Hart, Hedges, Ellis, A. Davis, Conquest, Pearson, C. Simmons, Semark, Davis, Coles, Bray, Wingell, and Abbey.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
W. R., for Riddings District (quarterly)	7	10	0
Cosham District, per Rev. J. H. Cooke, (quarterly)	7	10	0
Eythorne District, per S. Clarke, Esq. (quarterly)	7	10	0
Ross District, per Rev. W. H. Tetley (quarterly)	7	10	0
Subscriptions :—			
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Olney	1	1	0
Mr. John Olney	1	0	0
Miss R. Evans, for Haydock District ...	40	0	0
Donations :—			
E. B., to extend Colportage	100	0	0
W. W. Shaw, Esq.	10	0	0
J. Sands, Esq.	10	0	0
T. H. Olney, Esq.	5	0	0
J. R. Phillips, Esq.	5	0	0
H. Lowe, Esq.	2	2	0
Lincolnshire Reader of Sermons ...	10	0	0
H. B. Frierson, Esq.	7	10	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
W. Olney, Esq., ...	1	1	0
A. Nesbitt, Esq.	1	1	0
S. M. S.	1	0	0
J. H. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wright	0	10	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0
Mr. Legge	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	0	10	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	0	10	0
Anonymous	0	10	0
Mr. E. Turner	0	5	0
Mr. H. Allen	0	3	0
Mr. J. Parkyn	0	2	6
Part of Miscellaneous Collection at Tabernacle	10	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mrs. Dicks	5	0	0
A. E. Y.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	0	3	0
G. A. E.	3	0	0
	£251	2	0

We are compelled from want of space to postpone the Golden Lane Mission account till next month, when we hope to give it with an article.

The List of Monies collected by the boys of the Orphanage we are compelled to leave till next month. They have done gloriously, and the total is £80 14s 8d.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1873.

A Day with the Edinburgh Medical Mission.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS."

PERSONS who need rest from labour, either mental or physical, can always secure a profitable change by arranging for a temporary sojourn in

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

The pride of Scotland, Edinburgh, will continue to maintain her prestige while travellers are found who appreciate cultured society, historical relics, and a highly romantic natural situation. The city possesses every gratification to allure and detain educated visitors. Nature enters into an alliance with literature, science, and art, to render the city favoured and famous.

Observant English visitors who walk out into Edinburgh for the first time, notice what a different aspect the town presents from some other capitals with which they are familiar. There is a classical and refined look about the New Town with its gardens, Scott's monument, museum, and picture gallery, quite unique and striking, and which can never be seen in great commercial centres. The pedestrians, the young women not excepted, include a large proportion of students, and carry a literary air. Even the shopkeepers look studentish, and in many instances are persons of respectable attainments. Then how thickly strewn are the relics of the past on this famous historical site—from the ancient little chapel, wherein "good Queen Margaret" prayed, on the top of Castle-rock, to the now dilapidated pulpit of John Knox, or the murderous Grass Market "Maiden" in the antiquarian museum. Dr. Guthrie

thinks that, with the exception of some parts of old Paris, Europe does not contain a more interesting place than old Edinburgh.

An inquisitive visitor who passes along the now squalid, but once important, thoroughfare of the Cowgate, towards the Grass Market, will be sure to have his eye attracted by a quaint and slightly decayed building, dating from the sixteenth century, and ornamented with a spire in the centre. Over the entrance is an inscription, "He that Hath Pitie Vpon the Poor Lendeth Unto the Lord, and the Lord Will Recompense Him that He Heth Given." In addition to the motto from the Book of Proverbs, may be noticed the arms of the Guild of Hammermen, keeping company with the crest of the founder of what was in old time an hospital, Michael Macquhan. The chapel and the buildings attached, now standing in the very worst part of the Cowgate, have long, long since parted with their "praying men" and monkish associations, and are now the chief dispensary of the Edinburgh Medical Mission.

The premises pointed out will amply repay inspection, in consequence of their being a curious and well preserved relic of pre-Reformation times. In the coloured window of the chapel are seen the arms of the founder of the house, with those of Mary of Guise. In the centre of the room, beneath what is now the pulpit, with its marvellously carved high-backed chair, is the identical table on which the corpse of Argyll was laid after execution on the last day of June, 1685. Within this same building, so little altered by time since the most stirring days of Scottish history, John Craig, the contemporary and assistant of Knox, preached in Latin after his return from exile. Here too, tradition says, the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was convened.

This hospital had much in common with the ordinary monastery, was established in the sixteenth century, and was intended for the "Sustentation of several poor men who should continually there put forth their prayers to almighty God." When once founded, "the Crosse House" had its endowments from time to time augmented by pious donors, whose supplementary gifts to the charity of Michael Macquhan are carefully chronicled in the panelling of the chapel. The ancient table, antique chair, the now-rusty sword, formerly used on state occasions, and all the other furniture of this Magdalen Hospital, seem to bid us linger and learn what they can tell us of the past; but perhaps a still more interesting object is the tomb of Dame Macquhan, the founder's wife, which bears the inscription:—"Here lyes ane honorabil woman, Janet Rhynd, ye spous of umquhil Micel Makquhan, burges of Edinburgh, founder of yis place, and decessit ye iii^{d} day of December, A.D. 1553." Such is the home of a mission which seeks to relieve suffering in its severest form, and to teach the ignorant the way of salvation. Let us follow its agents to their work, and see in what their labours consist.

To see the Medical Mission in actual operation, we repair to the Cowgate on a week-day at two p.m., when the patients congregate in an apartment used on Sabbath evenings for the Ragged School. If we enter the room now that service has just begun, we shall find a motley group of characters, each having some bodily affliction, or acting as the messenger of others whose weakness prevents personal attendance, or

lending assistance to those too weak to reach the place alone. The middle-aged man with wasted cheeks and deep sepulchral cough, sits by the side of ailing youth or the dame whose addiction to whiskey has occasioned her being injured in a nocturnal brawl. The distressed mother sits there, keeping close to her afflicted child—both looking worthy objects for the advice and medicine here bestowed. The room is well filled, and the congregation, though a small one, presents an uncommon picture of patient and impatient suffering. These people have bodies to be healed; but while giving them the best service they are able, those in office never forget that they are Christian teachers, as well as medical practitioners. Happily, our friends know their art and understand their opportunities. They know that persons benefited physically are almost certain to open their hearts to receive religious teaching. Moreover, many in the room are Romanists, who would certainly shun these precincts were no advice or medicine forthcoming. Better rot and die in squalid ignorance than be raised to respectability at the expense of imbibing Protestant teaching! So think some of the savagely bigoted teachers of these poor Irish—teachers who also say that there is less sin incurred in shooting a man than in eating meat on Friday! Still the people come, and for the sake of the good Samaritan's oil and wine listen to exhortation about the need of all sinners coming to have their souls healed at the hands of the Great Physician. A low and ignorant Romanist may risk little when he abuses a mere evangelist; he will hesitate ere he molests the medical missionary. The kindness of the Christian surgeon is of too precious a kind to be lightly valued.

The service being over, the presiding surgeon and his assistant retreat into the consulting room, a sanctum into whose precincts the patients are admitted singly, the signal to each in turn being the ringing of a table-bell. It will be as well to sit awhile and watch the examining and advising business as it progresses; for by so doing, we shall learn more about the needs, and the sins, too, of a poverty-stricken district, and of blessings springing from the working of a noble society, than could be done by any other means. We will take a place at the table, in the meantime keeping our friend company who has the large ledger and his pen ready to note anything about old cases, and to enter others. The superintendent, who has been favouring us with a few words of explanation, is now in readiness also—seated in an arm chair of some dignity, as becomes a medical oracle who respects his office. Ring the bell.

The bell rings, and the door is opened slowly as by a reverent hand, and forthwith there enters a middle-aged man wearing a rather woe-begone expression on his countenance. The occasion of his concern is no secret, his chest is faulty and his frame is shaken by that racking cough! He may not have been indifferent while listening a few minutes ago to what was spoken about the healing power of the Physician of souls; but the man's intensity of desire to be benefited medically is absolutely painful to behold! How minutely and carefully he answers enquiries! How his eyes are strained to catch a favourable opinion in the physician's face! Does pain hinder his sleeping at nights? Oh yes, yes; but not so badly as it did; no, no, it is not

quite so bad as it was. A few words in an undertone are spoken to our near neighbour, the clerk with the ledger, and the patient receives an order for the dispensary. He seems to leave the room with far less gloom than he brought in. A doctor's kind words are as valuable as medicine. One might almost believe that a dose of good spirits had been surreptitiously administered to this lately depressed invalid. A good beginning. Ring the bell.

The bell rings. This time the door opens to admit a stout slatternly woman of the unmistakable Cowgate type. To look at her casually you might be tempted to believe the last spark of womanliness had long since been extinguished in her heart. What leaden-looking eyes! What bleared and sottish features! Her face carries traces of recent physical suffering; but hopelessly degraded as she appears at first sight, a second and more charitable inspection shows that there lingers in her mind a genuine feminine shyness. She is averse to being too communicative on the origin of her ailment. Something has happened of which she is ashamed. She complains of soreness and of a sharp pain in the left side from which she has suffered since Saturday evening. The doctor has his suspicions of the cause; but anon, the woman's wincing and long-drawn sighs show that the examining hand has found a fractured rib!

"Had you been drinking?" enquires the gentleman.

"A wee bit, I had," replies the woman in self-accusing tones, such as we are glad to hear.

Here follow a few words on the evils and dangers attending the dissolute and drink-abandoned life so common to the Cowgate. Then the poor victim departs with an order on the dispensary, and an aching side, which, it is hoped, will testify more forcibly than verbal arguments against the evils of whiskey. Ring the bell.

The bell rings, and ushers in a mother and daughter. The woman, a middle-aged body, shows a mother's anxiety written on her face for the young thing who keeps close to her natural protector with that shyness common to childhood in the presence of a doctor. The poor little patient is debarred from society and excluded from school on account of being afflicted with skin disease over the head of an extremely rare type. The sight presented is a spectacle sufficiently disgusting to the mere visitor; but it is sure to possess extraordinary attractions for the medical gentlemen present because of its rarity. The casual visitor may turn away his head, or hold his hat before his eyes to spare quavering nerves; the others gather round, bend over, observe and criticise the symptoms with a keen interest and readiness becoming men whose art is healing, and who must gather knowledge as they go along. We are given to understand that it is an exceedingly interesting case—a most rare and perfect example! Non-medical as we are, we cordially concur in these opinions, though unable to share our companions' curiosity. Indeed, we are somewhat relieved to hear the superintendent say, "Put on your hat, my dear," to the afflicted maiden, who looks as though she could not quite comprehend why she should excite so much apparent admiration. An order for admission to the infirmary, is, in this case, indispensable. In the meantime, the heavy-hearted mother walks away with some gratitude warming

her heart for the helping hand of the Medical Mission. But enough. Ring the bell.

The bell rings, and we have before us a young man whose constitution has been shaken by adverse influences. He looks as though he had been a subject of dissipation, but we cannot be certain, and may not judge. He may be reduced by misfortune; he may be even now repenting of past errors. We can only yield him our sympathy, and take notice of that same painful eagerness to be benefited observable in others who have passed before us. He takes an order to the dispensary, and again the bell rings its peremptory summons, while our superintendent rises from his consulting chair to welcome a brother surgeon who has just entered.

A short, dark-featured, sharp-eyed Irishwoman walks from the inner room, her principal costume consisting of an old snuff-coloured gown and a dirty night-cap. In a room hard by, this woman has a bedridden mother, who lies not only in extreme weakness, but endures much pain. The daughter has come for medicine and advice, and complains a little of her mother's restlessness. Look now in her face, and read.—what? If her features speak at all, do they not say, "Ah, it is a heavy cross when an active body has to nurse and work for a worn-out old relative."

Perhaps the young man at our elbow is reading something of this sort in the woman's face, for he glances up from his great ledger, and remarks drily,

"You are not kind to her."

What is that the gentleman is saying? Not kind to a poor bedridden mother? The little Irishwoman's dark eyes sparkle with an indignation we are as gratified to see, as we were pleased to discover a few minutes ago some embers of shame in this woman's broken-ribbed neighbour. There is at least a remnant of humanity left when eyes can speak like that, and flash an unwelcome insinuation back in your teeth, even though they are speaking falsely. The transgressor who is subject to shame is still sensible of the presence of evil. This woman, for example, winces under rebuke, and knows she has done wrong; so that notwithstanding the whiskey and every-day depravity of this sin-abounding Cowgate, she has not lapsed into evil beyond reclamation. Some part of the better nature of woman is still preserved intact.

"Thin nobody's kind to her if I aint," she says with a ringing emphasis which we are afraid does not impart truth to her words, much as she would like to demonstrate that she has been wrongfully accused.

Stout denial, however, is of no avail. The phlegmatic gentleman at the great ledger is inexorable. His heart is steeled to resist the feminine art and copious vocabulary of the dark-eyed little Irishwoman. He actually repeats the offensive words slowly and emphatically, and does so too with a *nonchalance* which must be quite surprising to the patient;

"Ah, you are not kind to her!"

"Thin nobody's kind to her, if I ain't."

We shall not follow the dialogue that ensued. We can only hope the rebuke will tell for good; and that the unfortunate invalid, who is

lying day after day, lonely and weary, in the close dingy room yonder, will gain a little extra attention and enjoy a little more of a daughter's tenderness.

In the meantime the bell rings, rings again, and then again, and at each summons the door opens to admit from the inner room a subject of affliction, or a victim of transgression, to whom the helping hand of the Medical Mission is held out for the purpose of comforting and instructing in the way of salvation, and if possible of healing. We have only seen a small portion of one afternoon's work. The work goes on from day to day, from the beginning of the year to the close. Every day at two p.m. an afflicted and poverty-stricken congregation assembles at the dispensary to be spoken to about the healing power of the gospel, and then to be called into the audience-chamber by the tongue of the table-bell. Better than all, perhaps, the students who are trained by the kind of work we have described, take up their abode at foreign stations, while others fill their places. Such are the operations of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, a society which merits the sympathy and support of the church at large.

This Christian agency extends its influence beyond the dispensary, and the daily religious service. Thousands of visits are paid annually to the sick and to poor women, while medical skill and medicine are freely given. Great at all times, the blessings dispensed appear even more manifest when a direful epidemic sweeps over the city, as happened during the earlier months of last year. In those sad days, had it not been for such an agency as this we are told "Many would have sunk from sheer exhaustion for want of necessary food; many homes (if homes such wretched abodes can be called), with one, two, three, or four of the inmates stricken down with the pestilence, were destitute of every comfort—a bundle of straw on the floor for a bed, an old coarse sack for a blanket, no ventilation, no fire, and no food, no accommodation for the sufferers in the already over-crowded hospital, and with no help but what we were able to bestow—our Medical Mission, in these circumstances, proved a real blessing to very many."

Though the great value of medical missions as evangelizing agencies has long been acknowledged, the Edinburgh Society has been enabled only very gradually to widen the basis of its operations. It is now about fifteen years since possession was taken of the present dispensary—the extinct Magdalen Hospital—and since entering the Cowgate, the influence of the society for good has perhaps become more perceptible. The premises, however, were used as a common dispensary for some time previously to 1858 by a philanthropic physician who adopted this method of assisting the poor. The young men who were then in course of training for foreign service sought to improve their experience and confer some benefit by seconding the good doctor's endeavours. This friendly co-operation continued awhile, although "dear old 39," as its friends call the chapel, was territory still quite independent of the mission committee. At length a change occurred, and the coveted station passed into the hands of its present managers, to become henceforth a part of their every-day machinery. It is now an actice centre of Christian work, as well as a valued house of relief for the poorest of the city where the best medical advice can be had for the asking.

There are many ladies found in Edinburgh, who manifest a deep interest in the welfare of the Medical Mission, and who aid its operations as only true womanly natures can aid such endeavours. These visitors devote much of their time and substance to the interest of the poor, and one or another of their number may frequently be seen among the congregation at the Cowgate dispensary. While that little table bell is ringing the patients into the consulting room, one of these effective pleaders will sometimes remain in the inner chamber, "to place before them a Triune Jehovah—a Heavenly Father who cannot look upon sin." Is not this a thankless office? No; but it is work requiring the tact and patience of cultured womanliness. How should the Irish be treated? As Romanists, the Irish would be glad to dispense with gospel teaching. The best things one can say to them, they call Protestantism; and Protestantism they account defiling heresy. Talk to them about Christ, and they will answer, "Oh, the Virgin will intercede for us!" Thus the speaker must preserve her own self-respect, and must do this without awakening the superstitious bigotry of her rude constituents. Besides the Irish, however, other characters are present, whom we can regard more lovingly. Rags, dirt, and vice, have not quite destroyed hope regarding them. They begin to see, or think they do, something attractive in the cross. On hearing the name of Christ, they will look up and say, "Ay, he is the one to save us." To kindle any interest in the minds of such people, is at least encouraging, but while pleased at one symptom of success, perhaps the lady has her ardour damped when one shows peevishness at having time occupied by prayer. "I've got no time for prayer!" "No time for prayer? No time for prayer?" cries the visitor; "One day you will have to find time for death!" Some too, manifest an impatience common to rude natures, and so provoke a reprimand from the more peaceably inclined; *e.g.*, "Can't you be quiet. If you don't want to listen to the lady, *we* do." A few choice spirits who sometimes appear, and evince a genuine interest in what is said, probably find their way into one of the Cowgate mission churches. "A friend of mine," said one of this class, "heard you the other day talking about these things here, and when she came home, she told the whole of it to us." "Go and do likewise," replies the lady. Then there is a little girl sitting on the bench, whose love of Bible stories appears to inspire her relatives with excusable pride; for the mother whispers confidentially to her instructor, "She will tell it all over again to-night!" There are many winning traits also found in some of the people here congregated; traits showing that even the Cowgate cannot totally destroy the heart's susceptibility of good impressions. How do we know this? Because more than once, when the little table bell of the adjoining room has uttered its quick summons, unbidden tears have dimmed the eyes of patients little accustomed to weep. Wives, in whose hearts one might have supposed the last flicker of feminine generosity had died out long ago, have shown their appreciation of the word spoken in season. Gaunt, powerful men, too, in whose hard, vice-marred features you might look in vain for what you would take to be sympathy, have uttered such words as "Good-bye, Ma'am, I won't forget what you have been telling us."

We hope that our readers will now perceive the value in general of

medical missions in crowded towns: and we hope they will learn to regard with favour the parent society at Edinburgh, which so admirably serves as a training institution. Into the innermost dens of sin-stricken districts the agents penetrate, and with the Bible and their healing art for passports, find welcome everywhere. Many, ignorant of the gospel or of morality, are brought into light and liberty, and frequently succour is carried to the destitute or the reduced by misfortune during the most trying season of life. We give an instance of every-day work from the diary of a Manchester visitor:—

"I had a patient lately, whose education and intelligence were very much beyond the common run of working people. Whenever I essayed to speak to him of Jesus, he was dissatisfied. He often used to say, 'Well, I don't think the same as you, we shall not agree upon that point.' His principles were evidently sceptical, and, at times, he would hardly listen to me. The end was approaching. I asked the Lord, many times, how to reach his heart. God answered in a way I did not expect. The patient was confined to his bed, and could hardly breathe, not having strength to expectorate. One very bitter day, he looked blue with the cold. On leaving him, I said, 'You look cold.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am.' I turned down the bed-quilt, and found only a very thin covering beneath. On passing down stairs, the children's bed-room door was open, and evidently the bed-clothing on the cots was very poor. On questioning the wife, I ascertained, that some had been taken from the children's bed to cover the patient. A pair of blankets were sent in. At my next visit, there was a decided change in his manner of speech. After a few words I left him, telling him to look at the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, a few verses of which I quoted. The next time I called, to my great joy, I found he had asked his wife to read to him out of the blessed Book. We had now, *for the first time after four months' intercourse*, prayer together. This poor sinner, at last, saw the wondrous and mysterious love of God in Christ. On referring to his previous state of mind, he said, 'The way the Gospel has been presented to me, is very different to what I have experienced in times gone by. You see, I now understand what the Saviour meant in that passage of Matthew's Gospel, 'I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me.' Having to be out of town for a day, I went to see him before leaving, I told him it was probably the last time we should meet on earth. 'Well, doctor,' he replied, 'we shall meet in heaven, before Him who died for us.' The next day I received a hurried message that he was dying, and that he wished me to pray with him, and bid him farewell. On entering the room, he held out his thin hand, grasped mine, and with difficulty I released it. His wife raised him up, and we bowed in prayer, and, again, did this afflicted one strive to pray. His hand was held out again, and he expressed his hope to meet me in the presence of his Saviour. Less than ten minutes after leaving his bedside, his soul passed away. I asked his wife what seemed to have impressed him so suddenly. 'Well, doctor,' she replied, '*I think it was the blankets.* He was completely broken down after that.'"

Another affecting instance of good done comes from Glasgow:—

"About the end of July, a poor woman came to the Hall for advice. I found she was labouring under a painful and deadly disease. At her own urgent request, I revealed to her her malady, spoke to, and prayed with her ere she went away. Being utterly unfit for exertion, I got her laid up in bed, and attended her at her own house. About a week after her visit, she thus spoke to me,—'When you told me what was the matter with me, I thought I would have sunk through the floor, it was just as if the judge had put on the black cap, and passed sentence of death on me: I am not afraid to die now though.' 'Are you not?' 'No, for if I die now my soul is saved.' 'But how do you know that?' 'Because I believe in Jesus.' 'And Jesus has delivered you from the fear of death?' 'Yes.' 'What led you to this state of mind?' 'The words I heard at the Hall, and especially the prayer you prayed over me, after I heard my sentence passed, took hold of me. I was in a terrible state of mind for some days, but I'm at peace now, for I'm trusting in Jesus, and my soul is safe.' It is upwards of four months since this took place, and the hope of glory is her portion still. One of the last days she was visited, it was observed to her, 'You are getting very low down now.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'but I'm getting up, too.' Truly, indeed had she drunk of the new wine of the kingdom. Early in December, she died in peace."

"And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." Medical missionaries copy the example of those who received Christ's command, and therefore merit the countenance and sympathy of all who long for the conversion of the world. To such we commend the workers and the work. The Medical Mission of Edinburgh is an immense blessing to the poorest districts of the city. It is a blessing elsewhere also. A harvest of souls is being reaped in other towns of the empire; while from heathen climes, tidings of suffering alleviated and of Christian conquests won, gladden the hearts of those who look on from afar. It was a privilege to have an opportunity of inspecting the powerful philanthropic agency we have described. It will be a reward if our readers, having their interest and sympathy awakened, put their hand to the great work.*

ABRAHAM paid tithes to Melchizedek. What then? 'Twas very well done of him; it does not follow therefore that I must pay tithes, no more than I am bound to imitate any other action of Abraham's. 'Tis ridiculous to say the tithes are God's part, and therefore the clergy must have them; why, so they are if the layman has them. 'Tis as if one of my Lady Kent's maids should be sweeping this room, and another of them should come and take away the broom, and tell for a reason why she should part with it, 'tis my lady's broom; as if it were not my lady's broom, which of them soever had it.—*From "Selden's Table Talk."*

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* Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. President: W. Brown, Esq., F.R.C.S. Vice-Presidents: Professor Balfour and the Rev. G. D. Cullen, A.M. Treasurer: R. Ormond, Esq., M.D., 43, Charlotte Square. Secretary: B. Bell, Esq., F.R.C.S., 8, Shandwick Place. Superintendent: The Rev. John Lowe, F.R.C.S., at the Students' Home, 56, George Square.

A Political Dissenter.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DURING the last month it has been our lot to be abused both in public and by letter as few men have been, for having in a few sentences expressed our belief that Cæsar had better mind his own things, and let the things of God alone. Many of the letters we have received are of such a character that they would disgrace the cause of Beelzebub himself. Certainly, the alliance of Church and State will never come to an end from want of bullies to defend it. A few communications have been courteous, and even rational, but by far the larger proportion have been simply an amalgam of abusive epithets and foolish bombast. We are by no means fond of such things, and yet so far from being depressed by them they have even caused us a little extra mirth. Our experience as to the effect of furious attacks has been somewhat similar to that of Luther, of whom Michelet has the following note: "Being one day in very high spirits at table, 'Be not scandalised,' he said, 'to see me so merry. I have just read a letter violently abusing me. Our affairs must be going on well, since the devil is storming so.'"

From the remarks which follow we most emphatically exempt certain honourable clergymen who love a man none the less for being outspoken, and do not require silence as the price of their friendship. Some such we know and honour. They are men of a noble stamp; fair antagonists when they must oppose, and brethren in Christ even then. Would God there were more such, and then the exasperations which now embitter discussion would give place to mutual concessions, or at worst to courteous arguments.

Among the charges hurled at us is one which our accusers evidently regard as a very serious one. They call us "*a Political Dissenter*," and seem as if they had delivered themselves of a terrible epithet, whose very sound would annihilate us. It is a curious fact that neither the sound nor the sense of those awful words has impressed us with fear, or moved us to repentance. Politics, if they are honest, are by no means sinful, or the office of a legislator would be fatal to the soul, and Dissenters, if they dissent from error, are commendable individuals: as, therefore, neither the "*political*" nor the "*dissenter*" is necessarily bad, the mixture of two good or indifferent things can scarcely be intolerably evil. One would imagine from the mouthing which our opponents give to the words, that a political Dissenter must be a peculiarly ferocious kind of tiger, a specially venomous viper, or perhaps a griffin, dragon, or "monster dire, of shape most horrible;" but as far as we can make out the meaning of the words, he is only a Dissenter who demands his natural civil rights, a Nonconformist who longs for that religious equality before the law which impartial justice should award to every citizen. A Dissenter who is godly and humble, and knows his duty to his betters, and walks in a lowly and reverential manner to them, is never political; he is styled *pious*, and held up to admiration at meetings of the Church

Defence Association, though at other places, seeing that with all his piety he is still a Dissenter, he is duly snubbed by the same parish priests who so much admire him. If a Dissenter would have a good report of those within the Established pale he must toady to all rectors, vicars, and curates—he must "bless God for raising up such a bulwark for our Protestant liberties as the Church of England as by law established," or at least he must be contentedly silent under his wrongs, and never open his mouth to obtain his rights. Cease to be a man, and you will be *a pious Dissenter;* but speak out and show the slightest independence of mind, and you will be an odious *political Dissenter.* Be thankful for *the toleration which you enjoy,* and eat your humble pie in a corner, and the rector will condescend to meet you at the Bible Society's meetings; but dare to call your soul your own and you shall be put into the black books, among those dreadful emissaries of Mr. Miall. Piety in the clerical mind is pretty generally synonymous with subservience to their reverences, but we hope that without being utterly impious we may question the correctness of their judgment. Some of the most prayerful, spiritual, and Christ-like men we have ever met with, were as fully convinced of the evils of the present establishment, and as earnest for separation between Church and State, as ever we can be. They were saints, and yet political Dissenters: they lived near to God, and enjoyed daily fellowship with heaven, and yet, like the apostle Paul, they valued their civil rights, and spoke out when they saw them invaded. As names and forms of departed worthies rise before us, men of whom the world was not worthy, who were the political Dissenters of their day, we feel reassured, and are by no means disposed to change our company. The men who judged the piety of our predecessors, as they now judge ours, must be little acquainted with what piety means if they separate it from courage and independence. Their endorsement of our piety we never asked, and if they gave it we should begin to suspect our own position before God. Far from us be the cringing, cowardly sycophancy which makes the poor dissenting minister the patronised minion of the aristocratic rector; equally far from us be the obsequious silence which gains custom for the Nonconformist tradesman who sells his conscience as well as his wares. If these be *pious*, may we be clear of such piety. To us let it happen to speak the truth and bow the knee to no man, if this be what is meant by being political.

It is easy to throw stones at others, but glass houses should whisper caution. If it be so terrible an evil for a Dissenter to be political, what must be the condition of *a political Churchman?* Yet every clergyman is just *that*, since he is the employée of a political church, or rather he is commissioned by the political authorities to attend to the national religion; he is therefore a political Churchman *ex officio.* Moreover, if it be a serious injury to the piety of a Dissenting minister to attend a meeting of the Liberation Society once in a year, is there no loss of grace in attending a Church Defence Association? Mr. Spurgeon speaks about a score sentences in a sermon upon Cæsar and his proper sphere, and this is so detrimental to his soul's prosperity that he receives letters by the score from excessively gracious Churchmen who are in agonies over his spiritual declension. This is very kind, and

motherly, but is the like care taken with that excellent man, Mr. Ryle, who has not only delivered a great many political speeches, but has written pamphlets on the subject of Church and State? We trust our worthy brother has been nursed with much watchfulness, for he has the political disease very heavily upon him if we may judge from certain of his tracts. He is a fearful instance of a Political Churchman. We believe the High Church party consider him to be a Dissenter, and we rejoice to believe that they are pretty near the mark, judging the good man doctrinally; and if they are right in their views Mr. Ryle is a political Dissenter himself, only he is out of his proper place. Will some of his friends remind him of his danger? And will they at the same time take note, that for every word upon politics spoken by us, pious churchmen can be found who have uttered ten or a hundred. In them it seems to be commendable, and in us censurable: how is this?

To the spiritual Churchman we would say:—Take the eighteen volumes of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, and see if you can find eighteen pages of matter which even look towards politics; nay, more, see if there be one solitary sentence concerning politics, which did not, to the preacher's mind, appear to arise out of his text, or to flow from the natural run of his subject. The abstinence of the preacher from such themes would be eminently praiseworthy, if it were not possibly censurable; for he may have neglected a distasteful duty.

The truth is that many of us are loath to touch politics at all, and would never do so if we were not driven to it. Our life-theme is the gospel, and to deal with the sins of the State is our "strange work," which we only enter upon under the solemn constraints of duty. To see Popery made the national religion has aroused the gentlest among us. An evangelical church, imposed upon us by the State, was a grievance and a wrong, but to force a shamelessly Ritualistic Establishment upon us as the national religion is a tyranny which no Englishman ought to bear. Is an Anglican priest to swing his censer in our faces in the name of the nation? Are the idols and breaden deities of Ritualism to be held up before us, with this exclamation, "These be thy gods, O England!" The case is so, and we protest for we are Protestants—we will not tamely endure it for we worship the living God. We will go on with our spiritual duties quietly enough if those in power will deal out equal measure to all religions. We shall be delighted to have no more grounds of appeal to public justice, and no more reasons for difference with our fellow Christians. If we are political, give us our rights and we shall be so no more. If our spirituality be precious to our antagonists, let them deliver us from the temptation which puts it in peril.

For a Christian minister to be an active partisan of Whigs or Tories, busy in canvassing, and eloquent at public meetings for rival factions, would be of ill repute. For the Christian to forget his heavenly citizenship, and occupy himself about the objects of place-hunters, would be degrading to his high calling: but there are points of inevitable contact between the higher and the lower spheres, points where politics persist in coming into collision with our faith, and there we shall be traitors both to heaven and earth if we consult our comfort by slinking into the rear. Till religion in England is entirely free from State patronage and

control, till the Anglican Papacy ceases to be called the national religion, till every man of every faith shall be equal before the eye of the law as to his religious rights, we cannot, and dare not cease to be political. Because we fear God, and desire his glory, we must be political—it is a part of our piety to be so. When nearest to God in prayer, we pray that his church may neither oppress nor be oppressed; when walking in holiest fellowship with Jesus, we long that he alone may be head of the church, and that she may no more defile herself with the kings of the earth. Let not our opponents mistake us: we dare carry our cause before the throne of God, and habitually do so. Our protests before man are repeated in our prayers to God. Our deepest religious emotions are aroused by the struggle forced upon us. We will not say that Nonconformists who are not abused as political Dissenters are not pious, but we will say that, if *we* shirked the work which makes *us* political, we should prove ourselves traitors to the Lord our God. The curse of Meroz would fall upon us if we came not up to the help of the Lord in this the day of battle. The history of the nation, and the destiny of millions, may depend upon the faithfulness of Nonconformists at this hour, and our persuasion is that the day will come when it shall be fame rather than dishonour to have been reckoned—A POLITICAL DISSENTER.

Rowland Hill.*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

ROWLAND HILL, the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, was born at Hawkstone, August 23rd, 1745, and, as a boy, was characterised by a remarkable vivacity which distinguished him through life. The frankness of his disposition and the transparency of his character endeared him to all who knew him. His ambition as a child was betrayed when, in answer to the question proposed by his father, "Well, Rowly, and what should you like to be?" he frankly replied, 'I should like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair." He had probably thought as little about it as the boy who, when he was told he could not be a king said, "Then, father, I should like to be a beadle." The official paraphernalia of the ecclesiastical functionary was as attractive to the mind of the youthful aspirant as the insignia of royalty. The desire to "sit in a great chair" was only a momentary impulse which never after influenced his mind, until, feeble with the weight of years and wearied with the incessant toils of an active life, he awaited the summons to depart.

His conversion in early life was attributable, in a great measure, to the influence of his elder brother Richard and his sister Jane, who

* Although the subject is by no means new, our friend has produced a very interesting paper. It is opportune now that the new Surrey Chapel is about to be commenced.—ED.

wrote to him, when at Eton, and urged him to decide for Christ. Mr. Sidney writes: "The opening flowers of his mind were consecrated to God; and his conceptions of the truths of religion, at this early age, were so luminous and distinct, that he never saw occasion to alter his first views in any essential particular." Having found the Lord himself, he sought the salvation of his school-fellows, and had the joy of knowing he had been made the means of blessing to many. These youthful converts incorporated themselves into a religious society, that they might be fellow-helpers of each other's joy and growth in grace.

From Eton young Hill was sent to St. John's, Cambridge, to qualify himself for one or other of the six livings in Norfolk, which were in the gift of the Hill family, and which were restricted to the fellows of St. John's College. Evangelical Christianity was at a discount at the University, but Rowland Hill was prepared to stand to his colours at all hazards. The new scenes and associates of college life were not allowed to divert him from his simple aim as a devout believer and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. His godly life was an eloquent rebuke of the wordly dissipations of his fellow-students, who made him the butt of their ridicule, and the object of their affected contempt. "The old shoe-black at the gate was the only person," he says, "who gave him a cordial smile." There is a sublimity in the heroism of a youth who, in fidelity to the claims of conscience, dares to stand alone in defiance of the storm of abuse which a godly life provokes. Our national colleges, instead of being a nursery for the soul, have too often proved rocks and quicksands, on which many a young Christian has made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience; and little hope of improvement can be cherished till Christianity shall again subdue the learning of the age to the authority of Christ.

Good John Berridge, of Everton, on hearing of the young Christian at St. John's, addressed him a letter in which he desired his acquaintance. The house of this saintly man proved an oasis to Rowland Hill in the spiritual desert of college life, and the society to which he was there introduced, was a source of comfort and strength to him in pursuing his studies and witnessing to the truth.

While anxiously seeking to promote the holy growth of his own soul he, at the same time, endeavoured to win his fellow students to Christ, and commenced preaching in the villages around the town of Cambridge. He sought out the sick at their houses, and visited the prisoners in the gaol. In these holy exercises he found a stimulus for his own piety, and gained by his early experiences much of the wisdom which characterised the labours of maturer years. His exertions in preaching the gospel being regarded by the authorities as irregular, he was threatened with various punishments, but this decided him the more to pursue the course he had taken. Having sought the advice of his prototype, George Whitefield addressed him a characteristic letter, dated London, December 27, 1769, in which he says—"Visiting the sick and imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for this, it will be the best degree you can take."

In July of the following year Rowland Hill returned home for the long vacation, where he met with no encouragement from his parents.

Their opposition, indeed, was a cross which he found it very hard to bear. His brother Richard and his sister Jane, however, to whom he owed so much for their pious letters, earnest prayers, and gracious counsels, received him cordially and wished him God speed. While at home he received another letter from Whitefield, who manifested great interest in his welfare. Nothing daunted, he spoke of the Saviour to the various members of his family, the servants in the house, and also to his father's tenantry. Such a light as his could not be hidden under the bushel of prudential reserve, or quenched by a time-serving expediency. How was his heart gladdened when he could write to his beloved counsellor, and tell him that his brother Brian had also decided for Christ!

Returning to college after the vacation, Rowland Hill was more determined than ever to devote himself to the work of the gospel, in spite of all opposition. He was heartily greeted by the few who were in sympathy with him, and especially by the people to whom he had ministered. The simple prayer with which he commenced the year 1768 was the spirit of every new year's prayer during the rest of his life—"Lord, grant us a deal of blessed preaching this next year." About this time the authorities of Oxford resolved to stop those young men who, like Rowland Hill at Cambridge, were violating the proprieties of University etiquette by preaching in unconsecrated places. Accordingly six of the foremost of the young enthusiasts were summoned before the vice-chancellor, and the heads of houses, "for holding Methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the Scriptures, and sing hymns in a private house." Some of them, it was argued, were of low origin, others were illiterate, and *one had been a barber!* Their principal, to his honour, be it said, defended their doctrines from the articles of the church, and bore unequivocal testimony to the purity of their lives; but failing in his plea, he observed that "as these gentlemen were expelled for having too much religion, it would be very proper to enquire into the conduct of some who had too little." To what lengths will not bigotry go when inflamed by jealousy! Did these grave professors never read the Saviour's anathema pronounced on those who offend one of his little ones? Had they never read the rebuke which he administered to their intolerant prototypes, "He that is not against us is on our side"? When men dig a channel in which the river of the water of life shall flow, they would rather dam it up at the spring-head than allow it to overflow the boundaries they have defined. As these young men were members of a society at Oxford, with some of whom Rowland Hill maintained a correspondence, he deplored their expulsion but was in no way discouraged from pursuing the same course he had ever done. While devoted in his attachment to the church, he would not profess absolute submission, and was therefore refused ordination by no less than six bishops! He could not compromise his conscience by mental reservation—a popular but pernicious expedient of modern days—but preferred to labour untrammelled, at the sacrifice of his social status and worldly prospects.

Prior to taking orders he returned home, and travelled from place to place as an evangelist. His father allowed him but a small sum annually, to discourage him in his course, but without avail. His friends

at Bath purchased for him a saddle horse, upon which he rode to his preaching engagements. He was often without means to pay his night's lodging, but was never forsaken in his hour of need.

Sir Rowland Hill at length resolved to interfere and sent his son Richard to persuade Rowland to give up itinerant preaching and return home. He traced him to Kingswood, near Bristol, and found him surrounded by an immense multitude of colliers, to whom he was preaching with great earnestness. The effect of the sermon was remarkable, and Mr. Richard Hill was much affected by the scene. Rowland guessed his brother's errand, and on concluding his sermon announced, "My brother Richard will preach here at this time to-morrow." Feeling it to be a call from the Lord, he resigned his commission in the army, and remained to preach.

In 1773 Rowland Hill was ordained by Dr. Willis, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, without any promise or condition whatever. He only received deacon's orders, not accepting those of priest, on the condition alone by which they were offered to him, namely, *regularity*, and so, as his drollery expressed it, "*he ran off with only one boot on.*" The same year he was married to Miss Tudway, who was a most worthy woman, and who accompanied him on several of his preaching tours. The stories of his treatment of his wife are pure inventions. When told of the remark he was reported to have made of Mrs. Hill's dress, he exclaimed with indignation, "It is an abominable untruth, derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman. They would make me out a bear." Nothing was more calculated to provoke his indignation than the stories which were fabricated respecting him. Those who were most intimate with him bear unequivocal testimony to the manliness of his character, and the consistency of his conduct as a gentleman. In private life he was always characterised by his fidelity to the claims of conscience, but he never scrupled to violate the conventionalities of polite life if they interposed to prevent the realisation of his all-absorbing aims. Referring with indignation to some who had given currency to certain baseless stories respecting him he said, "I have humbled myself in following these gentry in language almost as low as their own; like eels, they are now at liberty to sink into their own mud and dirt as their safest place of refuge."

After his ordination he was curate of the parish of Kingston, near Taunton, for twelve months, and then again entered upon a course of itinerancy, which he continued until he commenced his labours at Surrey Chapel and Wotton-under-Edge. He was a frequent preacher in the tabernacles of Moorfields and Tottenham Court Road, where he drew large audiences. His views being Calvinistic, he was in opposition to Wesley and Fletcher, and took a prominent part in the controversy then raging. That time and temper should have been lost by the good men whose whole energies were required to fight the common battle against sin caused him great pain, and he was a reluctant partisan in the strife between fellow-servants in the same good cause. W. Jay says of him that "his Calvinism never ran to seed." In speaking of the doctrine of election he used to say—"I cannot fathom with my puny understanding the mystery of the divine decrees. I can only say, with St. Paul, '*Oh, the depth!*' I know it is my duty to invite *all* to

Christ, but the Holy Spirit of the living God can alone enable the sinner to accept the invitation. I do not like the word *reprobation*—præterition is as far as I can go. Why God *passes by* some and accepts others I cannot tell. We must wait *till we see as we are seen, and know as we are known*. We know nothing. Can any man tell me *why* grass is green?—Then let us leave all explanations, and believe what God has revealed." If this spirit were more cherished, the bitterness of controversy would cease. The fear of appearing inconsistent has led many to ignore either the doctrine of election or that of free agency. The truest consistency is to hold the whole of divine revelation, and not to attempt to reconcile the seeming differences between the universality of the gospel call and the limitation of its application. Election and free grace will appear to us as two parallel straight lines, but if our eyes were clearer, we should see that they have an inclination towards each other, and meet in a point at the throne of God. Wesley and Fletcher, at the end of one line, preached salvation by grace, and contemplated man as a free agent. Hill and Toplady, at the end of the other, preached salvation by grace, and regarded the author as sovereign. Had they looked above the clouds of controversy they would have seen that the converging lines met, where the dissentients would meet ere long, in the Father's home above.

In February, 1782, when Rowland Hill was in his thirty-eighth year, a meeting was held to promote the erection of a chapel in St. George's Fields, to be called from the name of the county, Surrey Chapel. In June of the same year he laid the foundation-stone of the new building, and in the following summer it was opened for public worship. During the progress of the work he was a frequent visitor, and embraced the opportunity of addressing the workmen, and also the children who chose the spot as a convenient playground. His first and last sermons during the building of the chapel were from the text, "We preach Christ crucified." His opening sermon was published, after revision by the author, as embodying the substance of the gospel, and in refutation of the false doctrines which had been imputed to him. It is still issued by the Religious Tract Society. During six months of every year he occupied the pulpit at Surrey Chapel—the remainder he devoted to his chapel at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and to preaching in country places remote from London. During his absence from town his pulpit was supplied by such men as Bull, of Newport Pagnall; Angell James, of Birmingham; Elliot, of Devizes; Sibree, of Frome; and Parsons, of York. From the proceeds of Surrey Chapel he received £300 a year, out of which he paid the expenses of his supplies. On hearing that it had been remarked he was making a good sum annually from his chapels and his preaching engagements, he replied, "Well, let anyone pay my travelling expenses for one year, and he shall have all my gains, I promise him."

Having mentioned the salient points in the career of Rowland Hill, we now proceed to enumerate his most prominent traits of character.

We demur to the truth of the observation, which has been frequently urged, that Rowland Hill would not have succeeded in the present day. He would have been successful in any age. Thomas Carlyle, in one of his essays on heroes, remarks: "The hero can be poet, prophet,

king, priest, or what you will, according to the world he finds himself born into. I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men:" and then he adds, "Given your hero, is he to become conqueror, king, philosopher, poet?" There is no doubt that Rowland Hill possessed the attributes of greatness, and that his greatness was modified by the circumstances of the sphere in which his lot was cast and the nature of the commission he was called to execute. It is difficult to estimate the possibilities of humanity, or to predicate success or failure of an individual in any given sphere or age.

Rowland Hill was called to be a preacher in an age when evangelical truth was but little preached by the ordained ministers of the National Church, and he concentrated all his energies of body and mind to make his "calling and election sure." A man of simple faith and unaffected piety, he despised cant on the one hand, and was not betrayed into that questionable pietism on the other, which shrinks from revealing itself by a frank confession. His testimony to divine truth and the Lord's dealings with his soul, was not restricted to the official discourse: he had always a word for his Master, and spoke freely of his own experiences in the divine life. Not that he obtruded his piety by Pharisaic boasting. Living men must speak, earnestness cannot be dumb. Were all Christians equally resolved to be witnesses for Christ and to escape the thraldom of a guilty reticence, how much good might be accomplished to the souls of men! If all the Lord's servants were prophets what results might follow! No doubt the charge of fanaticism would be preferred by lax professors and godless worldlings, but it would fall harmless upon the ears of out-and-out Christians. Few men were more traduced than Rowland Hill, but his reply, tempered by that charity which beareth all things, found apt expression in the language of the Apostle, "None of these things move me."

His views of truth were eminently evangelical and decidedly Calvinistic. He was intolerant of that rationalistic spirit, which has developed so rapidly of late years, and by which the simplicity of the gospel is obscured and the truth of God made of none effect. The narrowness of the New Testament was sufficiently broad for the compass of his creed, and he preferred the simplest utterance of inspired revelation to the profoundest speculations of an unsanctified philosophy. He held the truths of the gospel in their integrity, or rather, was held by them as the ship is secured by her moorings in a tempest-wrought sea. The substance of his preaching was expressed by him in the Alliterative Trinity—Ruin by the fall, Redemption by the cross of Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Ghost; consequently, his ministry was fruitful of results, for the Lord ever sets the seal of success to the faithful preaching of the gospel. The history of the church proves that all other preaching is futile. Men may be beguiled into the profession of religion by the subtle sophistries of a rationalistic theology or the fascinating enchantments of an ornate ritual, but the proprieties of their outward decorum are not of necessity the exponents of an inner life.

The sincerity of his convictions, the simplicity of his faith, and the reality of the divine life within his soul, were amply proved by his

assidnous cultivation of the spirit and the practice of prayer. He maintained the vigour of his Christian manhood by habitual prayer, and consecrated all his labours at the throne of grace. On one occasion, he said: "I like ejaculatory prayers; they reach heaven before the devil can get a shot at them." Prayer was one of the secrets of his great success, as it is the secret of all true success in connection with the word of God in all ages of the world. God's heroes who have revolutionized society were mighty through the inspiration of prayer. They would have gone down to their graves unhonoured and unknown, and the record of their life-work would have been written in sand, if they had been guilty of restraining prayer before God. Martin Tupper says, "Prayer is the slender nerve which moveth the muscles of omnipotence": and many have proved the truth of the assertion by a blessed experience. The Poet-Laureate sings,—

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain through the night and day:
> * * * *
> For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Sustained by prayer, Rowland Hill was whole-hearted in his consecration to Christ, and untiring in his labours for the good of his fellow men. Surrey Chapel was the centre of his parish, but the boundaries were the coast lines of the United Kingdom. He facetiously described himself as "Rector of Surrey Chapel, Vicar of Wotton-under-Edge, and curate of all the fields and commons throughout England and Wales." On one occasion he said, "I always conceived that in preaching through England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, I stuck close to my parish." In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, Mr. Berridge thus writes of Rowland Hill when quite a young man: "I hear you have got honest Rowland Hill down to Bath. He is a pretty young spaniel, fit for land or water, and has a wonderful yelp. He forsakes father and mother and brethren, and gives up all for Jesus." In another letter Mr. Berridge described him as "a comet whose path was eccentric and unconfined." Charged with a divine commission he did not apologise for his existence, or plead for toleration. He "went everywhere preaching the gospel," knowing whose he was and whom he served. His boldness often provoked the hostility of the rabble, and he was pelted with rotten eggs, lampooned, and burnt in effigy; but this only provoked his zeal and nerved him to the resolution to stand his ground in defence of the gospel. This is the true martyr spirit, and the mark of a divinely-inspired hero.

With a soul fired with poetry and a mind attempered to appreciate wit, he was destined to be popular as a preacher. He could not fail to command the attention of any audience, and was more than a match for the soporific effects of a vitiated atmosphere. We suspect the American Puritan clergyman was deficient of these qualities, one of whose flock slept under a sermon, for which crime he suffered ten days' imprisonment. The paper which records this strange freak of justice, remarks, with some degree of indignation, "*Nothing was done to the clergyman*

who sent him to sleep." Mr. Hill was not a merry-Andrew in the pulpit, nor did he indulge in coarse and random jokes;

"He was serious in a serious cause,"

and simply supported his heavy artillery with the light musketry of his wit. He preached with an unction and a pathos which moved the hearts of the people. In the pulpit his sway was imperial. The most hardened trembled under his preaching when he dealt with the stern realities of the world to come; and penitents were wooed by his tender appeals to the embrace of a gracious Saviour.

Nor did preaching exhaust his energies or satisfy his heart. He originated the first Sunday Schools in London, and called into existence a number of useful societies to employ his members and reach the outlying masses. He took a prominent part in the formation of the principal religious and philanthropic societies,—the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. The catholicity which characterises them, was due very much to his influence. Bigotry in every shape he abhorred, and in the embrace of his charity he included the whole brotherhood of man. The constitution of the church at Surrey Chapel embodies the liturgy of the Episcopal Church and the free prayer of the Methodist, the congregationalism of Independency and the legislative executive of Presbyterianism. Its polity, therefore, is quite unique. The church has cultivated fraternal relations with all, without being absorbed by any of the sects. Freedom from restraint and liberty of action have fostered purity of doctrine and encouraged a laudable devotion to the cause of Christ and the common weal. Liberty is the normal condition of the Christian Church, for "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." A solemn dedication service is held on the first Sunday in every year, the covenant to which the members of the church subscribe having been drawn up by Rowland Hill. It is a confession of filial trust and confidence, and a resolution, in the name and strength of the Lord, to walk before him unto all well-pleasing. Some would take exception to such a service, but to our mind it is quite consistent with Christian liberty, and is of the utmost importance in the maintenance of a Christian character and the performance of Christian service. We transcribe it for our readers to whom it may not be familiar.

"The Christian's Solemn Covenant and Bond of Union.—On this first Sabbath of the new year, and assembled round the table of our Lord, we do hereby, before God and one another, renew our solemn Covenant.

"We confess that we are guilty, ruined sinners, deserving the righteous punishment of God. But we declare our confidence in his mercy, as revealed by Jesus Christ, who is 'the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' We trust in that atonement; we plead the merits of the Redeemer. By Him, the only way to the Father, we draw near, with penitent yet confiding hearts, saying—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And we desire anew to yield up ourselves entirely to our Tri-une Jehovah. We would look up with filial love, and say—'Our Father who art in heaven—hallowed be thy name!' We would live as his adopted children, trusting, obeying, rejoicing in him. We yield ourselves to the Son of God. We would be taught by him as our Prophet: we rely on his sacrifice as our Priest; we

would obey his commands as our King. For this we seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, the giver and preserver of the life of godliness in the soul; and we declare our sincere purpose to give heed to his counsels—not wilfully to grieve him—but daily, through the year, to cherish his presence in our hearts.

"We declare that we are not our own, but bought with a price. We desire to present ourselves—spirit, soul, and body—time, property, influence—a living sacrifice unto God. We will endeavour in all things to prove that we love him, by obeying his commandments. We will endeavour in private and public, in our households, in our business, in daily life, in all places, in all companies, to act as becometh the Gospel—to promote true religion in the hearts of others, to help the needy, comfort the sorrowful, and to diminish vice ungodliness, and misery in the world, 'looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' And knowing, from numerous past failures, how unable we are of ourselves to do anything that is good, we do earnestly implore the help of him, without whom we can do nothing—but who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for you.'

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to this our solemn Covenant we do now severally and unitedly assent—with a solemn and a hearty—*Amen*."

For fifty years Rowland Hill was pastor of Surrey Chapel, during which time he was a successful soul-winner and a faithful watchman on the tower of Sion. His term exceeded the years reserved to most, but he continued to preach till within a few days of his death, which happened in his 89th year, April 11, 1833. Mr. George Clayton describes the last occasion of his preaching at Walworth:—"He retired to the vestry after service, under feelings of great and manifest exhaustion. There he remained, till every individual, save the pew-openers, his servant, and myself, had left the place. At length he seemed with some reluctance to have summoned energy enough to take his departure. Charles went before him to open the carriage door, the pew-openers remained in the vestry. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound, nothing indeed was heard but the slow majestic tread of his own footsteps, when in an undertone he thus soliloquised:—

'And when I'm to die,
'Receive me,' I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
But this I can find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.'

To my heart this was a scene of unequalled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it originally awakened." When on his dying bed, he exclaimed, "I have no rapturous joys, but peace—a good hope through grace—all through grace." The one regret he expressed, was, "That he had not preached the gospel with more of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." As he had lived so he passed away, in that peace which is a loving Saviour's gracious gift to a righteous man. Verily, he rests from his labours and his works do follow him!

NOTE.—We have used the authentic anecdotes, which we have gleaned, very sparingly, as we purpose in a future paper to devote a few pages to them.

"Take away the Dross from the Silver."

(Proverbs xxv. 4.)

I SAW a youth of high promise,
With talents varied and rare:
He wanted to work for "The Master,"
And of souls to garner a share.

High were his hopes, and bright his dreams
Of rescuing slaves from sin;
But *he*, whose cause lay near his heart,
Had a training in store for him.

From the labour-field I missed him,
On a bed of pain he lay;
But he knew who sent the sickness—
And struggled His will to obey.

My soul was stirred with wonder;—
The mystery I longed to see,
Why one well fitted for working
Should so prostrate and helpless be.

I asked the Angel of Sickness—
The answer showed the "needs be":
"'*Take away the Dross from the Silver*,'
Is the Lord's command unto me!"

* * * *

Years passed—again, I beheld him,
Raised up from that couch of pain,
But he still was feeble and sickly—
Earth's hopes—they seemed far on the wane!

Yet his eye was glad and lustrous,
And his words burned deep with zeal,
As he pleaded for his Saviour
With a pathos which all might feel:

And entreated each sinful soul,
Weary and laden, to flee—
Would they take their load to "The Master,"
He would gladly the bearer be.

He told them of "Songs in the Night,"
Which God in the dark had given—
They had made his sick bed on earth,
The very portal of heaven!

His bread and his water were sure,
But poor was his daily fare;
And threadbare and coarse was the clothing
Life's struggle had forced him to wear.

He bore all with quiet meekness ;
He spoke of a treasure above,
Laid up by a Brotherly hand,
In a far better Land of Love!

I asked, again, gaunt Poverty,
Why him she had marked for her prey ;
Why scarce a ray of comfort's light,
There was shed on his earthly way ?

Then Poverty answered quickly,
As I thought of what it might be :
"'*Take away the Dross from the Silver*,'
Is the Lord's command unto me!"

* * * *

Once more, in sorrow, I found him,
His head was bowed down with grief ;
"The light of his eyes" was taken hence ;—
Where ! where ! could he seek for relief?

He was left a weary pilgrim,
To fight his hard battle alone ;
The dear one who used to cheer him,
Could no longer lighten his home.

The Angel of Sorrow I asked,
Why she hovered over a form
Already laid so very low—
Nigh broken by tempest and storm ?

And the Angel's ready answer,
Like the others, proved to be :
"'*Take away the Dross from the Silver*,'
Is the Lord's command unto me!"

* * * *

I saw him once more, and a halo
Of brightness gladdened his brow!
The Dross, *was* removed from the Silver—
He was ready for glory now!

The summons to "Come up hither,"
Was heard,—and he entered in
To be ever with his Saviour,
Free from suffering, grief, and sin!

Behold him, in that fair city,
The Good Shepherd's eternal fold ;
With a garment of chastest whiteness,
Just as pure as the streets of gold.

A palm in his hand he beareth,
A crown encircles his brow,
A song of gladness on his lips,
And no traces of tear-drops now!

He sings of him who hath saved him,
From again being tossed on the foam
Of the troubled sea of human life—
Safe, safe, in that glorious home!

Whilst the faces missed so sadly,
Have gathered upon that strand;
Together they swell their hymn of praise,
A redeemed and heavenly band.

So now, when I cannot fathom
The trouble I fain would flee:
"*Take away the Dross from the Silver,*"
Is the Bible's answer to me.

The Author of "Katie Campbell's Protégé."

A Sermon and a Reminiscence.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7.

WHEN one has a cold in the head it is a very effectual hindrance to thought; you may do what you will, and select what subject you may, but somehow or other the mind has lost its elasticity. I frankly confess that for this reason I selected this text for my discourse. I thought that perhaps if the head would not work, the heart might; and, that, if the thoughts came not, yet the emotions might. Emotions may well be stirred in the preacher if not in the hearer by the memories awakened by this passage. For I remember well that more than twenty-two years ago, the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the little village of Teversham, some little distance from the town of Cambridge, in which I lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labours. "Oh dear," said he, "I never preached in my life. I never thought of doing such a thing; I was asked to walk with you, and I sincerely hope that God will bless *you* in *your* preaching." "Nay," said I, "but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort." We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a tremble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else there to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found that I was expected to preach, I did preach, and this was the text. If a raw recruit could speak upon anything, surely this theme would suit him. If one were dying this would be the text, if one were distracted with a thousand cares this would be the text, because its teaching is experimental—its meaning wells up from the inner consciousness, and needs neither a clear brain nor an eloquent tongue. To the believer it is not a thing which somebody else has taught him;

it is a matter of fact, which he knows within his own soul, that Christ is precious *to him*, and he can bear testimony concerning it although not always such bold testimony as he could wish. I intend to let my heart run over like a full cup, just as the thought comes to my heart it shall be poured out. Let us go then at once to our text, and speak a little, first, *about believers*; then, *about their appreciation of Christ*; and then about how they show it.

I. ABOUT BELIEVERS. "Unto you which believe." Believers are getting to be rather scarce things now-a-days: the doubters have it: they are the men who claim all the wisdom of the period. There is scarcely a single historical fact but what is doubted now. I fancy the existence of the human race must be a matter of question with some persons. I believe some imagine that not even themselves are actually existent; certain ideas of themselves exist, but not themselves! We know not how far the human mind will go in this direction: but surely there must be a limit to doubting. Wonderful is the capacity of faith, but a hundred times more wonderful is the capacity of unbelief. The most credulous persons in the world are unbelievers. He who refuses to swallow the gnat of scriptural difficulty, usually swallows camels in large quantities of other difficulties of all sorts. The text speaks of believers, and for my part I am happy to know that a man is reckoned among believers of any sort rather than with doubters.

But the believers mentioned here are not mere believers, they are spiritual believers, Christian believers, they believe in Christ Jesus. It is only to such that Christ is precious. In the word of God there are many expressions with regard to believing in Christ. We read of believing *in* him, believing *upon* him, and believing him. Now, if I understand aright, believing *in* him means this: believing that he is what he claims to be; as, for instance, that he is the sent One of God, the Messias, that he is King in Israel, that he is the Son of God, that he is the Word that was God and was in the beginning with God, that he is the Priest making atonement for our sins, that he is the Head of the Church, and so on. That is to believe in him, to accept him as being what God's Word says he is, to believe God's testimony concerning his Son. But believing *upon* him goes further, for when a man believes upon Jesus, or, on Jesus, he trusts him, he rests himself upon him; for the pardon of his sin he relies upon the Saviour's atoning sacrifice; for eternal life he rests upon the Saviour's immortality; for his resurrection he looks to the Saviour's power; for everything he looks to his Redeemer; he leans upon him, he believes on him. And this, mark you, is essential to salvation, for we may believe Christ to be God, and yet perish; we may believe Christ to be the priest putting away sin by his atoning sacrifice, and yet perish. The faith that saves is a trusting faith, a reliant faith, a sacred recumbency, confidence, and leaning upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Dear hearer, do you possess it? Has the Holy Spirit given to you to cast yourself once for all upon him whom God has set forth to be a propitiation for sin? If you have, sure you will through grace proceed to the third form of faith, you will believe him—his person as well as his words. You will believe him whatever he may say, you will believe him whatever he may do; you will be persuaded that he is himself the essential truth,

according to his word—"I am the way, the truth, and the life;" and then you will know what Paul meant when he said, "I know whom I have believed,"—not "in whom," but "whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." If you asked a true believer in Christ's day "What is your creed?" he would have pointed to his Master; he would not have repeated certain articles, but he would have said, "I believe that glorious man; my trust is in him; I believe him." We have seen many books labelled upon their backs, "Body of Divinity," but of a truth Jesus is the only real "body of divinity." If you want theology, he is the true Theologos, the essential word of God. It is a grand thing when a man believes Jesus to be what Jesus is—a Saviour from sin; and then believes the Christ to be what Christ is—the anointed of the Lord; and so makes him to be his Alpha and Omega—all his salvation and all his desire.

Divide yourselves upon this question as to how far you are believers, for we cannot assert that Christ is precious to you if you are not believers. We know he will not be your heart's monarch if you have no faith. He will be the very reverse. But if you be believers in and upon him, he will be precious to you beyond all comparison,

II. Let us, then, consider the BELIEVER'S APPRECIATION OF HIS MASTER; and observe, first, that every believer appreciates Christ himself—his very person: "Unto you therefore which believe *he* is precious." *He*. Some think the ordinances, which they call the sacraments, very precious: so they are; but only for *his* sake. Others reckon the doctrines to be very precious, and always thrust doctrine into the forefront. We will not deny that every doctrine is precious, but it owes its value to the fact that Christ is in it. Dry doctrine is nothing better than a sepulchre for a dead Christ to be buried in; but the doctrine preached in relation to his person becomes a throne on which he is exalted. It is a great pity when any of you Christians forget that you have a Saviour who is alive, and overlook the personality of Christ. Remember that he is a real man, and as a real man on Calvary he died for you, and as a real man he is gone into heaven. He is no ideal personage, but an actual personage; and the very marrow of Christian experience lies in the realisation of the personality of the Saviour. "Unto you that believe, *he* is precious." If you make doctrine the main thing, you are very likely to grow narrow-minded; if you make your own experience the main thing, you will become gloomy and censorious of others; if you make ordinance the main thing, you will be apt enough to grow merely formal; but you can never make too much of the living Christ Jesus. Remember that all things else are for his sake. Doctrines and ordinances are the planets, but Christ is the Sun; the stars of doctrine revolve around him as their great primal light. Get to love *him* best of all. Yea, I know you do, if ye are believing in him. You love the doctrines, and would not like to give one of them up, but still the incarnate God is the sum and substance of your confidence; Christ Jesus himself is precious to you.

Now, as this appreciation concerns Christ, it may here be remembered that it is in the case of every believer *a personal appreciation*. As we appreciate Christ's person, so we each in person appreciate him.

We do not pretend to appreciate Christ because others say so; nor do we run with the multitude, but we judge for ourselves. Unto those that believe in him, Christ is precious on his own account, from their own personal knowledge of him. They have not borrowed it. They do not cry, "Yes, he is precious," because their dear mother, who is gone to heaven, used to say so; her memory helps them, but they have a better reason than that. He is precious to *them*. Beloved, there is nothing like personal religion. The religion which you inherit, if at the same time it is not yours personally, is not worth one single farthing. You will not be saved by hereditary godliness. If any man should say, "My ancestors believed so and so, and therefore I do," that would be a reason why we should have been Druids, for our ancestors were such. If our religion has come to us as an heirloom like the family pew, and we have merely taken it at second-hand, it is of poor account. You must value Christ because you have tried him, and know him for yourself; for nothing short of a personal appreciation, and a personal appropriation, of the Lord Jesus, by faith, to your own case, and in your own heart, will ever bring you to heaven. Everything short of personal godliness falls short of eternal life. Remember that nobody can be born again for you. Ye yourselves must be regenerated. Nobody can renounce "the pomps and vanities of the world" for you. Sponsorship in religion is the most transparent of frauds. Nobody can love Christ for you; your own heart must beat high with affection towards his dear name. It must be a personal religion.

As there must be an appreciation of the person of the Lord Jesus by our own selves, so, let me add, our experience must be the basis of that estimate. Christ is precious to us this day, because we have proved him to be precious. What has he done for us? He has delivered us, first, from all the guilt of our past sins. You have not forgotten the day when—

"Laden with guilt and full of fears,"

you crept to the cross foot, and looked up and saw him suffering for you: and while you believed in him the burden fell from off your shoulders, and you received a liberty unknown before. Christ is very precious to the man who has once felt the work of the law on his conscience. I wish that some people who slight him, had been cast where some of us once lay, in spiritual wretchedness and deep depression of spirit. Oh, the misery of a tortured conscience! We trembled in anticipation of the flames of hell, while our sins stared us in the face; but in an instant, by virtue of the application of the precious blood, fear was gone, guilt disappeared, and we were reconciled to God by Christ Jesus. Is he not precious if this has been the case?

Beside this, he has emancipated us from the chains of sin. Aforetime passions mastered us; the flesh stood at the helm and steered the vessel which way it would. Sometimes a fierce self-will, at another time the baser passions of the flesh ruled us. We could not overcome ourselves; Satan and the flesh were tyrants over us; but now the vices once so dear have become detestable, the chains of sin are broken, and we are the Lord's free men; and though sin strives to get the mastery

over us, and we have much to mourn over, yet that same sword which has slain some sins is close at the throat of others, and by grace edivine we know that we shall slay them all ere long. There is such a change in the character of some in this place, to my knowledge, that Christ, the great transformer, must be precious to them. Once at the ale-house where sinners congregate; once frequenting nameless haunts of vice; once a swearer, once passionate, once dishonest, once a liar, once everything that is evil; but now washed and sanctified you cannot but prize your Deliverer. Oh, when I meet the reformed drunkard, and when I gaze into the face of the Magdalene, who now rejoices to wash the Saviour's feet with her tears, I know that to such he is precious. A renewed character going with pardoned sin, as it always does, endears the Saviour to the soul.

And, O beloved, beside that, he is precious to us because he has changed the whole bent and current of our thoughts. We were selfish once, and cared for nothing else; but since the Lord Jesus Christ has saved us we serve not self but Christ; we do not live now to hoard money, or to get ourselves honour, or even to save our own souls; for that is completed; we now rise above the grovelling love of self, and our whole being is devoted to Jesus. He is precious beyond all price, for he has taught us to live for God's glory, and for the welfare of our fellow men.

He is precious to us by experience, because he has helped us in many a dark hour of trial. I shall not tell you to-night how often he has cheered me. If any spirit here is more than ordinarily inclined to despondency, perhaps it is mine; but, ah, the sustaining influences of the presence of Christ! I can rise even to the seventh heaven of ecstasy when I do but fully come back to a simple faith in his precious name. Some of us could not live without Jesus Christ. It has come to this—it is hell here if we do not have Christ with us. I remember slipping the cable of my belief once, and being driven out to sea before a furious wind of doubt. At first I revelled in that speedy sailing across a sea of fierce unbelief; but, ah, when I began to see whither I was going, and when I stood at the prow of the vessel and marked the dreary cloud-land that lay before me, and knew not what rocks might be ahead, I felt a horror of great darkness, and cried for deliverance right loudly, and was glad when the anchor held fast again and my dreadful cruise was over. On Christ my soul has a hold as tight as the drowning man's death-grip, and I cling with all my might to his everlasting love, his personal love to my poor soul, and to the merit of his substitutionary sacrifice on my behalf. Believe me, he is precious to all whose whole mental thought has come to an anchorage in him, whose faculties feel that their utmost reach and stretch cannot go beyond him, for he is all in all. Yes, the text says, "Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious."

Perhaps you imagine that I speak only of the past, as though Jesus had been precious. I meant that; but he is precious *now*: "Unto you therefore which believe, he *is* precious." When one of the saintly martyrs had been tormented by persecutors they said to him, "What can Christ do for you now?" and he replied, "He can help me to bear with patience that which you inflict upon me." When the murdered

Covenanter's head was carried by the dragoon to the poor bereaved wife, and he asked her what she thought of her husband's face now, she said that he never looked bonnier when he lived then he did now that he had given up his life for Christ. Verily, we can say to-day, that Christ never looked bonnier than he does to-night, when we think of him as slain for us. We could gladly sing that hymn—

"If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Some people grow less lovely upon close acquaintance, but all lovers of Christ testify that his beauties bear the closest inspection; those who lie in his bosom longest love him best, and those who have served him seventy years, are the most fluent, and also the most sincere, in singing his praises. O, he is a most precious Saviour now! Young man, do you trust Christ to-night? If you do, he is precious to you, and if he is not precious to you, then you have not believed in him. May you be led to do so by the power of his Spirit, and then Christ will be precious to you indeed!

But I must add, although Christ is precious to us now on account of past experience and present enjoyment, he is precious to us with a dash of expectation. We expect soon to enter the cold shades of death, and it will be precious to have the Saviour with us then. The question will sometimes come over every thoughtful mind,—"Shall we, after all, die when we die? Are we like so many mites in a cheese, and shall we soon be crushed out of being, and cease to be?" Oh, dark and dreary thought! But, then, we remember that Jesus Christ rose from the dead,—if any historical fact is certain, that is. There may be doubts about whether Cæsar was slain by Brutus, or whether Alfred was ever king in England, for there are not evidences one half so positive on those points as those which prove the resurrection of the Saviour. I know not that anybody died as a witness for Cæsar's death, but many shed their blood joyfully rather than deny that the Christ who was hanged upon the cross actually rose again from the tomb. In that fact lies our hope of resurrection. A man, a real man, who died on a tree, has risen from the dead, and we are one with that glorious man, who was also God, and because he lives, we shall live also! He is precious to us when we think of dying, and that should not be seldom. We shall soon come to it. Those who are strongest and most hale are nearing their last hour, and those who are sickly are nearer still, it may be. Oh, it is sweet to have Christ to live with, for then—let death come when it may, it will be a joyful thing for us, and once reconciled to our Maker through his Son, what have we to fear?

III. Some Christians seldom acknowledge that THEY ARE SUCH. It is a beggarly business to love Christ in a corner and to be ashamed to own him. He was never ashamed to confess himself the sinner's friend, yet there are sinners who profess to be saved by him who are ashamed to be known as his followers. "O," says one, "If I were to say I am a follower of the Crucified, and join with his church and people, I should expect to be laughed at." And are you afraid of a fool's laughter? Was Christ ashamed to be laughed at for you? O, coward, to be ashamed to be ridiculed for him! "O, but my friends would make a hubbub at home." And did not his friends, who should have helped

him, cast him out and reject him? Yet he bore it for your sake. O, craven spirits that will not take sides with Jesus; take heed when he cometh, for those who deny him before men, shall be themselves denied before God and the holy angels. This day the standard floats in the breeze: let all who are on Christ's side rally to it, for the hosts on the other side are many and bold. The foes of Jesus insult him to his face—some deny his deity and others thrust a human priest into his place.

"Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose."

If he is precious to you, you will never blush to be called a fool for his sake.

Those who really judge Jesus to be precious rejoice in possessing him. One cannot understand those Christians who say, "Christ is mine," and yet go fretting and worrying through life. Dear brother, if Christ is yours, you have no cause for fretting. "What, none?" saith one. "I am very poor." You are not poor. He who can call Christ his own cannot be poor. "But I am comfortless." How can that be, when the Lord Jesus has given you a comforter? "But I am bereaved." Truly so, but you have not lost your Lord. Come, dear brother, if a man were to go through the streets of London with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, and, when he reached the bank, found that a thief had stolen his cotton pocket handkerchief, I think the reflection that would rise in his mind would be, "Thank God I have not lost my money," and the very loss of his handkerchief would only make him the more grateful that he had not lost his treasures. Look on all things you have here as nothing compared with Jesus, and say,—

"How can I bereaved be
Since I cannot part with thee?"

If you esteem Christ as you should, you will refuse to give him up at any cost, and under any circumstances you will hold to what you believe. You will have to suffer loss, it may be, in social position or in business. Very well, do it gladly, and only wish you could suffer more for his dear sake. One might almost envy the martyrs, that they could earn that ruby crown which is not now within our reach. Let us at any rate be willing to take such little rebukes and rebuffs as may be given us for Christ's sake. If you love Jesus Christ, my brothers and sisters, you will be willing to make sacrifices for his cause. I wish this spirit were abroad throughout all the church, that Christ was really precious to saints, so that they consecrated themselves and their substance to him. We want personal consecration. I have heard that word pronounced "*purse-and-all* consecration," a most excellent pronunciation certainly. He who loves Jesus consecrates to him *all* that he has, and feels it a delight that he may lay anything at the feet of him who laid down his life for us.

Once more, he who really has this high estimate of Jesus will think much of him, and as the thoughts are sure to run over at the mouth, he will talk much of him. Do we so? If Jesus is precious to you, you will not be able to keep your good news to yourself; you will be

whispering it into your child's ear; you will be telling it to your husband; you will be earnestly imparting it to your friend; without the charms of eloquence you will be more than eloquent; your heart will speak, and your eyes will flash as you talk of his sweet love. Every Christian here is either a missionary or an impostor. Recollect that. You either try to spread abroad the kingdom of Christ, or else you do not love him at all. It cannot be that there is a high appreciaton of Jesus. and a totally silent tongue about him. Of course I do not mean by that, that those who use the pen are silent: they are not. And those who help others to use the tongue, or spread that which others have written, are doing their part well: but that man who says, "I believe in Jesus," but does not think enough of Jesus ever to tell another about him, by mouth, or pen, or tract, is an impostor. You are either doing good, or you are not good yourself. If thou knowest Christ thou art as one that has found honey: thou wilt call others to taste of it; thou art like the lepers who found the food which the Syrians had cast away: thou wilt go to Samaria and tell the hungry crowd that thou hast found Jesus, and art anxious that they should find him too. Be wise in your generation, and speak of him in fitting ways and at fitting times, and so in every place proclaim the fact that Jesus is most precious to your soul.

An Effective Rebuke.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 5.)

A GOOD Quaker once had a bundle of hides stolen from his warehouse, and he began to cogitate on what steps should be taken to prevent a repetition of such rascality in the future. Instead of putting the machinery of the law in motion, by setting the detectives to work. and so on, he inserted an advertisement in the newspapers—a production unique of its kind, the following being a copy:—"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the 5th of this month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to take this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind." A few nights subsequently, when the family were about retiring to rest, a man knocked at the door of the Quaker's house, and he carried with him a bundle of skins. "I have brought them back," he cried; "It is the first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it." "Let it be the last, friend," said the Quaker. "The secret still lies between ourselves." The man was spoken to faithfully and affectionately about the folly of dishonesty, and of the claims of the gospel. He was also taken into the Quaker's employ and became a changed character, having lived an exemplary life ever after. When you detect a poor servant girl in a first petty theft, or when you discover that an apprentice has been tempted to pilfer your till, think of this Quaker, so amiable in his heaven-learned wisdom. There are two ways of reprimanding the transgressions of those who injure us—God's way and man's way. The Quaker chose God's way.

Help for San Domingo.

AN APPEAL: BY ISAAC PEGG.

THE years 1869 and 1871 were marked by two events which, although they passed unnoticed by European senators, will, we believe, in the future become famous in the world's history. In these years the Government of the United States took possession of the bay of Samana, leased out to it for a trifling sum, and a plebiscitum issued by President Buenavetura Baez proved that an overwhelming majority of Dominicans were desirous of being included in its government and under its protection. In turn, almost every civilised power had rejected similar advances. Judge how changed are circumstances, since Cromwell, in 1655, degraded Admiral Penn and General Venables because they *only* seized Jamaica and could not conquer San Domingo; since England spent her £20,000,000, and shed the blood of 40,000 sons, in like vain attempts; or since Le Clerc, of France, and many Spanish heroes, contended for its rule. The change is worth the marking. Jamaica was raised from insignificance to an important British colony; San Domingo! priest-ridden and oppressed, despoiled of one attraction after another, is friendless, almost unknown, and goes forth among the peoples, with many a tear, seeking a ruler and a defending arm. Yet this is the island concerning which a celebrated traveller has written in a recent work: "Probably no spot on earth, take it altogether, and looking at it in all its natural aspects, can be found more lovely; and it is safe to say, probably no extent of territory the world over, contains within itself, under proper auspices, so many elements of prosperity, worldly success, and happiness as the Island of St. Domingo." Including Hayti, which forms nearly one-third of its extent, it has about 25,000 square miles of surface, setting aside the dependant islands, Saona, Beata, Gonaives, and Tortuga. Both the temperate and tropical climates are experienced here, a circumstance due to its being intersected by two chains of mountains, the Cibao and Monte Christo, both of which present the greatest variety of elevation, breadth and fruitfulness. Second only to Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles, in size, in every natural feature it holds a higher place. Rich in iron, coal, and copper, silver and gold; abounding in the finest forms of West Indian produce; watered everywhere by streams that gush from the mountain sides; with many vast llanos covered with food sufficient for millions of cattle and sheep: the fecundity of the fish in its bays and rivers unrivalled; with the richest alluvial or vegetable soil;—yet, were it not for its tobacco and mahogany trade it would be quite as much unknown as Unyanyembe. Yet since necessity drives from British shores 252,435 of her bread-winners in a year: not many years hence, such a spot shall see from American and European shores thousands crowding who shall meet its great demands for toilers, skill, and capital, and raise it high among the Western lands. Even now the movement has commenced, and we have watched the settling down of scores who came—

> "To rear homes amid trees that glow
> As if gems were the fruitage of every bough:
> Round the white walls to train the vine,
> And sit in its shade at the day's decline,
> And watch the flocks as they roam at will,
> O'er the green savannas so broad and still."

The circumstances under which we first saw the shores of St. Domingo were most unfavourable. Twenty-eight days on the Atlantic when in its angrier mood, and the greater part of that time on our back, had exhausted us past the power to stand alone. And when "Land ho!" was first cried, and we were assisted upon deck, it was to see the bold front of Pico Isabella, the place where Columbus founded his first town, covered with a mist which had risen far above its 3,000 feet of elevation; and which was occasioned by the rain-fall on the

preceding night. On this November-day, the ordinary thermometer was as useless as we have proved it to be in these latitudes a hundred times since. The sun blazed forth with more power than Fahrenheit ever seemed to dream of. And when the anchor was dropt, after quitting the boat which met us, and the ox-cart that followed half buried in water, and after riding upon the backs of the swarthy men who waded out from shore to receive us, and, finally landing, it was our lot to meet but few attractions. Through the town, almost enclosed by mountains, not a breath of air from the sea could come. The streets were submerged by the rain; while the drift from the mountains, and the trampling of hundreds of horses (coming into the town from Santiago with tobacco), had reduced the place to something worse than an Irish bog. A malarious fever, born from the stagnant filth, had spread throughout the town; and millions of mosquitos met us in clouds at every turn. The prospect of staying at the only unoccupied boarding house in the town did not serve to brighten our hopes. The lower part of the house contained four open rooms, where gambling, drinking, and dining took their turns. The sleeping apartments were partitioned off from each other by boarding, run up about four or five feet from the floor, and half-way to the ceiling. A wood frame, with canvas stretching from end to end, served for bed and bedstead. On this a pillow, lying upon a board at the head, and a doubled sheet, and our bed was quite *en règle*. One chair, one table, and a wash-hand basin completed the furniture of the room. That room was the scene of conflict after conflict with hosts of sanguinary foes. Ants, centipedes, scorpions, and clouds—literally clouds—of musquitos, performed many a deed of valour, and thousands of frogs continued croaking throughout the night, causing us to watch the flight of the weary hours. Covered with a mass of sores, and worn out by the sickening process of acclimation, after twenty days' experience, a missionary and his wife had learned their first lesson of enduring hardness for God among the heathen.

Puerta Plata, although a small town, is of considerable importance as the greatest depôt in the Republic for exports and imports. And this is also the point from which has gone forth all the evangelical teaching that has reached the people. In its palmy days, the Rev. W. K. Rycroft, of the Baptist, and the Revs. Towell and Darrell, of the Wesleyan Mission, laboured here with varying success. No natives joined them, but several small churches of African emigrants were organized. There were five or six persons at Cabbarets and Batty, and four or five at Monoun, who met together for worship among the Baptists; a church at Samana, of forty members; a very small body in St. Domingo city, and about forty members, including Baptists, Episcopalians, Moravians, and Wesleyans, under the supervision of the Wesleyan minister at Puerta Plata. But when the island became subject to Spanish rule, in 1863, Archbishop Monijan issued an order closing the meeting-houses of even these poor flocks. Subsequently they were re-opened; and, during our detention in Puerta Plata, we often had the pleasure of preaching to a large and miscellaneous body of hearers. These were the first evangelical sermons the people had heard for seven years, other than such as were delivered by uninstructed native teachers, and though the services were studiedly simple, they were oft-times sacred and solemn. Scarcely would attention follow silence, when suppressed weeping would be followed by bitter and audible lamentations. In some cases, there would manifest themselves the joy of faith and the bliss of repose in Christ. The *bal masque* was twice postponed, because the demand for tickets had fallen below a remunerative sale; and there are not wanting some, then converted, now leading lives which proved that they had received the Gospel with reverence and godly fear. Thus we gathered in our firstfruits, and passed away to other scenes and other labours.

One year's really arduous toil in the midst of our nine 'Turks Islands' churches had made a change desirable; and we sought it among the homes of our Dominican converts. Taking over a few articles of furniture, we arranged to live in our own hired house, so as to escape the expense, surroundings, and associations of hotel life. The visit was ill-timed, for circumstances, not inclinations, ruled

us. It was in the middle of the rainy season, but as work was to be done weather was a secondary affair. Spite of the pitiless rain, miles of mud, and swollen rivers, two days after arriving we took horse and rode up the coast, about thirty-six miles, to visit our people there. A rub down with rum, and a sound sleep in a hammock slung from the roof, proved capital restoratives after a day's fatigue; and when we rose with the sun the following day it was to find the house packed with a motley gathering from Cabbarets, Batty, 'and the regions round about.' Never was there a wider opening for a gospel sermon than among this people who had virtually not heard one for fifteen years. The scene was deeply affecting. Men who had not shed tears before sobbed like children; and in after meetings there seemed much searching of heart and repentance before God. We encouraged the people 'in the good old paths,' and succeeded in re-organising a church, which has since grown to sixteen members. Spanish Bibles were in great demand, and on our return home we sent 150, with hymn-books and primers. The indifference of the neighbourhood was entirely shaken off, and now we can boast in their having built a reputable wooden chapel, capable of seating 100 persons, which is customarily filled on Sundays. With sunrise the next morning we were riding round to all the adjacent canucos or farms, until by nightfall we had traversed over forty miles. That day we had played the rôle of physician, surgeon, planter, lawyer, and arbitrator, and retired to rest with the hope that we had improved the district, and poured sunlight into some dark soul. On the morrow we performed a feat that made the people wonder much, riding thirty-six miles through sand, bogs, rivers, and rain, and reaching Puerta Plata in a few hours. Another sun no sooner rose in the sky than we were dashing away through the rivers and the rain, which unitedly threatened to hinder our journey to Monoun. In this village we found an old African who had been a consistent professor and teacher of the gospel for sixty years, spending his Sabbaths in exhortation or visiting the sick. "I no see de minister ob de Lord dis yer twenty year, and I'se so glad to see you now, 'fore de Lord.' This he said as he tried to embrace us, a civility we fortunately escaped. We did not return to our little cabin from this place, another thirty miles journey, till night was far advanced. Nevertheless, our house was open by eight A.M. next day for the gratuitous instruction of young and old, we hoping by this means to reach the Catholic residents. This work, with preaching and prayer-meetings, kept us regularly employed from that hour to twelve P.M., the house being invariably most crowded at meal times. Even when we left the island again the most important branch of our work was continued. Some one or other of our people always had a house open, and religious services on the Sunday. But broken down at last by illness, £40 poorer, and yet grateful to God, we reached our island home, and only crawled out of bed after a month of sickness. Thus ended the missionary's first holiday.

It was in November, 1871, that our valued friend, Dr. Underhill conveyed to us a resolution passed by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, authorising us in the future to make Puerta Plata the head-quarters of our operations, still continuing our supervision of the Turks' Islands Churches. The arrangement was in accordance with our hopes, and seemed to come as an answer to oft-repeated prayers. We effected our removal with as little delay as possible; and on our arrival in this, our new home, immediately instituted enquiries into the possibility of hiring a place suitable for our future assemblies. In the meantime we conducted services in Monoun, and at our dwelling-house. Finding no place suitable for such purposes, at a rent which could be covered, a small house was secured at £35, and fitted up temporarily as a chapel, seating sixty-five persons. Privileged to preach to the natives in their own tongue—Creole, French, or Spanish—much interest was excited, and our congregation increased to three or four hundred; and the hand of God was manifest in the conversion of twenty persons formerly members of the Romish church. Notwithstanding all this, the difficulties in our way were anything

but fanciful. Oftentimes during the services 100° was registered by the thermometer in the shade, and a number of hearers would succumb to fainting. And when this did not occur we were liable to have our friends disperse, every garment upon them wetted through by a passing heavy tropical shower. Now, however long-suffering people might be in the spring, a congregation could never be maintained, under such circumstances, in the rainy season; and we had before us the gloomy prospect of our work coming to a dead-lock or being abandoned. Actuated by such fears, an effort was immediately made to obtain funds with which to erect mission-premises and chapel; and, since the town was burnt down the preceding year, we may consider that the inhabitants of the town acted liberally in contributing £90, four of which were given by the Romish priest. We then paid a visit to San Domingo city, and succeeded in inducing President El Gran Cindano B. Baez, to pass a "*resolucion*" through the Senate on the twenty-fourth of May, 1872, authorising us to import into the Republic such building materials as were needed in the carrying out of our project; thus gaining the equivalent of £200. Having succeeded thus far, after visiting our Turks' Islands Churches, we came, *viâ* New York, to England, in order to obtain the £900 still required.

Perhaps no spot on earth needs the gospel more than San Domingo; yet no voice is ever raised to proclaim it, other than that of the native teachers. Lying, cheating, blasphemy, concubinage, and murder, are, alas! prevalent everywhere. To the perpetration of these crimes the Sabbath-day is specially dedicated; the only variations of such scenes being cock-fights and *bal masques*. By their example, the Romish priests are ringleaders in such practices. Some of the people bursting through all Romanist obligations, have gone back to the vilest forms of Obeah superstition.

Not far distant are scattered a number of smaller islands, principal among which is Porto Rico, all now entirely open to the gospel, but into which fields of labour there are none to enter. Our hope is, that should we make St. Domingo a base for operations hereafter, we shall also be able to branch out in these different directions.

A year ago we waited upon the Governor-General of Jamaica, Sir J. P. Grant, and succeeded in inducing him to take instant measures for the disendowment of religion in Turk's Islands; and, since a law was passed for this purpose, two Episcopal clergymen and the Wesleyan missionary have removed, leaving 4,700 people—1,970 of whom are Baptists—entirely to the teaching of one clergyman and ourselves; and our continuance there will very much depend upon our ability to maintain our work in St. Domingo.

Such are some of the varied and important issues involved in our success, and for these reasons we appeal for help for our work to this more favoured land. Every day we are detained in making that appeal our work in preaching the gospel is hindered.

[We beg to call the earnest attention of our readers to this appeal. Mr. Pegg was one of our students, and has become one of the ablest missionaries we have ever met with; he only needs present aid, and he will establish churches in San Domingo which will be a lasting blessing. We have often prayed the Lord to make our College the mother of missionaries, and he has now begun to hear us. One brother has gone to China, and two to Spain. Mr. Pegg leads the way in another direction, which we hope will require a noble army of missionaries from our College. The tact, ability, and grace of this dear brother are beyond all praise. If it were in our power we would give him all the money he needs, and send him back to San Domingo at once;— as we cannot do this we commend his appeal to the special generosity of all Christians. Never was there a better case. We fear it may take him months to collect the £700 he now requires, and all this time precious souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. Such a man ought not to be an hour away from his post, if liberality can keep him at it.—C. H. S.]

Christopher Ness and his "Antidote."

BY SAMUEL COULING, RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS.

MR. NICHOL has not included the writings of Christopher Ness in his scheme for the publication of the works of standard divines; and yet few works merit republication more than those of Ness. For, apart from the immense number of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin quotations, and the general roughness of style and imperfect punctuation, the works of Ness are full of gospel truth, conveyed in a quaint and unctuous manner that cannot fail in interesting and profiting the children of God.

About Christopher Ness himself very little is known. He was born on the 26th of December, 1621, at North Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. At sixteen years of age he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he remained for about seven years, when, upon the breaking out of the civil wars, he retired into the country, and commenced preaching at Cliffe Chapel, under the auspices of an uncle of his who was at that time vicar of North Cave. Shortly after this he received a call to Holderness, and a few years later to Beverley, where he spent his time in instructing some youths and in preaching occasionally. In 1650 he succeeded Dr. Winter in the living of Cottenham, near Hull, worth about four hundred pounds per annum. The Lord greatly blessed his labours here to the conversion of many souls, as was also the case at Leeds, to which place he afterwards removed. He does not, however, appear to have been very comfortable here, as a great portion of his work seems to have been to preach in the evening against the doctrines advocated by his colleague from the same pulpit in the morning. On Black Bartholomew day, 1662, Mr. Ness was ejected from the Establishment on account of his Nonconformity. When the "Five Mile Act" was passed he removed first to Clayton, and afterwards to Morley, and preached privately as he found opportunity. Upon the times growing more favourable, he took a house of his own at Hunslet, and converted a large riding house into a place of worship, and preached to large congregations. For this offence he was four times excommunicated; and his enemies being at length wearied out by his perseverance, they issued a writ *de excommunicatio capiendo*, to avoid which he removed to London. Here for thirty years he preached privately to a congregation of Protestant dissenters in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. He died December 26th, 1705, aged eighty-four to the very day. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields' burial-ground, but no stone is there to mark the spot.

Of his works, I have a list of twenty now before me published between 1676 and 1700. Many of these are but small pamphlets: and, adopting the style of the times in which he lived, some of them have very quaint titles, although, perhaps, none of them equal to the following old work which I discovered a short time since:—"Some fine Baskets Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." Notwithstanding all *their* oddities, however, these old divines were champions of the truth, and knew well how to defend it against the encroachment of error. Of Ness's works, *all* of which are valuable, and now very scarce, the most important are "The History and Mystery of the Old and New Testament," in four volumes, folio; and "The Antidote against Arminianism." Of the former, it is said that Matthew Henry availed himself greatly when composing his "Exposition;" and of the latter, Ness himself says, "This little book hath cost me great study, many ardent prayers, and many earnest wrestlings with God." This little work has been reprinted by two different persons. In 1819 the Rev. John Andrews Jones (then of Stonehouse) issued a small volume containing "Ness's Antidote, with Corrections and Emendations." This soon ran through six editions, when, in

1835, the Rev. Robert Stodhart, of London, published another edition, with very extensive preface, in which he not only finds great fault with Mr. Jones, but also most unceremoniously attacks believers' baptism. But the little book still deserves, and would well repay, a careful editing; and, as the old edition is very scarce, and neither Mr. Jones's nor Mr. Stodhart's edition is often met with, it is to be hoped that some gifted brother will soon let us have a much better edition of the book than has ever yet issued from the press. "Never was a publication of this kind," says Toplady, "more seasonable than at present."

A few extracts may be given to show the nature and importance of this little work; and, in giving these extracts, which, of course, must be very brief, I shall take the liberty of either giving translations of the Hebrew, Greek, or Latin quotations, or of omitting them altogether, as circumstances seem to require: "It hath ever been the lot of truth," commences our author, "to be crucified between right hand and left hand thieves. As moral virtue, so theological also, is found between two extremes—but truth is external, and will prevail." In reference to the extensiveness of the divine decrees, he says, chapter eighth, "There is a general decree that relates to all created beings, both animate and inanimate, celestial and terrestial; this, indeed, extends itself to every individual in the whole creation, for as it gave a being to all things, so it preserves them in that being while they continue in the world. But this special decree of predestination is not extensive (as the general is) to all individuals, but is discriminating and particular as before: and, yet though it be not extended *ad singula generum*, yet it is *ad genera singulorum*" [not to individual classes, yet to classes of individuals]; "though the exception lay not in the gospel (which is to be preached to every creature), but in the decree; yet is the decree an extensive thing;" extending, as he argues, to "all sorts and ranks of men," to both sexes," to "all ages," to "all nations," and to "all generations;" for, says he, "Predestinating love is like a river that runs underground, and breaks out into certain places above the earth; so fresh veins of election breaketh forth sometimes in one generation, and sometimes in another. It is not bound up as to time, neither before the law, nor under the law, nor after the law; but in every generation God hath his church visible on the earth, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. As God is no respecter of persons, so nor of places, nations, nor of generations; but hath his hidden one's to the world's end,"

Against this doctrine of predestination, he then advances the various objections of its opposers, to all of which he diligently and satisfactorily replies. The objections "however I live I shall be saved," and "let me do what I can I shall be damned," are especially attended to as of great importance to God's children. In the chapter on the "Perseverance of the Saints," our auther enquires, "What is it to fall totally and finally?" And he answers thus:—"1. To fall totally is to have grace already dead in us, both in the act and in the habit; no life either in branches, bole, or root; no seed remaining in us, nor root of the matter. 2. Finally to fall is never to rise again, never to recover by repentance, but to die in sin unrepented of, unpardoned." But he adds, "The chosen of God cannot totally and finally fall away from grace," and that for many reasons, all of which are strongly urged and most convincingly argued under twelve separate heads. It is, however, objected that "Angels and Adam did fall from grace, therefore," etc.; but to this he replies, "That grace which was creation-love—was loseable: but that which flows from redemption-love is not so; neither Angels nor Adam were under the grace of the New Testament, nor were they righteous by faith in Christ, nor were they at all justified because they did not perform the condition required, that they might be justified before God." But then, "David and Peter fell totally and Solomon finally, and therefore," etc. To which objection Ness answers as follows:—"They all fell foully, yet none of them finally, because they all repented, and are called 'holy men of God' (2 Pet. i. 21), by the Holy Ghost; neither did

they fall totally, because that grace remained in them by which they repented; thus where sin abounded grace did much more abound."

We cannot, however, follow our author any further. His little work is divided into twelve chapters, in which are discussed the whole of the Five Points as held by Calvinists and opposed by Arminians. Ness is, however, a practical writer; and he does not spare words of exhortation or reproof whenever he thinks them necessary. One other extract shall close the present article. It is taken from one of Ness's earliest works, entitled, "The Christian's Walk and Work on Earth until he come to Heaven," 1677. He says, "Being agreed walk *with* God hand in hand, and heart in heart, which Enoch did, not only for an hour, day, week, month, year, but more than three hundred years. 'All the days of Enoch were three hundred and sixty-five years, and walked Enoch with God; and he was not, for God took him.' 'Walk *before* God,' as he said to Abraham, 'Walk *before* me, and be perfect;' solemnly set yourselves in the presence of God, having him always for your re-reward (Isa. lii. 12). Walk *after* God. 'Ye shall walk *after* the Lord your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him.' Keep your eye steadily fixed upon the Captain of your salvation, who is leading you forth to a complete victory, and an immortal crown of life, of righteousness and of glory. Let Christ be as the needle to the loadstone; Christ must be your all and in all. He must be *within* you, *before* you, and *behind* you also; that you may be as a ship under full sail, before a strong and favourable wind, fearing neither rocks nor sands in the river of the paradise of God."

What is Chalk?

BY W. R. SELWAY, ESQ., SCIENTIFIC LECTURER TO THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

EVERY one knows what chalk is, from the urchin at school, whose attention is attracted to his lesson by the teacher's use of it on the black board, to the traveller who is prompted by business or pleasure to leave London, and is carried to his destination upon an iron road, frequently passing between banks more or less lofty of glittering whiteness; or to the sailor who sees the white cliffs recede from his gaze, as, after leaving the port of London, the good ship makes its way over the waters of the Channel. The appearance of chalk is indeed familiar to a very large proportion of the people of England, occupying as it does a most extensive section of the country. From Dorsetshire in the south-west it is found extending across Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxford, Hertford, Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, also part of Yorkshire, to where Flamborough Head raises its bold front to the waves of the German Ocean; and on the south-east by two grand stretches, the one to Dover, the other terminating at Beachey Head, covering in its course no inconsiderable portions of the counties of Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent. The area covered by chalk in England amounts in the aggregate to about 6,500 square miles, yet this is but a fraction of the crust of the globe covered with this rock.

What can be more delightfully exhilarating and bracing than a brisk walk over the vast downs which are so characteristic of the chalk country? Whether it be upon Salisbury-plain, where indeed there is no plain, but the most cheery and beautiful succession of rolling hills and gentle valleys; or on those rudely fortified hills, the "castles" of our early Saxon forefathers, in which they met, and no doubt repelled many an attack of the fierce black-bearded Dane; which form most interesting features in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire. Upon the Downs are many a barrow, marking the resting-place of warriors who perished in defending their homes against the incursions of a still more barbaric foe; and it must not be forgotten that on these hills of

Berkshire, overlooking the beautiful and fertile valley through which the Great Western railroad now runs, was fought that great battle in which the young Alfred, whose name is still dear to every Englishman, so greatly distinguished himself, and in all probability to commemorate which event was cut that singularly interesting figure of the white horse which still forms so conspicuous an object on the slope of White Horse hill.

Some may prefer the quiet sylvan scenery of the bosky dell, where the fern clothes with its graceful fronds the margin of the gurgling brooklet, or the wooded upland of more favoured soil; but the chalk hills, with their huge, rounded, dome-like surfaces, impress the mind with a sense of space, of vastness, and of freedom not to be found elsewhere. They are clothed with a close, short mantle of grass which affords delightful herbage for sheep, and in early spring are often gay with the blossom of the Orchis; yet but few forest trees grow upon the chalk hills, nor are there any but the smallest bushes, and these at rare intervals. The pedestrian may fearlessly traverse these hills or plains, as no bog or watery waste will impede his steps. They are singularly dry even in the valleys, which, in some cases, wind for miles, receiving complicated branches all descending in a regular slope, yet are frequently left entirely dry and often indeed have no channel. The chalk is so absorbent that rain water falling upon it is speedily drank in, leaving the surface comparatively dry, while at the base of the hills the water may emerge in streams, or if not is retained beneath the masses of chalk in vast reservoirs which yield most abundant supplies when tapped by the deep sinking known as Artesian boring.

To pursue our investigation into the nature of the masses composing these great hills, let us enter some open chalk pit or walk at the base of the grand cliffs of the south-eastern shore, and we shall find the whole to be made up of white masses of more or less coherent nature containing as we shall discover, by its effervescence on the application of a simple acid test, large quantities of lime. Let us, further, take a small lump of the material and gently crushing it in a cup of water proceed carefully to wash away the finer particles, when we shall have left a little mass of apparently granulated bodies which will not present any very definite figure to the eye unless we are enabled to place a portion of it on the stage of a microscope, when it will be discovered to be composed of various singular but elegantly-shaped bodies, each having an individuality of its own, and each being worthy of close and minute inspection, so beautiful are they. It is impossible without pictorial representation to convey an adequate idea of the many curious forms thus to be discovered, being unlike anything with which we are familiar. We, however, cannot well err in arriving at the conclusion that they are the skeletons, or shells, or in some form the residences, defences, or appendages, of creatures long since passed away. Intermingled with this finer and hardened mud we shall frequently find at very various depths in the pit or cliff much larger bodies, unmistakably shells of soft-bodied animals, or their outer skeletons, as in the case of the "sea urchins" or "sea eggs," so common in the cliffs of Kent and Sussex. These discoveries will help us somewhat in our enquiry; as we are fain at once to admit that the relics of these latter creatures indicate that they were denizens of water, and that their home must have been in the deep sea, as it is there only that similar animals are now found to flourish. It is not reasonable to suppose that such shells could have been removed from their usual dwelling, and by any conceivable mode placed in such considerable numbers as we find them in the chalk pits or cliffs, and we are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the animals lived and died where their hard parts are found, that is, in the midst of a chalk hill which may be several hundred feet in height! Do you find it hard to believe that any animal could exist with, say a hundred feet of chalk pressing upon it? Well, you are not required to believe such an impossibility, but to regard the small creatures which compose the vast mass of the chalk as having dwelt at the bottom of an ocean, and as they lived, multiplied, and died in immense numbers, the remains of the larger animals which found a home and died in

their midst became entombed by the greater abundance of their smaller compeers; and thus, generation succeeding generation, a sea bottom became ultimately built, having a thickness on the average as exemplified in this country of about a thousand feet! What a picture is presented to the imagination by a piece of chalk from the humblest chalk pit; the myriads of creatures that have lived, enjoying their existence, fulfilling the object for which they were created, exemplifying the Divine care, doubtless, and testifying, albeit to no human mind, yet to higher orders of intelligence, of the skill, the wisdom, and loving regard for beauty with which even they were fashioned; and then not only the numbers but the years, as man counts years, during which this work must have been carried on in the depths of some unknown sea.

Analogy would have led, and we think correctly, to this history of the piece of chalk, but the investigations made within a few recent years into the nature of the sea bottom at great depths have singularly confirmed this view. When the soundings were taken in the North Atlantic preparatory to laying down the Electric Telegraph Cable, it was found, at a depth of more than two miles, that the mud forming the floor of that Ocean consisted, according to Professor Huxley, almost entirely (more than nineteen parts out of twenty) of minute shells termed Foraminifera from the large number of holes through which the soft body of the inhabitant, which is very low in the scale of being, is being constantly thrust; and that the greater portion of these shells, particularly a species, termed Globigerina (from having the appearance of a number of small globes united together) are exactly of the same form as those which constitute so large a portion of our chalk-hills. Sir Leopold M'Clintock and Dr. Wallich, during the cruise of the "Bulldog," in 1860, found these same shells to compose ninety-five parts out of one hundred of the mud spread over the bed of the ocean in the vast area extending from Iceland to the Faroe Islands and to Greenland. On the surface of the mud the living animals were found, while below, the mud, having the consistence of putty, was made up of countless relics of bygone generations. In the deep sea dredging, recently carried out under the direction of Professor Carpenter and Professor Thompson, we are told that a large area of the sea bottom, over which the warmer currents of water flow, "is composed entirely of Globigerina mud—mud made up chiefly of Globigerinæ, either living, or their dead remains, their shells decayed and falling as it were into a powder, making a very fine mass that you would not know from a piece of chalk." Dr. Carpenter adds, "I have dried some specimens of these after the salt was washed out, and no one could know them from a piece of chalk; for chalk, upon microscopic examination, is found to consist of exactly the same material." Some of this mud, with the living animals included in it, was brought up from the extraordinary depth of fourteen thousand six hundred feet, or nearly *three miles*. These discoveries have led Dr. Carpenter to the conclusion that this Atlantic mud is, so to speak, a continuation of the old chalk, and that so far we are now living in the chalk period; a conclusion in which we concur with Canon Kingsley, in believing to be one of the grandest generalisations of modern times. It must not be supposed that the immense masses of existing chalk, whether ancient, as displayed in our downs and cliffs, or modern as found in the bed of the ocean, have been produced by any large animal—we have already referred to their microscopic size, and may add their sizes are such as to require from 2,000 to 8,000 placed side by side to fill the space of one inch, while they are so light as well as small that Dr. Carpenter says, "thousands of the shells would scarcely weigh a grain."

We fancy some good reader may be heard saying in reference to all this—"Well, it may be true that chalk is being now formed at the bottom of the sea, but as for the Downs they have been dry land all my time and for that of my grandfather, too, how can that have been a sea bottom"? Gently, my friend; or your questions will need the whole space of the magazine to answer, we must not be led into a general discussion of the teachings of Geology, but suffice it to say, that evidence having proved that the chalk must have been

slowly formed as the bed of a deep sea, it follows that time was when Inkpen Beacon in Wiltshire, and Beachey Head in Sussex, together with the Chiltern-hills, which now rear their heads so high above the level, were many hundreds of feet lower than they now are. Abundant evidence shows that, in modern times, new lands are upheaved and others depressed; and as the waters recede from old sea beds they flow over and gradually cover other lands; so doubtless as that old sea bottom, in which the chalk was formed, gradually rose, other portions of the earth's crust sank down, and the waters found new channels; while inequalities in the depth of the seas would admit of some portions of the old bottoms being first raised to such a height as would expose them to sweeping currents and the violent action of turbulent waves; by which great masses would be swept away to form beds of gravel and shingle, which would also be formed by the destruction of the surrounding shores, exactly as we see shingle beaches being formed to-day by the wearing away, through the constant action of the waves of the sea upon the chalk and other cliffs; at the same time, and by the same forces, channels would be scooped and the monotony of a vast plain relieved by hills and vales, which would be further continued by the abrading influences of wind, frost, snow, and rain, extending over long periods of time. To all this must, doubtless, be added the more violent effects of fire as displayed in the force of volcano or earthquake, which have, in many instances, appeared to be the first disturbing powers; but to the action of water must, we think, be attributed the agency which has removed great areas of chalk from spots where it was once continuous, as between the Surrey hills and Brighton downs, and has laid bare the still older sea bottom, which was deposited ere the chalk had a beginning. Truly, the earth upon which we tread has undergone great and long preparation, its history is full of interest, the pages are of stone, but scored within and without with characters all of which reveal to the candid enquirer that He, who in these later days watches over the interests of his creatures of the higher order of intelligence, was not unmindful of the earth in the younger periods of its existence; when as yet there were none to hymn his praise save those sons of the morning whose songs of joy ushered in the dawn of all created things.

Scarlet and Candles.

RUSKIN, in his "Stones of Venice," has some fine sentences upon the folly of those who go towards Rome attracted by the charms of her gorgeous imagery, or as he puts it, "by mere scarlet and candles."

"Fatuity! to seek for the unity of a living body of truth and trust in God, with a dead body of lies and trust in wood, and thence to expect anything else than plague, and consumption by worms undying for both. Blasphemy as well as fatuity! to ask for any better interpreter of God's Word than God, or to expect knowledge of it in any other way than the plainly ordered way: if *any* man will DO he shall KNOW. But of all these fatuities the basest is the being lured into the Romanist Church by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass; to be blown into a change of religion by the whine of an organ-pipe; stitched into a new creed by gold threads on priests' petticoats; jangled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a belfry. I know nothing in the form of error so dark as this, no imbecility so absolute, no treachery so contemptible. . . . . The longer I live, the more I incline to severe judgment in this matter, and the less I can trust the sentiments excitedby painted glass and coloured tiles."

Reviews.

The Training of Young Children on Christian and Natural Principles. By Geo. Moore, M.D., of Hastings. Longmans.

Wise and weighty counsels, which young mothers will do well to read. When a physician is a Christian his words upon such a theme are doubly valuable; in the present instance, it would be difficult to recommend the advice too highly.

The Story of a Child's Companion. By G. Sargent. Religious Tract Society.

Of all the little story-books of the season this is our favourite. We think it only costs ninepence, and it is pretty in appearance, and contains most profitable reading. The "Child's Companion" is her conscience, and very sweetly it reproves her when she is in fault, and encourages when doing well. It is our pet little book. We hope many a Lucy will have it for a present.

Farewell Services of the Rev. W. Brock, D.D. Nisbet and Co., 21. Berners Street.

Well done Dr. Brock, is our verdict after reading this interesting account of our excellent friend's farewell services. We have no intention of reviewing our Brother's labours, there is time enough for that in the years to come. Here are no signs of faltering judgment or mental weakness, though our beloved and revered friend has endured the strain of mingled sorrows such as might have tested any man, and would have crushed most of us. We have taken courage through perusing this little book. It is enough to make any minister rejoice to hear a veteran, doffing his harness after a well-fought campaign, declare that if he had to pass through it again he would use the same weapons with a firmer confidence of victory. There is many a field-day yet before our brother we trust. The church militant cannot afford to miss him from her midst as yet. Gladly do we rejoice over all the practical kindness recorded in the book, alike honourable to the author and to his many friends.

The Everlasting Righteousness; or, How shall man be just with God? By Horatius Bonar, D.D. Nisbet.

A rich book, suggestive, gracious, full of holy unction. Unlike many writers of the Evangelical school Dr. Bonar is not content with baling out milk for babes, but gives us real thought and teaching. There never was any need that orthodoxy and platitudes should go together, but they often have done so; no one can bring that charge in reference to this work. We say to all our friends, read and be refreshed.

Whence does the Monarch get his Right to Rule. By the Rev. F. H. Laing, D.D. Washbourne, 18A, Paternoster Row.

We have read the book, and if we were of the Roman Catholic faith, like the author, we should deem ourselves to have performed penance enough to suffice for many grievous sins. We have the satisfaction of differing from the writer *in toto*, and can most heartily deny his assertions and challenge his statements. He thinks a ruler gets his right and authority from God: we believe they come from the people, and should be held, under God, for the good of the commonwealth, and not for any dynasty or family.

Mr. Faversham's New Year's Guest. By the author of "Ellen Clinton." James Clarke and Co.

We have not the patience, nor the time needed, for reading works of fiction, but a judicious friend tells us that this story is interesting but most improbable. It has an excellent religious tone about it, and is meant to illustrate the power of godliness when it is pleaded for and exhibited in little children.

The Secret of a Happy Life. By the Rev. G. W. Carder. Religious Tract Society.

A very thoughtful and right-spirited book. Refreshing in its tender scriptural teachings. Though but a small volume it contains the secret of a happy life.

The Argument of the Epistle of Hebrews. By George Steward. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

A work not to be lightly treated, but read over again and again to extract its deep and thoughtful teaching. It is an unfinished sketch by a master mind, and will well repay the student and general reader for a careful perusal. We like his clear annunciation of the substitutionary nature of the Atonement of Christ, and, say what our opponents may please, nothing but a substitutionary sacrifice will ever satisfy the judgment, the conscience, and the heart of a Christian.

Charley Hope's Testament. Faithful but not Famous. Rambles and Adventures in the Wilds of the West. Our Forest Home. Religious Tract Society.

All capital books for youngsters, and not without interest to their seniors. They will all do well for the Sunday School Library.

Memorials of Howard Johnston, a Servant of Jesus Christ. By the Editor of the Latter Rain. Shaw and Co.

Howard Johnston was our own son in the faith, and it has greatly cheered us to read the story of his consecrated life. He preached the gospel fully and fearlessly, traversing the whole land to tell of his Master's love. Our invitation to him to enter the College appeared to him to be a temptation, and he declined it, and became one of the better order of Plymouth Brethren. He was never bitter or censorious, but always upright in following out his convictions, for which we admire the grace of God in him; at the same time we do not believe that his course would have been one jot less useful if he had seen fit to follow the same course as others of our spiritual sons. Whatever he did, we rejoice that he was faithful to the end. The biography contains far too much of that Plymouthist spirit which militates against the settled ministry, to be to our taste. We always fight for the irregulars, but we cannot agree with those who think them any better than those who patiently labour on in their spheres. Put out the candles which burn from year to year in their candlesticks, and trust altogether to the hand-lanterns, and our country would be dark indeed.

The Baptist Handbook for 1873. Yates and Alexander.

Indispensable for every Baptist minister, and useful to all Baptists who wish to know the men, the churches, and the work of the denomination. It is a great shilling's worth of names and figures.

Lectures and Sermons by the late Rev. J. B. Owen, of Chelsea, together with a brief Memoir. Wm. Macintosh.

Mr. J. B. Owen was well known as a capital lecturer, and a genial-hearted clergyman. He was the successor of Mr. Noel, at St. John's, Bedford-row, and was dislodged from his incumbency by the collapse of that edifice. We do not agree with his politics or his ecclesiastical views, but we lament his death, for evangelic truth lost in him a sincere advocate. The specimens of his utterances which are here preserved are uncommonly racy and make up an entertaining volume.

The Women of Methodism. By Abel Setvens, LL.D. Wm. Macintosh.

No section of the church has been more enriched and adorned by female piety than Methodism; the devout women of its heroic age were "elect ladies" indeed. The author has done well to include the Calvinistic section under the head of Methodism, for the Countess of Huntingdon was second to none of the devout sisters. We trust the reading of this attractive book will fire the heart of many a sister in the Lord.

The Pathway of Peace: or, Counsels and Encouragements for the Earnest Inquirer. By W. M. Whittemore, D.D. Wm. Macintosh.

An excellent work for attendants upon Episcopalian worship. It is thoroughly evangelical, earnest, and clear, and will, we trust, do much good among those for whom it is designed.

Sunshine for 1872. By Dr. W. Whittemore. Wm. Macintosh.

A pretty volume of a very pleasing penny magazine for children. We are glad that in the Church of England there are some literary men who use their pens for the gospel, though we deeply mourn that so many of the abler minds are bewitched by sacramentarianism. Mr. Whittemore caters well for the young folks of his denomination.

Among magazines we have not hitherto spoken of the *Christian Family* (Hodder and Stoughton.) We have read through the last year's volume with much interest. The magazine is a very able pennyworth. *The Christian Armour*, (Shaw and Co.), is a solid magzine; weighty, perhaps heavy, but still worthy of commendation. Like our venerable brother, *The Baptist Magazine*, it fixes its price at fourpence, and has, we hope, a remunerative constituency. *The Baptist Magazine* was never better; our friend Mr. Lewis battles manfully for the old ship, but we question whether there will be much prizemoney to share at the reduced rate. We should not have recommended our venerable cotemporary to attempt to live on groats. *The Baptist Messenger* is an old friend, and remains a very good pennyworth. The same may be said of *The Church*.

Words of Mercy and Peace. By G. S. Wm. Macintosh.

Six excellent tracts in large type. "*I will give you rest*" is a new year's tract by the same author, suitable for distribution.

The "City which hath Foundations." By A. M. James. Wm. Macintosh.

More about the Gates Ajar, and its imaginings. Miss Phelps is doubtless more than satisfied with the sensation she has made. The lady who has penned the present little book writes well and graciously.

Canonbury Holt; A Life's Problem Solved. By Emma Jane Warboise. James Clarke and Co.

Another religious novel, by a lady eminently gifted in that direction.

The Methodist Pulpit. Vol. I. Osborne, Farringdon-street.

Twelve sermons by Messrs. Luke Wiseman, Wm. Arthur, Samuel Coley, and other distinguished Methodists. Those who would have a correct idea of the Wesleyan ministry should purchase this small collection of discourses. We sincerely hope that the preachers are better looking than the portraits here presented to the reader, or else we had sooner sit at the back of the pulpit than in front of them. Many wood-engravers resemble death in their business, for they are constantly taking people off.

Our Seamen; an Appeal. By Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. Virtue and Co.

A book, and yet more than a book, for it contains a great number of photographs of all kinds. It is written with the humane desire of saving the lives of our sailors, who appear to be the victims of wholesale manslaughter through preventible causes. Mr. Plimsoll's information upon the tricks of ship-builders is appalling. The system of underwriting is also accountable for hundreds of lives, for owners send ships to sea which would never venture there if they were not insured. Mr. Plimsoll also shows that under-manning, bad stowage, deck lading, and overloading, are the real cause of a large proportion of our wreckage. We hope the members of the legislature will study this collection of facts, and see what can be done to preserve the brave sons of Albion from being wilfully murdered by rascally speculators (the compositor put it *peculators* in the first proof, and was very near the truth), to whom a sailor's life is not an item of consideration.

Notes.

The Church at the Tabernacle held its Annual Meeting, February 12, when reports of the past twelve months were given in. By every single point of detail gratitude was excited. The Lord has been in the midst of the church indeed, and of a truth. The membership now stands at 4,417. During the year one new church had been formed, and members dismissed to become its nucleus. There had been added to the church 571 members during the year, and there had been removed by death, emigration, and change of residence, 263, so that the clear increase for the year stood at 308. The church has not gained by robbing other churches, for while receiving 143, it has dismissed to other communities, 169. It is thus making

its real increase from the world by conversion. All the funds were in a better condition than at any previous anniversary; more money being raised in every department of Christian work. The Pastor's illness had not operated injuriously in any manifest degree. Connected with the church are Alms-rooms for aged women, members of the church; these are not properly endowed, and therefore the inmates are a somewhat heavy charge upon the poor-funds of the church. Mr. T. Olney, the treasurer, therefore suggested the raising of a sufficient sum to make them self-supporting, and generously headed the list with £200. The pastor expressed his confidence that with so good a beginning, the matter would soon be carried through.

The Pastor's College ended its financial year with a balance of £161. Throughout the year study has been diligently pursued. The present students are men of good promise, earnest and devout. There has been no difficulty in finding suitable spheres for the men who have left during the year, but rather a lack of men to fill the places offering, many of the churches raising too small a sum to be sufficient for the maintenance of married brethren. Ministers educated in the College are, many of them, now occupying leading positions in the denomination, and many others have created for themselves, by the Lord's good hand, positions which are so much ground gained from the enemy. The College has been a home mission, and prayer is constantly offered that it may do more for the heathen;—the prayer is already answered in a measure. The great want is a building suitable for its purposes. The President has in hand about half the money needed, but requires from £5000 to £7000, more. May God, our eternal helper, raise us up friends who will provide us this amount. No needless expenditure will be incurred, the buildings are absolutely necessary if the work is to go on. The Lord has need of this larger house for the school of the prophets, and we prayfully cry to him to incline his stewards to help us in its erection. The buildings will, in some measure be used on the Sabbath for Sunday Schools and other purposes; our church has not its due proportion of Sabbath School Scholars, and we hope to see the number greatly increased when rooms are built. Where the funds will come from we cannot tell, but we hope that spontaneous gifts will do the work.

The Orphanage is bringing in fruit. We heard of one of the lads, who is out at business, joining the church in the town where he lives. This was a token for good. Five others, three of them lads in situations, have come forward to confess Christ, and will be in fellowship with the Lord's people ere this magazine is issued. Many in the orphanage are we believe converted children, but we prefer to leave the confession of their faith to their own earnest desire. It is, therefore, a most welcome fact that it is the boys who have left the Institution who are now coming forward to confess their faith in the Lord Jesus. Good situations have been found for all who have gone out from us, and nearly every boy has sent a part of his first earnings to us, as a token of loving gratitude. The health of the orphans has been excellent for some time,—in fact the infirmary was empty for weeks. As soon as the spring comes on, the new buildings will be commenced. As everything becomes dearer our expenditure increases, but we believe this will always be met by increased donations. Our dear brother, Mr. Charlesworth, fills the place of Master to our great joy, and to the evident benefit of all the boys. We thank God for all his goodness; and we also thank our dear friends, both rich and poor, for their abounding generosity, and for all their gifts, both in money and goods for bazaar, clothing, and provisions.

On Monday, February 24th, five of the youths educated at the Orphanage were baptised at the Tabernacle, together with our friend Mr. V. J. Charlesworth, the Master, who gave an address explaining his reasons for being baptised as a believer. Mr. Charlesworth was formerly an Independent.

We intended to have given some account of Mr. Orsman's work this month, but from extreme pressure upon our time have not been able to manage it. He is a noble worker, and deserves the gratitude of us all for doing work which few men would attempt, and fewer still could perform. We honour him in our heart of hearts.

We are glad to see that our friend, Mr. Birch of Manchester, is printing his sermons weekly. They are full of life, love, and power. He is not only a philanthropist but a genius. He needs a larger house to preach in, and we hope the North, with its stupendous wealth, will not keep back, but put him up a meeting-house at once. Would to God that more merchants would serve the Lord as Mr. Birch is doing.

We have good tidings from our late student, Mr. Groombridge, from Aden; he is on his way to China.

Will our friends pray very specially for our two brethren in Spain, and for all the saints in that country. Political changes cause us deep anxiety for their welfare.

The church at Redruth, Cornwall, is moving on under the care of our admirable friend, Mr. E. J. Edwards. They wish to build a chapel, and it is important that they should do so. We ought to look well to Cornwall, and maintain all our posts there, for they are few and feeble. We recommend the case of Redruth very strongly.

The friends at the Iron Chapel, Eastbourne, deserve the aid of all visitors to that delightful watering-place. They have a heavy debt, and are trying to pay off some of it by a bazaar; they need help.

Baptist Union Arbitration Committee.—This Committee is now prepared to enter on operations. Dr. Angus is chairman for the year. Applications for the services of the Committee are to be made to the Secretary of the Union, J. H. Millard, B.A., Huntingdon.

We are glad to hear of peace and prosperity at Pengo Tabernacle. More than fifty have joined the church during the first year of Mr. Collins' pastorate, and prospects are bright for the future. The friends have lately made a presentation to the Pastor's wife, and mutual love and esteem are the order of the day; in all this we greatly rejoice. Mr. Collins is in all ways an excellent brother.

The Sabbath School Teachers of the South of London, of all denominations, met at the Tabernacle on Monday evening, February 17th, for prayer and the communion. It was our great privilege to address them upon their work. It was a very happy meeting. The collection was given to the Orphanage by the wish of the teachers.

If any brief notices are omitted our brethren must not feel hurt. We are only able to insert a few, and those must be sent to us; we have no time to hunt them up.

The Annual Conference of Ministers connected with the Pastors' College, will be held (D. V.) during the week commencing Monday, March 24th. Prayer is asked that this may be a special season of refreshing.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 23, nineteen; 30, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1872, to February 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Βαπτίζω	10	0	0
Mr. A. Bryans	50	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
A Reader	0	5	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Lardner	0	5	0
Tom's Box	0	2	0
Mr. J. Law	0	3	2
A Friend	6	10	0
Evening Classes	15	15	0
Mr. James A. Gordon	2	10	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. C. Mackinnon	1	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
B. S. B.	2	0	0
T. C. L.	3	3	0
Mr. S. Cameron	0	10	0
Maryport Friends	1	0	0
W. B.	10	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Lever	0	7	6
Mr. T. Gregory	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	5	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mr. Court	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. L. Guthrie	5	0	0
Sergeant Hackett	2	10	0
Presentation Fund:—			
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Miss Dransfield	5	0	0
Mr. Croker's Class	3	0	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0
Mr. H. White	1	10	0
Mrs. H. White	1	1	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. H. Eley	1	1	0
Mr. H. Crofts	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ward	1	1	0
Mr. G. Bantick	3	0	0
Mr. J. Witney	0	14	0
Mr. Jupe	0	15	0
Mr. Bowker	0	14	0
Mr. Parry	0	4	0
Mr. Allum	1	4	6
A Friend	2	2	0
Mr. J. Vince	0	16	0
Mr. Storer	0	5	0
Mr. Corrick	1	4	0
Mr. Romang	2	0	0
Mr. Hellier	3	0	0
Mr. Hobson	10	4	0
Mr. Pope	4	0	0
Mr. J. L. Keys	4	4	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Mr. Court	0	5	0
A Friend	1	5	0
A Friend	1	2	6
A Friend	0	10	0
Miss Bonser	1	8	6
Mr. Fryer	2	13	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	1	0
Miss Hubbard	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Johnson	1	2	6				
Mr. Perkins	1	0	0				
Mrs. Ambrose	2	0	0				
Master H. K. Olney	1	10	6				
Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0				
				68	4	6	
Collected at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch				4	1	0	
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Jan. 19				24	14	6	
" " " " " 26				30	2	9	
" " " " Feb. 2				29	11	1	
" " " " " 9				21	16	0	
" " " " " 16				32	2	3	
				£350	7	9	

Received for College:—A Watch and Jewelery, per Mrs. Nichol.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Potier	0	5	0
B. H.	0	2	0
Part Collection after Sacrament at West Croydon Chapel	4	1	8
Miss M. A. Candler	0	5	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers	5	5	0
Mr. J. Fuller	0	10	0
W. S. W.	5	0	0
Forres	1	0	0
A Reader of Sermons (South Shields)...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Jennings	1	9	3
A Constant Reader	0	6	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	6	0
Grantown	0	10	0
A Widow's Thankoffering	1	0	0
A Highland Shepherd	1	0	0
Per Mr. A. Dunsmore:—			
A. McL. 2 0 0			
J. G. 2 0 0			
R. W.... ... ... 1 0 0			
M. C. 1 0 0			
A. D. 1 0 0			
A. C. 0 5 0			
	7	5	0
Miss Bessie Tuck	0	10	0
Miss E. Boyer	1	6	0
Mrs. Booth	1	1	0
Mrs. Hale	1	1	0
John and Baxter	0	2	0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1	0	0
Mizpah	0	2	6
Mr. John Aston	2	0	0
Collected after Lectures, by Mr. Trapp, Mumbles-ley	2	4	0
Hushie and Cecil	5	0	0
A Friend at Cambridge	4	0	0
Mrs. Meadows	5	0	0
Mrs. Eastick	0	5	0
Mr. A. Wilson	2	0	0
Captain Morrison	2	2	0
Mr. W. Burford	10	0	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	1	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Dr. Gladstone	0	10	0
Mr. R. Curry	20	0	0
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	6
Mr. Fitter	0	10	0
A Well-wisher	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Lawrence	0	5	0
A Memento of the Lord's Goodness ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Charles Boyer	0	10	0
Pupils at Cupar Fife	0	6	0
Sale of Picture	1	1	0
Mr. James A. Gordon	2	10	0
Mrs. Perkins	1	0	0
Sunday School, Bu-key, per Mr. Rolls	2	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Linney	2	0	0
Mr. W. Wood	1	0	0
Per Rev. W. Osborne:—			
Mrs. Paine 0 10 0			
Little Kattie 0 1 0			
Little David... ... ... 0 1 0			
	0	12	0
Rev. J. A. Wheeler	1	0	0
Miss Bull, per Mr. J. T. Dunn... ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wright	0	5	0
Mrs. Rowlands	5	0	0
City of Glasgow Bank Note	1	0	0
B. S. B.	3	0	0
Irvine	1	0	0
Mrs. Percival	1	1	0
Mr. S. Cameron	0	10	0
Mr. W. Aston	1	0	0
W. D....	5	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0
Miss Hitchings	0	15	0
M. P.	0	5	0
Collected by Master S. C. Spurgeon ...	1	19	
Mr. S. Gammon	0	10	0
Dei Gratia	0	10	0
Mr. J. Innocent	0	2	6
Mrs. Vinson...	1	0	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0
E. L.	0	5	0
A Thankoffering for Safe Deliverance...	1	0	0
Miss A. Walker, per Mr. Berry ...	0	5	0
Mr. Gunnell	1	1	0
Infant Class, per Mr. Burbidge, Chipping Norton	1	0	0
Master C. B. White	0	12	9
Mrs. Maria Gooding	1	5	9
Mr. Wigney...	1	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	8	6
Mr. J. R. Waugh	1	0	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	1	18	0
Mrs. and Miss Aimers	1	0	0
Sergeant Hackett	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Heath	0	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
A Friend, per Lillah	1	1	0
Sir John McLeod	2	2	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. H. Brown 0 5 0			
Rev. F. Tucker 0 5 0			
Mr. Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. Bremner 0 5 0			
Mr. Tyson 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
	£151	14	5

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

Clothing:—4 pairs Socks, "An Aged Lady"; 30 pairs Ditto, Mrs. Pollock; 15 Shirts—Chester Street Chapel, Wrexham; 15 Ditto, G. W. R.; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. R. Fairey; Box of Clothing, etc. Area.; 2 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Moreland; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield.

For Bazaar:—Parcel from Miss L., Torquay.

Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—Miss Dimmack, 5s.; In Memory of Sydney, 5s.; Mrs. Alexander, for the Boys' (Hockheimer) Collecting Cards, £2 2s.; Stamps, "J. S." 5s.; Waterbeach, £2. Boys' Collecting Cards:—Tatum, 4s. 1d.; Plant, 4s. 2d.—Total £5 5s. 3d.

Orphan Boys' Quarterly Collecting Cards.—Alexander A. J., 6s 2d; Ayes A., 10s; Apted F., 4s 6d; Abbey J., £1 1es; Ayres A., per Miss Fox, £1; Avenell H., 12s 6d; Austin, 11s 9d; Baker J., 13s 6d; Ball C., 3s 10d; Brooker H., 8s 6d; Bramble H., 14s 2d; Bailey C., 7s 6d; Brownlie W., 7s 6d; Brown J., 2s; Brightly C., £1; Bourne A., 4s 2d; Bligh F. G., 4s 7d; Bailey R., 12s; Brewer A., 10s; Brucklacher A., 2s 4d; Bornston J., 17s 6d; Barclay H., 12s 4d; Broadbridge W., 2s 4d; Bray E., £1 6s; Brown A., 6s; Brick E., 2s; Brazendale J., 2s 6d; Court R., 3s 6d; Cockerton T., 5s; Coles G., £3 4s; Cook H., per Miss Hearson, 5s; Collins H., per Miss Drake, 6s 3d; Cox C., 2s 6d; Corke L., 9s 2d; Coleman J., 11s 3d; Campbell C., 11s; Chapman M., 5s; Conquest W., 5s; Cockerton A., 3s; Christmas J., £1 3s; Crisp, 8s; Clark W., 6s 2d; Davis G., 16s 6d; Dawson T., 2s 3d; Dunn J., 6s; Dean G., 2s 6d; Dunn O., 5s 8d; Dixon R., 5s 8d; Digby C., 6s 2d; Daniels J., 6s 6d; Dann W., 8s; Day A., 7s 8d; Deavin A., 8s 3d; Davis A., 3s 7d; Dalby W., £1 13s; Ellis H., 1s 6d; Edmunds B., 9s 2d; Emmet S., 4s 1d; Evans T., 4s; Ellis G., 16s 2d; Eves G., 18s; Fourness E., 11s 8d; Fleming G., 5s; Fanner W., £1; Gatten J., 5s 1d; Graham A., £1 0s 4d; Glassborrow J., 12s; Godsmark R., 13s; Gregory B., 8s 2d; Hodge J., 5s; Herrief T., 3s; Hearn C., 1s 1d; Hitchcox S., 5s 10d; Hart F., 12s; Hobson W., per Mrs. Dawbarn, 3s 9d; Hobbs W., 5s; Hedges W., 17s 6d; Harper A., 10s; Horley B., 16s 6d; Harris A., 9s 6d; Hinckley J., 9s; Hanks J., 5s; Jones A. 6s 6d; Jacobs A., 14s; James E., 10s; Jones A. C., 7s; Johnson G., 13s; Kentfield E., 4s; Latimer R., 10s 4d; Ladds F. G., 2s 6d; Leak F., 8s 6d; Laker A., 14s; Lee E., 7s 6d; Maynard J., per Mrs. Dawbarn, 3s 9d; Martin F., 17s 6d; May G., 6s 6d; Meo M., 3s 10d; Marsh H., 1s 2d; Morley H., 6s 7d; Mckenzie W., 17s 6d; Mallet, 8s; Machin, 18s 2d; Nicole E., 19s 4d; Okill W., 12s 6d; Osman C., 11s 11d; Osborn D., £1; Parker G., 10s; Plant E., 3s 8d; Passingham H., £1 0s 3d; Paice F., 5s; Parry L., 9s 6d; Perry F., 4s; Reed J. 6s; Roberts J., 2s 6d; Randall W., 14s 3d; Rogers W., 5s 5d; Rees J., 15s; Robinson J., £1 0s 6d; Smith H., 18s 10d; Smith R., 2s 3d; Semark H., £1 7s 10d; Simmons C., 5s; Saunders D., 3s 6d; Schneider F., £1 18s 7d; Stratford W., 2s 3d; Stynes R., 3s 7d; Smith H. W., 2s; Sharpe A., 11s; Simmonds J., 17s 7d; Simms W., £1; Simpson J., 7s 4d; Spanswick G., 4s 7d; Tiddy E., 8s 6d; Taylor R., 6d; Thornton H., 10s; Tanner, 4s 4d; Thompson P., 5s 8d; Vickery T., 2s 6d; White A., 10s; Wheeler A., 2s 10d; Walton E., 5s 10d; Walton H., 10s per Mr. Sawyer, £1 0s 6d; Wood W., 12s 1d; Wooder G., £1 4s; Wiles W., 5s; Warman H., 3s 6d; White A., 12s; Wallbank W., 9s; Wilkinson G., 10s; Wells W., 5s; Wingell S., 14s; Walker D., 16s 6d; White W., 13s 5d; Wheeler W., 9s 1d; Williams T., 10s; Wood J., £1; Williams G., 2s; Young W., 6s; T. Rossiter, 12s 7d; per Mary Aukland, £1 2s; E. Evans, 1s 11d; Stratford, 13s; C. H. Davies, 10s. Total, £39 14s 8d.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—			
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly) ...	7	10	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	7	0	0
Donations:—			
A Friend in Scotland, G. M., to extend Colportage in England	100	0	0
R. A. Wells, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. D. J. Watkins (collected) ...	0	12	11
Mr. W. Sides	0	5	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall	3	3	0
T. C. L.	2	2	0
Rev. J. Teague	10	0	0
W. B....	5	0	0
R. L.	0	10	0
Mr. Priestly	20	0	0
A Little Boy's First Week's Wages ...	0	1	0
Madam E. De Bidsen	0	10	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	0	10	0
	£139	11	11

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, London, N., acknowledges with many thanks the following donations:—

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	2	2	0
J. H. Elphick and Son	1	5	0
Per C. J. S.	1	1	0
Mr. G. O. T.	0	6	0
Mrs. Money	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Guesdon	5	0	0
Miss C. Morgan	1	2	0
Mr. Trotter	0	10	0
Messrs. Sharp, Perrin, and Co.—Missionary Society	3	13	6
Mr. Cowell	0	13	6
Mr. A. E. Dowley	0	5	0
Mr. Jennings	0	5	0
Mr. D. J. Edwards	1	1	0
Miss A. S. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Vokins	0	10	0
Collected by C. F. M.	0	7	6
Mrs. Batten	0	10	0
Messrs. Schilizzi and Co.	5	5	0
Mr. Braby	2	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Braby	0	10	0
Miss Watts	0	5	0
Mr. J. Glenny	1	0	0
Miss Jeffery	1	0	0
Friends at Shirley	0	9	6
Mrs. Moody	5	0	0
Mrs. Blair	10	0	0
Capt. C. H. Malan	10	0	0
Mrs. G. Mann	5	5	0
N. W. E.	10	0	0
T. Gapes	0	5	0
"Study Box"	1	0	0
Per Mrs. Stark	0	2	6
Mr. Pritchett	1	1	0
Miss Sapsworth	0	10	0
Mrs. Belford	0	10	0
	£79	4	6

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1873.

The Pastors' College.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I HAVE so often written the story of the Pastors' College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, that I do not feel it to be necessary to repeat it yet again. Success in preaching the gospel always leads on to further modes of service, and every advance in holy enterprise renders a yet further advance needful. My ministry was blessed of God to the conversion of a gifted brother who commenced preaching; his education was defective; I felt it to be my duty to help him to supplement it, none of the colleges at that time commended themselves to me as suitable for him, and therefore he was sent to a tutor for education. His progress encouraged me; other men presented themselves, they also were received, till at last the work grew into the Pastors' College. It was no project of mine, it grew without sound of my axe or hammer; grew because it could not be otherwise—God in his providence would have it so.

The design from the first has been to instruct men who have proved themselves able to preach the gospel. His call to the ministry is the first thing enquired into, and if it be not thought clear, the applicant is declined. Mistakes are doubtless made, for we are very fallible, but these do not arise from want of intense desire to help forward the chosen men, and to reject the incompetent and uncalled. It is quite beyond man's province or power to make a minister, all that he can do is to imitate the example of Priscilla and Aquila in the case of Apollos, and teach young men the way of God more perfectly. An earnest exhorter is all the better for being able to speak the English language correctly, and when he can do that he will be none the worse

for having some acquaintance with general literature. God does not need man's knowledge, but neither does he need man's ignorance. If it be not absolutely essential for a religious teacher to be able to read the word of God in the original tongues, it is certainly very desirable that he should do so, and it is eminently to be wished that he should also be a proficient in sound theology. We frequently hear of ecclesiastical functionaries who confess that they never studied theology, and do not know what it means unless it be something akin to Butler and Paley. It is a strange thing that in every other calling men make their own work the main object of study, but in the preparation for the ministry arranged by some sections of the church, everything else is provided for the student except the very matters which he most requires. Our one aim has been to train preachers and pastors. Let the men be scholars by all means, to their fullest bent, but first and foremost let them study their Bibles, hold the faith clearly, and know how to defend it valiantly. If they become so bookish that they cannot speak except in a pedantic latinised language, their education has failed; if they grow so refined and affected that they cannot condescend to men of low estate, their learning has made them fools; and if they are so fascinated by literary pursuits that they think lightly of the preaching of the gospel, they have missed the mark: but should they be rendered humble by the knowledge which they gain, should their minds be well stored, should their tongues become more fluent, and their thoughts more deep, and above all should their piety be strengthened and their graces be cultivated, it will prove an essential benefit to the men, and an immense gain to the churches, that they have passed through a college course. Such has been the aim of the Pastors' College, and its success may be judged of by its fruits.

Providence has greatly favoured the College by sparing to it throughout its whole history, its invaluable tutor, Mr. George Rogers. This venerable divine was prepared for his post by special circumstances, for he had for years been looking for similar occupation, and making ready for it; he is moreover a man of Puritanic modes of thought and action, and withal a genial spirit, fond of young men and in full sympathy with them. It is a great joy to me, that although my beloved friend has passed his threescore years and ten, he retains his vigour, and commands the increasing love and respect of all concerned. The like good hand of the Lord has sent to me each of the other valuable fellow-workers in our important engagement; and best of all, the invaluable addition of my beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, to the staff, has strengthened the directing and supervising power, and made our instructing department as complete as human affairs can be. We were never more efficiently at work than at this moment, nor ever enjoyed more richly the divine blessing.

The supply of men as students has been always very large, and at this time more are applying than ever. This gives us a good field from which to select, and as we are not bound to receive either more or less, we make our choice with the utmost care, and with an earnest desire to receive none but the most suitable men. Should so few good men offer that our number should be reduced to twenty, we should follow the indications of divine leading; and, if on the other hand, two hundred promising men should be forthcoming, we should feel no difficulty

in giving them all a welcome. The Lord knows best how many men he would have us educate, and we are sure that he will always find means for carrying on his own work. At present we have a class of men around us of whom we expect great things, for both in temper, spirit, ability, and diligence they are equal to the best set of students we have ever had. The spirit of prayer is well maintained among them, and love to their work is most apparent.

I have seen no reason to alter the plan by which the College was made into a Home Missionary Society for the spread of the gospel. The students are most of them engaged in preaching the word, and many new churches have sprung out of their labours. This, it is true, has some injurious effect upon their studies, and unless a man works beyond measure, he cannot keep up his College work and his preaching too; but the most of those who attempt it manage to perform the double labour, and those who do so are all the better for it. A man is kept in right relation to his future ministry when he is not taken wholly away from preaching and confined to study; he is less in danger of losing sympathy with the activities of the church, and more likely to increase his gifts of utterance. Preaching can only be learned by practice; disuse of the speaking faculty means decrease of its power, and hence we believe it to be a gain rather than a loss to a ministerial student to be called upon frequently to conduct services. No doubt the College suffers in repute, for those who hear our raw recruits are apt to censure all for the faults of one, and to blame the institution for those very blots which it labours to remove; but as our object is not to gain reputation, we cheerfully endure the loss of it. The benefit is in any case far greater than the injury; for souls won to God are results beyond all price.

It will gratify some of our friends to know that one of our students, Mr. F. E. Suddard, was first, in 1872, among seven competitors for one of the Dr. Williams's Scholarships at the University of Glasgow. The fact is interesting as helping to shew that our course is not quite so elementary as has been wrongly supposed.

This employment of the students in preaching involves a considerable outlay in the hire of rooms and halls, and in the needful expense attending the commencement of new interests. Success in these cases leads to yet larger demands, for chapels must be built to house the new churches, and schools in which the young of the neighbourhoods may be taught on the Sabbath-day. Several thousands of pounds have been well and economically spent in this line of action, for the sums granted have induced the friends in the different localities to contribute largely, and so our pound has gained ten pounds. This is one of the readiest modes of increasing our churches, and more has been accomplished by it than by any other agency in the same space of time. In the metropolis alone we have founded some forty-five churches, besides preaching the gospel temporarily in various parts of our great city. In many parts of the country believers have been gathered into church fellowship, many sinners converted, and influential centres of usefulness created. Great has been the Lord's goodness in allowing some of the brethren to labour, and to suffer poverty for Christ's sake, in order to build not upon other men's foundations, but upon new ground. It

would be invidious to mention the name of one where so many have done and are doing valiantly; may the Lord reward them. Along the Northern Coast of Kent, Sittingbourne, Faversham, and Whitstable are instances of new ground broken up, and, in the same manner, along the Sussex shore, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Portslade, and Shoreham, in rapid succession, saw the rise of new and vigorous interests, which have much to struggle with, but will live and prosper. In all directions our bough has run over the wall, and would do so yet more if we were not compelled to stay from entering upon many a hopeful field from want of men and money. We do not complain, but yet we sometimes mourn when we are hampered in the Lord's work, and remember that hundreds of his people have heaps of gold and silver cankering in their coffers.

Here we may joyfully call attention to the statistics of additions to the churches over which our brethren preside, which show beyond all doubt that these have prospered, as a rule, far above the average of the churches of the denomination. To God be all the glory. This is our richest and best reward. The Lord make the increase to be ten times greater in years to come.

In the matter of funds we have to magnify the Lord that so much has been forthcoming. The beloved friends at the Tabernacle, by their weekly offerings, furnish more than £1,800 of our income, and, at the supper given by our generous friend and deacon, Mr. Phillips, a similar sum is usually given. God moves the hearts of his people to send the rest that is needed; may he graciously influence far more. One brother in Christ aids us annually in the chapel-building part of the enterprise, and to him, under God, we owe much of our power to launch forth into new spheres. It is the more remarkable that our needs have been supplied for this work because so few comparatively see the importance of it. Appeal to any man for an Orphanage, and human sympathy moves him to assist, but only a believer in Christ comes to aid a young minister in his studies; and even among Christians there are grave differences of opinion upon the need of such institutions as ours, and the right method of managing them: consequently the area from which we draw our supplies is a limited one, but the great Lord knows how to make it yield sufficient. The cruse of oil and the handful of meal have never failed and never will. No paid collector calls upon regular subscribers, in fact we have no list of such. Friends give as they are moved and when they are moved, and their help generally comes at the most welcome time. There are occasions when donations appear to be timed to the hour, to prevent anxiety and provide for need. He who has the care of this work resting upon him is often refreshed by manifestations of the divine favour, and therefore, having obtained help of God, he continues to this day.

Prayer has been often offered that men might be called from among our number to occupy the mission field, and we have lately received the first fruits of the gracious answer. Our beloved brother, Mr. Pegg, having laboured awhile in Turk's Island, is now commencing evangelistic operations in the island of Santa Domingo, and so great has been his success in gathering congregations that he has been obliged to visit this country to collect the means for erecting a commodious meeting house. Few spheres promise so well, and few men are better fitted for

such a work. If the Lord be with him, Mr. Pegg will be the apostle of Santa Domingo and Hayti. Two of our young brethren have gone to Spain to preach the word, and are now in Barcelona learning the language, and meanwhile distributing Bibles and Gospels on a large scale. They are not connected with any society, but they have faith that their needs will be supplied. Another friend has gone out to serve the Lord under the direction of Mr. Hudson Taylor in China, whose mission is one of the grandest efforts in modern times; and yet another has commenced his studies in Edinburgh with the view of becoming a medical missionary. May the Lord prosper these brethren and make them to be but the first rank of a numerous band of missionaries.

I am delighted to hear from our brethren in Canada and the United States. They appear to find churches with remarkable ease, and to be well appreciated by their congregations. The pastor is not, by our American friends, starved down to the lowest living point, but is liberally supported, and treated with respect and liberality; the absence of a State Church, no doubt, to a great extent, accounts for this. There are twenty-one ministers upon our College list now preaching in America, besides others who were dismissed from the College before their time was fulfilled because the tutors and myself feared that they would not succeed in the ministry: two or three of these last named are said to be acceptable across the sea, and we can assure them that we are right glad to hear of it, and we earnestly hope that their future career may prove how mistaken we were. Seven of our host are now in various parts of the great Southern world of Australia, and there are openings for more, but the expense of transit will always restrict the numbers as compared with those in America. It is our belief that in future years the United States will receive a far larger number of our brethren, and that the lack of ministers in that vast and growing country will thus be, in a measure, supplied. The universal kindness expressed towards our brethren is hereby very gratefully acknowledged.

There is, in connection with the College, a Loan Fund to assist in the erection of places of worship, amounts being lent out to be returned by annual instalments, without interest. This was intended to be £5000, but remains several hundreds short of that sum. In all probability, some donor will see it right to complete that part of our machinery.

The great want of our College remains to be spoken of. We are in urgent need of suitable rooms. The rooms under the Tabernacle become worse and worse for light and air as the surrounding buildings become higher and more numerous. Gas has very frequently to be burned all day long, or the men could not see their books; indeed, on ordinary days, all the year round, the period of sufficient light is very brief. The rooms being underground become close and stifling after the classes have been in them for a short time. For one day in a week this may be borne, but for every day it becomes a hardship. Much inconvenience would have been put up with had we not found the health of the men suffering materially. Very much time has been lost during the last winter through illness, and the men who have not succumbed have many of them exhibited great lassitude after a few weeks in our subterranean apartments. The tutors and president feel it personally, but the students most of all.

They have not complained, but we feel that we cannot afford to have them so often laid aside, and that it will be the truest economy to build a proper home for our school of the prophets. We cannot go up to the forest to cut every man a beam, or we would gladly do so; we are, therefore, dependant upon the Lord's servants for our new house, and we trust they will not deny us. Let all who believe in our work help us. Let all who count us faithful help us. Let all who would do us a personal favour help us. The College is my dearest enterprise, and I would earnestly plead its claims now in the time of its need. If my sermons have refreshed any hungry hearts, and been food to any weary souls, and if these desire to show me a token of their love, let them have a stone in the College Home. I might say more, for it is not for myself that I ask anything, but for the sake of the gospel, and the Lord of it, I am bold to beg. I commit the case to God, and next I look to all my friends who have in times past aided me, and who love me still for my work's sake. This year the work must be done. The plans are preparing, the contract will soon be put up to competition, the need is urgent. A word to the wise will suffice.

Too Brave to be Prudent.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 6.)

WE probably sometimes run away from duty, and find ready excuse for so doing, when standing our ground would surely bring honour and substantial benefit both to ourselves and others. The wicked may threaten, but nothing so readily cows the wicked as taking a bold stand in defence of what is good and right. One day during the dark time of the French Revolution, when crowds of Paris citizens seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in shedding the blood of their fellows, a victim was being hurried to death, and, as usual, amid shouts of mockery, jeers, and insane revelry. Perceiving what kind of tragedy was being enacted, an English military officer took up a stand before the guillotine and called out, "This man has never been tried! You shall not drag him to the guillotine, or if you pass on it shall be over my body!" Those brave, noble words at once cowed the savage mob. They were startled and even struck with inexpressible admiration. The execution was stayed. The intended victim was set free, and his rescuer voted a civic crown.

Now, on looking down that tumultuous street, what merely *prudent* man would not have avoided contact with the crowd of raving and blaspheming wretches who were thirsting for blood? Common prudence would have naturally suggested a policy of non-intervention. Hence, remember, that in religious and moral warfare even prudence will sometimes be disregarded by the nobly brave. Prudence is a real virtue, but she may, nevertheless, be made to serve as a disguise for real cowardice. We should not expect prudence to step into a life-boat when the storm-waves dash and foam against treacherous breakers. She would scarcely risk suffocation for the sake of rescuing a child or a woman from a burning house. Most certainly she would not have faced a crowd of brutal French Revolutionists.—G. H. P.

A Ramble into Golden Lane.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS."

PERSONS who have not seen something of the everyday life of Golden-lane and Whitecross-street, and the working of Mr. Orsman's Mission in that remarkable neighbourhood, cannot say that they have



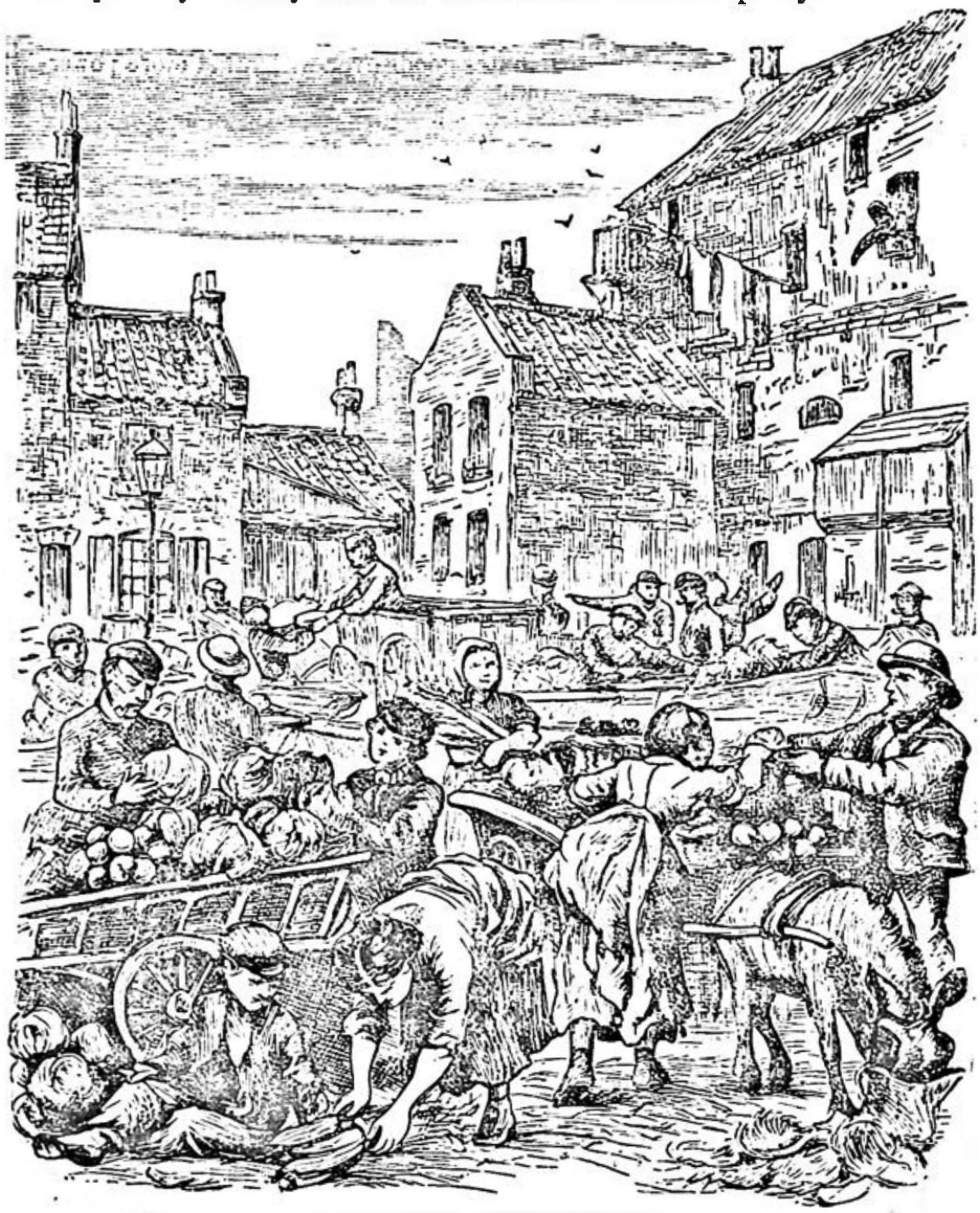
A COSTERMONGER.

really seen the great world of London. Passing along Old-street, the passenger comes suddenly upon the dingy entrances to the thoroughfares

named, and if he have an eye to take in what is archæologically picturesque, he will surely find something in the close frowning streets to repay a passing inspection. There is always something about ancient roadways, which though not easily defined, seems to bid strangers linger and learn what is there to be told about the past; and notwithstanding the abounding squalor and misery, we may learn many lessons also, such as may be turned to account in the present day.

Here then, is Golden-lane. Perhaps the district we have now arrived at should be doubly interesting in the eyes of Christian philanthropists because of its not being a thoroughly bad neighbourhood in the criminal sense. The densely-packed courts are not mere refuges for bad characters as one might judge from appearances; for in a great part they are occupied by costermongers and street-sellers, or, as they would call themselves, general dealers. These costers are a hard-working, patient, enduring class, accustomed to making many shifts when times are "quiet," or when the commodities they deal in command prices in the open market which suit neither the coster's capital nor the pockets of his humble customers. Dr. Johnson defined "costermonger" as "a person who sells apples." A more trustworthy authority on such a question—a citizen of Mr. Orsman's territory—summarily sets aside the lexicographer's interpretation as a popular error of the Georgian era. In fact, he declares "a person who sells apples" to be "all gammon," and then considerately explains that a coster is "a cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin', and is always a bein' hinterfered with, and blowed up, and moved hon, and fined, and sent to quod by the beaks and bobbies." But if in this degenerate age this useful class are accustomed to hard work, hard fare, and hard usage, they are at least able to lay claim to a lineage ancient, if not proud. Thus we are told by one journalist that "The costermongers of Golden-lane and Whitecross-street are the direct descendants of the 'costard-mongers,' mentioned by Ben Johnson and his contemporaries, and of the street traders who, in after years, furnished such abundant material for the pencil of Hogarth. There are costermongers in Whitecross-street who can trace their descent in an almost unbroken line to the time when Golden-lane was lined with hedge-rows, beyond which were green fields and smiling gardens, amid which the sightless author of 'Paradise Lost' loved to stroll when staying at his residence in Barbican close by. There exists a curious resemblance in form and feature between the costermonger of St. Luke's and many of the street traders in Hogarth's pictures, for to this day the 'costers' preserve many of their old characteristics, not the least marked being their intense dislike of the police, who have replaced the old 'Charlies,' a feeling which is duly reciprocated by the blue-coated representatives of the law. In olden time the costers who now throng Whitecross-street were spread over the City, and had stalls in Fore-street, Grub-street, Redcross-street, and other City thoroughfares, but as the value of City property increased, and the need for keeping the principal streets free from obstruction became more and more urgent, the costermongers and street traders were driven back step by step until they reached Whitecross-street, so that this part of London has become the metropolis for costermongerdom."

The coster of London who succeeds at his calling will often be found to possess a shrewd business head. He may not have mastered the arts of reading and writing; but, while perambulating the London markets, his quick eye readily fixes on whatever will turn his penny. When



CHINA YARD, GOLDEN LANE.

times are good—*i.e.*, when goods are cheap—it is his delight to attend Covent-garden, Spitalfields, or Billingsgate, rather late in the morning, and after the regular tradesmen are served, to clear away the remnants

at a cheap rate. Thus it often happens that dealers who are obliged to purchase before a certain hour, find themselves in competition with sellers who are able to retail at a profit goods equal in quality to those in the shops, but at a reduced rate. The coster, however, is a good servant of the poor, and of the lower middle-class generally. He can live on smaller profits than the shop-keeper, and when a glut occurs in the market, he quickly distributes goods over which his more powerful rivals would not care to trouble themselves.

Golden-lane, then, is the metropolis of the nation of costers; and Mr. Orsman, the voluntary evangelist of the province, is a potentate whose mere word goes forth with more authority among the natives than the strongest official menaces. China-yard is, perhaps, the most famous rendezvous of the street-sellers, and our engravings represent the place in its every-day aspect, both within and without doors. Very recently we passed some hours with Mr. Orsman and his chosen constituents, when we saw sufficient to verify the correctness of reports previously heard concerning the great evangelistic work in progress. It was Monday evening; and after seven o'clock the mission station began to show signs of life. Into one room persons of the costermongering type were passing to pay hard-won deposits into the penny bank, and the business transacted proved the existence of thrift and foresight among the poor, engendered by Christianity, such as was not known in Golden-lane a dozen years ago, and which the majority of our friends would not have supposed any agency could have awakened. Poor women came with their scanty savings, while many pence and small silver coins were brought by children. In one instance a man over seventy years of age was found making a provision against the time when he would be entirely laid aside by infirmity. As a supplement to the bank, "The Emily Fund" lends capital, free of interest, to female street sellers. This charity is named after, and is established in memory of, the late Countess of Shaftesbury. To linger in the ante-room after the bank business has closed is to see divers eager applicants for this coveted boon, which effectively teaches the poor to help themselves.

But what chiefly concerns us to-night is not anything belonging to banks or charities; not even the devotional meeting in the large room, where fervently earnest prayers by poor women and others are offered, and some hymns are sweetly rendered—we have to attend a meeting of costers in one of the lower apartments of the mission house. This interesting assembly is composed of the members of "The London Union of General Dealers," who meet here this evening for the first time. The reason why the men have found their way into this hospitable shelter will need a word of explanation. Late in the autumn of last year the vestry of St. Luke's purposed issuing an edict forbidding the costermongering fraternity any longer to trade in Whitecross-street; and probably the vestry would have carried out its great idea had it not been for the timely advice and representations of Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Orsman. It may be remembered that when news of the parish magnates having relented gained currency, the extravagantly-expressed joy of the poor people astonished many to whom the good things of life come too regularly for them always to remember their gratitude to the Giver. Out of the excitement of that time sprang the benefit and

protection club referred to above. Many of the men would have liked to identify this club with the mission, had not circumstances fought against them. One of the principal promoters of the movement was a



A COSTER'S HOME.

far-gone atheist, and, as a speaker explained, this gentleman gave his compeers distinctly to understand that, "he would 'ave nothink wotever to do with the business if the meetins wos 'eld at a misshun 'all." Thus

for the sake of securing the valued services of this enlightened coadjutor, the little society turned its back on Mr. Orsman's station, and took up its abode as a club at a public-house hard by. Evil consequences followed. The atheist and his employers soon disagreed, and not without reason; for he used them ill, and served them badly. Thus after having their books and general business plunged into a state of confusion, from which it will require both time and patience to extricate them, the deluded costers were glad to accept Mr. Orsman's offer to enjoy the use of a room every Tuesday night free of all charges.

Entering the meeting with Mr. Orsman, we find a goodly number already gathered, and others arrive until the room is crowded. It is a costers' business meeting purely and simply. Though no intoxicants of any kind are allowed to enter, a conveniently situated cupboard is seen to be amply furnished with ginger-beer, lemonade, and cake; and these refreshments are served out by a stout custodian as fast as the gentlemen present choose to hand over the reasonable charge of a penny for a bottle or a slice respectively. As Mr. Orsman merely looks in as a visitor, he takes no active part in the proceedings; but his countenance and advice are so eagerly sought and valued by the men that he cannot easily get away again. Before the business meeting begins, a running conversation is kept up, the ruling genius among the costers being a thick-set, cleanly-looking dealer who answers to the name of Wilkins. Wilkins appears to wield a certain authority, besides which he is a man who enjoys considerable popularity among his order as a speaker in public and as an adviser in general. When Wilkins, distrusting his own judgment, requires counsel's advice, he removes his hat, rises to his feet and addresses Mr. Orsman. It is true that he lays no claim to the possession of oratorical gifts, and so exemplifies a humility which must be quite affecting to his more lowly neighbours; but as we are informed in significant tones, Mr. Wilkins can speak his mind when "the shoe pinches." As there is a general talk about barrows, Mr. Orsman takes the opportunity of explaining the working of the excellent club connected with the mission. It is an immense advantage to a street-dealer if he can command a vehicle of his own, and therefore, it is now shown how the needful capital of seventy shillings may be saved. Seventy shillings did Mr. Orsman say? He must please remember that barrows, even, have "gone up." Nay, he is informed somewhat authoritatively by Wilkins and by others who second that gentleman's affirmation, that, "A good barrer now cost four pound, and from that to four pun' ten." There is one enviable individual present who has actually paid "seven pound" for his barrow; and the proud smile of self-appreciation, not to say of condescension, with which he communicates the fact, shows that the aristocracy of street traders understand something of the respect due to themselves and to position in life. The "seven pound barrer" has expensive appliances for carrying fire-wood not required by ordinary traffickers.

"But Wilkins, you are chairman of this meeting, take your place," says Mr. Orsman, putting an end to minor discussions. The gentleman addressed now steps to the front, and, with a glass of ginger-beer on his right hand, proceeds to business. That Wilkins is a power among costers is self-evident. The company drink in his words as coming

from one who, both by native ability and by acquired talents, is qualified to occupy the position of "cheerman to this society." In quite a straightforward manner, the difficulties into which the club has been plunged by its late atheistical secretary are explained, and Mr. Wilkins vents his indignation in a manner calculated to show that the laws against libel are not respected by his order. When anything hits exceptionally hard it is welcomed by vociferous acclamations, such as shake the house, and obliging the chairman to take breathing time, also allows of some attention being given to the ginger-beer on the right. Nor is the applause less deafening when anything pleasing is spoken,—as for example, when Mr. Wilkins proposes that "the Herl" be requested to honour the society by becoming president, and that Mr. Orsman also honour them by becoming treasurer. But there is one sombre difficulty lagging in the back-ground, as yet not alluded to—a secretary is wanted! If the poor fellows crowding this room only possessed those master gifts with which secretaries are supposed to be endowed, how hotly would this office be competed for with its certain emoluments of threepence per quarter from each member. Alas! not one coster can aspire to the position. Situated thus, the only alternative is to look to Mr. Orsman to supply the deficiency, provided it be understood that the men will insist on the gentleman's accepting their fees. In a few minutes, amid loud cheers, it is announced that a resident in the district, who will pay his salary back to the funds of the society, will serve the men as desired.

We now rise to leave a meeting which, on the whole, has been quite orderly, and the entire absence of improper expressions has told much in favour of the Christianising influence of the Golden-lane Mission. Not that there have been no obstreperous persons present to provoke cries of "cheer, cheer," until Mr. Wilkins necessarily exercised a chairman's authority; we merely say, the proceedings were as orderly as most other meetings where numbers of men associate for business purposes. What also appeared striking was the unlimited authority wielded over the men by Mr. Orsman. It was the homage of real respect, paid by hard-working fellows, who, on the average, are probably as honest as traders of a higher class. Yes, their homage is paid to one whose life of voluntary self-sacrifice commands the admiration and gratitude even of those who may not be able to understand its spring.

In the meantime, places like Golden-lane and Whitecross-street, to be well understood, must be seen under different aspects. They must be seen on the Sabbath as well as on week-days. Like all other great centres of population London is a city of contrasts, but the contrasts are perhaps more striking on Sunday morning than at another time. The quiet of rural lanes scarce surpasses the stillness of many streets around Cheapside when the Sabbath dawns. Alive with the hum and eager competition of commerce during the week, these places are as forsaken on Sundays as if a panic had seized the traffickers to occasion their precipitately retreating like an affrighted army. Emerge from these avenues of dormant warehouses, and step into one of the Sabbath markets, and how changed is the scene! It is as though the scattered builders of Babel, having re-united, were there in confusion of tongues disputing for mastery. Take places like Whitecross-street and

Leather-lane, and, if you understand London life, you will see at a glance how much there is in a Sabbath market to attract and interest the lower classes. The street, with its confusion of voices and mud ancle-deep, is, to the vulgar crowd, a fair and a world in itself. What disgusts genteel visitors possesses fascinations for others less fastidious. You are a person of taste; so is the artisan or labourer in morning deshabille yonder, though his taste may be coarser than yours. The market is a scene of life such as he thoroughly enjoys, provided the sky be clear and the wind be not too biting to hinder his standing at the street-corner to smoke and gossip. Even small shop-keepers are persons honoured in a way by the class beneath them. Humble customers appreciate the opportunity of lingering over a bargain, or of chatting over the process of paying another instalment off the accumulating score. They would not attend the ordinary public worship of God were there no market, and they prefer the street to a confined and dirty home. They would not hear the gospel at all were not the mission station open, and its agents abroad to seek for the people the good they will not seek for themselves.

In certain of these markets the stalls are packed closely together, and are heavily laden with vegetables, earthenware, toys, and other goods, all of which are pressed upon public notice with eager looks and shrill cries. These Sunday fairs were formerly allowed to remain during the whole morning, but in Whitecross-street, as well as in other localities, a compromise has been arranged with threatening Vestries, and a clearance has to be effected by eleven a.m.

But though Vestries may oust poor costers, they can interfere little with the shops. These being less subject to the authority of Bumbledom open wide their doors, and should it suit their convenience, they will employ a person to take up a position on the pavement whose natural gifts chiefly consist in a capacity for making unlimited noise. We have even met with a Sabbath auction in one notorious thoroughfare—"Pass in, gentlemen, jest a goin' to commence"—and the numbers who did pass in to the frouzy store showed that auctions possess charms for a class of loungers with whom time passes heavily before the taverns open at one o'clock. Yet all these are missionary subjects, and experience has proved that not a few may be gathered into the gospel fold.

Yes, he who would know anything about the manners and customs of the London poor must see them in the Sunday market. How interested they become in mere trifles, such as the marking of a bird and the cost of a chisel; cannot they be taught to show some interest in the gospel? See, yonder is a man selling braces on the pavement, and a popular preacher might be proud while commanding an audience as attentive as the one gathered around that dealer. Those braces, now, are such palpable bargains that the salesman seems to think he is justified in being patronising. He is not going to ask half-a-crown, not even eighteenpence for a pair—the price is one shilling only. He does a trade, and doubtless pities those who, unimpressed by noise and argument, deny themselves a luxury by withholding their shilling.

A person even more successful, to judge by the crowd he attracted, was a hat salesman whom we have encountered. This genius whose

month was too large to show a gentle origin, and whose lungs were too powerful to warrant our approaching within a certain number of yards of his shop door, may have owed much of his popularity to a green hat with a purple rim, with which he adorned his person for the purpose of producing a picturesque effect. "Take up the 'ats gentlemen, and judge the harticles for yerselves. If you don't buy, why there's no 'arm done, cos this 'ere aint like a ware'ouse as yer goes in and then don't like to come out on again without buying nothink." A crowd of curious men examine the hats, and half-crowns pass rather rapidly from the pockets of purchasers to the till of the seller. This trade is stimulated by the premium of a cigar with every hat sold. This, then, is the nature of the soil on which London evangelists labour for a harvest. *They* must work hard and patiently to gather a congregation. An interested crowd may be gathered in a few minutes by the shameless chicanery of petty traders.



"THE EARL" BARROW.

If any one person is known better than another in the purlieus of Golden-lane that individual is Lord Shaftesbury, or "The Earl," as the people invariably call him. He is quite an idol among the costers and is reckoned one of their number. On the day that the Princess Louise was married, in June, 1871, the President of the Mission left the wedding party at Windsor to attend the annual festival of the dealers, when he was welcomed by a native, who, mounted on "The Earl" barrow, made a characteristic speech. Lord Shaftesbury has been presented with several testimonials by his lowly friends, such as a photograph of costers selling in Whitecross-street, a gold pencil-case, and a bouquet for the ladies at home. When the late Countess lay in her last illness, it is well known how the converts of Mr. Orsman's Mission sent up to heaven their earnest prayers for her recovery.

"The huge wave of sorrow as it rolls over the great city deposits its dark sediment here," says our evangelist in reference to his district. His words may be readily credited when we consider that twenty thousand persons are huddled together within the radius of a furlong from the mission station. Of these, "thirty per cent. are costermongers and itinerant street-traders; twenty per cent. are labourers and poor women who live by washing, charing, and needlework; thirty per cent. are either paupers or persons of doubtful occupation; and the remaining twenty per cent. are industriously wearing out their lives in the attempt to earn a livelihood at the following occupations:—artificial-flower makers; brace-sewing at twopence per dozen pairs; toy-makers, wood-choppers, and crossing-sweepers; gutter-searchers for cigar-ends; bone pickers, and dust bin searchers for doctors' bottles, which, when washed are sold to chemists at one shilling and ninepence per gross. Also fusee, sweetstuff, and herb sellers, dealers in old clothes, and sorters of the clearings of warehouses, etc."

To commence work among this mass of wretchedness and heathenism with a stock-in-trade of a Bible and a bundle of tracts, revealed the existence of faith and moral courage such as few can rejoice in possessing. Answers to prayer were on the wing, however, and rewards also, since one convert's confession like the following—and many such came forward—would repay for a large outlay of persevering toil: "'Now mates, yer thinks yer sees Bill Wilkins, don't yer? An' so yer do, but not the same man yer used to see, an' I'll tell yer how it is;—Yer knows how I used to go to Hornsey with my nets a bird-catching every Sunday, an' how I used to come home drunk and 'ave a row with the missus; well, about three year ago I was comin' home a swearin' to myself 'cos I couldn't get my usual beer as they sez as how I wasn't a bony-fidy traveller. Well, I sees the people a-comin' out of church, an' I envied 'em; then I listens to a street-preacher who offered me a tract; sez I, 'No use to me, guv'nor.' 'Why?' 'Cos I can't read.' 'Then come to our mission-hall this evening says he.' He then described his first visit to the mission, and how 'that ere party I sees in the mornin' takes me right afore all the people to a seat close agin the preacher, an' I wished I hadn't 'ave gone, &c.' The words 'God so loved the world,' etc., touched his heart, and he went home a wiser and a better man. He suffered much pecuniary loss in his trade, and although much persecuted at home and elsewhere, he was consistent and useful in his life, and he died, as he had lived, rich in faith."

After conversion these men can detail their experience, and can define the gospel before their own companions in language clear and forcible as well as affecting. Listen to one of Mr. Orsman's converts, as he addresses a crowded meeting of costers:—

"The main p'int of this meeting, my friends, as I consider it, is to p'int ye to the Lamb of God. 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?' Bless the Lord it has been revealed to me. Ye all know what I were, and I 'ave to tell yer what I am. One text of Scripter has stuck by me—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son that whosoever'—mind, *whosoever* that takes all in, and leaves none out—'believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' One day, afore I were converted, when I were in liquor, I said to a policeman that I'd knock

his brains out. He took me up. As we was going along to the magistrate next morning, I says to him, 'Now, Mr. X., what do you think I should do?' 'Why,' said he, 'plead guilty.' So when I was taken afore the magistrate, he axed me what I had to say. I said, '*Guilty* my lord, and I'm very sorry for what I've done.' Then he fined me half-a-crown, or be locked up. But I was skinned out. Ye all know, my friends, what it is to be skinned out. So I was locked up. But presently the turnkey who locked me up came back, turned the key t'other way, opened the door, and told me to go out. Somebody had paid the fine for me; and when I got outside the walls, a man on the other side of the street made a sign to me wi' his finger to come to him; and when I went he put three shillings and sixpence into my hand, so that I had something to go on wi'. Now, my friends, Jesus Christ opens the door of our prison for us, sets us free, and gives us everlasting life to begin wi'. Aint this wonderful! And he invites ye all to trust him."

In another instance, a child in the school became the means of her parents' conversion. Her sister having died of an infectious disease, this little one was sent from home to be away until after the funeral. Unknown to her friends, however, she returned, and was found kneeling in prayer beside her sister's coffin—"I am one of thy lambs, and so I want to leave this wicked world." The mother, moved to tears, may have foreseen the sequel—the little creature soon sickened, and then died singing one of the hymns she had learned in her class.

Here are other examples of work, selected from many more, and given in Mr. Orsman's own words:

"Men and women, ungodly in their lives, when dying have sent for us, and in some cases we have witnessed terrible scenes. Here is a specimen:—A widow with four children of the respective ages of 13, 11, 8, and 5 years, and a married daughter and her husband, lived in a back room 10 feet square, and for which he paid 2s. 9d. weekly. When visited all were ill with the fever. The mother and child died shortly afterwards. The room was filthy and desolate: it contained only a broken table, four chairs tied up with pieces of string, and a broken looking-glass. The bodies of the deceased were like the room, and we had even to supply coverings to bury them in. One evening we were sent for to visit the father of some of our Band of Hope scholars. He was dying of bronchitis, struck down in the prime of life. In the same room lay his wife, in a delirious fever. The poor man was unconscious, and all efforts to rouse him seemed fruitless. His aged mother and many other relatives were weeping round the bed, hoping that he might at last rally sufficiently to hear the sweet message of the gospel, and to avow his faith in Jesus. Just as we were about to leave, it was suggested that we should sing some hymns that he loved to hear his children sing. We sang softly, the hymn, 'Just as I am;' but he seemed to hear not until we sang—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

And when we reached the last verse, his lips moved—his eyes lighted up with unearthly fire, and he sang audibly the last two lines. He died that night, and we trust he is now singing the everlasting song. A young lad recently caught the fever, and died, after two days' illness, in the hospital. Singularly enough, on the previous Sunday he had prayed in the Bible-class—for the first time in public. For three months previously he had been a true Christian. His sudden death has been the means of leading his parents to the house of God. A year ago we were sent for to visit a young married woman of respectable family, who was nearly frantic with terror at the prospect of death. She had caught cold at a ball, and rapid consumption had set in. When we first saw her the doctor had just given her up. We read, prayed, and talked with her

many times after that, and we had the delight of hearing her testimony to the love of Christ. She has gone to be with the angels, and her father and family now regularly attend the mission."

It must occasion Mr. Orsman no little joyful satisfaction when he looks around on the results of his toil. He can point to hundreds of persons who though once wallowing in profligacy, are now adorning the gospel. Numbers of his converts have emigrated to become examples of Christian uprightness in foreign climes. Not a few whom he has been instrumental in raising socially as well as spiritually by the grand ameliorating power of religion, are now occupying honourable positions in life. Some of the rescued youths have entered the Civil Service; others are Sabbath-school teachers, while a few are ministers of the gospel.

Only to completely summarise the work accomplished in Golden-lane during one year would be no easy task. First, the gospel is faithfully preached at the Mission House, where also Bible-classes and enquirers' meetings are held. There are special services for children, a Sabbath-school served by teachers who are converts of the mission, and a free day-school, in which we are told "the best lesson-book is the Bible." Between four and five thousand dinners are given away each winter to famishing children. Then the scholars are taken into the country for an excursion every year, and "the summer outing is looked forward to as *the* event of the year by these poor little ragged ones. As the time draws nigh they grow so nervous with excitement that it is very hard to restrain them." Tea and cake, followed by lectures and dissolving views, are occasional treats provided for the adults of the neighbourhood, and of the value of such entertainments we need harbour no doubts, since one woman testified when dying, "That picter o' the woman clingin' to the cross, with the roarin' waves all around, made me understand that beautiful hymn, 'Simply to thy cross I cling;' an' now I know he WILL save me." Nor must we overlook the soup-kitchen, the clothing and barrow clubs, "The Emily Fund," the visitation of the sick, the mothers' sewing club, and the maternity society. The boon conferred by this last is best known to those who enter a room all but bare, to carry with them comforts and necessary clothing for some prostrate sufferer who has scarce bed or covering to comfort her during nature's trial.

In his great work, Mr. Orsman has enlisted the gratitude and sympathy of the church at large. While empty City churches are thickly scattered around his district, to serve no higher purpose than that of providing comfortable stipends for scholarly incumbents, or of interesting curious archæologists, this volunteer in Christ's service has stormed the very castle-keep of London heathenism; and to the surprise of his friends, has successfully planted the gospel standard on ground from which many have turned aside with a shudder as from a God-forsaken field. May his life long be spared to win yet greater trophies, and may all needful pecuniary support be offered by those, who possessing wealth, have learned to become cheerful givers to Him who gave himself for them. In fine, may the New Mission Building, as yet only "one of the hopes of the future"—soon be an accomplished fact; and may it testify to another generation of the holy courage and

perseverance of a man whom posterity will remember and honour as the apostle of Golden-lane.

We have only to add that our illustrations are inserted by permission of the proprietors of *The Graphic*.

[We know of no evangelistic work in London so wisely conducted, and permanently useful, as that which was inaugurated by Mr. Orsman, and has been carried on by him for so many years. Our beloved friend has always rejoiced in being connected with the Tabernacle, though he has not been dependant in any degree upon us for funds. Our heart rejoices at every remembrance of him. He is one of that honourable body of men who are not chargeable unto the churches, but abide in their callings and preach the gospel freely. Only by labourers of this class can our back slums be reached. Hard by the very centre of infidelity, our brother exhibits a practical Christianity, and he ought to have the sympathy of all believers in so doing, a sympathy not of words only, but shown in pecuniary help towards the buildings he requires.—C. H. S.]

Wesley's Sanctuary.*

IN looking back on the stormy days of religious awakening under Whitefield and Wesley, we find that the first home of Methodism in London was the Old Foundry, in Moorfields. The great preachers of the revival had been eminently successful in making converts among the highways and hedges up and down the country; but they began to experience the want of a home of their own in the Metropolis—some quiet haven or another whither the multitude might be drawn to hear the word of life, and whither the preachers might retire when needing shelter in London. It was not easy to find such a place until Providence opened the way. In the semi-rural area of Moorfields there stood a ruinous factory, which elderly and middle-aged people remembered as having been used by the Government many years previously, as a place for casting heavy ordnance. To the relief of a number of the more nervous among the neighbouring inhabitants, this factory was forsaken on account of a disastrous accident which occurred in 1716, and in connection with the re-casting of a number of heavy guns, captured by Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession: *e. g.*—

"On the day appointed for performing this work, a more than usual number of persons were assembled to view the process. Many of the nobility, and several general officers, were present, for whose accommodation temporary galleries had been erected near the furnaces. Among the company there drawn together was Andrew Schalch, an intelligent young man, a native of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, who was travelling for improvement. He was at the Foundry at an early hour, and having been permitted minutely to inspect the works, detected some humidity in the moulds, and immediately perceived the danger likely to arise from the pouring into them of hot metal in such a condition. Schalch communicated his fears to Colonel Armstrong, the Surveyor General of the Ordnance, explained his reasons for believing that an explosion would take place, and strongly urged him, and the rest of the company, to withdraw from the Foundry before the casting of the metal. The Colonel having closely questioned Schalch on the subject, found him perfectly conversant

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* City Road Chapel, London, and its Associations. Historical, Biographical, and Memorial. By George J. Stevenson. London, G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster Row.

with all the principles of the founder's art; and being convinced of the good sense which dictated his advice, quitted the Foundry, together with all those persons who could be induced to believe that there were any grounds for apprehension. The furnaces being opened, the fluid metal rushed into the moulds, the moisture in which was instantly converted into steam, and its expansive force, acting upon the metal, drove it out in all directions with extreme violence. Part of the roof was blown off, the galleries gave way, and a scene of serious mischief and distress followed. Many of the spectators had their limbs broken, most of the workmen were burnt in a dreadful manner, and several lives were lost. A few days afterwards, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers, notifying that if the young foreigner who foretold the explosion, would call at the Ordnance Office, it might prove advantageous to both parties. Schalch, being informed through a friend of this intimation, lost no time in obeying the summons. Colonel Armstrong had then much further conversation with him on the subject, and became by this means so well assured of his superior ability, that it was finally agreed to entrust Schalch with putting into execution the intention of the Government to seek an eligible situation, out of the Metropolis, and within twelve miles thereof, to which the Royal Foundry should be removed. Schalch, after examining different places, at length fixed upon the rabbit-warren at Woolwich, as suitable to his purpose, and the erection of the works was left to his superintendence."

The now ruinous Foundry had a glorious future in store; for, on being chosen as the head-quarters of the Methodists, it became the scene of many a spiritual conquest. It was there that Wesley found a home when not engaged in those remarkable preaching tours which have established his right to rank as the apostle of Methodism. The old factory, which for twenty years stood neglected and unused, suddenly began to show signs of life when the Methodists purchased the lease for one hundred and fifteen pounds. From being an unsightly, dilapidated pile, the premises rose into a centre of attraction and of Christian influence. It is true that no great amount of money was expended on the work of transformation; for the era of comfortable churches for Nonconformists had not dawned. Plain brick walls, and a roof which barely sufficed as a protection from the weather, hard benches with wooden back-rails, and all available for the first comers, were the kind of accommodation which the founders of Methodism provided for their first followers. Thousands were attracted to the Foundry by the eloquence of John and Charles Wesley; and the congregation must have presented a singular appearance on account of the custom which prevailed of the men and women sitting apart. To many Londoners, whose homes where on the northern confines of the city, the again famous Foundry appeared as a centre of enthusiasm and of religious extravagance, although the inhabitants of Windmill-street welcomed the change which had come over the place, since dangers associated with explosions were removed now that harmless Methodists were in possession instead of reckless cannon-casters. Unaccountable enthusiasts, indeed, were those early Methodists in the eyes of the gay Londoners of the days of George the Second. The Foundry bell rang for morning prayers and preaching a little before five a.m., and for evening prayers at nine p.m. Then at five a.m. on Sundays, whether in the cold and darkness of winter mornings, or in the delicious coolness of a more genial season, the arch-enthusiast, John Wesley himself, was almost sure to preach if in town, as well as on many week days besides, and to preach, moreover,

with apostolic earnestness. Those early Methodists also proved their faith by their works; for to Wesley the honour fell of setting up a dispensary at the Foundry, the first institution of its kind for the relief of the sick established in London. Attached to the chapel were also a poor-house for widows and children, and a loan society, by means of which agency many young beginners and struggling tradesmen were benefited for life.

Undoubtedly the Wesleys were enthusiasts, and would that we could see more of such sanctified enthusiasm. Often must the brothers have been awe-struck by the results of their own labours, as when manifestations occurred among the multitudes for which no human tongue could account. Memorable were the scenes sometimes witnessed in the old Foundry, some of which rank as historical episodes in the history of the church. Take as an example the panic which occurred on the morning of Sunday, March the 9th, 1750. Charles Wesley is in the pulpit. There is a great crowd of worshippers, attracted by the eloquence of the poet-preacher. Charles is just about to announce his text when a rumbling is heard, and the Foundry shakes as if about to be hurled to the ground by supernatural powers! What? It is an earthquake! All London is terribly shaken! People are rushing from their homes in terror, and stacks of chimneys on all hands are falling into the streets! With admirable tact and presence of mind, the preacher at once adapts himself to the emergency. He changes the text he intended using for another, from which he preaches a sermon suited to the occasion: "Therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Methodism in its early days was well served by able and earnest preachers; but how those gentlemen contrived to exist on the sums doled out to them as salaries must remain an enigma to posterity. Sums of twelve pounds or sixteen pounds a year were deemed sufficient for their needs. Besides the paid preachers, there was a corps of evangelists who earned their bread by ordinary industry, and to the name of one of these a peculiar interest is attached.

Not the least remarkable among the preachers at the Foundry was John Nelson, a native of Yorkshire and a stonemason. John was a tall, powerful fellow, and in practising what pugilists call "the noble art," he had in days preceding his conversion won many laurels. John found abundance of work in London, and did his share towards rearing the mansions of the present Finsbury Square. One day while this good man was busy at his vocation with hammer and chisel, a "professional" walked up, who having heard of the local preacher's muscular skill as well as of his pulpit talents, introduced himself as the "Essex Giant," and challenged the preaching mason to stand up and fight. It was well known to John himself, and perhaps to some few others, that "the giant" could easily have been "floored" by a blow; but repressing an inclination to do this, the mason civilly replied, "Be quiet and let me alone." "The giant," however, was not one to be dismissed in that summary manner. He was importunate. He would not be denied. He came to demand a battle, and a battle he would have, if taunts and sneers could but arouse John Nelson's pugilistic blood as in days of yore. John became sorely perplexed. What should be done? Many

eyes were upon him, and though it would be out of order for a Methodist local preacher to fight, it was neither pleasant nor profitable to be so publicly called a coward and a sneak. Nevertheless, John was not long planning a course of procedure. He laid aside both hammer and chisel; rose and approached "the giant," and quickly seizing that celebrity by the belt he wore, lifted the man from the ground as though he had been some truant boy. "The giant" while struggling in mid-air received a salutary shaking until it suited John's convenience to set him again on the ground, and to allow him to walk off, cowed and humbled, amid the shouts and laughter of the spectators. After this "last battle" of John Nelson, numbers of men, then employed in raising Finsbury Square, were prompted by curiosity to attend the Foundry to hear for themselves what a stone-mason could find to say whose Herculean strength supplied him with such ready means of silencing "The Essex Giant."

Finding it necessary to leave the Foundry, the London Methodists began collecting funds for a new chapel. They also petitioned the city authorities for a grant of freehold land, to be held on lease, near their old quarters. The land was granted as desired, on condition that the proposed building should be hidden by houses, as it was supposed that a Methodist meeting-house would be neither an ornament nor a credit to the vicinity. This restriction was subsequently set aside. The first stone of the new chapel was laid in the presence of thousands of spectators on a wet day—April the 21st, 1777; and John Wesley, standing upon the stone, preached to the patient multitude from the words: "According to this time, it shall be said, What hath God wrought?" Wesley also opened the building on November the 1st in the year following. Such are examples of the zeal of one while employed in the highest service in which man can engage. Throughout his long life he literally refused to be rich in worldly goods. Living contentedly on sixty pounds a-year, he found no difficulty in answering the excise officers, who having heard that he was wealthy, demanded a return of his plate—"I have two silver spoons at London and two at Bristol. I shall not buy any more whilst so many poor want bread."

Indeed, the poverty of the brothers Wesley must appear remarkable to this money-loving age. Because John had only himself to support, after his wife voluntarily forsook him, he was enabled to afford occasional assistance to the more needy Charles—more needy on account of his dependants. A friend of the Methodist movement allowed Charles the use of a house, rent free, in Chesterfield-street, and there in March, 1788, the poet, in that extreme weakness which sometimes precedes death, lay, dictating to his daughter those sweet lines,—

> "In age and feebleness extreme,
> Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
> Jesus, my only hope thou art,
> Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
> Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
> And drop into eternity!"

"Dear brother," wrote John, "You must go out every day or die. Do not die to save charges. You certainly shall not want anything as

long as I live." To another, John also wrote, concerning Charles, "Carry Dr. Whitehead to him, whether my brother consents or not. Get him outdoor exercise if possible. Let him be electrified, not shocked, but filled with electric fire." When Charles died, a few days subsequently, his family possessed no means wherewith to provide a respectable funeral, and so the money was necessarily begged from sympathising friends. Said one simple woman, on hearing that Charles Wesley was no more, "Who will write poetry for us now?"

Many contemporary outsiders were of opinion that Methodism would collapse at the death of its Founder; and in the unseemly disputes which immediately followed Wesley's decease, such prophets probably supposed that they descried the beginning of the end. Wesley was unhappy in his executors. Left to the care of three of his friends, all that were valuable of the great preacher's papers were detained by Dr. Whitehead, who appears to have supposed that because his mediocre funeral sermon for Wesley commanded a large sale, a biography would be proportionately valuable. In the meantime, other persons threw together in a month what they were pleased to called a memoir of their late leader, and ultimately, Dr. Whitehead returned the manuscripts to the ministers' house in the City-road. At head-quarters, where we might reasonably have supposed that such treasures would have been guarded with religious care, a deplorable fate awaited them. There was then lodging with the other evangelists a simpleton, of the name of Pawson, who, on finding that certain of Wesley's remains,—among them a curiously annotated copy of Shakespeare—were not "to edification," *i.e.*, were not divinity, used them for lighting fires, and otherwise destroyed them! Why Mr. Pawson was not carried before the magistrates at the ensuing sessions, to answer for his folly, or at least, why he was not reprimanded by the Conference, we are not informed.

From the days of Wesley until the twentieth year of the nineteenth century, a strange custom was observed at City-road chapel in the five o'clock a.m. service. This service was conducted by the ministers located in the preachers' house, each individual being required to take the duty in turn. When Dr. Bunting was a young beginner, his experience included a share of these early morning exercises: and from what we learn we are led to doubt the profit of such services. Thus Jabez Bunting wrote, in 1803: "I was unfortunate this morning: I did not rise, for I did not wake, after daylight appeared, until halfpast five o'clock. The man promised to call me at half-past four, but did not. I never before committed such a slothful blunder, sleeper as I am. However, it does not appear to have been of much consequence: they seem to have been accustomed to such disappointments for some years; so that when Mr. Taylor preached yesterday, and informed them that they might expect me this morning, Mr. Lovelace, an old worn-out barrister, could not help expressing his belief that now there would be a revival in London, for there had been little good done since the morning preaching had been discontinued, and that the abandonment of this practice was the true cause of the present war. I counted the congregation as they came out (for they held a prayer-meeting) and found them just twenty-one; but this was an extraordinary number, nearly one-half of whom were drawn to the chapel by their curiosity to

hear the new preacher. Mr. Taylor could not scold me for my sleepiness, for he himself was overtaken in the same fault last Friday. September 21st, I was up in time; but when I came to the doors found them so curiously and so variously locked, barred, and chained, that I could not for the life of me open any one of them. In order to save my character, I called through the gates to Dr. Hamilton, who was waiting my appearance, and desired him to begin the service. September 27th, I again began my sermon to eight persons, and again mustered thirteen at the conclusion. This seems to be the *ne plus ultra*, beyond which the attractions of my morning eloquence cannot avail."

But among the many interesting episodes in the history of Methodism which have occurred at City Road Chapel, one of the most memorable was the last sermon preached by Dr. Adam Clarke in the old sanctuary. It was a pleasant and enjoyable time, because neither the preacher nor the auditors were aware that they should meet on earth no more. Dr. Clarke being extremely popular, an intimation that he would preach on any given occasion always drew together an immense crowd. Whether reasonably, or unreasonably, the doctor hated reporters; and so, prior to this March Sunday in 1832, he expressed a hope that no reporter would be allowed to enter the chapel. To exclude these gentry, however, from an assembly of two thousand persons was manifestly an impossibility; and a specimen of the hated species crept in somehow, to hand down to posterity a record of the proceedings. It was a striking scene. The commentator was equal to the occasion, and his handsome form and white hair gave additional dignity to the divine of threescore years and ten. The sermon being a special one, on behalf of the Royal Humane Society, the preacher closed by making an appeal for the funds of so useful an agency, by narrating an episode in his own life—a narrow escape from drowning. He told the audience how that once, when Adam Clarke was a young man, he was out on one of his father's mares, and how, on coming to a certain river, both rider and mare were carried away by the swollen current. The mare escaped safely to land; the rider sank! Then the astonished congregation listened to a description of a person's experience in drowning. The sensations, as the speaker remembered them, were exquisitely delightful. Wave upon wave of green came and went, pleasant objects were everywhere observable around, and the sweet vision was only dispelled, and pain only ensued, when efforts were made to restore animation by those who dragged his dying body from the flood. After the conclusion of this scene in the sanctuary, we see the chapel yard, and also the street, thronged with the lingering multitude of the commentator's admirers, and only by remembering that it is the Sabbath are the people restrained from shouting and cheering. Shaking hands with as many as he is able, the good doctor passes onward, and steps into the pony-carriage which is waiting to convey him to his home. Little do the delighted people imagine, as the vehicle moves rapidly away, and the last vibration of the rattling wheels is heard in the distance, that City Road Chapel and City Road congregation have seen the last, so far as earth is concerned, of Dr. Adam Clarke. At midnight, on the 26th of August following, he died of cholera.

In walking about London, one may find a becoming recreation in investigating nooks and corners, and in searching out spots and houses which are interesting on account of hallowed remembrances. One likes, moreover, to discover that such and such characters lived here, and conducted business there—characters for whose names and deeds we seek in vain in the most comprehensive history of London. Thus, on walking along Paternoster Row, we may halt before the well-known "56," being well aware that certain interesting old structures must have been removed to clear an area for that same imposing emporium. It may interest some reader to know that in making way for "56" a "54" was removed, and in "54" lived, in the earlier years of this century, one William Baynes, a lover of City Road Chapel, and whose remains lie in the cemetery attached to the sanctuary. Baynes was a very godly, as well as a very able, bookseller of the old school. On commencing business he signed a solemn covenant with God, in which he declared his wish to live and work entirely to his Maker's glory. As the friend of Adam Clarke, Baynes published many of the Doctor's works. On first coming to London, the future publisher was engaged in the cloth trade; but through indulging a taste for purchasing old books, he soon relinquished the woollen business, and established himself as a bookseller in the "Row," and was styled by Dr. Adam Clarke "the best old bookseller in London." At length Baynes was overtaken by what proved to be his last illness, and the great Wesleyan divine walked over to Paternoster Row to see the sinking patient, whom in health he had for so long respected. Finding the old publisher in "a glorious state of preparation for death," the Doctor cried out: "Brother Baynes, you have the start of me!" Here, then, was a tradesman who admirably combined business tact with the Christian graces. While the bookseller was eminently elevated to God, and sought the promotion of God's glory, Dr. Clarke could say of him, "Baynes knows a book or a curiosity at a glance, without being acquainted with its exact character, and I have rarely ever found him deceived in his estimate of what he judged to be intrinsically good."

Thus the old sanctuary rejoices in its many historical reminiscences, and we close this article by making one more reference. In the days which immediately followed the founding of Methodism, the itinerant preachers whose salaries amounted to some sixteen pounds a year only, were naturally encouraged by finding entertainers who could afford to supply them with refreshment and shelter on Sundays. Many hospitable people were found who delighted to invite as their guests the men who nobly bore the burden and heat of the day in their Master's vineyard. One rendezvous, where the evangelists were ever welcome, was the house of a tradesman, situated nearly opposite Bishopsgate Church. There, Sabbath by Sabbath, the itinerants received good cheer and benefited by lively society. "We dined to-day," says Jabez Bunting, writing in his early days, "with Mr. and Mrs. Hovatt, Mr. Storey, and Mr. Whitefield, at Mr. Rankin's; a very pleasant party. I had been closely employed from half-past four till half-past one, and my mind was fagged, and I was disposed to be melancholy; but Mrs. Hovatt's lively conversation entertained me in spite of myself. I have not laughed so much since I came to London. However, I think it was

not unreasonable nor injurious. Mr. Taylor sang for us some delightful Scotch tunes, and after prayer we parted as merry as Christians need to be."

Mr. Stevenson has completed a laborious task in having so fully written the history of the cathedral of Methodism; and his labour will be appreciated by a wide circle of readers. Many of our author's details are extremely interesting, about half of his book being devoted to biographical notices of those whose remains are interred in City Road graveyard. This book may be read with pleasure by members of all denominations, and Wesleyans in particular will prize it for many years to come.

We have one question to ask the biographers of eminent men: Why should pleasant pages be encumbered by "Mr." so many times repeated, as an appendage to great names. The latest biographer of Whitefield has not offended in this respect. Why others should not follow a good example, and so avoid repetition, we cannot divine. Does not the founder of Methodism carry weight enough to appear in history as JOHN WESLEY? A certain index-maker once earned Dr. Johnson's lasting contempt by what appeared to be a very trivial circumstance. This poor man was employed in indexing the "Lives of the Poets," and on coming to the author of "Paradise Lost," he seems to have supposed that so great a man merited a little extra distinction, and hence the lexicographer's chagrin on seeing the poet entered as "Milton, *Mr.* John." We compliment great men by not associating their names with what to ordinary people may be real distinction. The Romish Church will honour certain of her votaries by canonization; but in the instance of a real hero of the cross, "Saint Paul" is neither so becoming nor so honourable as "Paul, an Apostle of Jesus Christ."

Worldliness.

BY PASTOR J. M'LELLAN, EDINBURGH.

THAT worldliness is a reprehensible thing all professed Christian. readily admit. The Bible is replete with dissuasions from it, Every one is familiar with such words as these:—"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the worlds the love of the Father is not in him." "Be not conformed to this world." "The friendship of the world is enmity with God: whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." But notwithstanding all this the evil continues to exist, and is, we fear, at the present moment appallingly rampant in many of our churches. What renders effectual dealing with it extremely difficult is that people generally appear to have but very inadequate ideas as to what it really consists in; and consequently it is often felt that whatever our private opinions regarding men may be, we cannot, without an apparent breach of charity, so bring the charge home to any man in particular as that we could look at him in the face and say, "Thou art the man." By

viewing it under the guise of other names, worldly professors persuade themselves, and try to persuade others, that their worldliness is not worldliness at all, but something very different. Take the case of a man whose heart is set upon the accumulation of money. His spiritual life may be down at zero; his attention to spiritual duties and privileges almost entirely a matter of routine; his first thoughts in the morning and his last at night, as a rule, are about the world; and what he is pleased to call his prayers, are almost as mechanical as those supposed to be offered to Heaven by the praying-machines of certain heathens. Yet this man would be mightily offended were we to insinuate that his soul was not prospering and in health. He would, perhaps, with some warmth, remind us that he was converted so many years ago; that his "views" are strictly orthodox; that his morals are unimpeachable; that he is in his pew with unfailing regularity every Lord's-day; and that he gives of his means towards the support of "the cause:" and if all that does not indicate a reasonable degree of spirituality, he is at a loss to know what we would be at. Are men to become hermits? Must a man, to afford what *some* people regard as sufficient evidence of genuine piety, neglect his business and take to Bible-reading and prayer-meetings instead? His humble opinion is that such a course would be a gross violation of the dictates both of Scripture and of common sense. He has made the profound discovery that as long as we are in the body we must give the world its proper place. And he finds, moreover, that if a man is to succeed in life he must give due attention to business. In a word, he tells us that his motto is "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." All this, it must be admitted, wears an air of plausibility; but a little reflection ought surely to show that it is mere sophistry, and that of the most dangerous character. All the things on which he plumes himself may be quite true, and yet his soul be in a famishing condition; while all the attention to the things of this life which his utterances need imply, may consist with the loftiest spirituality. There may on the one hand be a form of godliness without its power; and, on the other, while "not slothful in business" a man may be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It is at bottom a heart question. If a man "will be rich," *i.e.*, is *resolved* to be rich, he will fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. It is the *love* of money—not the money itself—which is the "root of all evil;" and "while some *coveted* after it, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." There cannot be two "ruling passions" in the soul. We "cannot serve God and mammon." What, then, is the "proper place" for the world? and what should be regarded as giving it "due attention?" Let the great Teacher answer:—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Bunyan's "brave picture" of the faithful Christian pastor should, in fact, be the picture of every Christian. "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; he stood as if he pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head." *That* is the "proper place" for the

world if we would, one day, find the "crown of gold" placed upon our brow.

Here is another of Bunyan's pictures; and how many professors of religion might put it in their albums as the best photograph of themselves that has yet been taken by uninspired man: "The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor." Who would not pray with "Christiana," "O deliver me from this muck-rake!"

We plead for no asceticism. Let men enthusiastically prosecute their avocations if they find that they can truthfully say that "whether they eat or drink or whatsoever they do, they do all to the glory of God." But if a man cannot say that, then, the sooner he looks to his motives and his aims the better. It cannot be done too soon. Life is fast fleeting away, and the solemn hour may any moment come when the business which now engrosses the attention *must* be relinquished, and the silver and the gold pass into the hands of others. No clever fencing will ward off the stroke of death, and no sophistry will then silence an accusing conscience. What, reader, if *you* should then discover that what you call your "conversion" has been a delusion, and your whole life—a mistake!

Let it not, however, be supposed that worldliness is confined to men of business. The man who "will be rich" furnishes only one out of a thousand illustrations which could easily be adduced. Conformity to the world may, in fact, manifest itself in any of our actions, whatever our station in life, or our position in the church may be. We meet with it, for example, in the case of the preacher who can make havoc of the truths of our most holy faith, and trifle with the eternal interests of his hearers, for the sake of popularity or pelf—in that of the donor who gives only when he is certain that his name will occupy a prominent place on a subscription list, so "that it may be seen of men"—in that of the man or woman whose intercourse with his or her associates mainly consists in retailing scandal or idle gossip—in that of the Church-member who finds spiritual exercises so uninteresting that they must be compressed into the narrowest compass consistent with outward decency, while, perhaps, he can spend the live-long night with unflagging interest and animation in the unhallowed atmosphere of the ball-room—in that of the professed Christian who can deliberately choose for his or her companion for life one who does not profess to love the Saviour: in all these cases we have so many illustrations of worldliness.

But, then, the parties concerned take a very different view of the matter. The worldly preacher maintains that he is only endeavouring, as all thoughtful men do, to keep abreast of "the culture of the age;" whatever that may mean. The worldly giver in sounding his trumpet declares he does so in order that, haply, he may induce others to imitate his laudable example. The gossip is only putting a brother on his guard against some dangerous neighbour. The ball-room frequenter

would have us believe that he is anxious above everything to let "the world" know that religion is not a gloomy thing. And the party who marries a worldling is of opinion that there is nothing wrong in such alliances now-a-days, seeing unconverted people, in so-called Christian lands, do not worship stocks and stones, but are, as a rule, ready to accompany their partners to a place of worship.

Thus the broad line of demarcation between the church and the world has, in too many instances, all but disappeared; and the consequence is that our land is swarming with Laodicean professors. O for some Elijah-like man of God to go through the length and breadth of the land calling, as with trumpet voice unto men: "If the Lord be God follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

How often do we meet with the spirit of the world in our church meetings? Petty jealousies and private spites not unfrequently underlie much of what goes under the name of zeal for the exercise of scriptural discipline. The people who gather around the same table to commemorate the Saviour's death, professedly because of their love to him and one another, have, alas! been known—let us hope that it is a rare thing—to conduct themselves, ere they have left their pews, in such a manner as to suggest the humiliating query—Would an equal number of the men of the world show a more unchristian spirit than these display? How can such a community expect to enjoy the divine blessing? They scare away the Holy Dove of peace from their midst; and he will not return until they learn "with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering to forbear one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." To all such the Scripture exhortation is:—"Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

A Story of Conbict Reclamation.

EXHIBITING THE WONDERS OF DIVINE GRACE.

THE problem of convict management, in its connection with the repression of crime, awaited solution from statesmen and philanthropists through many long years. Various have been the methods tried, and many the suggestions offered, for purifying the social arena. During one stage of our national history, the most summary, and at best the most unsatisfactory manner of treating criminals was practically illustrated on each weekly hanging morning at Tyburn. This "shortest way," though characteristic of the good old Georgian days was as ineffective as it was sharp. As things on earth produce their like, an evil fascination apparently surrounded the gallows, and wretched creatures by their death-throes seemed to attract other victims. When Parliament consented to curtail the number of hangings, politicians, moralists, and social reformers were quite as dumbfoundered at the difficulties

inseparable from the reformation of prisoners as ever they were, and the only true light upon the subject came from those Christian workers who, influenced by Bible principles, altered the great question of "what shall be done with our convicts?" into "What shall be done *for* our convicts?"

To our knowledge, this question, a sadly important one, has never been so fully and satisfactorily answered as in the self-denying and philanthropic toils of Dr. Browning, a government surgeon, whose experience among felons commenced about forty years ago, and who published a record of his success in "The Convict Ship," a work which finely testifies to the results which devotion and zeal are capable of commanding in a good cause. We condense the story for the encouragement of others who may have to preach Christ among the degraded classes.

The convict ship, when it was an institution of England, was no inconsiderable drawback to our civilization. It was a sight even more humiliating and saddening than that presented by the repelling sombreness of a prison interior. It was sad to see a freight of beings with intellects and moral attributes capable of infinite culture, borne far away to a shore on which they would land as an unwelcome addition to the population, and whence not one in a hundred would be likely to return.

Perhaps we shall best effect the purpose in hand by casually looking into the good ship "Earl Grey," which sailed with her cargo of criminals to Hobart Town in 1842. It should be remembered that the reformatory agency centred in Dr. Browning, the surgeon-superintendent.

In the opinion of the Doctor, the embarkation of a number of convicts should be recognised as a mournful business, and should accordingly be conducted amid becoming silence. Such a procedure certainly commands far more of our approval than the unseemly mirth and bravado which too often characterised such occasions.

When the entire band of transports were shipped, they were, preliminarily to future operations, assembled on deck to hear an address specially adapted to their peculiar and humiliating situation, and in the course of this speech it was thought advisable to appeal to the better nature of the culprits. On the day following the introductory service, the men were again gathered together to hear an explanation of the Christian and educational discipline which would be maintained during the voyage, for their own personal convenience and benefit, as well as for the comfort of those in charge. They also heard the rules or bye-laws which were to be enforced; and, on account of those who were unable to read, it was thought necessary to allude to the advantages attached to an acquaintance with letters in some such language as the following:—

"Reflect for a moment on the advantages you secure to yourselves by learning to read. You gain access to every kind of useful reading; you can acquaint yourselves with geography, history, voyages, and travels, and peruse descriptions of the wonderful operations of God. Above all, you obtain access, at all times, to the written Word of God, which is able to make you wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. For I need not tell you that it is not merely the power of

reading for its own sake, which I am so extremely anxious you should possess, but the power to read fit and profitable books and nothing else. I faithfully tell you that the man who shall pervert or misapply the education he shall receive on board this transport, by reading unprofitable or pernicious works, must be considered not only to have broken faith with me, but to be chargeable with a base perversion of his instruction; a most wicked conversion to the greatest evil of a gift he was bound to turn to the greatest good—the only end for which that gift was bestowed. Do not imagine that the mere power of reading deserves to be called education. To teach a man to read, and to add no profitable instruction, to generate in his heart no sound principles, no decided preference for useful knowledge, is just to put into his hand a most powerful weapon, which must prove a good or an evil, a blessing or a curse, according to the use he makes of it. My aim in teaching you to read is to make you better, happier, and more useful men. I do then require and expect that you will keep this momentous end ever in view; and that at no period of your existence, you will so forget my design in teaching you, as to read books calculated to defeat my most anxious wishes for your welfare."

The instruction which followed was not, however, exclusively religious. The learners' studies were enlivened by a due proportion of secular knowledge—things pertaining to every-day life, and such as are useful in our battle with the world, or which reveal the glory of God. Nevertheless, as Dr. Browning says, "Our main business is with the Bible; its evidences, external and internal, its momentous doctrines and holy precepts, its appalling, yet righteous and merciful threatenings, and its exceeding great and precious promises."

The criminals being all on board the vessel, their general condition and educational acquirements were looked into, when out of a total of two hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and eighty-eight were returned as quite illiterate, many being unable even to read the alphabet. To reach the hearts of such a motley company, and to impress them for good would, at first sight, seem to be attempting to impart life to dry bones; but the work was not so hopeless as it appeared. The good Doctor knew from experience, that personally he could not hope directly to reach so large a number as required Christian instruction and educational discipline; but the happy thought occurred to him that he could make them benefit one another. A beginning was made by forming twenty-four classes, and by appointing suitable teachers and an inspector. Sitting down earnestly to work, the company soon found itself completely occupied. Idleness was condemned on principle, and not only opposed in theory, but also by the daily round of study and other exercises being made as pleasant as circumstances would allow. While this was so, however, the truth about their deplorable and disgraceful condition was never concealed from the convicts. On the contrary, their fallen state was made the basis on which the urgent need of reclamation was founded. In the classes the best works of their kind were used, while the chief daily reading-book was the Bible. The entire atmosphere of the vessel in a short time became Christianised; the superintendent letting it plainly appear that he regarded Christianity as the only restorative for fallen humanity.

In this way the work of reformation was inaugurated. All proceeded in a manner calculated to awaken gratitude and hope, though the life of teachers and taught was not without the usual diversity of life upon the ocean. For example, the vessel was speeding bravely on her way, and the night was sultry. Sunset was followed by intense darkness, soon to be startled by the booming of distant thunder. Anon, the wind rises; the lightning flashes with magnificent brilliance, while the waves break over the ship with awe-inspiring rapidity and violence. Then in the midst of the general alarm, a ball of fire is seen to strike the vessel as though it would rend her timbers asunder. Several men are stricken, and fall as if lifeless, but are not permanently injured. The fear of the captives intensifies, and the least experienced each minute expect to see the vessel engulfed by the waves which seem eager for their prey. The danger being serious, the alarm becomes general, but it is not more terrible than the deliverance is wonderful. This visitation visibly affects the men, the more so because some distance away another vessel is wrecked with a loss of two hundred convicts.

As the chief teacher, and as one who most frequently addressed the people in a collected body, the surgeon-superintendent drew what instruction he could from attendant circumstances. His heart was soon encouraged by eleven of the men openly professing to have found pardon and peace of soul. Those conversions proved to be but the drops heralding a more gracious shower; for only begin a good work and carry it on faithfully, and the first happy results will surely be followed by something more surprising. The Doctor habitually read the Scriptures to the company, besides delivering many suitable addresses, and he soon learned to become no less astonished than gratified by his continued success. One evening, while the good surgeon was speaking of the forgiveness and restoration of Onesimus, the runaway, a poor invalid, whose life-advantages had been few and ill-improved, lay listening in the ship-hospital, as he subsequently confessed, with feelings of mingled gratitude and incredulity. He lay on his bed revolving the case in his mind:—"What! a runaway slave, that had robbed his master! He converted! He received to Christ! He brought back and pardoned! He saved! A runaway slave saved! And, why not a convict?" Soon after this man died in the possession of a good hope.

Another convict who gave satisfactory evidence of having undergone complete change of heart confessed that he had been a backslider. Early converted to God, as he imagined, he entered the visible church by making a profession of religion. Growing careless and indifferent, worldliness at last encompassed his ruin; for company-keeping, and consequent drinking propensities, not only worked an alteration in the man personally, but straitened him in means, till, to support expensive habits, he pilfered his employer's cash, and so came to be transported. On the convict-ship he gave conclusive tokens of sincere contrition, and started afresh in the Christian life.

What was still better, one after another of the men, in response to the gentle but earnestly effective appeals of their instructor, were permanently reclaimed. Their little histories, though sufficiently diversified, nevertheless carried a monotonous ring,—lustful temptations, low company, drink and gambling, had led on to stealing, and so to ruin.

While this moral transformation was progressing, a deep gloom settled over the ship's company, for the work met with an unexpected, but, happily, a temporary interruption. While making a *post mortem* examination of a prisoner who died in consequence of a mis-spent life, the indefatigable Christian surgeon pricked his finger, and, inflamed by the poison, the wound brought on an alarming condition of body. The Doctor himself now occupied a bed in the hospital, and seemed to be rapidly nearing the gates of death. But Providence ordered that even this mishap should redound to the good and consolation of the faithful labourer. Prisoners, who only a short time before were hardened criminals, gathered themselves together, to offer tearful petitions to heaven for the superintendent's recovery.

We will now suppose the vessel to be half-way on her voyage. The gospel has already triumphed over eighty of the reclaimed captives. It is not long before eight more come forward and profess to be touched in their hearts by the truth. Even the most hardened succumb to the Invisible Power which is at work in the vessel. To give an example :—

"The prisoner A—— J—— has been hitherto a source of great grief to me and to the well-disposed among his companions. Nothing seemed to produce permanent impression upon his mind. The effects of the thunder-storm had gradually died away ; and although he was much alarmed when the sea fell on board of us, awoke from his sleep in a terrible fright, and came running to me in the hospital, in almost a state of frenzy, apprehensive that the ship was going down under his feet, yet the impression made at that time also was permitted to die away. How true it is, that no permanent or saving change can be effected in the human heart by any cause short of the almighty power of the Holy Spirit. At length, observing the prisoner T—— G—— one day conducting, in prayer, the devotions of his fellow-prisoners, his mind was forcibly struck, and he could not help secretly exclaiming, 'What, T—— G—— pray! Can he pray? Has T—— G—— come to Jesus, and is he accepted ? Then, why not I ?' said he to himself, and burst into tears. He continued deeply affected ; and throughout the night was in a state of great concern about the safety of his soul. Two or three of the converts to Christianity spent almost the whole night with him, successively or together praying with him, instructing him, and endeavouring to lead him to Christ, who will not upbraid sinners, or ungraciously cast their sins in their face when they draw near in lowly self-abasement to His feet."

Indeed, the experience of this working Christian surgeon, in this and many other voyages, tended to prove that the Spirit of God will directly bless any efforts of faith that are animated by zeal and devotion. Thus we read in another place : "At a very early hour one morning, W—— B—— is aroused by hearing voices in a distant part of the prison. He feels anxious, not knowing what may be going on ; leaves his berth, and creeps silently along the side of the ship towards the bows, from whence the sounds proceed. What is his astonishment to see there three of the very worst of the prisoners (one of them a most noted character for his wickedness, and a special cause of grief to the well-disposed) on their knees, withdrawn to that part of the ship where there is the greatest quiet and seclusion from observation, offering up, in short and broken

prayers, their deep confessions of sin, and their earnest cries for mercy, pleading the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus. Many of the people, awakened by the sounds, stand round, in silent astonishment, to see these men so engaged. It seems to be indeed the very work of the Spirit of God in their hearts."

If anything more remarkable were needed to add force and interest to the above, it would be found in the fruitfulness of the men's faith, when no less than one hundred and thirty-two of their number actually passed a resolution, subject to the surgeon-superintendent's approval, of a very unique kind. They determined that each man should lay aside £10 of his earnings, after landing in the colony, for transmission to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was also resolved to beg the Government to accept the money as an expression of the senders' abhorrence of past conduct, and as a slight reparation for their wrong doing.

We have already remarked that, on leaving England, many of the prisoners in the "Earl Grey" were entirely uneducated. We now add that seventy-eight were totally unacquainted with the alphabet, while many were at the best only lame readers. Before landing at Hobart Town all these could read, with the exception of one man; and, with two exceptions, all were presented with copies of the Scriptures. In his last address to the company, whom he had so singularly benefited, Dr. Browning was able to use these extraordinary words: "There is not among you, to the best of my knowledge, a man or boy who has not declared, in the Divine presence, that he believes himself to be a guilty, lost sinner, and Jesus to be the only Saviour from sin and from the wrath to come."

Such a narrative may read like exaggeration; but the story of Dr. Browning's voyage is simply one more illustration of a hackneyed proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction." May this valuable example prove a stimulant to others; to those who have not yet proved, to the extent of their capacity, what a mighty power they wield when handling the Truth of God, the Word of Life.

Earnest Soldiers.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 7.)

DURING the war in the Crimea, a Chaplain newly arrived in the camp, enquired of an English officer how he could best set about his work, in order to do it effectively. The soldier, by way of reply, took his friend to the top of a neighbouring hill, and bade him mark the scene. There were the enemy's lines, here the English were advancing, and yonder were the French earthworks. What energy and determination appeared to be stamped on that marred landscape! How perseveringly did flash answer flash! The boomings and roarings of one side seemed only to draw forth a shower of iron and fire from the other side! All was terribly real! There was no sham! "Sir," said the officer to the minister of peace, "*You must be in earnest.* An earnest man will always make his way. IF WE DON'T CONQUER THE RUSSIANS, THE RUSSIANS WILL CONQUER US!"

Memoir of the late Mr. Benjamin Davies,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SOUTH STREET, GREENWICH.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL, AND ESTEEMED HIM HIGHLY.

AT the request of Mrs. Davies, I undertook to compile a short memoir of her late husband. I complied with this wish partly to gratify a very natural desire on her part, and partly from the belief that to those who knew Mr. Davies, either personally or by name, a biographical sketch of him might be acceptable. My object is not to glorify Benjamin Davies, but to exalt the grace of God which made him what he was. He was born at Dorchester, August 31st, 1833, and died at Lewisham Road, May 11th, 1872, so that his sojourn here was only about thirty-nine years—a short probation, but long enough to enable him to gain an honourable standing among his brethren, and to do a large amount of earnest and well-directed Christian work. Misfortune met him on the very threshold of life. He was only three months old when his father died. His widowed mother, with her fatherless child, then removed to Raudwich, near Stroud, where they found a home with his uncle, Mr. Isaac Chapman. The Chapmans—of whom Isaac was the last—were an old Nonconformist family, and were honourably identified with the cause of evangelical religion during several generations. George Whitfield used to preach in the old house, and sometimes in the garden at Ransford. Mrs. Davies has in her possession an old arm-chair which the great evangelist was in the habit of using as his pulpit when he preached in the village.

Benjamin Davies was barely six years old when a second blow, and much heavier than the first, fell upon him in the death of his mother. What were his trials, and what his mercies, during the long years of helpless orphanage that followed his bereavement, it is not my purpose to enquire. Little Benjamin remained with his uncle Chapman, who doubtless did a good part by the lad; but who can fill the gap made by a mother's death? What smile, what voice, what caresses, what attentions can equal hers? When his father died he was too young to realise the loss he had sustained; but to a boy of six his mother was everything, and her death, even at that early age, was a life-sorrow to a sensitive and delicate child. Such was the shadow that fell on the subject of this sketch. But the Lord took him up. In his case, as in that of *every* orphan since the world began, Jehovah has shown himself to be the "Father of the fatherless." Two years after his mother's death he was taken by his relatives to reside with them at Cheltenham. Here he attended the Sunday School connected with Dr. Brown's chapel, and it was under the influence of godly and loving teachers that he was led to consecrate himself to Christ. This was before he had attained the age of sixteen. No details exist of his early Christian experience—the alternate light and gloom, sorrow and gladness, conflicts and victories, which resulted in peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The change was gradual, but it was real and decided. His hand once on the plough, he never looked back. By the grace of God he held fast that which he had, and no man took his crown.

When Benjamin Davies was a youth, the good old-fashioned custom of holding early Sunday morning prayer-meetings was much more common than it is now. The seven o'clock prayer-meeting was an institution, and presented a great attraction to young converts, and especially during the period of first love. At these quiet Christian gatherings, the beaming face of young Davies was always seen; and he not only took part in the devotions, but in the absence of elder brethren sometimes conducted the service. Out of the fulness of his heart, he tried to speak for Jesus in the outlying villages; and often received much encouragement from his rustic hearers.

For a boy in his position young Davies received a fair education, and that he appreciated his advantages, and turned them to good account, is evident from the fine, bold, flowing hand that he wrote. Having served an apprenticeship to the drapery business, he took a situation in London, but the delicate state of his health obliged him to leave it, and he went into a house of business in Birmingham, where he had the privilege of attending the ministry of the famous John Angell James. His next removal was to Wolverhampton, and it was while residing in that town that he was baptised at Willenhall, by Mr. Cozens, afterwards of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell, London. When a little over twenty years of age, he married the lady who now mourns her heavy loss. Shortly after their union they returned to Birmingham, where Mr. Davies took a clerkship in a wholesale house of business. Round about the great murky town—at Dudley, and in the "Black Country," he preached Christ with characteristic zeal, and much acceptance. Having been urged to devote himself wholly to the Christian ministry, he obtained an introduction to the Baptist church in Wellesley-street, Arbor-square, London; but the visit did not lead to a permanent engagement. Mr. Davies next supplied a church at South Chard, in Somersetshire; and having received a cordial invitation to the pastorate, he settled there in Oct., 1854. At the end of about eighteen months his connection with the church closed; and he next took charge of the church in Bethel Chapel, Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard, where he wrought with great earnestness and considerable success till the end of February, 1858. The fact that he had accepted and resigned two pastorates in less than four years was not encouraging; and, to outside observers, gave but feeble promise for the future. But Mr. Davies was young—only in his twenty-fifth year when he left Leighton Buzzard. His literary advantages had been few, and his range of theological reading limited; while his frequent public engagements left him but little time for close and systematic study. As a rule, public teachers who have had no previous opportunities of storing knowledge for future use, but live, as it were, week by week from hand to mouth, find the effort to keep up the attention and interest of their hearers most difficult and distressing. Men who possess originality of mind, and a luxuriant imagination, will, by constant application, surmount the disadvantages which often prove too strong for men of slender gifts and meagre attainments.

Aspirants to the Christian Ministry do well to bear in mind, that while a good presence, a pleasant voice, a ready utterance, a loving heart, and a fiery earnestness, are excellent endowments, and will do them good service for a time, there must be something behind, if they are to maintain their position in the same place for a number of years together. Now, the fourteen years of brave and manly struggle through which Benjamin Davies afterwards passed at Greenwich, prove that his removal from Chard and Leighton arose neither from mental indolence nor fickleness of character. He cherished the honourable ambition of becoming "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and on his settlement at Greenwich, in 1858, as Pastor of the Church in Bridge-street, he found, not only a wider field of usefulness, but an opportunity for raising his qualifications for the good work to which he had devoted his life. Mr. Spurgeon's College was then in its infancy, and Mr. Davies sought and obtained from its Founder just the assistance which he required. Under the able direction of the Tutor, Mr. Rogers, he went through a two years' course, the expense being generously borne by Mr. Spurgeon. I have before me a manuscript written by Mr. Davies, in which he explains the cause of his separation from the church at Bridge-street, and removal to the Lecture Hall:—"In the early part of 1858 I accepted the pastorate, and laboured with a good measure of success till the close of the year. A change then took place in my sentiments, which eventually led to my resignation of the pastorate, and to the formation of a new church. The change had reference to the way in which the gospel should be presented to sinners. It had been my custom to warn them of their danger; but I felt that their utter inability to perform any spiritual act

prevented me from exhorting them to repent and believe the gospel At length, after much prayer and searching the Scriptures, I found that God had commanded all men everywhere to repent, and that the invitations of God's word must be addressed to men, notwithstanding their inability to obey them This kind of preaching, although blessed of God to the salvation of many souls, soon gave great offence to several members of the church, who immediately did all they could to prevent a free salvation from being preached. I resigned the pastorate, and made up my mind to leave the country. I was just about to accept an invitation from a church in Natal, when I received unmistakable proofs that my work in Greenwich was not yet done Large numbers of people came to my house begging me not to leave them, and assuring me that my ministry had been greatly blessed to their souls. In these perplexing circumstances I consulted with Mr. Spurgeon, and, by his advice, the large Lecture Hall of the Literary Society was rented for the preaching of the gospel. This was a great undertaking, but, by the assistance of Mr. Spurgeon, all expenses were met, and, in a short time, the effort was crowned with success. On Wednesday, the 4th, and Friday, the 6th of February, 1859, the opening sermons were preached by this honoured servant of God, and on Wednesday, the 16th of March, he presided at a crowded meeting, which had been convened for the public recognition of the newly-formed church."

In this building he was to spend the remaining portion of his ministerial life, with the exception of three or four memorable Lord's days.

Then followed years of patient, unbroken, and unwearied toil—preaching, lecturing, overseeing the church: schemes for getting a chapel, committee meetings without end, letters by hundreds, journeying up and down to collect money. How such things worry and chafe and take the spirit out of a man; how gradually they find out the weak points in his constitution, and make him an easy prey to any disease which may assail him. When it had been decided to erect a chapel, it was at first determined to build on land occupied by houses in the Blackheath-road, but this was afterwards abandoned in favour of a plot of ground in South-street, which was purchased on more favourable terms; and on the 5th of July, 1871, the foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. J. T. Olney. During the next eight and a-half months the Pastor made prodigious efforts to augment the building fund, and it is not improbable that the physical and mental strain which he underwent so depressed his vital powers as to render him unable to offer a successful resistance to the malady which carried him so swiftly to an early grave.

It is only those who have carried a great work to a successful issue that can estimate the joy that our brother felt when he hailed the completion of the noble chapel in South-street, and saw, on the 21st of March, 1872, his faithful friend, Mr. Spurgeon, ascend the platform to preach the first sermon. The words selected by Mr. Spurgeon were from Luke xii., 49 :—"I came not to send peace on earth." No one there could foresee the fiery trial that was at hand for the Pastor, his family, and the church. The opening services were continued by different ministers, so that some time elapsed before Mr. Davies entered upon what he and others thought would be his permanent work in the new edifice. On the 7th of April the church held their first communion at the Lord's table in South-street Chapel, and the Pastor, after congratulating his people on the new and hopeful circumstances in which they were placed, said :—"I feel now as if I could say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

His last week-night sermon was preached May 1.

The following day he walked out with his wife. In the evening he was seized with a shivering fit, but it excited no apprehension. Why should it? It was only the forerunner of a cold, and colds had often come and gone before. The Bazaar had been advertised for the following Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, but the Pastor was absent. This considerably marred the enjoyment of the occasion, and caused many anxious enquiries to be made as to the

cause. He was unwell, and under medical treatment, but no doubt a little rest and attention would set him right in a day or two. No one in that excited assembly saw the deadly blow that had fallen on the dying man at Morden-place. Thursday night was one of suffering and restlessness, and grave apprehensions began to haunt the mind of at least one faithful watcher. Still, the heart clung to the hope that his sickness was not unto death. The next morning less favourable symptoms appeared. The doctor feared the worst, and a physician was fetched in haste from London; but it was *too late! too late!* It was a season of fearful agony to the poor wife and children. Their sole earthly prop was struck down. Husband and father was being taken from them. But the sufferer himself was calm and full of trust in God. The words which he uttered were touching and beautiful, and showed how completely he realised the fact of his personal union with Christ. "*Let me*," said he, "*go down into the valley quietly!*" Shortly afterwards he asked his wife to pray for him, after which he prayed himself. He then appeared to listen as though he heard sounds, and exclaimed, "*They are singing in the house!*" His wife said, "No, my dear, there is no singing." He repeated the words—"*They are singing*," and added, "*but it is not unpleasant!*" Once more he seemed to listen, and asked Mrs. Davies—"*The singing is very sweet—can't you hear it?*" "No, my dear, but you are nearer to them than I,—what do they sing?" "HALLELUJAH! PRAISE THE LORD!" was the reply. Then fixing his eyes on his broken-hearted wife, he said, "Precious wife!" And so he lingered on until shortly before day-break on the 11th of May, when—unseen, and unheard—he went away with the angel-choir that had been waiting for him in the house, and cheering his last moments with celestial harmonies. Before the sun rose on that house of mourning, a brighter sun had risen on him; and while his widow and orphans were weeping over their great loss, he was singing with the ransomed hosts in glory—"HALLELUJAH! PRAISE THE LORD!"

"Oh! change—oh! wondrous change,
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment *there*—so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars.
Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God."

On the following Thursday (May 16th) all that remained of this "brother beloved" was borne to the Nunhead Cemetery, followed by his family and a large concourse of mourners. Devout men carried him to his burial. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, whose words of tenderness and power on the occasion will be long remembered by many who heard them. And then the long train of mourners left him, asleep beneath the calm summer beauty of that silent "City of the dead," with his face turned heavenwards, as though he was "looking," even in death, "for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The deep and widespread sympathy which Mr. Davies' death called forth took a most practical form. Within a few weeks of his decease the sum of £1,400 was raised, and put in trust for the benefit of his widow and orphans. On the very day of his death Mr. Spurgeon generously offered to provide for two of the boys in the Stockwell Orphanage, where they now enjoy the comforts and advantages of that noble institution. When the Orphanage was opened Mr. Davies made a speech at the evening meeting, in which the possibility of such a provision being required at some future time was very touchingly alluded to: "When we get to our comfortable homes, and are surrounded by our little ones, our hearts should be filled with gratitude to God.

But who can tell how long we may be spared to them? As I looked at the laying of those foundation-stones, I thought to myself—Will any of my poor children ever stand in need of a home here? Who can tell? It may be so. And I felt—well, 'if ever God should take me away, and there should be no other provision for them, I believe that my dear brother Mr. Spurgeon would do what he could for them.'"

Circumstances brought me into close and not infrequent contact with Mr. Davies. At our first interview I formed a high estimate of his character, which a more intimate knowledge of him helped to confirm. A more genial, brotherly, and sympathetic man it would be difficult to find. He had large benevolence, and would cheerfully give himself any amount of trouble to serve those who needed help. There was no lack of public spirit in him, and he always held himself ready to give to every philanthropic and patriotic movement, the whole weight of his advocacy. On all ecclesiastical, educational, and political questions he was quite sound, and was never ashamed to accept his full share of obloquy and reproach which belonged to any question that commended itself to his conscience. During the excitement which prevailed about the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he was rudely assaulted at a public meeting by some zealots who fancied they were doing the church service by tearing his coat into shreds. But Benjamin Davies was not the man to be cowed by such pitiable exhibitions of "muscular Christianity." He was always ready to unfurl the white flag, but could never be prevailed upon to show the white feather. His theology was sometimes assailed, but his personal character was above controversy. To say that he had infirmities of temper is simply to affirm that he was human. Who is there among us that is so angelic, and has his tongue and temper so completely under control, that he can claim the right of casting the first stone? Mr. Davies was deeply attached to his church; and he possessed the art of conciliating the goodwill of many outside his congregation. He had a great capacity for work, and did eve y-thing he undertook in an orderly and methodical way. And though he was sometimes depressed by the responsibilities which he had undertaken, he was generally hopeful and cheery. The world has great need of such men; and how it came to pass that Benjamin Davies was removed from a noble work in his fortieth year is a mystery which we cannot penetrate. The MASTER had need of him elsewhere. Full explanation will be given when the proper time comes. Even now it is not *all* gloom. Light—dim and shadowy, but soft and chastened—ariseth in the darkness. There is light in the declaration, "GOD IS LOVE;" and in the promise, "GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES, AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW, NOR CRYING; NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN."

The Witty Schoolman.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 8.)

ONE day the celebrated schoolman Thomas Aquinas, being present with Innocent the Fourth, some money was brought into the chamber, and the pontiff remarked, "You see that the age of the church is past when she could say, "Silver and gold have I none." "Yes," replied the doctor, "and the day is also past when she could say to the paralytic, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'" Do we measure prosperity by gold merely? A divinely inherited power of imparting good will yield higher interest than hoarded wealth. Gold gives power of a kind, but to covet this before such strengh as the Spirit of God imparts will be to strand our barque on treacherous sands when we might otherwise stand secure on the Rock of Ages.

Exposition of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXXII.

TITLE AND SUBJECT.—A Psalm of Asaph. *This poet of the temple here acts as a preacher to the court and to the magistracy. Men who do one thing well are generally equal to another; he who writes good verse is not unlikely to be able to preach. What preaching it would have been had Milton entered the pulpit, or had Virgil been an apostle.*

Asaph's sermon before the judges is now before us. He speaks very plainly, and his song is rather characterised by strength than by sweetness. We have here a clear proof that all psalms and hymns need not be direct expressions of praise to God; we may, according to the example of this psalm, admonish one another in our songs. Asaph no doubt saw around him much bribery and corruption, and while David punished it with the sword, he resolved to scourge it with a prophetic psalm. In so doing, the sweet singer was not forsaking his profession as a musician for the Lord, but rather was practically carrying it out in another department. He was praising God when he rebuked the sin which dishonoured him, and if he was not making music, he was hushing discord when he bade rulers dispense justice with impartiality.

The Psalm is a whole, and needs no formal division.

EXPOSITION.

GOD standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

2 How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Selah.

3 Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

4 Deliver the poor and needy: rid *them* out of the hand of the wicked.

5 They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

6 I have said, Ye *are* gods; and all of you *are* children of the most High.

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.

8 Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt inherit all nations.

1. "*God standeth in the congregation of the mighty.*" He is the overlooker, who, from his own point of view, sees all that is done by the great ones of the earth. When they sit in state he stands over them, ready to deal with them if they pervert judgment. Judges shall be judged, and to justices justice shall be meted out. Our village squires and country magistrates would do well to remember this. Some of them had need go to school to Asaph till they have mastered this psalm. Their harsh decisions and strange judgments are made in the presence of him who will surely visit them for every unseemly act, for he has no respect unto the person of any, and is the champion of the poor and needy. A higher authority will criticise the decision of petty sessions, and even the judgments of our most impartial judges will be revised by the High Court of heaven. "*He judgeth among the gods.*" They are gods to other men, but he is GOD to them. He lends them his name, and this is their authority for acting as judges, but they must take care that they do not misuse the power entrusted to them, for the Judge of judges is in session among them. Our puisne judges

are but puny judges, and their brethren who administer common law will one day be tried by the common law. This great truth is, upon the whole, well regarded among us in these times, but it was not so in the earlier days of English history, when Jeffreys, and such as he, were an insult to the name of justice. Oriental judges, even now, are frequently, if not generally, amenable to bribes, and in past ages it was very hard to find a ruler who had any notion of justice apart from his own arbitrary will. Such plain teaching as this psalm contains was needful indeed, and he was a bold good man who, in such uncourtly phrases, delivered his own soul.

2. "*How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked?*" It is indirectly stated that the magistrates had been unjust and corrupt. They not only excused the wicked, but even decided in their favour against the righteous. A little of this is too much, a short time too long. Some suitors could get their claims settled at once, and in their own favour, while others were wearing out their lives by waiting for an audience, or were robbed by legal process because their opponents had the judge's ear: how long were such things to be perpetrated? Would they never remember the Great Judge, and renounce their wickedness? This verse is so grandly stern that one is tempted to say, "Surely an Elijah is here." "*Selah.*" This gives the offenders pause for consideration and confession.

3. "*Defend the poor and fatherless.*" Cease to do evil, learn to do well. Look not to the interests of the wealthy whose hands proffer you bribes, but protect the rights of the needy, and especially uphold the claims of orphans whose property too often becomes a prey. Do not hunt down the peasant for gathering a few sticks, and allow the gentlemanly swindler to break through the meshes of the law. "*Do justice to the afflicted and needy.*" Even they can claim from you as judge no more than justice; your pity for their circumstances must not make you hold the scales unfairly; but if you give them no more than justice, at least be sure that you give them that to the full. Suffer not the afflicted to be further afflicted by enduring injustice, and let not the needy long stand in need of an equitable hearing.

4. "*Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked.*" Break the nets of the man-catchers, the legal toils, the bonds, the securities, with which cunning men capture and continue to hold in bondage the poor and the embarrassed. It is a brave thing when a judge can liberate a victim like a fly from the spider's web, and a horrible case when magistrate and plunderer are in league. Law has too often been an instrument for vengeance in the hand of unscrupulous men, an instrument as deadly as poison or the dagger. It is for the judge to prevent such villainy.

5. "*They know not, neither will they understand.*" A wretched plight for a nation to be in when its justices know no justice, and its judges are devoid of judgment. Neither to know his duty nor to wish to know it is rather the mark of an incorrigible criminal than of a magistrate, yet such a stigma was justly set upon the rulers of Israel. "*They walk on in darkness.*" They are as reckless as they are ignorant. Being both ignorant and wicked they yet dare to pursue a path in which knowledge and righteousness are essential: they go on without hesitation, forgetful of the responsibilities in which they are involved, and the punishment which they are incurring. "*All the foundations of the earth are out of course.*" When the dispensers of law have dispensed with justice, settlements are unsettled, society is unhinged, the whole fabric of the nation is shaken. When injustice is committed in due course of law the world is indeed out of course. When "Justices' justice" becomes a by-word it is time that justice dealt with justices. Surely it would be well that certain of "the great unpaid" should be paid off, when day after day their judgments show that they have no judgment. When peasants may be horsewhipped by farmers with impunity, and a pretty bird is thought more precious than poor men, the foundations of the earth are indeed sinking like rotten piles unable to bear up the structures built upon them. Thank God we have, as an almost invariable rule,

incorruptible judges; may it always be so. Even our lesser magistrates are, in general, most worthy men; for which we ought to be grateful to God evermore.

6. "*I have said, ye are gods.*" The greatest honour was thus put upon them; they were delegated gods, clothed for a while with a little of that authority by which the Lord judges among the sons of men. "*And all of you are children of the Most High.*" This was their *ex-officio* character, not their moral or spiritual relationship. There must be some government among men, and as angels are not sent to dispense it, God allows men to rule over men, and endorses their office, so far at least that the prostitution of it becomes an insult to his own prerogatives. Magistrates would have no right to condemn the guilty if God had not sanctioned the establishment of government, the administration of law, and the execution of sentences. Here the Spirit speaks most honourably of these offices, even when it censures the officers; and thereby teaches us to render honour to whom honour is due, honour to the office even if we award censure to the office-bearer.

7. "*But ye shall die like men.*" What sarcasm it seems! Great as the office made the men, they were still but men, and must die. To every judge this verse is a *memento mori!* He must leave the bench to stand at the bar, and on the way must put off the ermine to put on the shroud. "*And fall like one of the princes.*" Who were usually the first to die: for battle, sedition, and luxury made greater havoc among the great than among any others. Even as princes have often been cut off by sudden and violent deaths, so should the judges be who forget to do justice. Men usually respect the office of a judge, and do not conspire to slay him, as they do to kill princes and kings; but injustice withdraws this protection, and puts the unjust magistrate in personal danger. How quickly death unrobes the great. What a leveller he is. He is no advocate for liberty, but in promoting equality and fraternity he is a masterly democrat. Great men die as common men do. As their blood is the same, so the stroke which lets out their life produces the same pains and throes. No places are too high for death's arrows: he brings down his birds from the tallest trees. It is time that all men considered this.

8. "*Arise, O God, judge the earth.*" Come thou Judge of all mankind, put the bad judges to thy bar and end their corruption and baseness. Here is the world's true hope of rescue from the fangs of tyranny. "*For thou shalt inherit all nations.*" The time will come when all races of men shall own their God, and accept him as their king. There is one who is "King by right divine," and he is even now on his way. The last days shall see him enthroned, and all unrighteous potentates broken like potter's vessels by his potent sceptre. The second advent is still earth's brightest hope. Come quickly, even so, come, Lord Jesus.

From "THE TREASURY OF DAVID," VOL. IV., *now in the press.*

"Prove all Things."

AN ADDRESS BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1873, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BAPTISM, AND THE BAPTISM OF FIVE BOYS OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

AS an infant I was baptised according to the rites of the Established Church, and my parents were solemnly assured that I was thereby "made a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." My sponsors undertook in my behalf "to renounce the devil and all his works," and "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Now, if the ordinance really conferred these blessings, I cannot adequately express my gratitude; if it did not, then I am bound, in fidelity to truth, to declare the fact. I am certain that I was not "made a child of God" by my baptism, for my early years were spent in folly and sin. I was not made "an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," for I had no inward

consciousness of the fact, and had, moreover, a fear of death, and a distinct sense of my moral unfitness for the society of heaven. It is, therefore, evident that my parents were the victims of a terrible delusion and parties to a solemn farce, enacted in the name of God and sanctioned by the law of the land. Although I was no consenting party to the ordinance, I now feel called upon to repudiate its validity. I can no longer sanction by my silence a system which rests on a foundation of lies, and which prostitutes the sanctities of religion by legalised deceptions.

But, it is asked, If baptism does not confer such priceless blessings, is it not right to baptise little children who have not been guilty of actual sin, and who, were they to die in infancy, would undoubtedly be saved by virtue of the death of the Lord Jesus Christ? This view is plausible enough on the surface; but, we ask, is such a baptism either necessary, expedient, or Scriptural? If it is, by all means let us accept it: if it is not, then, as rational beings and as followers of the Saviour, let us reject it *in toto*.

I. We hold it is *unnecessary*, because, as practised by Nonconformist Pædobaptists, it concedes to baptised children neither position nor privileges different from others. No distinction is drawn between them. What is true of the one class is equally true of the other, as to their relation to the Saviour. Baptism, though professedly an initiatory rite, does not secure to children the privileges of church-membership: their names, moreover, are not even registered on the church roll. Now, is it not evident that such a system is altogether unnecessary?

II. It is highly *inexpedient*, because it enforces an involuntary obedience to a religious rite, and ignores the necessity for the exercise of an enlightened conscience in matters between God and the soul. It is the germ of a debasing priestcraft, and of ecclesiastical tyranny, and violates our sense of religious liberty. Christianity is a voluntary system, with which a forced initiation is incompatible. We, therefore, conclude that infant baptism is inexpedient.

III. It is, moreover, *unscriptural*. It lacks the authority of a divine command, and the sanction of the example of inspired men. It ignores the necessity of a sincere repentance and an intelligent faith as preliminary to discipleship. Moreover, the uniform teaching and practice of Christ and his apostles are opposed to it. The subjects of baptism mentioned in the gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, were intelligent hearers of the word: they were rendered penitent by the application of truth to the conscience, and acknowledged their sinfulness: they exercised faith in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and of their own free will elected to be baptised.

The mode of baptism was by immersing the whole body in water. Not so much as a hint is given of any modification of this mode.

Upon these grounds I publicly and deliberately repudiate the validity of every system of infant baptism; and by this act I place myself in the position of an unbaptised person.

Now, believing it to be incumbent upon believers to avow the fact of their union with Christ and his church by obedience to his commands, and believing baptism by immersion to be his imperative command, I cheerfully offer myself as a candidate for Christian baptism. Not that I attach any ecclesiastical importance to the ordinance. It does not unite me to Christ or his church. I believe I am already one with him by virtue of a sincere faith in his sacrificial death and priestly ministry. I believe I am already identified with his church by virtue of the baptism of the Spirit. Water baptism only gives eloquent expression to these facts: "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." Col. ii. 12. "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Romans vi. 3, 4. An ordinance designed by our Lord, and enjoined by

him to be a symbol of these glorious realities, has an importance peculiarly its own; and to disregard it is to question his prerogative in legislating for the church, and to incur his displeasure by our disobedience. Did he not say to his disciples, "If ye love me, keep my commandments"? Is not baptism one of the earliest opportunities of avowing our love to the Saviour in obedience to his command? And yet how many shrink from the avowal? The traditions of fourteen centuries have not annulled the commandment of Christ, nor does the disobedience of so large a section of the church release us from the obligation to obey our Lord and Master. He still says, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

"Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, dear Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

Didst thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays,
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways!"

Reviews.

Messrs. Wm. Oliphant and Co., of Edinburgh, have sent us quite a batch of tales and stories; and as it is out of the question for us to read them all, we have called in the aid of a lady who is a reader of great patience and discretion. Her industry has furnished us with notes which we condense as follows:—

Adah, the Jewish Maiden; a Story of the Siege of Jerusalem. By Agnes M. Gray. The facts are terrible and interesting to the last degree, but the fictions interwoven with them are weak and unworthy of them. "Adah" would seem to be a feeble imitation of "Naomi, or the last days of Jerusalem," which some of our readers will remember. Perhaps some young folks, who cannot be induced to read history, might consent to peruse this story, and it would certainly give them much information.

Zina; or, Morning Mists. By the Author of "*The Wish and the Way.*" This, in its external appearance, is twin sister to "Adah," and is a fascinating story, containing some sweet lessons of trust in Jesus and absolute dependance upon God's faithfulness. Some of the characters in the story could never have lived except in the lettered page; they and their experiences are far other than this commonplace world affords. History, after all, is a better instructor than the most able works of imagination.

Lucy Raymond; or, the Children's Watchword. By the Author of "*Katie Johnstone's Cross.*" *Very good, very pious*, but rather heavy. The story is of a young girl, who, having given her heart to the Saviour in early life, holds fast her Christian profession in the midst of trials and difficulties in a worldly family, and, by her holy influence and example, at last induces most of its members to follow Christ. The "watchword" alluded to in the title is "Looking unto Jesus."

Joseph Pilmor, the Quaker Soldier, and other Stories. By the Author of "*Tibbie, the Charwoman.*"

Three well-written stories, such as may beguile an idle hour, but not particularly instructive or edifying, except the last, which illustrates the power of true religion.

The Countess Margarethe and her Children; or, Country Life in Russia. By Sarah M. S. Clarke.

A story for children; relates some curious customs of Russian life, and teaches lessons of obedience, truthfulness, and submission; but the *religion* of the book is of the legal, self-saving order, and not after Christ.

Having thus taken notice of so many works of this order, we may as well proceed with a few more while our hand is in. Perhaps we may surfeit our readers, and we should by no means be sorry if we did.

Fiddy Scraggs; or, a Clumsy Foot may Step True. By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.

A VERY suitable gift-book for servants. "Fiddy" is the child of disreputable tramps, but God raises up friends for her who show her the path of holiness and truth, and he enables her to walk in it. She becomes a servant in the house of her benefactress, suffers much persecution, and bears, humbly and patiently, the trial of a false and terrible accusation; ultimately her entire innocence is proved, and she has the courage to save her mistress's life from fire. The book ends pleasantly by recording the complete reformation of her parents.

The Noble Printer and his Adopted Daughter: a Tale of the first printed Bible. Translated from the German by CAMPBELL OVEREND.

AN account of the trials, difficulties, and persecutions which befel Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. The book is instructive on this subject, and very sad, if true. It reminds one of poor Palissy. The worst of it is, one does not know how much is true and how much is a mere tale; and this is one of the mischiefs of this sort of literature, that it diminishes the distinction between fact and fancy, and is too apt to make young people think little of sober truth.

Wave upon Wave. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Sunday School Union.

A CHARMING story. Very pleasant reading.

The Last of the Abbots; or, the Monks of St. Benet's: a Tale Illustrative of the Dissolution of Religious Houses in England. By the Rev. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A., Rector of Catfield. Partridge and Co.

INTERESTING and instructive, because historical. Brother Paul is a *good* monk, and, by degrees, emerges from darkness into light, though he does not renounce the monastic life. The story is one of the best we have seen for some time, and is likely to leave a good impression upon young minds.

All Men's Place, with other Selections from the Sermons of George Whitfield; and *God's New World, with other Sermons by John Wesley.* Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Two pretty little Sixpenny books, which may serve to the mass of readers as fair specimens of the sermons of Whitfield and Wesley. They will, besides, we trust, be blest of God to those who prayerfully consider their contents.

Plain Pulpit Talk. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have not before placed a notice of this work among our other brief reviews, because it was more effectually brought under observation by a lengthy quotation in one of the magazine articles; but to give the book a second encouragement we would remark that this Plain Pulpit Talk is just what it professes to be, and is the kind of talk which working men want. It is not very sententious or suggestive, but as it should be to truthfully match with its title, it is simple, homely, bold, strong, and sterling. God bless the man who can talk like this, and make his last days bright with the light of the eternal day-dawn.

Heavenward Ho; or, Story Coxen's Log. By SAMUEL COWDY, F. R. Hist. Soc. Charles Griffin.

OUR highly esteemed friend and neighbour, the pastor of Arthur-street Chapel, Camberwell-gate, has here utilised his seafaring knowledge by producing a very remarkable nautical allegory, in which he touches upon almost every phase of religious life, and in every instance proves himself to be an unflinching upholder of the right and the true. The book has the merit of originality and singularity, and will never be laid aside because the author ran in the same rut with his neighbours. We confess we are so fascinated by the Pilgrim's Progress that we do not expect to see another perfect allegory in our time, nor anything approaching to it. Mr. Cowdy has done wisely to try the sea, for Bunyan alone can allegoize on land. There is a sufficiently wide difference between Christian's journey by land and Coxen's voyage by sea to shew that the one is not a plagiarism from the other.

Eleven Years in Central South Africa. By Thomas Morgan Thomas (of the London Missionary Society). John Snow and Co.

We hope that by this time we are known to our subscribers as the most lenient of reviewers. Our loins are lighter than the little finger of some caustic censors. Our charity believeth all things and hopeth all things. Yet we are capable of doubting, and even with our best Owl pen and the Dichroic ink, we are occasionally unable to write a favourable review. The volume before us is of the noble order which has conveyed to us aforetime records of the travels of the greatest explorers; it is a goodly tome, well printed, and plentifully illustrated. The illustrations are the point which stagger us, nay, knock us over completely. There is Mr. Thomas, with eight lions' heads in front of him, peeping out of the bush—the letter-press says there were perhaps *fifteen or twenty!* Our own notion is that *perhaps* there were forty or fifty, but it is well to be moderate. Further on, Mr. Thomas is turning a summersault as the result of being tossed by a rhinoceros, and in another place he is pursued by a snake; at page 125 there is a snake coiled round Mr. Thomas's leg, and at page 239 he seems to be in an almost equally undesirable position in a king's hut, in proximity to ladies whose costume is best undescribed. The London Missionary Society has certainly found in Mr. Thomas a missionary of a very adventurous spirit, and he has looked out a draughtsman who can make a series of sensational drawings worthy of his hair-breadth 'scapes; but we question the wisdom of getting into so many scrimmages, when we remember that Mr. Moffat, throughout a long life, has not been able to paint one-half so many exciting scenes. Mr Moffat is quite a mild narrative compared with that of the more modern labourer. When Mr. Thomas returns to his work as a missionary for the London Missionary Society, we shall hope to read of more natives pierced to the heart by the gospel, and shall not regret the fact of fewer elephants and buffaloes falling as trophies of his gun. We do not believe that a missionary is any the worse for being a good shot, neither do we feel that a missionary narrative is any the more apostolic, because, though lacking instances of conversion, it abounds in wonderful stories of lions, green snakes, and rhinoceri.

Among newspapers the *Freeman*, at twopence, and the *Baptist*, at one penny, are both of them a credit to the Baptist denomination. We are so dreadfully Conservative that we like to see old friends supported, and should be sorry to see a new comer knock the old original upon the head; at the same time we are so Radical that we like to see a little competition, and wish well to all bold enterprises. To our mind the *Freeman* is fifty per cent. better since the *Baptist* was started, and is as good a twopennyworth as can be found in the land. The *Baptist* will go where the *Freeman* cannot, and will worthily occupy its own sphere. One day we shall wonder why *two* newspapers were thought too many for the Baptist denomination; we shall perhaps live to see a dozen vigorously making their way. Newspapers are very like lawyers in country towns, five or six will flourish where one would starve. Every Baptist, male and female, should take in either the *Freeman* or the *Baptist*, at once, and perhaps both as soon as the price of coals is lowered: till then, who among us can afford the double luxury?

Music in the Western Church; A Lecture on the History of Psalmody. By W. A. Leonard. F. Pitman, Paternoster Row.

Singers will be interested with this lecture, which has grown into a book. It will commend itself to those who believe that the tunes of Dr. Rippon's day were execrable; we do not think so, and would heartily welcome a return to the old-fashioned mode of singing. Now-a-days we rush through a verse as if the sooner we were through it the better, but the old folks liked to dwell upon the words and repeat them. Singing is never more hearty in the Tabernacle than when we have Cranbrook, Cambridge New, China, or some such right noble tune. Fashion goes for a very great deal with some people, but it does not operate upon us. We would as soon be out of the fashion as in it.

Notes.

The Conference of the Pastors' College has been unavoidably postponed for a week, and commences on Monday, March 31. Brethren pray for us.

Our beloved brother's new Chapel at Croydon has been opened with joyful services.

The first sermons at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road, will be preached on Lord's-day, April 6, by Pastors F. Tucker and J. A. Spurgeon; on April 7, in the evening, by Dr. Landels. On Lord's-day, April 13, Pastor Mayers of Battersea, and Mr. Henderson, the future Pastor, will preach; and on April 16, in the afternoon, at Three o'clock, C. H. Spurgeon. A public meeting will be held in the evening of the 15th.

The Secretary of the Baptist Union requests us to announce a Soirée, at the Cannon Street Hotel, in the evening of April 28. Messrs. Landels, Pattison, and Tymms are to deliver addresses. Tickets, including tea and coffee, 2s. each, to be procured at the Mission House.

The fourth number of the "Interpreter" has been issued. Friends who have not yet begun to take it, can procure the former numbers.

Lectures on behalf of Nonconformity have been delivered in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, by Mr. Rogers, of Clapham, and Dr. Edmunds, of Highbury, very much to the benefit of those who heard them.

A collection was made at the Tabernacle, March 16, towards the fund for building a new chapel for the church and congregation meeting at Surrey Chapel, under the care of Mr. Newman Hall. Veneration for the memory of Rowland Hill, as well as brotherly fellowship with a very useful neighbouring church suggested this step. We had great pleasure in sending one hundred guineas to Mr. Hall.

Thanks are due to a friend who has sent us a supply of Draper's Dichröic ink; it is, in our judgment, the very best for rapid writing. Mr. Mudie's *Select* inks are also very excellent.

Good news have reached us from Mr. Stokes, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who is abundantly prospering. We salute him in the name of all the brethren.

The church at Sittingbourne is enjoying a gracious revival. May it long continue.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—February 24th, two; February 27th, six: and by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth:—February 24th, five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
A. R. I.	0	7	0
S. B.	0	5	0
Messrs. H. H. Pledge	2	10	0
John XVII., 20 and 21	7	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
Amy	0	2	6
Mrs. Adams	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Woodman	1	1	0
H. O.	3	0	0
Mrs. Macpherson	0	19	9
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0
Deptford Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. Morgan	1	0	0
One-tenth	0	2	0
Mr. J. Dodson	50	0	0
H. M.	0	2	6
Rom. VI., 7 and 8	1	0	0
Mr. E. Johnson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mac Dougal	0	10	0
J. H.	0	5	0
Friends at Wotton-Under-Edge and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths	3	8	2
Mr. J. Griffiths	11	11	10
G. M. R.	0	10	0
A Friend at Limbury, per Mr. J. Menlove	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Firstfruits	0	2	6
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
A Friend in Christ	1	0	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore and Friends	2	0	0
Mr. Perkins' Bible Class	12	12	0
P. O. O.	40	0	0
Collection at Red Hill, per Pastor W. Usher	5	7	6
Collection at Pain's Hill, per Pastor F. Cockerton	0	15	0
Collection at Wandsworth, per Pastor G. H. Marchant	4	10	0
Collection at Ulverstone, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	6	6
Collection at Chelsea, per Pastor F. H. White	4	0	0
Friends at Blair Athol, per Pastor A. Macdougal	2	15	0
Pastor T. Tansley	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Feb. 23	31	8	5
" " " " Mar. 2	28	0	9
" " " " " 9	32	2	3
" " " " " 16	20	11	1
	£285.	0	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Paterson	0	10	0
Sunday School, Halbeath	0	3	6
C. C.	0	1	0
January Orders	0	3	5
Two Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," Forres	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. C. Foster	0	10	6
Anonymous, per Rev. J. Aldis	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Matt. XXV., 40	1	18	0
Children of Trinity Sunday School, Trinity Street	1	0	0
Mrs. Macpherson	1	0	0
A Marriage Offering, D. and H. A.	2	2	0
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0
Mrs. J. McCammond	0	5	0
Deptford Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mr. A. Debenham	3	3	0
M. A. M.	0	2	6
Rom. VI. 7 and 8	1	0	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	0
Two Orphans	0	5	0
A Loaf of Bread from Exeter	0	1	2
Two Friends	0	12	6
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Dale	0	3	0
Mrs. Benyon	0	5	0
One-tenth	0	1	5
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	12	4
Per Rev. J. B. Warren :—			
Miss Tonkiss 0 12 5			
Mrs. Fowles 0 16 1			
Miss Hopwood 0 10 0			
Miss McMichael 0 10 10			
	2	9	4
Eliza	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dean	2	10	0
A Humble Servant	0	2	6
Friends at Wotton-Under-Edge and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths	12	18	7
Mr. J. Griffiths	2	1	5
Mr. A. Miles	0	5	0
G. M. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. Harper	1	0	0
A Friend at Limbury, per Mr. Menlove	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	4	0	0
Mr. J. Lamont	0	5	0
Firstfruits	0	2	6
Master C. W. Jackson	0	7	0
Mr. W. Hall	0	9	11
Mrs. W. Ranford	1	1	0
Lambeth, South London, and Clapham Auxiliaries Sunday School Union	18	10	0
P. O. Q.	40	0	0
A.	5	0	0
	£121	2	1

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—Sack of Flour, Mr. Nye; 6 Bags of Vegetables, "Challon;" a Sheep, per Mr. Kidner.

Clothing, etc.:—7 Shirts, Redditch Baptist Church, per Miss Simms; Wool Cover for Sofa Cushion, per Miss Bonsor; a large Bath, Mr. Vickery.

Donations, etc., per Mr. Charlesworth:—Miss Bilitier, £1; Master Dalby, 5s: Sale of Antimacassar, 3s 6d; ditto, Remnant, 6s; ditto, Old Clothing, £1 10s;—£1 19s 6d: Balance from Sale of Bones, etc., £3.—Total, £6 4s 6d.

Parcels received for the Orphanage from:—The Misses Croggon, Mrs. Cardwell, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Gummoe, Mrs. Read, Miss Read, Miss Geldart, Mrs. Gaved, Mrs. Stocker, Mrs. T. Stocker, Mrs. Moreland, Mrs. Andrew, Florrie, Bessie, and R. S.

Received for College Buildings:—Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, £2; Church at Middleton Chenoy, per Rev. J. Dodwell, £1 16s.

Received for Mr. Pegg's Chapel at San Domingo:—Mr. Cockrell, £2; Mr. Green, £2; S. P., £1 1s; Mrs. Lewis, 10s; Collection after Prayer-meeting at Tabernacle, £13 9s 9d; Mr. Westrop, 2s 6d; Mr. May, £10; Mr. C. Davies, £1; Mr. Dougharty, 10s 6d; A Friend, 7s; Mr. Dowsett, £1; Mr. E. Edgley, £1 1s; A Working Man, Dumfries, £1; His Friend, £1; Mr. W. Romford, £1; Mr. Stiff, £10; Mr. T. Gregory, £1; Mr. Fisher, £5; Mr. Kinnear, £1 10s; Mrs. Skates, 5s; F., 3s; Mr. J. Campbell, £1; Friends, per Mrs. Woolford, 7s 9d; Mr. W. Birt, £10; Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, £2; Mr. Romang, Junior, 2s.

The Watch and Jewelery acknowledged last month was intended for the Orphanage, and should have appeared as "A Thankoffering for mercies received."

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Sunderland District, per J. Smith, Esq. (quarterly)	7	10	0
South Wilts District, per J. F. Toone, Esq.	10	0	0
T. H. Olney, Esq.	1	1	0
T. H. Cooke, Esq.	2	0	0
W. Mills, Esq.	1	0	0
Donations:—			
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Ingram	0	1	0
W. C. Murrell	2	2	0
W. B.	0	10	0
S. P.	0	10	6
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Deptford Friend	1	0	0
J. H.	0	6	0
Two Orphans	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	4	0	0
P. O. Q.	10	0	0
	£11	9	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1873.

The Manifestation of the Spirit of Scripture in Public Discourses.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1873.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID GRACEY.

THERE is a peculiarity which we must all have noticed in public discourses. We have observed it sometimes in all preachers, always in some. To the one class it is the law of their ministry, to the other it is a passing accident. What I refer to is the absence of the *spirit of Scripture*. I do not speak of that blessed Spirit who gave the word, nor only of that temper, and manner, and tone in which the word is given. I have in view that remarkable adaptation of external form to inner meaning, that singular sympathy between the thoughts and the expression, that wondrous unity which underlies all the diverse parts of the word of God, and which holds the scattered truths together, as if by a living link. This rare mingling of qualities has too much of the exuberance of life to be termed a mere artistic mannerism; and yet it has so much of manner, so distinct and so inseparable, that it cleaves to *that life* in its most diverse manifestations. We can never escape feeling this combination of influences when it is present. We can never succeed in expressing it fully when we feel it. But for the word *spirit* it would be to us for the most part unutterable.

In using the word *spirit* in this sense, we are not without the authority of common examples. We speak of the spirit of a man when we would set forth the bent of his character. We speak of the spirit of

a book when we would describe the tendency of its teaching. And he who would undertake to give a description of a man or of a book without telling us of the spirit of the one or other would leave us wholly in the dark as to the secret of the value and character of both. And yet this is exactly the condition in which the hearer is often left, after patiently listening to a discourse of three quarters of an hour on some scriptural theme. In the discourse he feels nothing of that spirit which he knows he should find in Scripture itself. We often call such a deficiency the absence of power, of profitable instruction, of gracious influence, of unction, of the Evangelical element, yea, even of Christ himself. But we may often more correctly resolve it into the partial or utter absence, or concealment, of the spirit of Scripture. Where this is present, and in its appropriate place, those high excellencies follow in its train. The reason is plain and simple. The man who would breathe this spirit throughout a discourse must himself have inhaled it first. And to inhale the spirit of Scripture in any particular passage he must have discovered the secret of the meaning of that passage, he must have traced the special application of its truth, he must have noted the circumstances under which it was uttered, the times, the characters to whom addressed; he must have laid bare his own heart, so that the force of the truth might strike home to his own conscience; he must have strained memory and imagination in gathering together its minute threads and colours; and he must have exercised his judgment in selecting, arranging, blending, and weaving them into the texture of his discourse after the example and pattern of heavenly things. And after all this, little has been done, nothing has been carried to perfection, in touching the whole with a divine purpose, in clothing the whole with an invincible might, in infusing into it the savour and fragrance which are everywhere present throughout the word of God, unless the light of the spirit of love has shone upon his mind, and a gale from the "mountains of frankincense" has blown upon his heart.

This, then, is sufficient to show that what I venture to call the *spirit of Scripture* ought not only to be a constituent part, but a primary and essential element in all discourses to believers and to unconverted men. And the deep necessity there is for this spirit, and the direct tendency it has to foster a healthy and enlightened piety, as well as the withering and blighting which true godliness suffers in its absence, are my apology for asking your attention for a little to the subject.

And, to follow the old-fashioned plan of divisions, I shall speak, *first*, briefly, of some of the things contained in the manifestation of the spirit of Scripture; and, *secondly*, more briefly, of some of the advantages flowing from it.

With regard to the first point, I remark that there is contained in the manifestation of the spirit of Scripture—

1. *An exhibition of the truths of Scripture.*

In laying down this proposition we may be accused of turning over soil often tilled before, of harping upon a string of which men's ears are already weary. It may be so; but our conviction is that this piece of ground is not yet exhausted, that this string has not yet given out its last note of music. There is abroad but too wide-spread a

conviction—if such things as convictions still survive—that any sort of thought, and any kind of knowledge, has intrinsically within itself some moral, some heavenly influence. In this notion you find the Roman Catholic dogmatist and the advanced Rationalist—the two opposite extremes of thought—virtually agreeing. The Romish Bishop will not allow the secular schoolmaster to advance more than a step or two in the multiplication table, lest he trench upon the domain of morality. And the Rationalist deems it the most religious exercise he can conceive of to discourse to his fellow-men on the results of that same multiplication table as applied to stars, and seas, and geologic strata. It may be a very great triumph in mathematics to calculate the relative magnitudes of the star Alcyone in the Pleiades, and of Aldebaran in the eye of Taurus; but that doing so should necessarily make a man fitter for heaven exceeds our credulity quite as much as the notion that the knowledge that two and two make four should make a man "wise unto salvation." In contrast with this, our belief is that every truth has its own peculiar influence, that the truths of Scripture alone contain, and alone can contain, the spirit of Scripture. The truths of Scripture are the particles of the great mass which the spirit moves, the members of the great body which it animates and controls. Break a limb, the spirit is impeded; kill the body, the spirit is fled. Introduce other truths which are not those of Scripture, and in vain you seek to breathe into them, and through them to the people, the inspiring breath which blows in the word of God. There is no affinity, there can be no co-operation. This doctrine does not deny the existence of other truths, it does not set at nought their value, it does not ignore their influence; it simply refuses to admit that other truths, no matter what they may be, can have the same moral significance to the soul of man that the truths of Scripture have. We gladly acknowledge that other truths may have their assigned place in a code of ethics, their mystic symbolism in a system of metaphysics, their well-known value in the higher and bolder theories of science, or among the social, economical, and political questions of the day: but when they are brought into the pulpit, and the preacher seeks to raise them there to the dignity of a new or another Evangel, his failure is complete and disastrous. No tongue, no pen need record it. It is already written in ominous and unmistakeable characters in the hearts and lives of the people! He may have given pleasure, he may have merited applause, he may have thereby won for himself the eulogy of Sir Philip Sydney, who was described as "*The secretary of eloquence, the breath of the muses, the honey-bee of the daintyest flowers of wit and arte, the pith of morale and intellectual virtues.*" And yet all this would have enkindled no more heavenly fire in the souls of his hearers than the majestic tones of an organ in some ancient minster, reverberating among the graves and memorials of the dead. In the pulpit it is not the truths of the *zeit-geist*, nor the *time Spirit* itself, that is required to turn heavenward the hearts of men, but the truths of the Spirit of Eternity, and the Eternal Spirit himself, whose quickening and sanctifying influences are equally potent and equally necessary in every age. And he who holds the truths in which this benign spirit dwells is possessed of a lyre more mighty than that of Orpheus in taming savage men. He has a harp

of sweeter sound than Amphion's, which charmed stocks and stones to move, and form the lofty walls of Thebes. For by the heavenly music of these truths, hard and stony-hearted sinners are drawn forth, and polished, and built up as living stones into the indestructible temple of our God. But to have the music you must have the truths.

2. An exhibition of the truths of Scripture *on Scriptural authority*. The practice—of late years become very prevalent—of placing the truths of Scripture not on a Scriptural basis, but upon a basis of reason, is to my mind almost as much an exclusion of the spirit of Scripture, as if the truths themselves were excluded. Instead of making Scripture the starting point, reason is made the starting point. Instead of declaring doctrine as the humble and honest exposition of Scripture, it is given forth as the result of human speculation. To our thinking, this method, besides being nothing better than sheer sophistry, has the pernicious tendency to extract the vital strength out of all revealed religion. It, in effect, lays a foundation which Scripture has not laid. The cry of the men of this school is "*reason and—Scripture.*" Our reply is "Scripture and Reason." We take this to be the only order in which the spirit of Scripture will deign to operate in our teaching. This was the order in which were knit together the systems of the reformers in every land, and which made their doctrines omnipotent. It made the heart revolt against the practices of Rome; it inspired the intellect to burst away from the bands of the schoolmen, as Samson brake the green withs of the Philistines. It degrades not, it does not even curb the legitimate exercise of our highest faculties. It puts them in their right place, and opens up a boundless arena for their exercise. Speculation sends her followers forth alone, like the first mariners, who, without chart or compass, passed the pillars of Hercules and spread their sails on the stormy Atlantic, to perish in the dark unknown; or to return again to the point whence they set out, weather-beaten, dispirited, and only not a wreck. Scripture, on the other hand, is to her disciples a safe convoy over the wide ocean of mystery that rolls between earth and heaven; now she gives chart or compass, now she points out beacon or guiding light, until we reach in safety the shining shore beyond. Yielding up reverently to Scripture the dignity of the supreme command as hers by right divine, our reasoning under her guidance moves and acts with a certainty and an authority it never could reach of itself, and never could deserve to reach. It is this authority we want, the authority of the master, and not of the scribe. And where this authority is present its hallowing influence is sure to be felt.

3. An exhibition of the truths of Scripture *in their scriptural connections*. Rightly dividing the word of truth is the outcome of rightly perceiving its divisions. These divisions often contain the very marrow of the truth. The connections of truths are not distinct and separate from the truths, but form a vital part of them. In them lies their vigour, as the vigour of the arm lies in its joints and ligaments. The central statement of a passage may have multitudinous subordinate ideas thrown all around, in order to poise, as it were, in its proper place the main idea. All these must have their due weight in our minds if we would preserve the true balance of *that one*. He who views the same truths always from the same point, and in the same connections,

and in the same applications, perceives nothing of the wealth of meaning which would instantly burst upon his mind, were he to use their various associations as so many different vistas through which to contemplate the manifold wisdom of God wrapt up within them. No man, for instance, can lay bare the true spirit of the eternal decrees, if he is content merely to dwell upon their certain fulfilment. Fixing the mind merely on that would insensibly but inevitably draw one on to the borders of fatalism. But when the spontaneous efforts of many men, acting far apart and each from selfish motives and to secure selfish ends, when human virtues, and, it may be, human passions, are seen from diverse designs, blending and conspiring to work out the Lord's immutable decrees—as in the case of the blessing of Jacob and the rejection of Esau—then fatalism is an impossibility, antinomianism is an impossibility, and we gaze with wonder and acquiescence on the unfettered march of God's purposes and human actions, and see them in distinct, but converging lines leading to the same goal.

All over the Book of God we shall find these scattered lights which serve to show up the main theme. They must never be obscured or quenched. Just as every pillar, and gate, and fence marking the outlying grounds of ancient temples were deemed sacred, as well as the inmost shrine where the deity presided, so the scattered marks and waving boundary lines of any truth must themselves be accurately traced, if the individual conformations, the point and pith, would be faithfully represented. The scar on the cheek must not be omitted if you would paint to the life the warrior's visage. The rent that Cassius made, the place where the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, must not be sewn up, and the stain of Cæsar's blood must not be washed out, if Anthony would rouse the passions of the people at the sight of Cæsar's sword-pierced mantle!

You may snatch up a sentence from the middle of an argument, of an expostulation, of a parable, you may descant upon it with close adherence to what the sentence is *in itself*, and so you may cause the main stream of its meaning in that position to run away between your dry generalities. It is a serious consideration for our minds, that unless our discourse follow the main drift of the connection of the text—that is, the writer's use of it—we have no guarantee for ourselves, or for others, that we are proclaiming the truth of God; at any rate so far as that passage is concerned. It will, likewise, I think, be apparent that it is because this main drift, this *individuality*, of Scriptural statements is often missed by the preacher, so much unsatisfactoriness is felt in listening to sermons. You have wondered what has been the matter. You have had glimpses of the truth, but they have been broken and imperfect. No deep emotions have been stirred, no solid instruction has been received. The sermon has but touched you and glanced off. You go away from hearing it very much like Plato's man in the cave, feeling that you have been gazing through a sort of twilight at shadows thrown before you, but you have not been brought up into the clear light of day to see the things themselves and to deal with realities. The main burden of our ministry is to place before our people the soul and not the shadow, the essence and not the loose outline, of truth. When with patient toil and devout

carefulness the preacher has beaten every particle of his text, as the priest of old beat every grain in the composition of the holy oil, then the truth yields up its secret virtues, and preacher and hearer are alike refreshed with the divine aroma.

4. *We should allow the general pervading spirit of Scripture to affect the particular theme.*

If I were to name this pervading spirit of Scripture in a short phrase I would call it *compassion for sinners.* There are many other things in the Book, other great leading characteristics, but without this there never had been such a Book. To express this divine compassion the Book was brought into existence, and is still kept in existence. It touches everything in the Book: it begins with the Book and closes it. Over all, and through all that is brought into view this spirit rises and pierces. It finds out a way over the steepest rocks of divine justice, over the deepest floods of divine wrath. What the eye is to the face of man, giving tone and light and meaning to every feature, this compassion is to the Book of God; it casts its mild radiance round every expression. It is the eye of the Book, and it is a sleepless eye: it is ever gazing upon fallen men, even from amid the terrors of the law, sometimes with many a falling tear, at other seasons with bright beams of joy, but always revealing unutterable depths of divine love.

There need be no apprehension when we permit a full tide of this spirit to rise within the particular subject we are discussing that it will obliterate its distinct characteristics. On the contrary, it ever strengthens and enhances them. As the minute branches of the nerves, spreading through the most delicate portions of our organism, gain additional power in their direct control of the actions of these particular parts, in exact proportion as they more closely follow the impulse from the great centre of nervous force, so is it with particular truths in Scripture, and especially with that whole class of statements containing the expostulations and denunciations of offended justice, neglected mercy, and despised love. It breaks not the force of the warning or entreaty that it is uttered in the tenderest of tones. On the contrary, the compassionate intention often adds a new element of awe even to wrath itself. While looking into the face of the Son of God and listening to his words, uttered over impenitent Jerusalem, who is not struck with the tenderness which mingles tears of pity—real, scalding, human tears—with his words of doom? and yet, who can go away from that scene without feeling convinced that it was those very bitter tears which sealed irrevocably the sentence—*but now thy house is left unto thee desolate.*

But, my brethren, this spirit of the truth must reside in ourselves. We must be thoroughly possessed of the truth. Of old no oracle came from the Delphic shrine until the priestess who presided there was completely mastered by the god. Such a mastery must the truth have over us, before it will wield through our ministry the power which makes others bend and submit to Christ. In the whole of Scripture, perhaps in the history of the world, there is no greater example of this than Ezekiel. Consider him for a moment. He is favoured with visions and manifestations of Deity, which in sublimity and grandeur are second

to none in Isaiah, Daniel, or John. After keeping company with cherubim and seraphim, what is his next employment? Why, to take a tile and pourtray Jerusalem thereon, to act a mimic siege against it, to live on the famine-fare of the beleaguered city, stooping almost to those abominations which are only tolerable when it is a question of life or death. What is the next? Shaving and weighing and burning his hair, and binding some of it in the skirts of his garment. Then he is taken up a second time to mingle with the bright spirits that minister in God's immediate presence. What follows? The drudgery of removing his household stuff, eating his bread in stinted morsels, and with trepidation of heart. It was not sufficient for him to declare in fiery words the denunciations of God against the people's sins. It was not enough to use metaphor, and allegory, and parable to place in living colours before their eyes the penalty of their crimes; he must *be* the things whereof he spoke. His message must be embodied in himself, and so become a visible incarnation of the mind of God. And when the man of God has thus in his own soul all things common with the truths he is charged to declare, there needs no vehement publication to make the fact known. The conviction of it steals silently and irresistibly over the people. It puts a tone into the voice it never had before; it gives a new glance to the eye, and invests the whole manner of the man with an air of reality which kindles the enthusiasm of others. Even in the shortcomings and blunders of such a man there is a charm for good far excelling some men's highly-finished preciseness. In the volumes lately published of the memoir of Charles Dickens there was one incident mentioned which seemed to me, more than anything else, to give the clue to the magic skill with which that writer made his pages instinct with life. One of his heroines—a little girl—must be killed, for the sake of the artistic completeness and consistency of the tale. But the author could not lightly do the deed. Week after week he dwelt with fondness over the character, loath to sacrifice her; and when he could no longer delay the putting an end to her life, he said, it was like thrusting a dagger into his own heart. Could we borrow this writer's love for his ideal creations, and transfer it, in its fervour, to the subjects of our ministry—could we so have the truths and our hearers *in our heart*—our rebukes would never savour of censoriousness, our denunciations of sin would never be tinged with vindictiveness, our defence of truth would be free from the charge of narrow-souled bigotry, and our zeal, to have all see eye to eye, would be tempered with the compassion of the High Priest towards the ignorant and those out of the way, seeing that we also, ourselves, are compassed about with infirmities. There might be the earthquake, the tempest, the fire in our discourses, but we would never omit the still small voice. There might be the hammer to break, the arrow to pierce, the two-edged knife of the priest to cut, but, more prominent than all, there would be the golden sceptre, which bids the suppliant hope and live.

Besides bringing the people into more direct and intimate contact with the word of God, which is the sustaining and controlling power of the life of godliness, we should by catching the spirit of Scripture reap, among many others, these two immediate advantages: first, that the harshness of offensive truths would be removed; and secondly, that the

better known doctrines would maintain, under our handling, a green and vigorous life.

1. We must not disguise from ourselves the fact that the truths we have to declare are frequently repulsive to many. They may be like the stone fences we see in some counties, looking very bleak and dismal in the distance. What then? Shall we cast these uncouth, and ungainly, and repulsive doctrines down, and never allow their dark lines to become visible in our teaching? This is the opinion of many. It is not ours. Rather, it is our duty to search whether there may not be found on a closer investigation something attractive in the doctrines. For when one comes nearer and examines more closely those same dreary-looking fences, the harshness wears off, and the dismal air is dispelled, as he finds that even there the hand of nature has been busy in covering the bare stones with variegated mosses and lichens, and in causing the slender wild flowers to live and bloom from many a nook and crevice. And so, in the chinks and crannies of the more rigid doctrines of Scripture, the hand of God has strewn here and there the seeds of tenderer truths, which spring forth, opening their foliage and shedding their perfume. If we are instructing the weak, we shall point them to the protecting wall; if we are wise as well, we shall, like that other wise man, point also to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.

2. The second advantage is, that the better known truths would be set forth with greater life. That there is a vitality in truth we all know—that this vitality makes truth a motive power we readily acknowledge; but the most of us must likewise testify, from bitter experience, that truth may be so dealt with that its life may be extinguished by the very medium through which it ought to operate upon the hearts and minds of men. You have again and again heard sermons containing truths—indisputable truths—the very truths on which your hopes rely, yet no holy emotion responded to them as they fell from the preacher's lips. They fell like withered leaves, scentless and dead. You have afterwards opened your Bible, and, as you read line after line there, containing the very same statements as in the sermon, or ever you were aware, your soul was made like the chariots of Ammi-nadib. In the sermon they were dead, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; in the book they were like the tree of life, planted by the river of the water of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits. Can they not be put in the sermon as they are in the Book? Can they not live in both? We know, we rejoice, they can and do. Could we not realise this to a far higher degree than the very best of us have done? Let us try! Let us make our sermons a speaking trumpet for the text, that the very word of God may touch the hearts of the people. When the guide to the Killarney Mountains pauses at a certain pass and blows a blast with his horn, the sound is six times distinctly echoed from hill to hill. So let the blast, blown by the Divine Spirit in the text, be echoed on, from one part of our discourses to another, till the people awake, with gladness and delight, and feel the blessedness of those who know the joyful sound.

Sunday Night in the Cowgate, Edinburgh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS."

WHILE ranking among the most interesting of cities, Edinburgh may be said to be a world in itself. The situation is romantic; the society is refined, the majority of the tradespeople are well-informed, and the historical associations of the town are so remarkable that no genial-minded Englishman grudges the proud capital of the north her self-asserting title of "The Modern Athens." We do not pass a mere compliment when we say that ancient Greece never rose to be half so attractive as modern Scotland.

Having something to say about the experience of a Sabbath evening which we recently spent in the lowest parts of the city, we shall preface our sketch by briefly referring to Sabbath morning as it is observed in the more respectable districts.

It is related of a distinguished English statesman, who was staying in a Scotch village, that he expressed high satisfaction on beholding the Christian union which apparently everywhere reigned. The parish was orderly and sober, and all seemed to be of one mind as they met regularly to worship God in the Free Church. "I suppose you have no Dissenters here?" remarked the gentleman to the churchkeeper. "Dissenters! Oh yes, there were *some* Dissenters. There were at least half a dozen specimens of that discontented genus, and they might be found at the Established Church over the way!" This intimation, accompanied by a significant jerk of the thumb over the speaker's shoulder, at once showed the visitor what kind of delusion he had harboured.

This anecdote will illustrate the state of religious parties in Edinburgh, and, indeed, throughout Scotland generally. While the majority of the better sort of people adhere to the Free Church, and stoutly defend her claims, the outsiders, as they may truthfully be called, belong to the State-provided Establishment; but all, in common, are subject to a strong love of Presbyterianism. Between ten and eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning the streets of the town present a spectacle such as we believe cannot be witnessed in England. The thoroughfares are thronged with passengers, grave and thoughtful, all making way to their respective places of worship. Then the clocks chime eleven. The streets are empty. The churches are full.

One Sunday, last January, being a stranger in Edinburgh, we walked to "Free Saint George's," which, as the cathedral of the Free Church of Scotland, has its pulpit occupied by Dr. Candlish, a divine who deservedly occupies a foremost place among the leaders of theological thought. The elegant and spacious edifice is receiving a broad stream of people, reminding one of the crowds which find their way into one or two of the largest of our London chapels. The congregation, too, is quite worthy of the church, including, as it does, the *élite* of the city population. The numbers who are passing in carry a thoughtful and devout look with them; and one celebrity and then another can be recognised among them. Meanwhile, the plates at the doors, standing on little tables with spotless napkins, become

piled with coins, as though a special collection were being made, instead of the usual Sabbath offering. Now the people are seated; there is a hush as the Doctor ascends the pulpit, and we are eagerly anticipating the sermon. Dr. Candlish is doubtless what the Puritans would have called "a solid and painful preacher;" and looking round, one can discern at a glance, in the calm and undivided attention of the great congregation, that it is mainly composed of hearers who are educated up to the exceedingly high standard of pulpit teaching, which is maintained at "Free Saint George's."

On leaving the church, the streets are again found to be thronged with the same orderly crowds as before. We say orderly because the absence of light conversation, laughter, or even smiles, is peculiarly observable. If the country were England we should now be going home to dine; but there is no dinner in Edinburgh until after the second service at a quarter after two, which will close the public exercises of the day. Having seen the real cathedral of the Free Church, we now repair to the ancient sanctuary of Saint Giles which in less happy times was the seat of a Bishop of Edinburgh. Saint Giles's is a great historical site, and as a mere building is the largest church in the city; yet the congregation assembling within its walls and that assembling at "Free Saint George's" so widely differ that they have little in common. The one is a congregation of the first class; the other is a congregation of the fourth class. Nevertheless, the hour spent in the High Church, as Saint Giles's is also called, was one to be remembered. The service was impressive, and the sermon one to be highly appreciated, even though while sitting in the fine old sanctuary of Knox and the Scottish Reformers, we could not but keenly realize that "Free Saint George's" really represents the church of the nation. Historical Saint Giles's merely retains "the half dozen Dissenters" of the Establishment.

Though the above may be a correct picture of respectable Edinburgh as the city appears in the earlier part of each Sabbath day, the evening will surely bring a less satisfactory experience. The church-going populace have gone home to dine and to spend the remainder of the sacred hours in the profitable exercises prescribed by the religious customs of their country. Vulgar Edinburgh, which, to a casual observer, appears as little subject to Christianity as a colony of Hindoos or Chinese, has not been to church at all, and has no intention of going, and, accordingly, the Church must needs follow those waifs and strays who refuse to seek anything good for themselves, and press the Gospel upon their acceptance. There is no necessity to travel far from the handsome streets and squares to find subjects worthy of compassion. Looking down from an arch of George the Fourth's Bridge, we obtain a view of a picturesque but squalid and riotous thoroughfare, and the inhabitants moving hither and thither, might, to judge from appearances, belong to another economy in the universe from those with whom we associated in the morning. That picturesque thoroughfare is the Cowgate. We will go down and see what new phases of life are to be met with in that unfashionable region, and learn something of the agencies which seek to relieve its abounding ignorance and destitution.

Being now fairly landed in the Cowgate, and remembering our late

experience, we seem to be suddenly transported to some far-away land, at the antipodes of the world we moved in during the morning. To add to the melancholy discomfort of the scene, a mizzling rain is falling, while the air is charged with effluvia similar to that which obliged Dr. Johnson to confess on his arrival in the Canongate, that he could smell the Scotch capital in the dark. On either side of the way stand tall ancient houses with grimy windows, gaunt-looking fronts, and heavy stone stairs ascending from the street, some of which must have done duty ever since those stirring days when their worn steps were trodden by heroic covenanters and stedfast Christian confessors. The region wears an altogether dark and forbidding aspect, while the evidences of the existence of a dense and unruly population are painfully manifest. Unwashed men and roystering youths swagger about the middle of the roadway; and hard-featured women are to be encountered on all sides. The whisky shops are closed because their landlords dare not trifle with Scotch law; but numbers of chandlers have their gas burning, their doors open, and, to judge by what we see, the Sabbath brings by no means a scant trade to this low grovelling race and their frowsy-looking stores. The children, prompted by natural instinct, have turned the street into a common playground, and the Scotch and Irish nationalities would seem to coalesce satisfactorily, so far as the juveniles are concerned; for the romping and shouting does not include too large a proportion of the quarrelsome element. There is one peculiarity however, about these children which we have never observed in London: no sooner do we essay to speak to them than the girls especially hie away like frightened aborigines, from a white man; imagining perhaps that we wish to accommodate them with places in the ragged-school or the mission chapel.

But where are we; in the Cowgate of old Edinburgh? Yes, and in spite of the heavy atmosphere, the sickly-looking shops and the teeming degraded populace let us realise that we are now treading on classical ground—that we stand among buildings which in prouder days were made to play a conspicuous part in the history of Scotland. Here was the Solemn League and Covenant drawn up and signed in 1638. Here was the young and beautiful Queen Mary entertained by admiring citizens, before troubles, preshadowing death overtook her; and here, too, in a quaint little chapel, wherein the Medical Mission holds its weekly meetings, the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is said to have been held. Rich in historical association, and picturesque notwithstanding its squalor and abounding vice, is this ancient thoroughfare. Evil days and a bad reputation may have fallen upon its weather-beaten homes; but choice words of Scripture on the walls, quaintly spelt, peep out from the encrusted dirt of ages to remind us of noble names belonging to the past, and to inspire us with the hope of seeing better days in the future.

We have now arrived at the chapel, or the Cowgate station of the Medical Mission, a building of great historical interest, dating its foundation from pre-Reformation times.* Passing down a dimly-lighted,

* For some account of this antique hospital, and of the Medical Mission generally, see "A Day with the Edinburgh Medical Mission," published in our March number.

narrow passage, and catching by the way some uncomplimentary remarks from divers natives, who are watching our progress with needless curiosity, we soon emerge into a small court-yard where are a number of rooms and a dispensary, all of which in other days formed the hospital apartments belonging to the quaint little chapel in the front. Here the ragged-school classes assemble on Sabbath evenings; and the students of the Medical Mission are now earnestly engaged in teaching troops of little outcasts, fresh from the dens of this dreadful Cowgate, the first principles of Christianity. "Barren Ground!" "Casting pearls before swine!" we are tempted to exclaim in our short-sighted wisdom, as we stand watching the teachers' painful efforts. Let us, however, be sparing of sentimentality. God is blessing the seed so faithfully and unsparingly sown. Then see! There is an unmistakable northern inquisitiveness implanted in the young hearts before us, and the eagerness with which they listen to what is spoken is at least, encouraging. The lessons for the evening are printed on large sheets, pasted on boards, each being embellished with a large engraving; and now and again, when something striking is said, the heads of a whole class bend forward to re-inspect the picture and to catch the meaning of what is being explained. Perhaps the scene is as unlike a London ragged-school as Scotland is unlike England. Several of the pinched little faces carry an expression painfully striking, as if their owners were already old in vice, through being thrown among associations cruelly out of keeping with bodies so young. These we may pronounce to be the children of whisky-drinking parents. There are others, on the contrary, whose pretty youthful features bear the stamp of childishness, while their persons are cleaner and their clothing is better kept than is the case with their more unfortunate companions. It is a sight calculated to make one yearn for the little creatures' welfare. Nor shall we yearn in vain; for now the lessons are finished we pass from the hot close atmosphere into the open court, feeling that the efforts thus put forth in faith, or even in tears, will surely be blessed by God and yield a full return.

At half-past six a meeting will be held in the Mission Chapel, when one of the medical students will give an address; but, meanwhile, the congregation has to be sought—literally compelled or persuaded to come in. Though some may scoff and refuse compliance, others will yield, so that the assembly is quite a motley company, full of interest to a student of human nature. See them now gathered together. There sits an aged Scotchman, infirm and afflicted, who by misfortune, perhaps rather than by wilful misconduct, has been driven into the notorious locality of the Cowgate; and he appears to profit by what he hears. Near the old man is a decent demure-looking woman in widow's weeds, who also prizes the religion of her fathers, or her features belie her heart. The sad picture has its lighter shadings, but is a melancholy study taken as a whole. The background contains nothing cheerful, being chiefly made up of a number of young men and lasses whom to look at even makes one heart ache with misgivings. The most promising thing in connection with them is the fact of their being found in the mission chapel at all.

One of the mission churches is also open to-night; for as the regular

services close with the afternoon, this building is used for evening lectures by the Free Church Students of New College. This practice should successfully introduce ministerial candidates to an effective style of preaching. In the main it doubtless conduces to this end, though the gentleman we heard for a brief space has a long road to travel before he will reach the desired goal. It was to be regretted that the sub-editor of *The Sunday Magazine* sat silently by; for though we may take exception to the innovation of Sabbath novel reading, which his journal is fostering, we could not doubt his ability to arouse and exhort a Cowgate crowd. We turned from this service disappointed. As a missionary effort the whole was a failure. The young speaker, an able and classical scholar, and one deeply read in general literature, made so ready a use of his book-lore that his sermon might be called the Gospel according to the English Poets.

There are many other evangelistic agencies in the Cowgate which we cannot notice, but their existence and success reflect high honour on the Christian community of Edinburgh. There are ragged-schools, children's services, and churches founded on Dr. Chalmer's Territorial System, all reaping a precious harvest surprising to contemplate when we recollect the nature of the ground in which the good seed is sown.

Yet notwithstanding the marked success of the missionaries in this chosen retreat of sin, we cannot be surprised when we find the workers themselves half imagining that Christianity is losing ground in a degenerate age. It is true these brave men work and succeed, and they are persons well qualified to take a correct measure of their success; but in places exceptionally degraded, a band of Christian labourers, however successful, cannot produce an impression very visible to outside observers. They succeed in reclaiming certain numbers, and these they raise in the social scale by engendering those higher tastes and soberer habits which always accompany religion. But what are the immediate consequences? The converts become the subjects of new desires and aspirations, and these oblige them to flee from their old quarters as from a lazaretto or a doomed City of Destruction. They almost invariably move away to respectable neighbourhoods, while new comers as surely fill up the vacancies in the common haunt to invite in turn the attention of the mission pastors. This is what is continually happening in the territorial churches of the Cowgate and Westport; and Mr. Pirie, of the former place, assured us that he expected it would so continue till the end of his days.

It may be in a sense disheartening to hard-working men, whose lot is cast in a low and degraded neighbourhood, to see their converts move off to swell the roll of prosperous churches; but none the less does the general result, so far as this one vicinity is concerned, appear to be magnificent. Into one mission church in the Cowgate no less than two thousand persons have been received in about a dozen years, and two hundred and ten of the number were admitted during the past year. Nearly the whole of these have been fairly drawn from the native populace—have, in reality, been won for Christ on one of Satan's most fiercely contested battle-fields. True indeed it is that the fair city of Edinburgh, like our own great London, does not and: annot know

herself, while about a third part of her two hundred thousand inhabitants refuse even to enter the places set apart for the worship of God. On this account do we sympathise with the misgivings of some in the face of abounding difficulties. Would any learn what these difficulties are? Let them watch the faces and catch the conversation of an Edinburgh mob when aught exciting draws them together, and they will have a study of human nature as appalling as our empire can supply. A place like the Cowgate, where outcasts herd together in surprising numbers, is an intricate net-work of dens as closely packed as cells in a honeycomb! Stand for a minute in one of the closes and remember that a population as large as a moderate village dwell in that confined area! Nay, further; in the rooms approached by one flight of stairs between two and three hundred wretched beings have been found crowding together in shocking indecency, without a ray of hope either for this world or the next! The most common-place necessaries of life are never theirs! They do not know what enjoyment means! There are sinners here who have forgotten, or who never knew the difference between right and wrong! Virtue could not preserve her purity untarnished for an hour in their pestiferious haunts! As though prompted by the demon of despair these poor creatures seek to deaden the pain of their monotonous misery by swallowing the vile cheap whiskey which is sold at their very doors, and sold, perhaps, by their own heartless landlord, who feeds like a vampire on the degradation and final ruin of his helpless tenants and customers.

The Rev. John Pirie's mission church in the Cowgate now numbers nine hundred members, nearly a fourth part of whom, as just intimated, have been added during one year. It was agreeably surprising to find that so fine a mission station is fast becoming self-supporting; for while we scarce comprehend how persons who possess "one half-crown to rub on the back of another" can live in so notorious a rookery, the pastors do not complain of any painful lack of money among the populace. On the contrary, money must abound when more than thirty spirit shops are liberally supported in one street. Though it is not easy to say whence the money comes, it seems obvious that many persons of stations in life superior to the locality are content to live in the lowest parts of Edinburgh. Printers, compositors, and skilled workmen, whose families should be the pride of better homes, are found neighbouring with Scotch cadgers and Irish hodmen. Such is the varied constituency; and we honour the men who like Mr. Pirie in the Cowgate, and Mr. Tasker in the West-port, have taken up their position and are devoting time and talent to the highest service. This they do, not as evangelists merely, but as ordained pastors, qualified and selected for work peculiarly arduous. They are pastors too whose preaching powers —to judge from a sample we heard in the West-port church—might be coveted by the most wealthy churches of the city.

In the low parts of Edinburgh Old Town public-houses and pawnshops abound, and these appear to work in unison if we may judge from the number of pledges which whisky-slaves are constantly offering in their mad eagerness for stimulants. More than eighty spirit-shops may be counted during a walk from Holyrood to the castle, and many

hundreds of others exist in the various districts of the city. We learned that as many as eleven thousand pledges have been taken at one pawning establishment in a single month in the beginning of the year, the articles including trinkets, books, clothing, and household furniture. We even heard of a Bible having been snatched from the pillow of a poor invalid to procure money for purchasing spirits! We heard further of a man, whose wife had so repeatedly pawned his Sabbath clothes in order to gratify her craving for drink, that, at length, to save his garments he resorted to the necessary but inconvenient expedient of changing the suit for another at a neighbour's each Sunday evening before returning home. In such an atmosphere childhood is contaminated before it can know the meaning of either virtue or sin. Even children learn to become drunkards, and unless they are rescued in time—especially the girls—they pass swiftly onward to reinforce the ranks of crime and immorality.

In these lurking-places of sin the children must form the basis of our hopes for the future, and the crowded condition of the children's church leads us to anticipate reformation and renovation for these abodes of squalor and vice. It is easy to see at a glance that there are many rough gems among the Edinburgh Arabs. A vein of humour runs through their nature which may be either amusing or annoying, obliging those who know them best to tell us that they are characterised by "a matchless impudence." They are, however, willing learners and eager readers, so that, considering the amount of trash they devour while lacking wholesome literary food, it will be well when the asked-for library is provided. Some of the children have curious histories—histories which show that philanthropic feeling can live even in the Cowgate. "It is years now since," says Mr. Pirie, "visiting in one of the closes, I entered a humble abode, the dwelling-place of a poor but honest and hard-working family; while I was conversing with the mother, a little girl entered the room, apparently from school, and commenced a meal which was awaiting her. I asked if this was her daughter, and the woman told me that she was not. The mother of that child had been a stranger and without an earthly home. In the house of that poor family the wanderer had sickened and died, and leaving the poor child without a friend on earth, this woman, out of the goodness of her own heart, spread her own wing over the little orphan, and for years had been unto her as her mother. Perhaps she did more than any of us all."*

Any person acquainted with the poor localities of other cities will pronounce the Edinburgh Cowgate to be as vile a collection of dens as can be found in the empire. The pastors who have spent some of their best days here can testify to the "almost savage degradation," which everywhere confronts one; and which, notwithstanding the success of the mission churches compels the Evangelists in their fits of despondency to shed tears of despair and to regard their territory as "a God-forsaken soil." No nation should boast of its civilisation while such plague-spots remain. "When death cuts off a member of the family,"

* See Mr. Pirie's timely pamphlet, "The Lapsed: and Suggestions as to the best Means of Raising Them." (Edinburgh, John Maclaren.)

says Dr. Begg, speaking of these localities, "how dreadful to think of all the rest being forced to eat and sleep beside the dead body! We drag a dead horse out of the stable of the living; but here such a separation is impossible. How can we wonder that human nature, in such circumstances, is found at the lowest point of degradation, defying the ordinary modes of cure, and spreading moral as well as physical evil like a pestilence! A decent man comes from the country, driven, perhaps, by want of work. He is obliged to live in one of these wretched abodes. Let us suppose that he has been accustomed to the decencies of society, or even that he is a true Christian. How dreadful to have his children, like Lot in Sodom, exposed to the sound of blasphemy, and the example of every form of wickedness! There society is corrupted to its very core. City missionaries go their rounds in despair. Oceans of soup and floods of water are lavished in vain. The managers of infirmaries, the keepers of prisons, the masters of charity workhouses, stand aghast at a tide flowing from such a corrupted mass, and which, instead of being driven back, is continually rising, like the prophetic waters, and threatening to sweep all that is sound and healthy in the community away."

As we pass along in the mizzling rain the heavy flights of stone stairs look as they had been made privy to suffering and shame as well as to deeds of sin, dark and horrible, which will remain untold till the last day! Besides being dark and filthy, the passages are a common receptacle for the refuse of the rooms. "Think now," says our missionary, "of a family of nine, ten, and sometimes twelve, and in not a few instances, more than *one* such family, doomed to dwell day and night, to eat, drink, lie down, sleep, and rise up, and perform all their domestic duties in an apartment smaller than an ordinary dressing closet!" Sometimes a clean room is discovered, and when found, is as refreshing to the visitor as an oasis to travellers in the desert. But none can, with impunity, live clean and moral lives in this dreadful place; and those who try to do so will tell the evangelist with troubled looks of the annoyances which spring from the drunken revelries of profligate neighbours. Be you as orderly as you will, you cannot have either peace or repose at pleasure in the Cowgate; for as if purposely designed to reduce all its inhabitants to one level of ruin, the house-partitions are so slight that the foul conversation spoken in one room can be plainly heard in another. Many a life has been wrecked here beyond hope of recovery! It is a region which awakens at once our pity, sorrow, and indignation—a very devils' acre, where having planted their standard and marshalled their hosts, the demons Crime and Despair successfully defy and resist the menaces and assaults of Christian Scotland.

Such was the Edinburgh Cowgate in the month of January, 1873. A more "graphic" delineation of its miseries and characters might have been attempted had such been our design: we have preferred keeping to unvarnished simple truth for the sake of stimulating those who are working, and encouraging others to aid the good cause who have as yet held aloof. Whence has the broad torrent of evil, of which we have been speaking, its spring? Was there ever an infernal conclave held to select a subtle agent to subject and hold this seemingly-doomed

place in captivity? If so, the demon WHISKEY must have stood up to demand a commission—"Send me!" Drunkenness is the master curse of the Scotch capital, and will continue so while the city harbours eight hundred public houses, or one to each two hundred of the population! "Fancy," again says our missionary, "thirty-one spirit shops—some of them in threes continuously—in a small street like the Cowgate, over against its two Protestant churches, and the revenues of each of the spirit shops that of the church perhaps three times over!" We might stand unnerved and helpless in the presence of such enormous evils did not faith find reassurance in the grand fact that the battle is not ours, but God's. In the meantime, will our readers take to heart the above sombre facts, seeing we hope soon again to share their confidence over a chronicle of life in the Canongate.

Decision for the Right.

WE were driving round a corner when a butcher met us with his cart. We were on our right side, but, fearing that he would run into us, we pulled across the other way and took the wrong side, while. at that very moment, he moved in the same direction, and being on his right, faced us still. We then as suddenly pulled back to get right again, and the obliging butcher, at the same moment, turned to his wrong side and still confronted us. It seemed as if we should continue facing each other for the next hour; we therefore resolved to take our own proper position and go on, whether we smashed up or no; the butcher also came to the same resolution, and we passed each other at once in the easiest possible manner. Now, it was very amiable on the part of each of us to be willing to yield, but firmness would have been a greater kindness. Had we proceeded in our own lawful way our neighbour would have known what to do, and, adapting himself to the circumstances, would have found means of getting the road clear for us: we, however, abandoned the rule of the road—mutual understanding was at an end—and we were both puzzled.

Let the Christian learn hence that, for the comfort of all concerned, it is best for him to carry out his principles without deviation. Amiable worldlings will try to adapt themselves to our habits, but if we are readily put out of our proper course, and forbear from doing right through the fear of men, they will not know how to act towards us, and the dangers of collision will be increased a hundred-fold. Yield no principle, concede no point which involves sin, then those about you will know where to find you, and will either let you alone altogether, or else will admire your consistency and follow your example. Obstinacy about whims and fancies is one thing, but firmness in matters of right and religion is quite another. The first is to be avoided, the second to be cultivated.

Exposition of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXXIV.

TITLE AND SUBJECT.—To the chief musician upon Gittith. A Psalm for the sons of Korah. *This Psalm well deserved to be committed to the noblest of the sons of song. No music could be too sweet for its theme, or too exquisite in sound to match the beauty of its language. Sweeter than the joy of the wine press (for that is said to be the meaning of the word rendered* upon Gittith), *is the joy of the holy assemblies of the Lord's house; not even the favoured children of grace, who are like the sons of Korah, can have a richer subject for song than Zion's sacred festivals.*

It matters little when this Psalm was written, or by whom; for our part it exhales to us a Davidic perfume, it smells of the mountain heather and the lone places of the wilderness, where King David must have often lodged during his many wars. This sacred ode is one of the choicest of the collection; it has a mild radiance about it, entitling it to be called The Pearl of Psalms. *If the twenty-third be the most popular, the one-hundred-and-third the most joyful, the one-hundred-and-nineteenth the most deeply experimental, the fifty-first the most plaintive, this is one of the most sweet of the Psalms of Peace.*

Pilgrimages to the tabernacle were a great feature of Jewish life. In our own country, pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas of Canterbury, and our Ladye of Walsingham, were so general as to affect the entire population, cause the formation of roads, the erection and maintenance of hostelries, and the creation of a special literature; this may help us to understand the influence of pilgrimage upon the ancient Israelites. Families journeyed together, making bands which grew at each halting place; they camped in sunny glades, sang in unison along the roads, toiled together over the hill and through the slough, and as they went along, stored up happy memories which would never be forgotten. One who was debarred the holy company of the pilgrims, and the devout worship of the congregation, would find in this Psalm fit expression for his mournful spirit.

DIVISION.—*We will make our pauses where the poet or the musician placed them, namely, at the Selahs.*

EXPOSITION.

HOW amiable *are* thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

1. "*How amiable,*" or, How *lovely!* He does not tell us how lovely they were, because he could not. His expressions show us that his feelings were inexpressible. Lovely to the memory, to the mind, to the heart, to the eye, to the whole soul, are the assemblies of the saints. Earth contains no sight so refreshing to us as the gathering of believers for worship. Those are sorry saints who see nothing amiable in the services of the Lord's house. "*Are thy tabernacles.*" The tabernacle had been pitched in several places, and moreover, was divided into several courts and portions; hence, probably, the plural number is here used. It was all and altogether lovely to David. Outer court, or inner court, he loved every portion of it. Every cord and curtain was dear to him. Even when at a distance, he rejoiced to remember the sacred tent where

Jehovah revealed himself, and he cried out with exultation while he pictured in fond imagination its sacred services, and solemn rites, as he had seen them in bygone times. Because they are *thy* tabernacles, "*O Lord of hosts*," therefore are they so dear to thy people. Thy pavilion is the centre of the camp, around which all thy creatures gather, and towards which their eyes are turned, as armies look to the tent of the king. Thou rulest all the companies of creatures with such goodness, that all their hosts rejoice in thy dwelling-place, and the bands of thy saints especially hail thee with joyful loyalty as Jehovah of hosts.

2. "*My soul longeth*,"—it pines, and faints to meet with the saints in the Lord's house. The desire was deep and insatiable—the very soul of the man was yearning for his God. "*Yea, even fainteth*;" as though it could not long hold out, but was exhausted with delay. He had a holy lovesickness upon him, and was wasted with an inward consumption because he was debarred the worship of the Lord in the appointed place. "*For the courts of the Lord*." To stand once again in those areas which were dedicated to holy adoration was the soul-longing of the psalmist. True subjects love the courts of their king. "*My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God*." It was God himself that he pined for, the only living and true God. His whole nature entered into his longing. Even the clay-cold flesh grew warm through the intense action of his fervent spirit. Seldom, indeed, does the flesh incline in the right direction, but in the matter of Sabbath services our weary body sometimes comes to the assistance of our longing heart, for it desires the physical rest as much as the soul desires the spiritual repose. The psalmist declared that he could not remain silent in his desires, but began to cry out for God and his house; he wept, he sighed, he pleaded for the privilege. Some need to be whipped to church, while here is David crying for it. He needed no clatter of bells from the belfry to ring him in, he carried his bell in his own bosom: holy appetite is a better call to worship than a full chime.

3. "*Yea, the sparrow hath found an house*." He envied the sparrows which lived around the house of God, and picked up the stray crumbs in the courts thereof; he only wished that he, too, could frequent the solemn assemblies and bear away a little of the heavenly food. "*And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young*." He envied also the swallows whose nests were built under the eaves of the priests' houses, who there found a place for their young, as well as for themselves. We rejoice not only in our personal religious opportunities, but in the great blessing of taking our children with us to the sanctuary. The church of God is a house for us and a nest for our little ones. "*Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts*." To the very altars these free birds drew near, none could restrain them nor would have wished to do so, and David wished to come and go as freely as they did. Mark how he repeats the blessed name of Jehovah of Hosts; he found in it a sweetness which helped him to bear his inward hunger. Probably David himself was with the host, and, therefore, he dwelt with emphasis upon the title which taught him that the Lord was in the tented field as well as within the holy curtains. "*My King, and my God*." Here he utters his loyalty from afar. If he may not tread the courts, yet he loves the King. If in exile, he is not a rebel. When we cannot occupy a seat in God's house, he shall have a seat in our memories and a throne in our hearts. The double "my" is very precious; he lays hold upon his God with both his hands, as one resolved not to let him go till the favour requested be at length accorded.

4. "*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house*." Those he esteems to be highly favoured who are constantly engaged in divine worship—the canons residentiary, yea, the pew-openers, the menials who sweep and dust. To come and go is refreshing, but to abide in the place of prayer must be heaven below. To be the guests of God, enjoying the hospitalities of heaven, set apart for holy work, screened from a noisy world, and familiar with sacred things—why this is surely the choicest heritage a son of man can possess. "*They will be still praising*

thee." So near to God, their very life must be adoration. Surely their hearts and tongues never cease from magnifying the Lord. We fear David here drew rather a picture of what should be than of what is; for those occupied daily with the offices needful for public worship are not always among the most devout; on the contrary, "the nearer the church the further from God." Yet in a spiritual sense this is most true, for those children of God who in spirit abide ever in his house, are also ever full of the praises of God. Communion is the mother of adoration. They fail to praise the Lord who wander far from him, but those who dwell in him are always magnifying him.

"*Selah.*" In such an occupation as this we might be content to remain for ever. It is worth while to pause and meditate upon the prospect of dwelling with God and praising him throughout eternity.

5 Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways *of them.*

6 *Who* passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

7. They go from strength to strength, *every one of them* in Zion appeareth before God.

8. O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

5. "*Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.*" Having spoken of the blessedness of those who reside in the house of God, he now speaks of those who are favoured to visit it at appointed seasons, going upon pilgrimage with their devout brethren: he is not, however, indiscriminate in his eulogy, but speaks only of those who heartily attend to the sacred festivals. The blessedness of sacred worship belongs not to half-hearted, listless worshippers, but to those who throw all their energies into it. Neither prayer, nor praise, nor the hearing of the word will be pleasant or profitable to persons who have left their hearts behind them. A company of pilgrims who had left their hearts at home would be no better than a caravan of carcasses, quite unfit to blend with living saints in adoring the living God. "*In whose heart are the ways of them,*" or far better, "*in whose heart are thy ways.*" Those who love the ways of God are blessed. When we have God's ways in our hearts, and our heart in his ways, we are what and where we should be, and hence we shall enjoy the divine approval.

6. "*Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well.*" Traversing joyfully the road to the great assembly, the happy pilgrims found refreshment even in the dreariest part of the road. As around a well men meet and converse cheerfully, being refreshed after their journey, so even in the vale of tears, or any other dreary glen, the pilgrims to the skies find sweet solace in brotherly communion and in anticipation of the general assembly above, with its joys unspeakable. Probably there is here a local allusion, which will never now be deciphered, but the general meaning is clear enough. There are joys of pilgrimage which make men forget the discomforts of the road. "*The rain also filleth the pools.*" God gives to his people the supplies they need while traversing the roads which he points out for them. Where there were no natural supplies from below, the pilgrims found an abundant compensation in waters from above, and so also shall all the sacramental host of God's elect. Ways, which otherwise would have been deserted from want of accommodation, were made into highways abundantly furnished for the travellers' wants, because the great annual pilgrimages led in that direction; even so, Christian converse and the joy of united worship make many duties easy and delightful which else had been difficult and painful.

7. "*They go from strength to strength.*" So far from being wearied they

gather strength as they proceed. Each individual becomes happier, each company becomes more numerous, each holy song more sweet and full. We grow as we advance if heaven be our goal. If we spend our strength in God's ways we shall find it increase. "*Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*" This was the end of the pilgrims' march, the centre where all met, the delight of all hearts. Not merely to be in the assembly, but to appear before God was the object of each devout Israelite. Would to God it were the sincere desire of all who in these days mingle in our religious gatherings. Unless we realise the presence of God we have done nothing; the mere gathering together is nothing worth.

8. "*O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer.*" Give me to go up to thy house, or if I may not do so, yet let my cry be heard. Thou listenest to the united supplications of thy saints, but do not shut out my solitary petition, unworthy though I be. "*Give ear, O God of Jacob.*" Though Jehovah of hosts, thou art also the covenant God of solitary pleaders like Jacob; regard thou, then, my plaintive supplication. I wrestle here alone with thee, while the company of thy people have gone on before me to happier scenes, and I beseech thee bless me; for I am resolved to hold thee till thou speak the word of grace into my soul. The repetition of the request for an answer to his prayer denotes his eagerness for a blessing. What a mercy it is that if we cannot gather with the saints, we can still speak to their Master.

"*Selah.*"—A pause was needed after a cry so vehement, a prayer so earnest.

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts *is* better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O LORD of hosts, blessed *is* the man that trusteth in thee.

9. "*Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.*" Here we have the nation's prayer for David; and the believer's prayer for the Son of David. Let but the Lord look upon our Lord Jesus, and we shall be shielded from all harm; let him behold the face of his Anointed, and we shall be able to behold his face with joy. We also are anointed by the Lord's grace, and our desire is that he will look upon us with an eye of love in Christ Jesus. Our best prayers when we are in the best place are for our glorious King, and for the enjoyment of his father's smile.

10. "*For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*" Of course the psalmist means a thousand days spent elsewhere. Under the most favourable circumstances in which earth's pleasures can be enjoyed, they are not comparable by so much as one in a thousand to the delights of the service of God. To feel his love, to rejoice in the person of the anointed Saviour, to survey the promises and feel the power of the Holy Ghost in applying precious truth to the soul, is a joy which worldlings cannot understand, but which true believers are ravished with. Even a glimpse at the love of God is better than ages spent in the pleasures of sense. "*I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*" The lowest station in connection with the Lord's house is better than the highest position among the godless. Only to wait at his threshold and peep within, so as to see Jesus, is bliss. To bear burdens and open doors for the Lord is more honour than to reign among the wicked. Every man has his choice, and this is ours. God's worst is better than the devil's best. God's doorstep is a happier rest than downy couches within the pavilions of royal sinners, though we might lie there

for a lifetime of luxury. Note how he calls the tabernacle "the house of *my* God;" there's were the sweetness lies: if Jehovah be our God, his house, his altars, his doorstep, all become precious to us. We know by experience that where Jesus is within, the outside of the house is better than the noblest chambers where the Son of God is not to be found.

11. "*For the Lord God is a sun and shield.*" Pilgrims need both as the weather may be, for the cold would smite them were it not for the sun, and foes are apt to waylay the sacred caravan, and would haply destroy it if it were without a shield. Heavenly pilgrims are not left uncomforted or unprotected. The pilgrim nation found both sun and shield in that fiery cloudy pillar which was the symbol of Jehovah's presence, and the Christian still finds both light and shelter in the Lord his God. A sun for happy days and a shield for dangerous ones. A sun above, a shield around. A light to show the way and a shield to ward off its perils. Blessed are they who journey with such a convoy; the sunny and the shady side of life are alike happy to them. "*The Lord will give grace and glory.*" Both in due time, both as needed, both to the full, both with absolute certainty. The Lord has both grace and glory in infinite abundance; Jesus is the fulness of both, and, as his chosen people, we shall receive both as a free gift from the God of our salvation. What more can the Lord give, or we receive, or desire. "*No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*" Grace makes us walk uprightly and this secures every covenant blessing to us. What a wide promise! Some apparent good may be withheld, but no real good, no, not one. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." God has all good, there is no good apart from him, and there is no good which he either needs to keep back or will on any account refuse us, if we are but ready to receive it. We must be upright and neither lean to this or that form of evil: and this uprightness must be practical,—we must *walk* in truth and holiness, then shall we be heirs of all things, and as we come of age all things shall be in our actual possession; and, meanwhile, according to our capacity for receiving shall be the measure of the divine bestowal. This is true, not of a favoured few, but of all the saints for evermore.

12. "*O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*" Here is the key of the Psalm. The worship is that of faith, and the blessedness is peculiar to believers. No formal worshipper can enter into this secret. A man must know the Lord by the life of real faith, or he can have no true rejoicing in the Lord's worship, his house, his Son, or his ways. Dear reader, how fares it with thy soul?

Our Faith in the Cross.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1873,
BY PASTOR G. D. EVANS.

I HAVE chosen the subject before us from the conviction that in these days of latent and lambent scepticism, nothing is of greater importance to the minister of the gospel than the maintenance of a faith, unsullied by the breath of controversy, in the central fact of God's great revelation to man. The outlook of the Christian church is not so reassuring as we could wish. We are "not able to see afar off," if we do not discover vast agitating influences at work upon the sea of human thought which lies around us. The state of the atmosphere forebodes a storm of such violence that the vessel whose tacklings are loosed, and whose cords are weak, will meet it only to be torn in pieces by its fury. Rationalism, which is but a more modern and respectable name for scepticism, has made great strides during the last few years.

Ancient errors have been reproduced in modern forms, perhaps under some such attractive title as "New Phases of Old Truths." But it requires not a cunning eye to detect the wrinkles of age upon their brows, although the subtle arts of the Madame Rachels of theology have been used to produce the appearance of winsome and jaunty youth. The habiliment may have changed, the buckskin of the past has been renounced for the broadcloth of the present, but it is a mistake to suppose that the man is new because his face is painted, or his clothes are of a more modern texture.

You will not require any proof of the fact that I have asserted. Even should your ministry be exercised in one of those more self-denying but more isolated spheres, where you may be precluded from entering the fields of literature, in which so much rank vegetation grows, the scent of their poison is upon the breeze; and if one-tenth of the rumours that stir the atmosphere be true, there is enough to cause those who are wedded to that which has obtained the somewhat pretentious but significant name of "the old orthodox faith," to weep if they do not tremble.

That much of error which is printed bears a very small proportion to that which is spoken, and it is the spoken error brought before the people with all the tricks of oratory, and all the sanctions of a sacred office, that first quickens the doubting spirit, whose appetite must then be satisfied with a literature which sceptical writers are only too ready to supply. The errors of which we speak spring, I believe, from one centre, a want of distinctness in the faith that is exercised in the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course the naked blasphemy of Matthew Arnold—who has lately found his native light and sweetness blighted and turned sour by the excessive amount of electricity with which the atmosphere has been charged—does not find its way into many Christian pulpits. It would not do to jeer at the cross, even from that Coward's Castle, to which so many millions look from Sunday to Sunday for the word which shall inspire them to service and sacrifice. But it is from an avowedly Christian pulpit that we hear the uncertain sound about substitution and the vicarious work of our Lord. The endeavour to put truth in new forms to please the ear, has led to a temptation to dilute the truth itself, and in the constant dilution of the attenuated mixture, the particles of truth are very difficult to discover. The danger has begun in giving up the form of sound words, it has resulted in the renunciation of the sound words themselves.

In what relation do we stand, then, to the controversies of the day? We may as well review our position. Has philosophy shed a richer light upon that spectacle which angels saw with wonder, and the sun refused to look upon for awe? Have we found it necessary to yield the substitutionary work of Christ, as a citadel that has been won by our opponents, only that they may raze it to the ground and leave its ruins to witness to the folly of those who fought with so much tenacity for its preservation? Is the theology of the Puritans worn so threadbare that we dare not expose it to the gaze of men? Has the learning of the present day produced a system superior to that which exalts Faith upon a throne and places Reason at her footstool? Have we become too wise to bow our intellects to the sublime reasoning of the Apostle Paul? We can give an emphatic "nay" to all these

questions. Nothing has yet happened to blot out our reverence for the cross. Sudden beams of scientific light have shot themselves athwart the scene and for a moment have seemed to obscure the star which has lit the pathway of so many heavenward, but they have been as the meteor flashes of an autumn evening, that have died out in the darkness only to impress us with their transient character; while the light that has flashed from this cross has never flickered since the moment when it fell upon the soul of the dying thief.

Of course our wonder at the great transactions of Calvary must always be commensurate with our reverence, and our humility will prevent our formulating in a dogmatic spirit the truths that may seem to cluster around a dying Saviour. And if we formulate for ourselves, we dare not thrust our formulas upon our brethren. We know that there are infinite depths in that great work of Christ, which neither reason nor faith can fathom, while reason is trammelled by its own imperfections and faith is overcast with clouds of sin. We may have discovered veins of truth which our brethren cannot see, or they may have reached to a profounder depth of the mystery than we have fathomed. Because we are so jealous of our own views, we shall grant them the liberty of holding theirs. But while we do not press for laboured definitions of the atonement which shall be universally accepted, we stand up for the simplest and most literal interpretation of those words, He "*died the just for the unjust*, that he might bring us to God." We cannot, while the Fifth of Romans and the Third of Galatians remain to us, admit that the death of Christ was little more than a martyrdom for the defence of a principle, a mere expression of the wrath of God against sin, or simply a vindication of the Majesty of Law. We must put side by side with the historical testimony, the apostolical explanations and arguments, and the Cross will become to us as it has been to the saints through all the ages, the symbol of a substitutionary work, of the punishment of the Saviour instead of the punishment of the sinner. This was doubtless the burden of the apostolic testimony. The faith of the early preachers was centred here. Take away Calvary from your theological system and we will accept your Saviour. "Let him come down from the cross and we will believe him," was the challenge of the philosophers of the day. The answer of one was the answer of all, "I determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified," because the inspiration of one was the inspiration of all, "The love of Christ constraineth us;" and when they died—some in sheeted flame, some in cheerless dungeons, some in the Roman amphitheatre, some in Nero's Gardens, some in dreary catacombs—the epitaph of one became the epitaph of all: "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus."

We who maintain that the ancient faith is truer and better than the modern systems, are constantly and wickedly misrepresented as holding a debtor and creditor account between God and the sinner, preaching so much blood for so much sin, without teaching the moral aspect of the atonement in cleansing as well as saving the soul. It is a wilful slander upon our creed. No one can hold more distinctly the vast extent of the atonement. We believe that the doctrine of a particular redemption is perfectly consistent with God's revelation of the infinite character of

the great gift of his Son. We do not measure salvation by any commercial theory, or profess to reckon how many souls may be saved by each drop of precious blood. The work of Christ is too solemn a matter to be dealt with as merchants deal with their ledgers, or as pedlars with their wares. The fulfilment of the divine purposes concerning the elect is not the exhaustion of the virtue of the atonement upon the elect. And although we believe in the redemption of a chosen people who shall be called out from among men, we do not thereby proclaim that the *power* of the Saviour is spent. If the salvation is limited, it is not circumscribed by a deficiency of might in God, for "The Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save," and he has given to Christ power over all flesh that he should give eternal life to as many as God has given him. And if the salvation is secured, absolutely and eternally, it is not at the expense of God's moral government over the saved man, for that is certainly bound up with his own idea of salvation; "for he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, without blame before him in love."

Nor do we teach that there is thus any waste of the divine resources. There can be no such thing as waste with God. The sunlight is not wasted that pours itself upon the barren rock or the thankless sea; nor the wild herbage of the forest that springs forth under the influences of a genial spring, and perishes when the autumn winds are let loose; nor the myriad flowers that breathe their sweetness on the desert air, with no one to scent their perfumes or admire their hues; nor the waters of the cataract that tumble over the rude precipice into the deep pool from which neither man nor cattle ever drink. We rejoice in the superabundance in nature, such as becomes a God. We admire the profuseness as well as the variety of his benefactions. We believe that hidden purposes are served by mysterious arrangements of providence, although philosophy has never discovered what those purposes are. It is the fulness that is the beauty of his administration; and it is "the fulness of the Godhead bodily" that we admire in Christ, "the fulness of him that filleth all in all." It is of his fulness that we have all received, and grace upon grace, and it is the fulness of his power to save that awakens our admiration as we gaze upon the cross, and that gives wings to the message which we delight to utter: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life."

We are living in a throbbing, restless age. He who will put down his ear to listen to the cry which rises from the fevered lips of dying humanity, may construct out of the almost inarticulate sounds the sentence, "Give me to drink." A thousand hands lift up as many chalices, each containing a potion that is warranted to allay the fiery thirst. But as the physicians pass in array before the suffering patient, and offer him their cups, and he tastes them all, it is but to turn his head away with a sickening faintness, and to moan out in more painful and distresing accents the words, "Give me to drink," for each sip has sent coursing through his veins another burning stream of anguish. But in the moment of his despair there is handed to him by one of lowly garb and humble mien, a cup more simple in its construction and less gaudy in its ornamentation than all the rest, but with a golden

light playing round its rim, and in its depths a draught of the colour of the ruby; and he who places it to the burning lips whispers, "This is the only cup which can quench the world's thirst, the cup of God's salvation, for that thirst is caused by sin, and only the blood of the cross can take away sin." No sooner have the thirsting lips touched this cup than they resume their pristine hue, the flush of health returns, and a shout of triumphant praise rises to the throne: "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." Ours, my brethren, is the work of placing that cup to the lips of the perishing sons of men.

Let us remember, then, that we are not the apostles of science, nor the ministers of philosophy. We honour those who are, so long as they do not meddle with the ark of God Men must always fail to measure God by their earthly base line. In vain do they attempt to weigh his work in the delicately poised scales in which they weigh their chemicals, or to submit his teachings to the crucible in which they test their metallic substances. Alas! that when they profess to answer the question, "What is truth," they only plunge us into a sea of doubtful speculation for its answer. We are simply ministers of Jesus Christ. This narrows our sphere in one way, but widens it in another, for our subject being the grandest of all subjects, if we can pluck gems or flowers wherewith to adorn it, from any or all of the sciences, we may do so, provided that the crown we place upon the Redeemer's head is not so brilliant with its factitious glory, that we gaze upon the tinsel and forget the brow which it adorns; so long as the fading flowers do not droop over the sufferer's face, so that men cannot behold the wrinkles of sorrow, the scars of anguish and the lines of grief which constitute its chief adornment. Be it ours never so to deck out our theme that we hide its subject, and never so to allow philosophy to dominate over our faith that it ceases to be the central power of our theology. Let us remember that the highest philosophy is a simple unquestioning acceptance in a childlike spirit of God's testimony concerning his Son. And if we sometimes shudder when we cry out, "O the depths," let it not be the shudder of unbelief, but of wonder and reverence; because the salvation is all through so Godlike that it passes human comprehension and baffles human thought.

Our faith in the cross, as those who are chosen of God to preach, will be greatly influenced by the impressions that may remain on our minds of our own conversion to God. Doubtless such impressions continue much more vivid with some than with others. This may probably be accounted for by metaphysical facts. The complexion of the mind, its distinctive peculiarities, the depth of the emotional faculties, the strength of the perceptive powers, the swiftness or slowness of the sympathetic instincts which are wrought upon by the Holy Ghost, will give their own appropriate tone to such impressions. Doubtless one man will receive Christ with an ecstacy of feeling which appears to be the transient effervescence of a new sensation, while another may receive him with the calmness which enters into every transaction of his life;—the change in him being a development from a seed of grace which has been dropped in a secret moment into the heart, rather than a sudden growth into the symmetrical beauty of a godly life. There will be found amongst us many illustrations of this divine method. But

the fact of conversion remains the same. We *are* new creatures in Christ Jesus. We do not assent to a creed or sign articles of religion without having subscribed with our hands unto the Lord. An unquickened ministry is a ministry of damnation to him who exercises it, instead of a ministry of salvation to those who are brought beneath its power. Each one of us professes to be a regenerated man, although the Spirit may have come, as the wind cometh, from a secret place and with unseen influences to each soul. Unless the divine change has taken place, may our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths rather than we should ever again breathe the dear name of the Lord into the ears of men. But, brethren, is the fact of this change ever before us in our ministry; or has the impression of the divine work been dissipated by a cold professionalism? I do not wonder that our faith in the cross flags if our connection with its transactions is merely a dream of the past, or our salvation through the substitution which it represents, a fact only half remembered. But, we have not forgotten it. Christ *was* real to us, then. He was, by the Holy Ghost, visibly set forth crucified. We heard his deep despairing cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." We waited till the moment of the agony had passed, and then caught his triumphant exclamation, "It is finished." We went from seeing him bearing our sins, to following him and bearing his cross. We saw ourselves dead as we were baptised, risen as we rose from the water, one with him by faith as we sat at the table of his fellowship. We then said, "We know;" shall we now say, "I think?" We then said, "Thou art the Christ;" shall we now say, "I know not the man?" We then set to our seal that God was true. Shall we now question the veracity of his utterances? We then, as little children, received him into our hearts, and when our hearts were full, our intellects were full; have those intellects so expanded that he is not great enough to fill them now? If so, we shall soon find the spiritual power of our ministry beginning to wane. We shall talk as theorists or statisticians talk, instead of speaking as those who are commending to others what they have felt and tasted and handled of the word of life. That there is such a tendency in us all you will admit. We forget the things that are behind in a sense contrary to the meaning of the apostle. We let that page of our life lie open to the influences of the world, until it is bleared with the smoke, and scorched by the sun, so that its characters are well nigh effaced, instead of keeping it closed, except when the fingers of memory open it that the eye of faith may take again and again a glimpse of its glory to strengthen our courage which else might fail us in the battle. In that richly suggestive paper upon a revival of religion read at the Congregational Union, by the Rev. Mr. Hebditch, he urges with intense earnestness the necessity of ministers having more time for private devotion. With similar earnestness, I would urge you frequently to go back upon your personal convictions of sin, your early wrestlings, your deep-felt need of a divine Redeemer, your joy when that Redeemer came to you and wiped away your tears, your vows that you would never forget him, the spirit with which you entered the ministry, and your determination, because of what he was to you, to preach, "no man save Jesus only."

Need I say that no theological teaching can ever be of such value as the experience of our own hearts. The deepest truths are those which are within us, written not with the pen which is held by human fingers, but by the Holy Spirit of God; printed not with ink but with the branding-iron of conviction. Let us then frequently look into our own hearts, and read there the experience of our early dealings with Christ, asking ourselves what form our faith assumed when we first heard the words, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, as it is written, cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." If we do this, we shall preach old truths as if they were new; uttering no apology for reproducing the well-worn story, but believing that from our hearts, thus sensible of the wondrous change, there shall flow a stream of living sympathy into all Christian souls that hear us, and a word of quickening into the hearts of the unsaved.

It would not be difficult to shew that *this faith in the cross is intimately bound up with the views we hold in regard to Christian ordinances.* Those views are peculiar to ourselves, and will divide us from the great bodies of Christendom, even though large schemes of comprehension should embrace the majority of the sects. Let it be distinctly understood that we are not a sect, even according to the definition of the dictionary, for we have not separated from the Established Church. We are the spiritual offspring of that baptised community which was created under the effusion of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. We claim to descend from the apostles in a line which has never been broken. We can date the beginning of the denominations with tolerable accuracy, but *we* claim a more ancient ancestry. Our present vitality is a witness to our divine origin, for no body of believers have had more edicts passed against them, or more fires kindled in their behalf, or more numerous attempts made by infidels, heathens, and professed Christians, to crush them, than we have. And I am free to say that none have ever been more bold for Christ, or less swerving in their testimony. We are the sons of worthy sires.

"Our blood is fet from fathers of war proof."

I speak as to wise men, acquainted with Baptist history; judge ye what I say. We shall always hold our own against all comers, because we stand side by side with him upon whom, as he ascended from his baptism, the Dove rested, and the words fell from the Father's lips, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." If ever other bodies should unite with us, it must be upon the sole condition, understood and enforced, that no union must close our lips, or make our testimony upon this point less empathic than it is to-day. Absorption into one great ecclesiastical corporation upon *condition* of this point being given up, or our own mode of baptism being put side by side with what we regard as a spurious method, is impossible! And why? Because we reckon that the deep principle of confessing Christ in his own way lies at the very root of our separation from all those who have diverged from his simple command. The word non-essential has acquired in the lips of those who are careless about this ordinance almost the force of a classical quotation. It is a kind of charm-word which they use to disarm criticism and quiet conscience. Now, what is

the character of this non-essential? It is not an ordinance designed by Christ to convey any occult influence to the soul, nor is it necessary to salvation, nor even contributive to it. In this sense, it is certainly a non-essential. To those who go to Christ simply that they may be delivered from damnation, and who rejoice to be quit of all claims save faith in himself, it must be a merciful deliverance from bearing the cross to creep through this hole, or leap over this wall of non-essential, into the privileges of the Christian life. But to those who maintain that, when they believe, they have only come to the beginning, there is a still small voice which says, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." We are not content with confessing Christ, but desire to confess him in his own ordained way. Now this confession of him involves more than we see upon the surface. There must be faith in his resurrection. This is the point upon which the apostle speaks so distinctly, "If thou shalt confess with thy lips the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Why does he set belief in the fact of Christ's resurrection so prominently forth in this confession. For this reason, as Dr. Raleigh suggests, "The fact of the resurrection, as an isolated thing, would be nothing. That fact, as the representative of many more, which are gathered inseparably about it, is everything. . . . Thus, to believe that Jesus was raised from the dead is, of course, to believe that he died. . . . . The resurrection from its relative position among the facts of Christianity, has often been likened to the keystone of an arch. . . . . A man who believes in a keystone must believe in a whole arch. So he who believes that God raised up Jesus from the dead believes in advent, incarnation, atonement, sacrificial death, and in ascension, in heaven, in coming judgment, in eternal blessedness." But we believe the matter has another relation than even this. The passage which we have quoted about confession is found in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Go back abont two pages in your Bible, and you will find in the same epistle these words, "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." The cutting up of the book into chapters causes us to lose the force of the argument which appears, in the fewest words, to be somewhat thus:—Your baptism is a symbol of faith in a risen Christ. But that very baptism which signified resurrection signified also death. It becomes then a sign of your allegiance to the doctrine of the cross, as well as of your faith in the doctrine of the resurrection. The force of the symbol is lost either when the subject is an unconverted person, or the mode is other than immersion. Holding, as we do, then, the naked simplicity of the command of Christ, we do so for two reasons among many others. First: Because Christ was far wiser in his choice of the method of baptism, than those who would substitute for it an invention of their own. Secondly: That it would be impossible to renounce or alter the mode of this ordinance, without losing a most important means of bearing

witness to the cardinal articles of our faith. It is a fact, challenge it who will, that with all our divisions—and we deplore them before God—the Baptists have clung closer to the doctrines of atonement, substitution, and the vicarious sufferings of Christ, than many denominations of Christians. They have erred less on the side of sacramentarianism on the one hand and rationalism on the other. Their hold of this doctrine of baptism, always to their own personal disadvantage, and frequently at the expense of prestige and honor, has been as the chain cable to hold the sheet anchor of their faith. They have been tempted by emoluments and office to give up the point; so small, so infinitesimally small, and yet so fought about by their adversaries; and in their resistance of the temptation to renounce one of the least, they have gained the strength necessary to maintain the greatest. They have said, we dare not alter one word of the command which fell from lips so sacred, much less dare we yield one point of our faith in that death into which we have been baptised.

Depend upon it, it is a fatal sign when a minister renounces his Baptist principles. Those who go out from us usually do so because they are not of us upon many other points than this one upon which they break the tie of our fellowship. It is but the language of a grandiloquent braggart, when a man boasts of the few that he has baptised since he entered the Baptist ministry, and declares that his free spirit soars towards a wider church with a larger creed; it may be that could we have heard his mental reservation, there would have been added—and a larger salary. We do not wish to forecast the future of those who leave us—thank God they are but few—but the same subtle quibblings, sophistical reasonings, and special pleadings, which have influenced their decision upon this point, will most probably influence their decision upon others; and their frail bark will be stranded, where others before them have been, upon the rocks of rationalism or the quicksands of ritualism.

We might pursue this theme, but our time fails us. My brethren, we love our Alma Mater, and we only do it the barest justice when we remark that whatever our severest critics have to say about it, they can never truthfully declare that we have learned anything from our foster mother subversive of the doctrine of the cross. There is no muffled bell to spoil the peal which rings forth its sonorous notes from our presidential chair or our professors' seats, and God forbid that the muffled bell should ever mar the clear ringing accents of our ministry. And when we meet together in these true fraternal gatherings, may the communion table never lose its sweetness because the Saviour has lost his charms, or the cross has ceased to be the fountain of our preaching and the source of our life. The years roll on, and as they pass away they bear one and another with whom we took sweet counsel together into the presence of our Father on high. And if at any time those who have thus gone from us have made any mistakes in their ministry,—as we all do,—there has not been any mistake in the testimony of their dying hours concerning the infinite value of the atonement which was made on Calvary. From this they have drawn the consolation which made their eye grow brighter the nearer death approached, because throughout their ministry they had not failed to hear their Master's words, "I, if I be

lifted up will draw all men unto me." Let us follow them. "The morning cometh," for such is the reply of the watchman, when we ask in gloomy accents, "What of the night?" "The morning cometh," and without a succeeding night; and even as he speaks the black mist is edged with a rosy tint that is soon to be shot through with glory, till that mist itself appears like a rainbow crest upon the mountain's brow, and when the sun rises to its full height in the noon of heaven, all its radiance shall be focussed upon one point, and that point not indeed the cross, but the glorious person upon whom the cross has left its marks for ever—"the Lamb as it had been slain."

A Welsh Revival.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE pedestrian in Wales is struck with the number of plain, grey stone meeting-houses of the Calvinistic Methodists. In some districts, where the population is scarcely observable, the parish church is dwarfed by the larger, and certainly uglier, conventicle of the Dissenters, while scarcely a village nestling in the leafy shade or in the brow of some romantic hill, is without the square structure in which the Welsh prefer to worship God. You ask to what denomination the homely "four walls" belong, and the answer affords another proof of the striking fact that an earnest, enterprising body of Christians may be represented in spots which but for them might be surrendered to a cheerless Anglicanism or to absolute ignorance of the gospel. Certainly, where the Welsh Baptists are not, the Calvinistic Methodists are to be found; in too many places both communities exist together; while in small towns, where there is room for all, and an energetic and commendable disposition not to neglect the worship of the sanctuary, both bodies have considerable adherents. If the English visitor venture into their tabernacles, while mourning for the nonce, at least, his ignorance of the lively language of the worshippers, he cannot fail to rejoice as he observes their enthusiasm and devoutness. Their preachers have a strong hold upon the masses, and know how to keep it; their labours are greatly blessed of God, and are appreciated by the working population.

The rise of the Calvinistic Methodists, and the evangelical work they have done, is remarkable in many respects. The religious condition of Wales in the last century was sadly similar to that of England prior to the better days of Whitfield and Wesley's evangelisation. Not all, but most of the churches were slumbering. Religious zeal was at a discount; the Establishment was spiritless and Nonconformity tended towards lukewarmness, and, in many cases, Socinianism. A young man, aroused to earnest regard for his highest welfare, having returned from Oxford to Brecon, in South Wales, at the close of the term, began exhorting from house to house; and without any consciousness of preaching, or ambition thus to labour, urged his friends and neighbours to seek the salvation he had himself found. Not only in the town in which he resided, but also in the surrounding parishes was this earnest, unpretentious

work done. In the course of a little while, the gatherings in houses assumed a serious character; and persons assembled in so large a number that no building was commodious enough to contain them. This was the commencement of what has been termed the Welsh Methodist revival. The preaching of Howell Harris was accompanied with such power that numbers were led to anxious concern, the churches became crowded with earnest enquiring men and women, and a permanent religious and moral improvement was the result. About forty miles away from this happy scene, in a village in the county of Cardigan, a similar work was going on, under peculiar circumstances. A curate, named Daniel Rowlands, whose love for the world was greater than his love for Christ, was anxious to excel an earnest Independent minister hard by in the power of gathering a large congregation, and fired with this unworthy motive, was determined to ascertain the secret of the Dissenter's success. He concluded that it was due to "thundering," and he thought thunder should be introduced into his own pulpit utterances. Accordingly, he chose the most awfully solemn texts as the subjects for his discourses, and preached from them such sermons on sin, and death, and everlasting punishment as threw terror and dismay into the hearts of the people. Many were brought into the church, which soon became crowded, and it is said that before the truths he preached really affected his own soul, over one hundred of his congregation were under deep impressions. Happily, the preacher himself was subdued under the power of God, and then he entered upon his ministry with other and better motives. Still, his preaching was sadly defective: it was all law, no gospel,—all threatening and terror, and no winsome entreaty and healing balm. The Independent minister whom he had sought to emulate, observed this defect, and desirous that Mr. Rowlands should be a great soul-winner, he urged upon the young curate the importance of declaring the saving grace of Christ. "If you go on," said he, "preaching the law after this fashion, you will kill half the population, for you thunder those awful curses in such a terrible manner that it is impossible for any man to stand before you." The suitable advice was wisely accepted, and henceforth instead of the deep groans of dismay and despair, cries of "Gogoniant," "Hallelujah," arose from rejoicing hearts.

The nature of Mr. Rowland's most powerful oratory is described by the author of the little fascinating volume indicated below,* as such that it could not fail to produce mighty effects. Certainly it wrought wonders in Llangeitho.

A third wave of revival, unconnected with the two preceding, was sweeping over the indifference of the people of Llysyfran, in Pembrokeshire. A young curate, named Howell Davies, commenced his ministry amid tokens of a most remarkable blessing. Some big-wigs in the parish, who did not approve of conversions and penetrating truths of any kind, secured his dismissal from the curacy; and then he travelled the country, preaching in churches and out of them, and with such

* Welsh Calvinistic Methodism: a Historical Sketch. By the Rev. Wm. Williams (Nisbet). Price 3s. 6d. The reader would do well to obtain this admirable history. It reads like a romance.

converting power that it was said Mr. Davies had at one time more than two thousand communicants in the county of Pembroke.

These three earnest Evangelists were the means of raising up a number of others, among whom was one to whom the whole church of Christ is indebted for the two hymns, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." Mr. Williams, of Pantycelyn, is well described as the sacred poet of Wales; the popularity of his hymns in the Principality can be seen in the hymn-books used by all the various churches. He was too good and useful for an Established Church which could not brook such offences as not using the sign of the cross and obeying the command of the Master in going into the highways and hedges to compel sinners to come into the fold of Christ. A number of offences of this kind were alleged against him, the Bishop in consequence refused to ordain him as priest, and he left a sect that would not allow him to do Christ's work with freedom and energy. Others left the Episcopal Church because the lukewarm and the snobocracy made the holding of their curacies impossible if they remained true to their Lord. The manly piety of the earnestly religious was despised; and what can be said for a church that can tolerate anything but evangelic zeal? Can it be a church of Christ? It is too late now for churchmen to acknowledge that their procedure, which brought secession, was a mistake. The acknowledgment is largely due to ecclesiastical selfishness, and would probably not be made if the secessionists had not been a power which, at this day, threatens the very existence of the Establishment.

The movement owes not a little to the impetus which George Whitfield gave it. He, from the earliest time, was deeply interested in the work of the brave spirits in the Principality, and the first Association of Welsh Calvinistic Methodists was held under his chairmanship. The leaders were very young men and needed counsel; moreover, their position was novel to themselves and a little doubtful to many who sympathised with them. Although compelled to leave the Establishment they were deeply attached to its articles and offices, but while respecting all the honest restrictions it imposed, they would not bow to the dictation of those who desired to cramp their energies within the narrowest mechanical limits. Men were perishing; they had received from the Lord the truth that would save them, and they felt bound, in all loyalty of spirit to the Christ they loved and the gospel committed to their trust, to preach his salvation. Wherever there were souls needing the Bread of Life, they went to present it; and if, in so doing, they poached upon the preserves of some indolent, self-indulgent, perhaps sottish gamekeeper, so much the worse for him when the Lord maketh inquest on the dead opportunities of the neglectful watchman. These Fathers of Welsh Methodism, as they have been called, entertaining the mildest form of meek dissent, were not prepared to throw their energies into any other religious organisation, and were not desirous of forming a separate community. Not having been trained in the principles of nonconformity, they were afraid of being regarded as Dissenters. Accordingly they instituted, instead of a church in each locality, a "society" of believers; instead of designating their ministers, who had not gone through the occult process of ordination from the

hands of a man in lawn, as "preachers," they referred to them simply as "exhorters." A number of these societies were grouped together and placed under the care of an "overseer." For elders they had "*private* exhorters," or "stewards of the societies." Even their meeting-houses were called "houses for religious purposes." For awhile they partook of the Lord's Supper at the Episcopal Church; but the ungodliness of the parsons compelled them to abstain, more or less, from attending any services presided over by them. Of course for this they were "schismatics." A very enlightened Churchman recently gave to one of "ye poor dark Dissenters" a very intelligent reason for his fidelity to the church of his Father, that if the Devil were to occupy the church pulpit it would make no difference to him; and probably it would not, *and did not*. It was doubtless a very stupid and preposterous thing to object to agents of Satan dressed in gown and cassock, and some of the early Methodists were a little exercised at first about the form of their protest, but it must be confessed that they had no sort of love for the Devil, either in secular or ecclesiastical attire, and wherever there was "a wide door" opened for them, the power of Satan and his agents rather encouraged them to go and use the weapons of their holy war.

They very soon realised what this war meant. The confederacy of priest, police, magistrate, and mob was dead against them. It was the old days of persecution over again, and they had often to fight for dear life itself. Woe betide the Methodist who had not been an ordained clergyman; he, more than they all, was to be jostled and beaten. Mr. Howell Harris, on one occasion, had a pistol discharged at him; on another, the mob tore his coat-sleeves, rending one quite off, and "took away my peruke," he adds, "I being now in the rain. O sweet bare-headedness—under the reproach of Christ! Having a little silence I discoursed on, but soon they hallooed again and pelted me with apples and dirt, flinging stones in the utmost rage about me. I had one blow on my forehead, which caused a rising, with little blood. Many friends would have me give over in the tumult, but I could not be free to do that till the storm would be over, and God be glorified over Satan. When we came to Caerleon everything seemed calm and quiet, whilst Brother Seward prayed and discoursed sweetly by the market-house; but when I began to discourse after him, then they began to roar most horribly, pelting us with dung and dirt, throwing eggs, plum-stones, and other hard substances even in our faces, and hallooed so loudly as to drown my voice entirely. Brother Seward had a furious blow on his right eye, which caused him much anguish! and as it affected his left, he was obliged to be led by the hand, blindfold, for some days, till at last he became totally blind of it." At Bala, Mr. Harris's life was threatened, and much endangered through the brutality of the mob, which had been led on by the clergyman of the town. Yet his activities were not lessened, nor indeed did their assailants hinder the men who were determined to spend their lives in teaching men the way of salvation. Some of them could truly say, as one of them did once observe, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Where physical force was not employed against the Methodist preachers, other means were adopted to silence them. In one place, in Carnarvonshire, the church choir were instructed to sing the 119th Psalm through, and they

sang on for hours, so that the preaching was for the time effectually stopped. Other means, more ludicrous, were tried, and these naturally appealed to the fondness of a crowd for comic and dramatic situations.

A useful and energetic friend to the new movement was William Pritchard, a somewhat wealthy farmer. His conversion had been brought about in a marked and singular way. He had been drinking one Saturday evening with a number of low-lived fellows, and did not leave the public-house until later than usual. On his way home, he wandered about in ignorance of the road to his destination. At length he espied a light in a cottage, and hastening to it, he looked in and saw a man reading the Scriptures, and afterwards heard him in prayer. That prayer produced so great an impression upon his mind that he knew no rest until he had cast himself upon the mercy of God. From that time he seems to have befriended the Methodist preachers, whose zeal won his approval, and his interest in them brought upon him the cruel and bitter persecution of the clergy and their friends. He was turned out of his farm, and was obliged to remove to Anglesea. Here his religious views were deemed very obnoxious, and in return for seeking the benefit of his neighbours, they injured his property, broke his agricultural implements to pieces, turned their cattle into his hay and corn crops, mixed all his winnowed barley and oats, and subjected him so repeatedly to annoyances that it could hardly have been a severe trial for him to be compelled to leave the place. The story of the sufferings of some of the brethren is very sad, and is a deplorable commentary upon the brutal and ignorant condition of the Welsh peasants, the vices of the clergy, and the obsequiousness of the heartless squirearchy. They endured the fire, as seeing the Invisible One who walked with them through it,—"one like unto the Son of God;" and their bravery and self-sacrificing spirit glorified Christ and made the more evident to the people the value of the religion for which they were prepared to submit to the loss of all things.

Likely as it seemed at one time that the policy of suppression, so vigorously pursued, would end in quieting the Methodists, it was soon found that they multiplied in consequence of it. It took a long time for the obtuse clergy to perceive this inevitable result of their conduct. Their excuse for persecuting the Methodists was that they were "against the Church," which was not true at that time, although the Church drove them to the alienation which afterwards manifested itself. "Many of the clergy," writes Mr. Williams, "were men of immoral lives," while there were many more who did not commend themselves as ministers of the Gospel. From these the people turned away, and "met in dwelling-houses and in barns to pray together and to exhort, admonish, and encourage one another. The clergyman therefore felt insulted when he found his parishioners neglecting his ministrations and showing a preference for those of the blacksmith, the weaver, or the shoemaker. The measures which he would take to put down that which he looked upon as an opposition depended upon his own character. He would head a rabble to mob the preacher, and scatter his hearers; or persuade a magistrate to take legal proceedings against the conventiclers; or make representations to the landlords of these people, with a view to induce them to turn them out of their farms or

habitations." Slowly, but surely, however, the tide began to turn in their favour. Their simple piety commended itself to the unprejudiced; their whole-heartedness in the cause won admiration; and their determination to abide at all hazards by the religion they had espoused secured them respect. It was not a bad reply that a Methodist woman gave to her wealthy brother when he offered her and her husband all his wealth, on his decease, if they would give up their religion, but otherwise she should not have a shilling: "Never mind, brother," was the reply, "*if you only gave me three half-pence I would give two of them to the cause of Christ, and keep only a third for myself.*"

In the romantic old town of Conway, one of the best known and most picturesque spots of North Wales, there used to preach occasionally a very humble Christian, of slender acquirements. Under the old walls of the town he would make his voice heard in defence of the truths of God's word. The then vicar of Conway must have been a marked contrast to the mild-looking vicar we saw there last summer, and probably the latter would be heartily ashamed of his predecessor's ignorance. The poor exhorter was arrested by order of this sapient vicar, and brought before his reverence, when the following dialogue took place:—

His Reverence,—"You ought to be a learned man to go about to preach, and able to answer deep questions."

Humble Methodist,—"What questions, Sir?"

His R.—"Here they are, those which were asked me by the Lord Bishop. Let's see whether you will be able to answer them. Where was St. Paul born?"

H. M.—"In Tarsus."

His R.—"Hem; I see that you know something too. Well, can you tell me who took charge of the Virgin Mary after our blessed Redeemer was crucified?"

H. M.—"John."

His R.—"Well. Once again: who wrote the Book of Revelation? Answer *that* if you can."

H. M.—(Not at all confounded) "John, the Apostle."

His R.—"Ho, you seem to know a good deal after all."

H. M.—"Perhaps, Sir, you will allow me to ask *you* one or two questions?"

His R.—"O yes, only they must be religious questions."

H. M.—"What is holiness? and how may a sinner be justified before God?"

His Reverence, with great promptitude:—"Ho, we have no business to bother ourselves with such things; and you have no business to put such questions to a man in my position. Go out of my sight this minute." And to the men who had brought him, "Take care that you do not bring such men into my presence any more."

From that time the humble preacher was allowed to do what he liked; and he laboured to good purpose in a neighbourhood almost as unenlightened as its vicar.

Passing over the records of the rupture in the connection between two of the leaders and the establishment by Lady Huntingdon of the college at Trevecca, we come to the year 1762, which was one of great importance to the society. For eleven years previously there had been

no increase, bnt a very perceptible decrease in the numbers of the connexion: the churches seemed struck with spiritual paralysis. A season of revival at length dawned; there was an increase of piety and zeal, and a large ingathering of converts. In perhaps one village, the minister would be greatly helped in preaching the Word, and the influence of his earnest discourse would be to cause the believers then present to shout for joy; while indifferent hearers enquired, "What shall we do to be saved?" The news would penetrate into the few habitations four, six, eight miles away, and crossing the rugged mountains, where there was (at that time) no footpath, the enquiring men and women would come to the little chapel; God would meet with them, and they would go away to spread the electric fire, until thousands of people in North and South Wales who had been sitting in darkness saw a great, converting light. Sober-minded men reported what they had heard and seen, and attested to the reality of the change that had been wrought over whole districts.

Soon after the commencement of the present century, the connexion broke loose entirely from the Establishment; and this step which cost it some of its more respectable adherents, was soon seen to be approved of by God. The form of church government adopted was a modified Presbyterianism. The connexion is still increasing: in 1870 there were 419 ministers, 354 preachers, 1,126 chapels and preaching-places, and 92,735 communicants—an increase of 34,057 in twenty years. Some of the best attended chapels in Wales are those belonging to this earnest and enterprising body.

The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University.*

WE are thereabout certain that even the best informed of our readers have not heard of the existence of The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, who are now on their way to this country. Do any of our friends know anything about the American Missionary Association, which nearly thirty years ago set up its standard in the South to declare itself the uncompromising friend of liberty, and of a pure gospel, when the advocates of the rights of the slave were not so plentiful and outspoken as now? This society chose for its own the roughest and most despised work in the Christian service. Its agents stood forth as the apologists, and sometimes as the defenders of abolitionists long before the war of freedom was thought about, while they were the instructors of Canadian fugitives, and even of wild Indians and Chinese emigrants, during the most humiliating days of American history. This society is at present giving attention to the education of the millions of freed slaves now at large in the South, and in this great work one of its latest achievements is the founding of Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, an institution which is likely to exercise a powerful influence in spiritually and morally raising the multitudes who have been lately released from bondage. "Situated in one of the most beautiful and productive of the Southern States, it is safe to prophecy of its future," we are told; "No more healthful climate on the continent is found than that which rests like a perpetual charm over this section of our country. Orchards abound, bearing all manner of fruits; grasses cushion the landscape, affording sweet and nutritious sustenance for the herds that

* The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University and their Campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars. With Photographs by Block. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

luxuriate through the valleys and over its mountains; the soil produces cotton, corn, wheat, and all manner of vegetables, in great abundance: mountains and plains, rivers and brooks, forests and groves give the most pleasing variety, and charm the traveller like a romance." It is to provide funds for endowing this college that the Jubilee Singers have been lately travelling over the Northern States of the Union, and they will probably have landed in England for the same purpose by the time that this magazine reaches the hand of the reader.

These talented negro singers of hymns and sacred pieces, and whose portraits adorn the volume before us, owe their musical education to the enterprise and self-denial of George L. White, an enthusiastic abolitionist, who, when threatened by slave-holding fanatics, or, when cautioned against instructing the blacks at all, assembled his class in the woods or fields out of sight or hearing of enemies. The personal history of each singer is also narrated, and some are able to tell strange histories. Thus one youth of the number, in the late war-time, served as page or waiter at table in a family down South, and from him we learn how the slaves in general regarded the Northern army as a delivering host. "About this time," he tells us, "the old slaves told me that something was going on, and I must listen sharp up at the house and tell them what the white folks said. There were about a dozen slaves on the plantation. One was a preacher; he could read a little. I was table-waiter there; and, after talking over the news at table, Missus would say, "Now, Tom, you mustn't repeat a word of this." I would look mighty obedient, but—well—in less than half-an-hour, some way, every slave on the plantation would know what had been said up at Massa's house. One would see sad faces when the Yankees got whipped, and then the preacher would have prayer-meetings. I was too young to know what they prayed for, but heard the old slaves talking about freedom. By-and-bye the rebels kept getting beaten, and then it was sing, sing, all through the slave quarters. Old Missus asked what they were singing for, but they would only say, "because we feel so happy!"

When these Jubilee Singers, as they are now called, started on their first tour in the Northern States under the leadership of Mr. White, they found that they would have to conquer the deeply-rooted prejudice of the populace against coloured skins, before they could hope to succeed in their mission. They set themselves the task of collecting twenty thousand dollars, but during many weary days it seemed that the design must be abandoned in despair. Attracting only scanty audiences in one town, and refused ordinary hotel accommodation in others on account of their negro origin, they must have retired from the inhospitable climate to the sunny south defeated and disheartened had not a few friends opportunely come forward to give encouragement. They were also further blessed in having a leader with a cool head, and one who could persevere under difficulties. Not, however, till they reached New York did the tide of prosperity finally set in, for which they had long hoped and prayed. In the Capital they were warmly welcomed by Mr. H. W. Beecher, by Drs. Talmage and Cuyler, and by other persons of influence. People were now drawn together in thousands to hear the sweet melodies of these negro youths and girls, while the cause they had at heart was powerfully aided by criticisms and reports appearing in the newspapers whose editors bore the singers no good will. Mr. Beecher assures us that "they will charm any audience. . . They make their mark by giving the spiritual and plantation hymns as only *they* can sign them who know how to keep time to a master's whip. Our people have been delighted." "Allow me to bespeak a universal welcome through the north for these living representatives of the only true native school of American music," writes Dr. Cuyler in the *Tribune*. "We have long enough had its coarse caricature in corked faces: our people can now listen to the genuine soul music of the slave cabins, before the Lord led his 'children out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.'"

Thus supported, the Jubilee Singers were not long in collecting the sum at

first proposed; but as that amount was insufficient to provide the requisite buildings, they have started on another tour, and are now, we believe, crossing the Atlantic. We would bespeak for them a cordial reception in Great Britain. Let it be remembered that the music—a goodly selection from which is inserted in the volume published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—was "never 'composed' after the manner of ordinary music, but sprang into life ready-made, from the white heat of religious fervour during some protracted meeting in church or camp." It is our earnest desire that the noble mission in which these coloured musical geniuses are expending their talents may be abundantly prospered, since such prosperity is closely linked to the cause of negro education.

Maggie on entering Heaven.

COME tune your harps ye angel throng,
That fly around the throne,
Where sits the Lamb who once was slain,
The great and mighty One.
And lend your aid ye seraphs bright,
With voices loud and sweet,
Be ready to assist my song,
The chorus to repeat.
Chorus. Jesus is worthy, he alone,
To occupy his Father's throne.

On earth I was a little one,
With form decrepid, weak;
No strength was in my slender limbs,
No colour in my cheek.
I could not work, I did not beg,
To find my daily bread;
And yet with every dainty thing,
My board was always spread.
Jesus is worthy, he alone,
To occupy his Father's throne.

'Twas he who gave me loving friends,
Who watched me night and day,
Who led me to the throne of grace,
And taught me how to pray.
And though I could not romp and play,
In childhood's merry glee,
My Saviour's love made up the loss,
So good and kind is he.
Jesus is worthy, he alone,
To occupy his Father's throne

I know you cannot learn my song,
For you were never sick;
You never knew an aching head,—
Of troubles cannot speak.
Sin never broke your loving heart,
Brought sorrow from your eyes;
But you may join my chorus yet—
Then shout it through the skies.
Jesus is worthy, he alone,
To occupy his Father's throne.

The Prey taken from the Mighty.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"—Isaiah xlix. 24.

THE late John Elias, Welsh minister, preaching on the above text, in one of the Associations in Wales, asked at the close of his sermon, "'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Satan! what dost thou say?'"

"No, never. I will increase the darkness of their mind, the hardness of their heart, the desire of their lusts, the strength of their fetters, and I will fortify my strongholds. The lawful captives shall never be delivered, nor shall the prey be taken from me. I despise and look with contempt on the feeble efforts of these ministers."

"Gabriel, Gabriel, messenger of the Most High, what do you think?" said the preacher in a different tone, looking reverently up to heaven, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" "Ah! I am afraid they shall not be taken. I have now been two days hovering over this vast assembly, which listens to the words of eternal life, expecting to see the chains broken asunder, and the captives liberated; but now the sermons are nearly over, and the multitudes on the point of separating, yet there is no sign that any have been saved; and I shall not have the pleasure of carrying to the heaven of heavens the news that one sinner has repented of his sins."

Then the servant of God turned to his fellow-preachers, who were around him on the stage. "Ye ministers of the living God! what do you think? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" "Alas! who hath believed our report? To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? We have laboured in vain, and we have spent our strength for nought and in vain. It seems as if the Lord hides his face from us. He has not made bare his arm to save. Ah! we fear that there is but little hope that any of these captives shall be set free, or that the prey shall be taken from the mighty."

"Zion! what dost thou say? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' But Zion replies, 'The Lord hath forsaken me and the Lord hath forgotten me, I have lost my children and am desolate and alone; and my enemies say concerning me, this is Zion which no one seeks. Alas! I fear none shall be saved.'"

"Ye that call on the name of the Lord, what do you think? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Lord God, *thou* knowest. High is thy hand, glorious in power is thy right hand. O send forth thy power, and by thy marvellous strength, conquer. Let the groaning of the prisoners come before thee, and according to the excellency of thy power save the children of death.' Though I am nearly weary crying, yet I have a faint hope that the year of jubilee is nigh."

Then—the preacher looked up—as if he was going to speak with the Lord Omnipotent, humbly asking him, "What is thy thought, Great Jehovah concerning these prisoners?" "*Thus saith the Lord*, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." Blessed be God, there is no doubt nor anxiety about the deliverance of these captives. It is absolutely declared, they shall be liberated; they shall be saved; they shall be made free indeed. "Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head."

Reviews.

The Contents and Teachings of the Catacombs of Rome. By Benjamin Scott. Longmans, Green and Co.

Exactly the book for you if you wish to deliver a lecture upon the catacombs; the catalogue at the end will shew you where to borrow sets of excellent diagrams. The good Chamberlain of the City of London is a practical friend to lecturers, and so to the public.

Homes of Old English Writers. By the Rev. S. W. Christophers. Haughton and Co.

We have met with Mr. Christophers before as a pleasing but far too florid writer. He is one of those who would go into raptures over a broomstick, and praise the picturesque beauty of a dust-heap. He here discourses right lovingly of spots consecrated by Latimer, Donne, Thomas Fuller, Flavel, and the like. The writer and the subject are in full accord, and if the reader be not interested it will be his own fault. Much of the information will be new to the majority of readers, and though it is conveyed in highly decorated and even luscious language, there are some who will like it all the better.

Earnest Christianity; or, the Mission of the Church of Christ. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

A zealous little book, by one of our useful friends, the Primitive Methodists. There is no small share of Methodist fire in the good lady's writings, and we hope that many readers will have their hearts set on a blaze by it. Earnest Christianity is the want of the times.

Origin and History of the New Testament. By James Martin, B.A. Second edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

We welcomed the first edition of this instructive work by our learned brother James Martin, now of Melbourne, and we are glad to see that the publishers have felt themselves able to issue the work at one half of the former price. Half-a-crown is surely very little for so scholarly and necessary a work. All students of the Word should read this volume carefully.

Gleanings for the Drawing-room, in prose and verse; with Illustrations after Sir Edwin Landseer, Birket Foster, etc. Compiled by T. B. S. Partridge and Co.

A sumptuous volume. Noble change for half-a-guinea. The gospel may be made to catch many a careless eye if this attractive collection of engravings and stories be placed upon the drawing-room table. The binding and printing leave no room for improvement. We are glad that Mr. Harrison Weir has, with his graphic pencil, depicted a pigeon match and its poor suffering victims. We do not believe that cock-fighting and dog-fighting are one atom worse than pigeon-torturing. It is a disgraceful business, and would be put down by common law if it were not for the patronage of noble lords. While Hurlingham is tolerated, and our legislators adjourn the Parliament for the Derby, we cannot wonder at the vices of the poorer classes.

The Covenant of Love; a Manual of Devotion for the Sick and Suffering. By A. M. James, author of "Christian Counsels." Hatchards, Piccadilly.

Those who approve of such manuals will be highly pleased with this deeply spiritual work. The devotional readings are both short, sweet, and suitable; and the sick and afflicted who can conscientiously use forms of prayer will find them here ready to their hand.

Shadows of City Life. By George Wilson M'Cree. Elliot Stock.

Good advice to young men, costing sixpence, and worth a thousand times as much. Our friend Mr. M'Cree speaks from a wide observation, and writes like a man who has come into actual contact with the temptations of London life. We should not give this plain-spoken book to every boy one meets with, but for young men inclined to be *fast*, or lads placed in positions where gay fellows will surround them, it is one of the best productions of the press. God speed it and its author.

Detached Links: Extracts from the Writings and Discourses of Dr. Joseph Parker. Compiled by Rev. Joseph Lucas. Dickinson.

Either these extracts are too deep or too shallow for us, but certainly we cannot make much out of them. We hope Dr. Parker's preaching is better than the average of these passages, or else it is more pretentious than profound; more verbose than edifying. We cannot imagine why some of these links were ever detached; they may have meant something in their connection, but they mean just nothing as they are placed by themselves. It is injustice to a man to give a mere platitude as an extract from his discourses. Life-thoughts, gems, selections, and all that genus, should be a man's freshest utterances, with something of terseness, pith, and force in them; they should contain either parables, apothegms, antitheses, or memorable speech of some kind. Mere chips and fragments are only fit for the fire. There are good passages in this very tastefully bound volume, but there are so very many poor ones that we cannot but think that the Doctor is very unfortunate in having his chains of thought pulled to pieces with so little judgment. A good joint may be spoiled by the carver—"mangling done here" may be a fit motto for many a book of quotations—at the same time the very best carver cannot cut good slices from questionable meat. The compiler tells us that "it is impossible to publish a thunderstorm;" why, then, did he attempt to hew pieces out of the tempest? Has he a receipt for making bottled lightning? Has he found out how to chop off a yard of lightning? If a man's style is so very magnificent that he cannot be quoted, it is unfair to attempt the task.

Lucy's Life Story; or, Sunshine Without and Within. A true Story. By J. K. Shaw and Co.

A very good gospel story, suitable for distribution among the poor. Those who once begin it will be sure to read it through. As a real narrative it commends itself to those who are doubtful as to the propriety of using fiction in connection with religion.

Christian Missions in the East and West, in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. Yates and Alexander.

A compendious view of the results of earnest missionary labours in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. While it will have a double interest for Baptists, this record will be valued by Christians of all denominations. Dr. Underhill has done well to draw up so capital a digest of the history of the Mission, and every Baptist will be doing no more than his duty if he places a copy where his children and servants may read it. All other religionists are honestly proud of their antecedents, and delight in the achievements of their forefathers, but Baptists have been by some means deprived of their *esprit du corps*, and are not half so true to their colours and attached to their traditions as they ought to be. Our pedigree is noble, let us rehearse it in the ears of our sons, that they may emulate the brave deeds of our sires. The Baptist Mission in its earlier stages greatly glorified God, and we hope the days may come when his name will yet be magnified by the same instrumentality.

The Apostle Peter; his Life and Letters. By S. G. Green, D.D. Sunday School Union.

This work was greatly needed. Dr. Green deserves the best thanks of all expositors for performing his task so carefully and well. We could criticise here and there, but we have not the heart to find fault where there is so much that is excellent. Conybeare and Howson have said all about Paul that can be said; we do not think that Dr. Green has done quite as much for Peter, but he has gone a considerable way towards it.

Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ. By John Bunyan. Blackie and Sons.

This is one of a series of little books by John Bunyan. It is beyond all criticism and needs no praise. We pray that while troubled minds are reading it they may find rest. Eighteen pence is the cost of this and other volumes uniform in size.

Establishments, their State and our Duty, with special reference to the Church of England: a Speech delivered in the Free Presbytery of Glasgow. By Rev. J. Adam, D.D. Glasgow: David Bryce and Co.

We note this pamphlet because it is one of the signs of the times. Our Free Church brethren are finding their way by various routes to the conclusion which we have long ago reached by a shorter cut. We shall have their aid in our contest against the State's patronage of a religious party so nondescript as that which is now conglomerated into the Church of England; and if they give us this practical help we can afford to waive the question as to whether a hypothetically orthodox church ought not under certain circumstances to become the National Church. Dr. Adam finishes his speech thus:—"Are you not rather bound to say to our rulers, if you will not reform these churches to the core—if you will not purge out of them the whole of that corrupt leaven which has entered into their constitution, and is spreading through their teaching, their worship, their discipline—then leave the cause of God to take care of itself; do not make us a present at all if it is only to be another Trojan horse, full of disguised but deadly enemies; touch not the ark of God rather than attempt to set up it and Dagon's image in the same temple; let us have none of your help, if the condition of receiving it be that light should have fellowship with darkness, and Christ concord with Belial."

A Saviour for Children, and other Sermons for Little Folk. By James Dunckley. Partridge and Co.

Excellent sermons for the very little ones, pleasing and plain as such sermons ought to be; but why not give the book a descriptive title? Why find it a name in the heading of the first sermon? This method of entitling books is slovenly, and withal false and misleading. We thought the book would have described the relation of children to salvation, and anyone else would have thought the same if he attached any meaning to the title. However, we most heartily commend Mr. Dunckley's book, and wish it a very large sale.

Golden Lives: Biographies for the Day. By H. A. Page. Strahan and Co.

Well written memoirs of Faraday, Denison, Brassey, William Burns, F. Perthes, George Cotton, Hugh Miller, John Keble, &c. A rather singular medley of names known and unknown, and stars of all magnitudes. We cannot imagine a young man reading these golden lives without deriving encouragement and receiving a stimulus. The life of Mr. Brassey is to us peculiarly interesting.

The Doctrines of Grace, and the Grace of the Doctrines: a Tract for the Times. By the Rev. Robert Walker, Vicar of Wymeswold, Loughborough. Powlson and Sons, Manchester.

A sound Calvinistic penny tract, by an excellent clergyman of a school which we should be glad to see multiplied a hundredfold. He states the distinguishing doctrines of sovereign grace very strongly, defends them vigorously, and applies them practically. We do not agree with his sweeping condemnation of *moderate* Calvinists, but in the Church of England a man's failings lean to virtue's side when he is so decided for the truth as to become rather too severe in judgment. Such truths as Mr. Walker preaches would soon purge the Anglican Establishment from the curse of Ritualism.

The Onward Reciter. Edited by William Darrah. Vol. I. Tweedie and Co.

Temperance pieces in prose and poetry, judiciously selected, and suitable for recitation at Band of Hope meetings.

The Natural Use of Drink. By John Maynard. Kempster and Co., 10, Bride's Avenue.

The author after his own manner answers the questions, Why do I want to drink? What do I want to drink? and, When do I want to drink? He not only denounces all alcoholic beverages, but very vigorously assails our tea and coffee pots. Tea-drinkers should beware, for according to Mr. Maynard there is something like death in the pot: and our author pathetically describes how "a process of depravation

and delusion goes on, until, in many instances, the infatuation tyrannises over the victim with an irresistible despotism." Think of this, ye lovers of Hyson and Souchong! Why does not somebody else discover that bread is poisonous, and cold water deadly? There is room also for some enthusiast to get up an Anti-bread-and-butter Association. Where is the man?

Notes.

On Friday, April 11, which was a real Good Friday at the Orphanage, the mothers and friends of the boys came to tea, and were most happy and delighted. The boys sang, and the President talked to the boys, and then tried to administer comfort to their widowed mothers, speaking to them of faith in God, and of his faithfulness to all who trust in him. That venerable man, Mr. Moffat, was there, and after expressing his pleasure at all he saw, he talked in the most interesting manner to the lads, who will never forget his good advice and the pleasing stories which he told them. It was a great delight to hear that grand old man speaking to children as cheerily as if the dew of his youth was still upon him.

The London Baptist Association quarterly meeting was held at Mr. Varley's, Notting Hill, but the small attendance of ministers was very discouraging. Mr. Varley has erected a noble structure, and his schools are so large as to be second to none in the metropolis. It was a great pleasure to see how largely the Lord has blessed him. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, the President for the year, ably presided. The evening meeting, with the communion, was a hallowed season. God bless the London Association, and maintain and increase its vital energy.

The College Conference was a holy festival, altogether unequalled in our experience. The attendance was numerous, and the spirit was warm, devotional, and full of promise. The friends at the Tabernacle entertained all comers, showing hospitality without grudging, for which we thank them heartily. The amount raised at the supper, £1,900, was larger than ever, and the enthusiasm of friends was equal to anything we have ever seen. The brethren assembled heard papers read by their brethren which were all profitable and able. Most of them will be inserted in the "Sword and the Trowel," but it will take time, as we can only give space for them by degrees, for we have to consult variety in our articles. We bless the name of the Lord for this year's happy gathering. The ministers assembled pledged themselves to raise £1,000 if possible, for our New College home. We trust their churches will be hearty in the effort, for there is great need, and we trust they will not fail to help. Our work is for God's glory, and not for self. Surely believers will generously take it up, especially those whose pastors have been educated by the institution.

The Butchers' Annual Festival was held in the Tabernacle, April 15th: Mr. C. H. Spurgeon in the chair. A large number of the meat salesmen and master butchers were present. About 1,200 men were regaled with a meat supper, and were afterwards addressed by Messrs. H. Varley, W. Cuff, and C. H. Spurgeon. It was a noble opportunity for proclaiming the gospel. A splendid Bible was presented to Mr. Varley, as a token of the gratitude of the butchers' men and the market porters. The result of these annual gatherings is observable in the improved moral tone of those employed in the markets. The effort is a noble one, and we wish it could be extended to other trades.

On Wednesday, April 16th, the last of the opening services of Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road, was conducted by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. The evening meeting was a warm-hearted and enthusiastic one, and gave promise that the new effort will be as successful as others which have gone before. We commend Mr. Henderson, the minister, to the best sympathies of all our friends in the neighbourhood.

In answer to many enquiries we beg to state that we have been offered by an excellent American firm the sum of £5,000 for twenty-five lectures, or at the rate of £200 per lecture. Further arrangements are also to be made for one hundred or more lectures, as may be mutually agreed. We have declined these liberal proposals solely because our work is to preach the gospel and not to lecture. We lecture now and then for some object which pressingly needs help, but never for personal gain. Although the remuneration offered is very far beyond anything our

beloved people are ever likely to give us, we prefer to live of the gospel, according to our Lord's words, rather than to use the Lord's time for earning money for our own purse. If it be said that we might build our College with the money, we reply that is true; but we feel that our College, which is our own work, should be built by our own friends. We should not like it to be said that we had to cross the Atlantic to build our College House because British Christians could not or would not do it. If all who believe in our work will lend a hand, the matter will soon be accomplished. Those who have judged us faithful will greatly encourage us if, in this most needful enterprise, they will send us prompt assistance. Direct to C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Clapham.

The walls of the new chapel at Balham begin to appear above the ground, and the memorial stone will be laid in June. More than £1,000 has been subscribed, in addition to the grant of the London Baptist Association.

The Collectors' meeting at the Orphanage, April 22, was a joyful one. More than £180 was brought in. Could not more of our young friends take cards or boxes, and so help the orphans?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 24th, nine; March 27th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
A. T. H.	1	15	6
Rev. T. King	5	0	0
Late Mrs. Whittemore, per Rev. W. A. Blake	10	0	0
Per Mr. T. Middleton:—			
Mr. Gordon	1	5	0
Mr. Middleton	1	0	0
Mr. Middleton	0	10	0
Mrs. Middleton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Middleton	0	5	0
	3	5	0
Mrs. Hare	0	3	0
Mr. J. Woodward	3	0	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. G. Moore	50	0	0
Mr. R. A. James	35	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. S. Thomson	1	1	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0
J. H. W.	3	0	0
E. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Daintree	2	2	0
Mr. H. Matheson	21	0	0
Mr. Toller	5	0	0
Mrs. Toller	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Mills	0	5	7
Miss Nay and Friends	0	15	0
Mr. J. Deverell	2	0	0
Mr. S. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. Pettifer	1	1	0
Captain H. M.	2	10	0
A. G. P.	0	1	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0
Mr. W. Dunn	2	2	0
H. A.	1	13	6
Mr. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. McArthur, M.P.	10	10	0
Mr. G. Fitch	1	1	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. R. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Green	3	3	0
Mr. D. Church	10	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. J. Duncan	200	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Duncan	10	0	0
Mr. R. May	25	0	0
Mrs. May	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. J. May	1	1	0
Miss Virtue	5	0	0
Miss R. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. Mills	10	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. E. H. Brown	1	11	6
Mr. Budgett	25	0	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards	20	0	0
Mr. T. Hubbuck	10	10	0
Mr. J. Watchurst	5	0	0
W. W.	1	1	0
Mr. Tubby	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	0	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0
Mr. H. Read	1	1	0
Mr. C. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mr. W. Rea	2	2	0
Mrs. Rea	1	1	0
Mr. C. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Jun.	2	2	0
Messrs. W. T. Marsh and Sons	5	0	0
Mr. Matherson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alldis	2	2	0
A Friend from the Country	5	0	0
Rev. T. Handford	1	1	0
Rev. D. Gracey	1	1	0
Rev. A. Fergusson	1	0	0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. Isaac Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Priest	5	0	0
Mr. F. Gordon Brown	1	1	0
W. F. W.	3	3	0
Mr. W. C. Straker	10	10	0
A Friend	3	0	0
Mr. B. A. Woollard	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hadland	1	1	0
Mr. D. Greenaway	0	10	0
Mr. Creasey	1	1	0
Mrs. Creasey	1	1	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moffat	0	10	6
Mrs. Allder	5	0	0
Dr. Swallow	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Waylen	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mart	5	0	0
Mr. James Smith	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	5	5	0
Mrs. Samuel Barrow	2	2	0
Miss Barrow	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Price	10	0	0
Mr. G. Farmiloe	2	2	0
Mr. W. Farmiloe	2	2	0
Mr. Horniman	2	2	0
Mrs. Horniman	1	1	0
Rev. W. Boyd	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Boyd	1	1	0
Mr. T. Greenwood, Jun.	1	1	0
Miss Carrie Greenwood	1	1	0
An Oxfordshire Farmer	5	5	0
A Fellow Worker	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	5	0	0
Mrs. William Hall	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. T. Biggs	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Share	1	1	0
Miss Mary Greenwood	1	1	0
Miss Sarah Greenwood	1	1	0
Mr. T. Greenwood...	15	15	0
L. G. O.	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Barr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Evans	2	2	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. W. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. J. Doulton	5	0	0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	1	1	0
J. L. K.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mills...	5	5	0
Mr. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. Vickery	10	0	0
E. C.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. C. Mace...	1	1	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Carr	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. J. Norton	1	1	0
Miss Florence Olney	1	1	0
Mr. W. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potter	10	10	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher	4	4	0
Mr. W. C. Harvey	3	3	0
Mr. W. L. Giles	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Huntly	5	5	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. Redman	5	0	0
T. T. and Friend	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hill	2	2	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Fox	2	0	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	3	3	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. A. W. Fisher	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	2	2	0
Miss Bigwood	1	1	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. J. S. McMaster	10	0	0
Dr. Underhill	3	3	0
Mr. Hellier	2	2	0
Mr. A. Wilson	3	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	2	2	0
Mrs. Cook	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. C. P. Carpenter	1	1	0
Miss Julia Carpenter	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Z. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. H. Bowman	2	2	0
Mr. T. Mills	1	1	0
Mrs. Perrott	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodwin	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson	2	2	0
Mrs. James	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson	2	2	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Junr.	2	2	0
Miss Higgs	2	0	0
Miss Louisa Higgs	2	0	0
Miss Sarah Higgs	2	0	0
Miss Mary Higgs	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. Romang, Junr.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nisbett	5	0	0
A Stranger	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. Harry Boot	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
M. M., Quebec	3	0	0
Mr. J. Mac——	1	0	0
Mrs. Bartlett's Class	68	11	2
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Dr. Gervis	2	2	0
Mrs. Webb	5	0	0
Mr. Ball	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ball	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips ...	3	15	0
Rev. A. G. Brown	3	3	0
Mr. Hollings	1	0	0
Thank Offering, Rev. A. A. Rees ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross	7	7	0
Miss Ross	1	1	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. W. Murrell	2	2	0
Mr. C. Murrell	2	2	0
Dr. and Mrs. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	10	10	0
Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0
Passmore and Alabaster	20	0	0
J. Passmore, jun.	2	2	0
Miss Passmore	1	1	0
Miss Lilly Passmore	1	1	0
Mrs. Willson	5	0	0
Mr. Priestley	20	0	0
Mr. Galloway	0	10	6
Mr. A. Cameron	2	10	0
Mr. E. F. Lancaster	5	0	0
S. S. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson	5	0	0
Mrs. Knight	0	13	2
A Sermon Reader	0	2	6
Mr. W. Evans	1	0	0
Miss Walker	0	12	9
Mr. Gowland	10	0	0
Mr. T. R. Phillips	5	0	0
Mr. Davies	10	0	0
Mr. Raines	10	10	0
J. S.	100	0	0
General Dalzell	2	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Goode	5	0	0
Collection at Lake Road, Landport, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	0	4	6
Collection at Monkwearmouth, per Rev. E. S. Neale	2	2	0
Collection at Sevenoaks, per Rev. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Collection at Lochee, per Rev. J. Cameron	2	2	0
Collected at Thetford by Rev. J. Welton:—			
Mr. Doggett 4 0			
Mr. Fyson 10 0			
	0	14	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith	0	18	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	0	10	0
Collection at Newcastle on Tyne, per Rev. J. Mallins	7	0	0
Collection at Rothesay, per Rev. S. Crabb	5	13	0
Collecting Box, per Rev. J. L. Gordon	2	0	3
Collection at Burton on Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Camps, per Rev. J. Smith	3	0	0
Collection at Colchester, per Rev. E. Spurrier	3	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. T. Ennals	0	10	0
Mr. J. Fulks, per Rev. H. Bradford	1	0	0
Collected at Ipswich, per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. R. L. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. E. Edgeley	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Cowell	1	0	0
Miss Everett	0	5	0
Mr. J. Nevo	1	0	0
Mr. C. Clarke	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cooper	0	5	0
Miss M. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wade	0	10	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. W. Bayley	0	5	0
	5	5	0
Collected, per Rev. J. Spanswick	2	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Deptford, per Rev. D. Honour	1	5	0
Collection at Grantham, per Rev. G. Bowler	2	7	4
Part Collection at Luton, per Rev. J. W. Genders	5	0	0
Friends at Whitstable, per Rev. G. Stanley	0	10	6
Collection at Haddenham, per Rev. J. Smith	1	10	0
Collection at Vernon Kings Cross	20	0	0
Collection at Bromley, per Rev. Tessier	2	0	0
Collected at Winslow, per Rev. John Smith:—			
Mrs. W. Hawley	10	0	
Miss S. Hawley	5	0	
E. B.	2	0	
F. B.	1	0	
Master Smith	2	0	
Mursley	3	6	
	1	3	6
Church at Redruth, per Rev. E. J. Edwards	0	10	0
Collecting Box, per Rev. C. Evans	0	15	8
Collection at Langley, per Rev. G. Monk	1	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., March 23	30	2	9
" " " 30	40	0	5
" " April 6	41	16	7
" " " 13	36	7	0
	£1850	0	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	6
J. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Carruthers	5	0	0
Miss L. Maxwell	0	10	0
Mrs. Parsons, per Mr. G. B. Simpson	1	1	0
Mr. Patterson	0	10	0
Mr. T. Young, per Mr. F. Cockrell	0	10	0
A. T. H.	1	10	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. King	2	0	0
Late Mrs. Whittemore, per Rev. W. A. Blake	10	0	0
Mr. John Gordon	3	3	0
Wisbech	0	2	6
J. H. W.	2	0	0
J. and E. Sangster	0	10	6
Mr. J. Nutsey	0	2	6
R. P.	10	0	6
Children at Eld Lane Sunday School	0	5	6
Miss Katie Turnbull	0	3	6
Sale of Watch	4	0	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
	5	0	0
Miss Nay and Friends	0	15	0
Part of Thanksoffering Service, per Rev. A. A. Rees	16	0	0
Mrs. Sismann	1	0	0
Captain H. M.	2	10	0
Every Little Helps	0	3	4
Per Rev. W. E. Lynn:—			
Miss Gallaway	0	10	0
Francis M. Lym's box	0	10	0
	1	0	0
Mrs. Denny	2	0	0
A. B. H.	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite	0	5	0
Mr. E. B. Sargeant	0	9	11
Eythorne and Ashley Sunday Schools, per Mr. Marshall	2	4	0
Z. Z.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Sunday School, Haddenham, per. Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
H. A.	1	15	0
Collected at Ipswich, per Rev. W. Whale:—			
Mr. J. Gooding, Senr.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Gooding, Jun.	0	2	6
Mr. R. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. W. Archer	0	5	0
Mr. R. Girling	0	5	0
Mr. W. Foulger	0	2	6
Miss Daines	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Cowell	1	0	0
Mr. J. May, Jun.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Oxborrow, Senr.	0	2	6
Master W. Carter	0	5	0
	3	10	0
A Friend per Rev. G. Bowler	0	5	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Lectures at Waterbeach, per Rev. A. R. Morgan	4	6	0
J. P.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
J. W. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
Mr. Fyson, per Rev. J. Welton	0	10	0
M. M., Quebec	1	0	0
Rev. J. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Field	1	4	7
J. A. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Pegg	1	0	0
Mr. J. Williamson	0	2	6
J. B. C.	0	10	0
Thankoffering, per Rev. A. A. Rees	5	0	0
A. B.	0	10	0
J. D.	0	10	0
Mr. Galloway	0	10	6
W. W. and Daughter	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Church, Nottingham Road, Upper Tooting	5	0	0
Mrs. C. and Friends	2	0	0
Mr. A. Cameron	2	10	0
J. M. G.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hughes	0	10	6
W. A. M.	0	2	0
H. H.	0	1	0
Mr. C. Jayne	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Sibery at Brockley Road, New Cross	2	2	3
Mrs. Harper	2	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	3	0
Ebenezer	0	3	0
Mrs. McArthur, Barbrick, Argyleshire, per Mr. D. McArthur	10	0	0
A Mother	0	1	0
T. T.	0	2	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Mrs. Ewers, per Mr. J. Manchester ...	10	10	0
General Dalzell	2	0	0
Mrs. Bourne's Bible Class	1	0	11

	£	s.	d.
Collected at Children's Service, per Mr. Davis	1	15	0
Miss Choat	0	10	8
Mrs. Abbott	1	2	0
Miss Walker	0	7	7
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Per Mrs. Withers :—			
Mr. J. Huntley...	2	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moore	1	1	0
Mr. R. Oakshott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly) ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackmau...	0	1	1
	4	12	1
Per F. R. T. :—			
Miss Humphries	0	5	0
Mr. Townes	0	5	0
	0	10	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
	£143	17	8

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS :—Box of Sago, Anon.; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Box ditto, Mr. Potter; small Cask of Butter, Mr. Phillips.

CLOTHING, ETC. :—Parcel of Shirts, etc., G. and J. Shepherd, Bacup; 4 Cotton Shirts, Mr. Eley, Kelvedon; 21 Flannel ditto, North Brixton Hall Ladies' Working Association; Parcel for Sale Room, Mrs Easty, Ipswich; small Box of Articles, A. James, Newport Pagnall; 12 Cotton Shirts, Bromley Baptist Chapel Dorcas Society.

GENERAL :—Garden Roller, Mr. Vickery; Foot Ball, Mr. Zimmerman.

Donations :—Party of Americans, £1; Collecting Card, Master Shilling, £1; ditto, Miss Ransom, 3s. 1d.; ditto, Miss Cruges, 3s. 5d.—Total, £2 6s. 6d.

Error last month, 9 Bags of Vegetables, Mr. Liddiard, Wantage.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions :—			
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Elders' Bible Class for Arnold District (quarterly)	5	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Rev. J. Wilkinson (quarterly)	7	10	0
Gosport District, per Rev. J. H. Cooke (quarterly)	7	10	0
Eythorne District, per S. Clarke, Esq. (quarterly)	7	10	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly) ...	7	10	0
Mrs. Blair for Stafford District (half-yearly)	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
W. R. for Riddings District (quarterly)	7	10	0
Burnley District, per Rev. G. W. Oldring	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Donations :—			
C. N., Shrewsbury	0	5	0
H. Cope	0	10	0
Mr. Barford	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
	£119	0	0

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Webber Smith and Mrs. Oliver ...	5	0	0
Miss Hurls	5	0	0
Miss Marshall	2	0	0
A Grateful Soul	1	0	0
Mr. H. Hobson	5	0	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	0	0
Mrs. Alldor...	5	0	0
Mr. Horniman	5	5	0
Mr. G. Martin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell	5	0	0
Sermon Readers, Nova Scotia	2	0	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
A Working Woman	0	2	6
J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Frearson	5	0	0
R. F.	0	12	6
Church at Vernon Kings Cross	30	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. W. Carnes	0	10	0
J. P. F.	0	5	0
A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. J. Gardner	5	5	0
H.	0	3	0
Mrs. Dix	40	0	0
Rev. J. Teague	10	0	0
Mrs. Grace	1	1	0
J. D.	100	0	0
Mr. Anden	0	1	0
Northampton	1	0	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alldis	5	0	0
T. V. T.	0	10	0
	£302	11	0

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1873.

A Word for Brutes against Brutes.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE newspapers for the last few weeks have been a source of grievous affliction to humane minds. The brutalities which they have recorded have shown a diabolical refinement of cruelty which makes us blush to belong to the race of man. When we read of a wretch driving a poor horse for miles with its feet broken, bleeding at every step it took upon its poor stumps, we shudder and our blood runs cold; but when we hear a trifling sentence pronounced upon such a monster we feel that same blood tingling in our cheeks as our whole nature burns with indignation at such a failure of justice. If there be no law which would award the lash to such a fiend incarnate an Act ought to be passed at once, or Mr. Justice Lynch might for once be invoked to give the demon his reward in an irregular manner. The hideous story brings to our mind the none too forcible lines of a much-abused poet,* when he pleads for a worn-out horse:—

"Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge
to avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence?
no sentence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth
pathetically for him;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in
indignation at his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down
a curse upon the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is
their own exceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort,
but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man
is damned."

* Martin Tupper.

Close upon the heels of this torturing of a horse comes the case of a man who, as a matter of business, picks little birds' eyes out with a pin to make them sing better: whipcord is too good a thing for this being; and if we were not averse to all capital punishment we should suggest that nothing short of a rope with a noose in it would give him his deserts. Is this the nineteenth century? Then may we have patience to endure with our fellow men till we get out of it into a better century, if such will ever come. Swift is right, man is often a mere yahoo, a two-legged brute, and this *yahoo* proves himself to be the worst possible master to the other animals; he is a viler tyrant than the wolf or the hyæna would have been: unhappy are the creatures to be ruled by such a lord!

Since it is useless to be indignant and declamatory, if we are nothing more, let every humane person bestir himself to put down the reign of terror towards the animate creation, wherever it comes under his notice. Cruelty to animals must be stamped out. Each case must be earnestly dealt with. Where the laws are violated humane persons must undertake the unpleasant duty of prosecuting the offenders, or must at least report them to the proper authorities: and where no law exists to protect the unhappy victims, instances of cruelty should be reported by the press, that shame may be aroused and a right public sentiment created. Children should be taught to avoid everything approaching to unkindness; the wanton destruction of birds' nests, the stoning of birds, beating of donkeys, worrying of fowls, and a hundred petty cruelties in which boys are often encouraged, should be promptly denounced. The works issued by Messrs. Partridge and Co., in connection with "The British Workman" ought to be scattered "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa;" for the woodcuts are striking, and with the letterpress, make up an advocacy for animals of the noblest kind. Every other means which would come under the head of example or precept, reward or punishment, should be continually employed; and no exertion should be spared till cruelty to animals shall be an unknown vice, or at least shall be universally regarded as the distinguishing mark of the lowest and basest of the people.

It is not only for the sake of the creature subject to cruelty that we would plead for kindness, but with a view to the good of the person causing the pain; for cruelty hardens the heart, deadens the conscience, and destroys the finer sensibilities of the soul. The most eminently spiritual men display great delicacy towards all living things, and if it be not always true that "he prayeth best who loveth best both man and bird and beast," yet the converse is assuredly the fact, for the man who truly loves his Maker becomes tender towards all the creatures his Lord has made. In gentleness and kindness our great Redeemer is our model. Our Lord would not deprive a poor ass of the company of its foal when he rode into Jerusalem, and he talked of the most common and insignificant of birds as the object of the Great Father's care. His best followers are gentle towards all things which live and feel, and, taught by his Spirit, they have learned—

> "Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that breathes."

A holy mind sympathises with Cowper in his refusal to enter on his list of friends the man "who needlessly sets foot upon a worm," and fully agrees with Dr. Blair that it is "shameful to treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty." In proportion as men decline from the highest standard of goodness their sympathies become blunted, they lose delicacy, and tenderness, and becoming more selfish become also less considerate of others. He who dwells in God has a great heart which encompasses all creation, and as it were lives in it all like the soul in the body, feeling akin with all, yea, one with all life, so that it joys in all true joy, and sorrows in all sorrow. The man of dead heart towards God has a heart of stone towards the Lord's creatures, and cares for them only so far as he can make them minister to his own wealth or pleasure. Hardness of heart towards poor flies, so that he found amusement in piercing them with pins, was in Domitian a sure mark of a hard heart towards the Lord and all goodness. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were not only detestable things as involving needless torturing of living things, but as corrupting, depraving, and preparing for eternal perdition all who delighted in them. A cruel action is as a hot iron to the soul searing it, and preventing its feeling the touch of the gentle hand of mercy's angel. We remember reading a story somewhat to the following effect:—A lad while strolling through the fields with his sister found a nest of young rabbits. The sister was charmed with the little creatures, but the rough boy seized them, mimicking their squeaks and their struggles. In vain his sister wept and entreated; he flung them up into the air, and shouted as each fell dead upon the stones. Ten years after, that sister sat weeping again by that lad's side. He was in chains, sentenced to be hanged for shooting a farmer whilst poaching: they were waiting for the awful procession to knock at the cell door. "Sister," he said, "do you remember the nest of rabbits ten years ago, how you begged and prayed, and I ridiculed? I verily believe, that, from that day, God forsook me, and left me to follow my own inclinations. If I had yielded to your tears, then, you and I would not be weeping these bitter tears now." There may have been a great deal more truth in this remorseful confession than at first blush some would imagine; at any rate, we will go the length of affirming that no person really penitent for sin can be cruel, that no man who feels the love of God shed abroad in his heart can find pleasure in giving pain, and furthermore that wanton cruelty to an animal may be that last deadening deed of ill which may for ever leave the heart callous to all the appeals of law and gospel.

Perhaps we may each one do most to serve the cause of kindness to animals by setting a high example ourselves. Possibly we cannot like Cowper keep tame hares and sing about them, or like Dr. Elford Leach, walk about the streets, attended by an obsequious wolf, but we may set up a high ideal of treatment towards creatures both tame and wild, and act upon it. A famous saint was wont to call birds and beasts his brothers and sisters, and Mr. Darwin apparently goes in for that relationship most literally: we do not contend for anything so high as that, but we do ask to have them viewed as our Father's creatures, to be treated well for his sake, and to be regarded as our friends. There really can be no reason honourable to our humanity to account for the

fact that every living thing flees from us the moment we appear, as if we were the ogres of creation who delight in doing mischief to all within reach. We have often felt as if we should like to tell the birds that they misunderstand us, that we have no wish to drive them away, that we beg their pardon for being so rough in our manners, for really we are their very good friends, and would like to cultivate their acquaintance. Pray, little sparrow, do not trouble yourself to leave those crumbs because we happen to be going by, we assure you we would not hurt you, and will even turn back and go round the garden by another path if you will only not be alarmed at us. What a pity that men should have deserved the bad opinion of so many of God's most lovely creatures! Long years of wrong-doing have gained for us the universal dread of beast and bird; only dogs and cats will trust us, and they do so probably because they are tolerably well able to take care of themselves, by biting or scratching us: the defenceless animals feel that they have no chance with us, and fly at our approach. Cannot we redeem our character, and persuade our furred and feathered friends to trust us, and learn at the same time to trust *them?* Can none of our fair readers ever become an Amoret to whom the river-god sings—

> "Not a fish in all my brook
> That shall disobey thy look,
> But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
> And from thy white hand take a fly."

Surely to that same privileged maiden it will be more than safe to say—

> "Do not fear to put thy feet
> Naked in the river, sweet;
> Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
> Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod."

The fancy picture may be realised. We once saw in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris a young lady take her seat, and in a few moments the air was full of birds of every wing. They were all around and upon her, pecking crumbs from her shoulder, her hand, and her lips. They hawked for particles of bread which she threw into the air, they alighted on her bonnet, they perched upon her fingers. It was a pretty sight, though a sadly rare one, yet might it be common enough if we earned the love of our feathered friends as she had done by supplying their humble wants every day. The like kindnesses will earn the like gratitude and confidence. Of this we are gathering evidence by daily experience. We do not allow a gun in our garden, feeling that we can afford to pay a few cherries for a great deal of music, and we now have quite a lordly party of thrushes, blackbirds, and starlings upon the lawn, with a parliament of sparrows, chaffinches, robins, and other minor prophets. Our summer-house is occupied by a pair of blue-martens, which chase our big cat out of the garden by dashing swiftly across his head one after the other, till he is utterly bewildered, and makes a bolt of it. In the winter the balcony of our study is sacred to a gathering of all the tribes; they have heard that there is corn in Egypt, and therefore they hasten to partake of it and keep their souls alive in famine. On summer evenings the queen of our little kingdom spreads a banquet in our great green saloon which the vulgar call a

lawn; it is opposite the parlour window, and her guests punctually arrive and cheerfully partake, while their hostess rejoices to gaze upon them. Some of them are now so tame that, when fresh provision is brought out to them, they take no more notice of the lady servitor than a child at table would of a servant who brings in a fresh joint. In a more secluded place, with more time to spare to look after them, we could educate the *fera naturæ*, or in plain words the wild creatures, into a high degree of confidence. They would very soon become as familiar with us as Alexander Selkirk found them to be with himself on his desert island: we should not, however, say as he did, "Their tameness is shocking to me." Kindness would speedily re-establish mankind in birdie estimation and remove that ill opinion which makes them startle at our approach. If all around, children, servants and visitors, could be bound over to keep the peace, there might again be seen around the good man's house a sort of Paradise Regained, and of the husband and wife it might be said as of our yet unfallen parents—

> "About them frisking played
> All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
> In wood or wilderness, forest or den."

That such a state of things may be realised is clear, for to a large degree it has been produced by many persons of kindly spirit. Mr. Jacox in his very remarkable work entitled "Traits of Character"* has a passage in which he mentions the power over animals possessed by several remarkable men. With that extract we shall dismiss the subject, hoping that we may not in vain have opened our mouth for the dumb.

"Rousseau piqued himself on the liking manifested towards him by the pigeons, and he would spend hours at a time in teaching them to trust him. A very difficult bird to tame, to teach confidence, he affirms the pigeon to be; and all the greater the *kudos* claimed by Jean Jacques for succeeding in inspiring his window visitors with such confidence in him that they followed him whithersoever he went, and let themselves be taken whensoever he would. At last he could never make his appearance in the garden or yard, but instantly two or three of them were on his shoulder or his head; and their attentions of this kind became so pressing, and *ce cortége* became *si incommode*, that he was obliged to check their familiarity. But he ever took a singular pleasure in taming animals—those in particular which are wild and timid. It seemed to him a charming thing to inspire them with a confidence which he never betrayed or abused. His desire was to have them love him while they remained absolutely free. He carried on the like system of tactics with bees, and with like success.

Mr. Froude declares 'all genuine men' to be objects of special attraction to animals (as well as to children): and in his biographical sketch of Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, he recounts the 'very singular instance' of the liking shown for that prelate by the big swan of Stone Manor, usually so unmanageable and savage: the bishop knew the way to his heart; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for bread crumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after, it is said, he seemed to know instinctively when the bishop was expected, and flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings; and on the arrival of his right reverend friend, he would strut at his side, and sometimes follow him up stairs. It was a miracle of course, adds the biographer, to the

* Hodder and Stoughton.

general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

"Coleridge is the 'noticeable man with large grey eyes,' who, in the well-read description by his brother bard, would entice a congenial comrade to share his outdoor idlesse, the two together being as happy spirits as were ever seen:

'If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a maiden-queen.'

Professor Lowell would have made a happy third—even if he had quizzed them afterwards, and himself. His essay on his *Garden Acquaintance* told us how all the birds looked on him as if he were a mere tenant-at-will, and they were landlords. 'With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming-bird.' Scarce a tree of his but has had, at some time or other, a happy homestead among its boughs. 'I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers, and before (forgive the involuntary pun) they had grown accustomed to man and knew his savage ways.' Savage Landor had anything but savage ways with the creatures *feræ naturæ* on his estate, whether at Lanthony or at Fiesole; and proud he was to assert in octosyllabics his good fellowship with the good creatures in question, all and sundry:

'Cares if I had, I turned those cares
Toward my partridges and hares,
At every gun and dog I heard
Ill-auguring for some truant bird
Or whiskered friend of jet-tipt ear,
Until the frightened eld limpt near.
These knew me, and 'twas quite enough.'"

The Connection between Personal Holiness and Ministerial Usefulness.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY PASTOR W. J. INGLIS, OF SOHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WHEN I was requested to prepare a paper for this Conference I was told that the choice of subject was left entirely to myself, but it was added that it was desirable the papers should bear upon personal religion, the minister's inner life, or anything which would conduce to greater consecration and usefulness. Thinking that such a subject as the title of my paper indicates would meet some of these requirements, concerning as it does our life and work, I selected this topic, and now submit it for your consideration.

Before we proceed more directly to the subject of our paper, it will be well, perhaps, to define our terms.

By *personal holiness* we do not intend the hollow, conventional sanctity which prevails at the present day. It does not consist in the cowl, the hood, or the garment of grey. To be holy is not to be wrapt in entranced and unearthly contemplation as was Simon Stylites; nor is it to besmatter our conversation with cant phrases or religious

whinings, after the fashion of some very unsectarian sectaries who affect superiority in holiness. Neither do we understand by this term that religious life which can exist *only* in connection with social meetings and morbid excitement. Beecher well describes this state when he says, "They '(the attendants)' get into an uncomfortable room; they sit stiff and dumb; some one opens a Bible and reads a chapter; then somebody turns round, kneels down, and makes a prayer; then another chapter, and then they sing. They get up, look solemn, and go out. They move off regularly, methodically, and mechanically, to their several businesses; and that is trying to grow in grace! You might just as well expect to make a shady forest in your garden with the bean poles you had cut and set out in the spring, as to make a Christian character by such a course as that. It lacks juice, and its juice lacks sugar." All this, brethren, is unsatisfying. To my mind, to be holy is to be real, natural, having our character stamped with the naturalness springing from redeemed and sanctified manhood, to be cheerful, indeed, to be imbued with the Spirit of Christ. Personal holiness draws its inspiration from the love of Christ, trusts for its acceptance to the death of Christ, finds its example in the life of Christ, depends for its subsistence upon intercourse with Christ, discovers its augmentation in the cultivation of the heart under the operation of the Holy Ghost, and presses towards its grand ideal—perfect conformity to the will of God. It is synonymous with living to God, nearness to God, walking with God, fellowship with God, having "been with Jesus," and so caught the fragrance of his life, which clings to us as myrrh does to the garments, and is perceptible in all our intercourse and deportment. May we be the possessors of this holiness as ministers of the New Testament.

Ministerial usefulness is a comprehensive term, comprising, as it does, our whole work as God's ambassadors to men.

It includes nursing the babes in Christ, and feeding the lambs of the fold; training Christian manhood in the ways of God; consoling, and inspiring with hope the aged believer; teaching the ignorant, reproving the wayward, arousing the sluggish, exhorting the workers, encouraging the penitent, and in a word edifying the saints in love.

The minister will be useful, too, in other ways. As a pioneer he will break up new ground, thus preparing the way for others. As a standard-bearer he will unfurl the colours, bidding them catch the breeze. As a defender of the faith he will guard with a jealous eye the citadel of truth. As a soldier he will dash into the thick of the fight, smiting the enemies of the Lord and winning victories for Jesus; while as a messenger of peace he will be "anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

But beyond every other form of usefulness the true minister of Christ will greatly covet the honour of being a winner of souls. To be permitted to edify the saints and build up the church of God is no mean privilege, but no minister is in the highest degree successful who is not instrumental in bringing souls to God. The grand aim of the Christian ministry is soul-saving. The Holy Ghost sets much store by this.

Hear him: "Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. They that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever. He that winneth souls is wise." Our ministrations may be largely attended, appreciated by our people, and conducted with propriety; the people of God may be fed with food convenient, and our church organisation be in perfect order; we may be valiant defenders of the faith, or great at knocking down men of straw, or eulogised by the religious press as men of power; but if our ministry be not fruitful in bringing men to Christ, though it possess many marks of excellence it lacks the noblest of all, and is not in the greatest degree useful. The best test of the worth of a ministry is its power to save souls. Brethren, may we be saturated with a desire for souls, may this desire become a passion absorbing our whole being, and may every effort have for its ultimate aim, saving men. Having this, with other things, our ministry will be in the broadest, fullest sense, useful.

Let us now look at the *connection* between holiness and usefulness. I take it for granted, then, that whether as individuals or as a band of brothers, our great desire is for continued and extended usefulness in the work to which we have consecrated our life and energies. This being the case it will be well to remember there are conditions under which this blessing may be expected. One of these (the one we have to do with now) is Personal Holiness.

Other things being equal (as ability, faithfulness, earnestness, and affection in preaching the word) it may be affirmed as a general principle that the man who lives near to God will have the smile of heaven resting upon his work.

Here, perhaps, will arise the question, How is it that some men, who are undoubtedly holy, labour without success? To this we might reply we must, in this as in other things, take into consideration the sovereignty of God; that God sometimes grants his blessing to one, and withholds it from another, even when both the men are unquestionably pious. To mortals he gives no account of his affairs, and while it is a great mystery, this truth should never be overlooked in connection with our work. But let us not forget that the success of all is not alike visible, though it may be equally real, so that the brother who does not see his work prospering shall have the acclamation "Well done!" accorded him as readily as that other worker whose prosperity has been our satisfaction and our joy.

Notwithstanding this objection, the principle just now affirmed remains the same. True, it is possible that men may enter the ministry destitute of grace, who for awhile shall blaze like a meteor, or splash like a leviathan, and even be the means of doing some good, but the course of such is generally short. Balaam was made the channel by which God communicated precious truths to his people, yet he knew not the Lord. It is on record that God used Cyrus to accomplish his purposes, with reference to his ancient people, yet God declared concerning him, "Thou hast not known me." And why may it not be so in the present day? The thing that has been may yet be. But he in whom the fire of love to God burns upon the altar of the heart, and in

whose life the flame of piety is kept alive, being fed from on high, he is the man who may expect a blessing in the service of his Lord.

Holy men God deigns to bless; for the command is as imperative to the ministry of the nineteenth century as it was to those to whom it was first given, "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord." The brazen laver must be used by the priests of old ere they approached the altar; the priest of God was clothed in fine linen, and bore upon his mitre, "Holiness to the Lord." In all this we learn the necessity of purity of life in the minister of Jesus Christ. Besides, we are ever insisting upon a godly life in our people; surely, then, we should exemplify it in ourselves! God has made us, to a great extent, the channels of communication between himself and his people; hence the importance that the conduit pipes be kept always pure. I read the other day that, in New York glass-lined iron pipes are being used to convey water; the friction is lessened, the pipes are always clean, and the purity of the water is preserved. So may those who convey the water of life to the parched and perishing multitudes, though human, and therefore sinful in themselves, be so sanctified by God the Holy Ghost, and so Christlike in their lives, that the truths of the gospel may remain unsullied in their conveyance to men.

That God does own holy men, who are fountains of blessing to hundreds and thousands of their fellows, the records of the Christian church most conclusively prove. A crowd of instances rush into our minds. Time would fail to tell of the sainted McCheyne, the apostolic Brainerd, the venerable Moffatt, the devoted Page, the undaunted Judson, the self-denying Martyn, the martyred Williams, and, towering above all, for the simple grandeur of his life and the constancy and comprehensiveness of his labours, the immortal Apostle of the Gentiles. These men, and a host of others, were eminently holy in life and marvellously useful in the service of Christ; and who will say that there was not a close connection between their deep-toned piety and their abundant usefulness?

The impression grows upon some of us, and is fast ripening into conviction, that what our ministry needs, in order to a larger amount of blessing, is more attention to the culture of our own hearts. We are apt to lose sight of our own spiritual condition while attending to the wants of others, the care of whom devolves upon us in our office as ministers. Is there not a tendency to cold officialism, which stunts the growth of our piety and hinders communion with God? Are we not in danger of regarding the word of God rather as a fund of texts than as food for the soul? Is there not a fear lest private prayer should consist too much in laying before God our churches and congregations, to the partial exclusion of a presentment of our own personal necessities, as believers, at the throne of grace? I fear so; and if we are not more careful in this matter there is a possibility that the confession of the spouse—"They have made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept"—may be more appropriate than, perhaps, at present we are willing to acknowledge.

Moreover, just now we hear a great outcry for a polished, cultured, philosophical ministry. Some would-be-thought superior people are sighing for intellectual preaching, and for men who are "advanced

thinkers." Our colleges, too, with some noble exceptions, are pandering to this taste, and endeavouring to turn out men who shall be accounted erudite and profound. Let it not, however, be supposed that we depreciate scholastic attainments, profound learning, or brilliant abilities. No! we admire them, for these may co-exist with heart-culture and conduce to the usefulness of the minister of Christ; but what we do deprecate is, that so much time should be devoted to training the intellect while the heart is almost entirely forgotten.

The servant of Christ needs the animal part of his nature brought into subjection, the tone of his inner life raised, the piety of his daily life intensified, and the work of grace deepened, in order to true success in his work. He cannot obtain this without heart-culture. *This we must have.* Brethren, it is not the head so much as the heart that is to bring the world to Christ. It is the glowing enthusiasm born of love to God, springing from personal holiness and nearness to God, rather than the brilliancy of intellect and the coruscations of genius, which wins the masses to the Saviour, and brings the Christian minister abundant prosperity. Hear the testimony of the late Dr. Campbell upon this point: he says, "What is wanted is less mental than moral virtue. Exalted usefulness is really within the reach of all; but the conditions are severe. He who is endowed by nature with genius and with eloquence may obtain glory on easy terms; but centring in self, it is, after all, of little worth. Other things being equal, these are gifts of unutterable value, which may be used for the glory of the Master; but while few can shine, all can burn. 'John was a burning and a shining light,' and he worked wonders. We have, at the present day, many burning and shining lights who are doing exceedingly great things in the cause of the Gospel; but we have also many who are burning without shining, who have attained to great excellence, and are entitled to equal consideration." This witness is true.

Look at the Apostle Paul. It is admitted on all hands that he was the possessor of rare abilities. He had enjoyed educational advantages to which his brethren in the apostleship were strangers. It is easy to see that he had a well-balanced mind, was a logical reasoner, and could at once perceive the weak points in an opponent's arguments. Nevertheless, I believe it might be proved that his success was attributable more to his heart than to his head, to the purity of his life rather than to his brilliant attainments. There is so much of heart in the man that in the midst of a long argument, at the very mention of the name of Christ, he falls into raptures of delight, extols the Saviour in endearing terms, making sometimes a long digression. We find him, too, looking after his spiritual progress, and exclaiming, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." In the seventh chapter of Romans we get a glimpse into the working of his inner life; and the same again in Galatians, where he says, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Evidently, this man has not only the form but the power of godliness. Hence

when he went from land to land preaching the gospel of the kingdom, the Master abundantly prospered his work. Brethren, it is not given to all of us to *shine*, but we can all *burn*. And, if with personal holiness and likeness to Jesus we devote ourselves to our high vocation, though we may not dazzle by our splendour, we shall be able to impart warmth to the perishing around us, and thus God, even our own God, shall bless us.

The intimate connection between these two things—holiness and usefulness—will be seen further from the consideration of a few points.

Holiness of life will enable the minister to defeat opponents, and so it will increase his usefulness. It is probable that in every church and congregation there will be some enemies who will oppose you in your ministry. Do what you will, and be as careful as you may, they *will* be offended. Some of them will deem themselves your superiors in everything, others will set up as conservators of their ancient customs and privileges, while both will combine to weaken your influence and increase their own power. Now, the very truths you proclaim will come directly across the preconceived notions of these individuals; and it may be that, for the general good, you will be compelled to oppose their schemes. One result will be that without intending to offend them they will become your enemies, and will bestow upon you their genuine hatred.

What are you to do with these men? Argue them down? Preach them down? Fight them down? No! But *live* them down. By "meekly instructing them that oppose themselves" in the beauty of Christ's character, and illustrating your teaching by the holiness of your own life, you will eventually either shut their mouths, or render their opposition useless. There is a potency in holiness which defeats opponents—converting them into coadjutors or driving them from the field. Luther was devoutly hated, continually watched, and unceasingly opposed by the priests of Rome, who dogged his footsteps, hoping that, as he had beaten them in controversy they might discover impurity in his life, which they would have unhesitatingly used against him and his work. At length, with undisguised rage they wrote of him: "This German beast is so scrupulously holy that we can bring nothing against him on this ground." Thus they were defeated. Many ministers by living near to God, and breathing the spirit of Christ in their daily life, have silenced opposition and accomplished their long-cherished desires. Darkness ever flies before the light, and evil still yields to the inherent power of holiness.

Having power with God will make a man useful, and holiness will give him this power. The minister of godly life will be clothed with divine might. He who walks with God touches the Deity, and is privileged intimately to know the Lord. *God will allow himself to be moved by such a man.* The prophet of Sinai seemed to live in the immediate presence of Jehovah; his life, too, was sublime from its very purity, and he was permitted to talk with God as a man talketh with his friend. Does the Lord threaten to consume the Israelites from off the face of the earth? Moses argues with him, reminding him of what the Egyptians will say, and the people are spared. No wonder that such a man could deliver his people from the thraldom of Egypt, and lead them

through the wilderness, bearing with all their waywardness, for God was with him.

Elijah, too, was a holy man, and hence had power with God. Does he desire a drought to bring the nation to a sense of its sinfulness? He asked that it might not rain, and straightway the heavens were closed for the space of three years and six months. Again he prayed that it might rain, and the rain descended and the earth brought forth her fruits. He would convince the nation of the power and presence of Jehovah, asking for fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice; and, while he was yet speaking the fire of the Lord fell, burnt up the sacrifice, the wood, the stones, the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. Here was the human having power with the Infinite, but it was granted, you will observe, to a man of devout and holy life. If we would be blessed in our work we must have power with the Most High; and this gift is bestowed upon those who habitually live near to God.

Personal holiness will give the minister power with men, hence he will be useful. I take it to be the business of the preacher of the gospel to *lay hold of, and to mould* men. He will not be greatly successful till he has acquired this power.

The force of our piety will be felt in every department of our work. Whether in the social circle, the Bible class, the prayer-meeting, the streets, or the home-life, the influence of godliness will tell upon men. But it is in the pulpit, preaching the word, that the largest influence is exercised. *Here we should be a power.* You are there with the people round you; you have to move, stir, arouse them. Would you have them under your sway? Then, always supposing other things, as preaching ability, etc., to be yours, be intensely a man of God. You will see the bearing of your life upon your work if you remember that, as a minister, *you have to do with the heart.* This is not the case to the same extent with the philosopher, the lawyer, the philanthropist, the politician; but the preacher's sphere lies more particularly in dealing with the hearts of men. Do not, therefore, suppose that we ignore the the intellect. We would enlighten the understanding, influence the will, and bring conviction to the conscience, but only as a means to an end. We aim through all these to reach and influence the heart.

Now, in order to this, we must understand human nature, not only in men generally, but specially in ourselves. It is required in physicians that they study anatomy, physiology, and the diseases incident to the body, that they may grapple with these diseases and overcome them: and should not the minister of Christ be acquainted with the more subtile workings of the soul? *Let the servant of God study himself.* Let him know his sins, and which among them has the most power over him; his peculiar weaknesses, and where to get strength; let him watch carefully the workings of his own heart, and how it is affected by sorrow, joy, and a multitude of other things; let him mark the growth of his own spiritual life, and what most accelerates its progress; let him daily realise the joy of pardon, the fulness and sufficiency of Christ and his own personal interest in Jesus; let the secrets of his inner life be a daily dependence upon the Lord; and when from such a study of himself he stands before the

multitude and deals with men, they will exclaim, "this man knows me; he understands my difficulties, my dangers, my temptations, my sins, and my sorrows;" thus he will have won their hearts, and his power with them will be almost unlimited. This must be the result, for such a man speaks with authority of the things he has tasted, handled, and felt, because he speaks from heart-knowledge and therefore influences men by his heart-life.

Some time since two gentlemen, both exceedingly intelligent, the one a follower of Jesus, the other highly moral in deportment but destitute of grace, went to hear one of our brethren. The sermon was from the well-known words, "Come unto me," etc. At the close these two friends went home, scarcely exchanging a word on the way, and it was easy for the Christian to see that his intelligent friend was feeling intensely the power of the word. At length, the cold, calculating man of the world said to his friend with the deepest emotion, "There's nothing like heart-preaching is there, George"? He was right. But ever remember that heart-preaching and influencing men spiritually are allied with holiness of life and conversation. When such a man as I have described speaks, his word comes with a "Thus saith the Lord," and under its influence men are broken in heart and brought into the liberty of the children of God.

If the position we have taken in our paper be correct, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" Brethren, may the Holy Ghost sanctify us wholly, body, soul, and spirit, so shall we be made a blessing to very many who come within the sphere of our ministry.

Colportage.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT has been our lot to attend many auniversary meetings of societies during the present May meeting season, but none of them were so interesting, amusing, and full of real life and vigour as the meeting of the Colportage Society at the Tabernacle. The society had brought up from their country districts most of their book-hawkers, and some of these told their experiences with hearty simplicity, in language full of racy expressions and striking provincialisms. Probably the audience obtained a better idea of the work of colportage through these *viva voce* descriptions than could have been communicated to them by a score of annual reports. Fine language and feeble propriety spoil many public meetings, but in this case there were both force and freedom, and a degree of vivacity which was quite refreshing. One brother appeared with the model pack upon his back—*in harness*, as he said—and described his dangers from "dawgs." His district is in Lancashire, where "dawgs" abound, beautiful bull-pups among them, whose education has been so neglected that they are constantly mistaking a man's leg for a shin of beef, and are never more happy than when they can make their teeth meet in something alive. Amid abundant laughter, our

friend declared that he had not fought wild beasts at Ephesus, but had often been forced to do so round by Haydock; he had found it well to trust in God *and carry a big stick*. Another excellent colporteur, who rides a velocipede, described his journeys twenty miles in all directions, from his centre at Warminster, Wilts, giving a graphic account of the lone farm-houses and hamlets which he visits. He appeared to be a very acceptable and laborious preacher of the gospel, carrying the word of God on his tongue as well as upon his back. The labourer in the Isle of Sheppy also gave details of the power of the gospel, and of the eagerness to hear it evinced by the villagers everywhere. It was clear enough to all present that the rural districts need just such an agency as the Colportage, that the society has found a staff of right men, and that the work ought to be indefinitely extended. Nonconformity will not for many years be strong enough to support a sufficient staff of ministers in the more sparsely populated districts; many of the church clergy are worse than useless, and make the darkness around them darker still; those of them who are evangelical are glad of the colporteurs' aid, for they cannot get at all classes, and the best, if not the only available means, of saving the benighted people is to reach them by means of the colporteur. To a district subscribing £40 a year the society sends a man to sell books, who will visit the sick, distribute tracts, gather prayer-meetings, preach on the green, and probably form bands of hope and temperance societies. It is the cheapest agency known to us. The excuse of selling his wares makes the colporteur bold to push in where otherwise he might not dare to call. He knocks at the doors of the rich as well as the poor, and has a word for old and young. As his report of sales will have to come before the committee he has a capital reason for diligence in business, and is not likely to loiter. If he is a live man, as our colporteurs mostly are, he finds abundance of work all around him, and opens doors for himself where at first he found but little scope. Instances of conversion have been very many by the means of our colporteurs, and we expect yet more. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

We should like it to be understood that we wish to see a Colportage society, including all denominations, and if some brother will take over the work we shall be glad for the present society at the Tabernacle to become a branch of it. If this does not occur we hope the Tabernacle Committee will plod on until they convince Englishmen that the work is good and necessary, and ought to be taken up with spirit. Our own solemn conviction is that Colportage, as an agency, is second to none. It ought to be worked by a society as large as the Bible Society, or the Religious Tract Society. We have nowadays an association for almost every supposable purpose, from the feeding of stray dogs to anti-vaccination, surely Colportage cannot be long neglected.

At the annual meeting, our excellent Committee presented a report from which we will make extracts:—

The object of this association, the increased circulation of religious literature, is carried out in a twofold manner:—1st. By means of colporteurs, whose whole time is devoted to the work, and who are paid by a fixed salary. 2nd. By Book Agents, who canvas for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal per-centage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble. The first of these methods is the more important, as the colporteur is thereby enabled to

engage in Christian labour in all parts of the district; and his regular visits afford an opportunity of teaching the people in their own homes. The average total cost of a colporteur is £80, but the committee will appoint a man to any district for which £10 a year is subscribed, *if the funds of the association permit.* The second method is admirably suited to the requirements of village churches and Sunday schools, where the guarantee for a colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers, or other persons willing to become book agents, may communicate with the secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle. The association is unsectarian in its operations "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere." [By this second method friends who are shopkeepers might aid in spreading pure literature by keeping a small stock in a corner of their window. Village general shops might be thus used.]

The number of colporteurs in the employ of the association at the commencement of the year was nine, but at its close thirteen, and through the kind liberality of two gentlemen deeply interested in colportage work, eighteen men are now engaged in various parts of the country.

The sales effected during 1872, by an average of eleven colporteurs, reached the sum of £1,238 0s. 11d., and consisted of 66,835 different publications, nearly all of a religious tendency and for the most part circulated among those who would not otherwise have purchased them. In addition to these our book agents have disposed of good literature to the value of nearly £120. The total expense of the association for the year (deducting profit on the sales) was £539 8s. 5d., while the subscriptions and donations amounted to £662 1s. 5d., including one large contribution of £100 received just as the year closed, which has enabled the committee to make the extension in its operations previously referred to.

The colporteur, in his constant, regular rounds, has some of the best possible opportunities for evangelistic work, and our agents have not been behind in their efforts in this direction, 121,100 visits have been paid, the sick and dying read and prayed with, careless sinners exhorted to repentance, and many thousand tracts distributed monthly; but in addition to this valuable work very much has been done in holding cottage meetings, Sunday services, Bible classes, and in some instances night schools, and the testimony of many has been borne to their efficacy, through the blessing of God, in leading souls to a saving knowledge of the truth. Notably in one instance a gracious revival of religion, resulting in the conversion of scores, has followed the faithful labours of the colporteur, but in many other cases good evidence has been given of the working of the Holy Spirit of God through this agency.

These facts lead the committee to hope that since colportage has been proved to be as successful in England as elsewhere, a larger response may be given to their appeal for subscriptions, that they may be enabled not only to maintain the present number of agents, but very largely to extend their operations during the present year. Never was the need greater, both for pure literature and for faithful dealing with the souls of men, than at present, and no form of agency seems better suited to the requirements of the time, or obtainable at so moderate an expense.

The increase in the number of agents has rendered it necessary to enlarge the staff of officers, by engaging the services of a permament paid secretary, the honorary officers finding the efficient working of the association now demands more time than they can possibly devote to it after their own business hours, and the committee have obtained the assistance of Mr. W. Gordon Jones in that capacity, which choice they trust may tend to the welfare and extension of the association.

The committee desire to record their obligations to the District Local Committees for their assistance in supervising the work of the agents, and to the Religious Tract Society, London, and the Dublin Tract Society, for liberal grants of tracts and books.

In the following extracts from the journals of the colporteurs it will be seen that the work is both appreciated and successful.

THE COLPORTEUR APPRECIATED.

Often such an expression as this comes to my ears: "If it were not for the colporteur there would not be any spiritual influence in these villages," and I hear this from the most thoughtful and spiritually-minded people. Wherever I go the people seem to have a word ready to cheer me, and express sympathy with our work. Every Christian person seems to say that he believes colportage to be one of the

best agencies for spreading Christian principles in these dark villages. Only yesterday I called at a clergyman's house. After he had asked me into the study he eulogised our work, and said that such efforts as ours were the best means to bring about a higher spiritual life, which he greatly desired.

A Wesleyan minister writes concerning one of the colporteurs:—"Having had frequent opportunities of meeting him at public meetings in the villages around, I am fully convinced that he is doing a good work for our Lord and Master. Many have been led to the Saviour by him. The aged and afflicted are especially looked after and regularly visited by him. It is the opinion of all I have met with that he is the 'right man in the right place.'"

THE COLPORTEUR AN EVANGELIST.

I am thankful to say that God is doing wonders here. He has blessed the word to eighteen souls, and a glorious work is still going on among the young men and women. For the last month I have been holding special services, and though at first a heavy cloud seemed to hang over the meeting, at last the cry broke out, "What shall I do?" The whole congregation was in tears. Last Sabbath I preached at H..... The people flocked in and the place was filled long before the time. Some were up the staircase, and many had to return home. God blessed the word to six souls that night. Two young men came to hear me on Sunday night and to have a bit of fun, but while there the Lord pricked their hearts. My persecutions have been great and my name scandalously spoken of, but I care not for this as Christians are stirred up and souls saved. After a week of special prayer and addresses the colporteur writes, we had a glorious meeting at my house, for there two found the Saviour, and several others are under deep conviction. I go to G..... once a month to preach on Sunday, and the chapel there that was in a dead state seems all alive; last time I was there it was crowded. I have to walk six miles there and six miles back again, and go three miles each way by water, and sometimes it is very rough, but God is with me. I visit the Union and I believe God has made me a great blessing to several in it. I am engaged by Wesleyans, Independents, Primitive Methodists, and Baptists to preach once a month, beside week-night Bible classes and prayer meetings. The Sunday before I had a hard day's work. I went to G..... and preached, and a young man told me what a blessing the Lord had been made to him. I landed at S..... at half-past eight and then took the Ragged School service. Praise God! a revival broke out there: it would have done you good to have heard eighteen or twenty on their knees praying for salvation. I believe they all found it. After that I had to go visiting the people's friends. They took me about to the sick and I did not get to bed until twelve o'clock.

THE COLPORTEUR; A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

As I was going from house to house in a back street, on opening a door I found myself unexpectedly in a public house. I thought it best not to beat a retreat, but to stand like the brave with my face to the foe. In the first room there were six or seven women drinking. One of them said, "Why, you have come to a public house!" I said, "Yes, and I wish you were all teetotallers." Looking for a suitable tract I found one entitled, "Scotch Jim, the drunken Ballad Singer." A man then called me into the next room where about twenty men sat smoking and drinking. They commenced laughing at me, one in particular, to whom I then gave a tract called "Don't laugh it off." I also supplied each with a tract, and invited them to the house of God. One asked me to have a sip of beer, but I told him I did not mind having a glass of water and paying for it, which the landlord kindly fetched free of charge.

It will, we trust, interest our readers if we subjoin a list of the eighteen Colporteurs and their spheres of labour. Will the number ever increase to eighty? Perhaps some wealthy person who will read this, carries the answer in his pocket.

DISTRICTS SUPPLIED WITH COLPORTEURS BY THIS ASSOCIATION.

Ely, Cambridgeshire: A. Sneed.—A very successful district for sales, which amount to upwards of £250 a year. The agent visits some fifteen villages, and is heartily received by the people.

Eythorne, Kent: R. Marshall.—One of the longest established, the guarantee for which is given by the Baptist Church at Eythorne. The colporteur supplies one or two preaching stations, and his work is much appreciated.

Haydock, Lancashire: John Varnham.—A mining district, needing constant and earnest effort. The agent here conducts frequent open-air services, night schools, and cottage meetings, and many souls have been won to Christ through his instrumentality.

Warminster, Wiltshire: S. King.—The agent here travels as much as twenty miles from his centre, very often accomplishing the journey on a velocipede, and his visits are eagerly watched for and highly valued by many of God's aged people, while his testimony to sinners has not been in vain.

Harold Wood, Essex: A. E. Ingram.—The colporteur here in addition to his rounds has the charge of a small chapel. The population of the district is sparse, but a fair attendance is secured and the worshippers assist in the support of the agent.

Bushton, Wiltshire: B. Semmensny.—Rather an extensive district like that at Warminster, but equally successful. The colporteur being assisted in his journeys by using a pony and cart. Many souls have been blessed in this district.

Minster, Isle of Sheppey: W. Baker.—This colporteur has been greatly used of God in the conversion of souls. Several meetings weekly are held in various parts of the Island, and are well attended and much blessed, especially the Bible classes held by the agent at his own house.

Burnley, Lancashire: Joseph Powell.—A manufacturing population, among whom the last agent laboured with success. The present agent is only recently appointed, but writes encouragingly of the prospects of the work.

Ross, Herefordshire: S. Watkins.—The local Baptist Union subscribes for the support of this district, which comprises a large number of villages regularly canvassed, and several services conducted therein.

Arnold, Nottinghamshire: D. J. Watkins.—A manufacturing district, recently commenced and partly maintained by a Bible class at the Tabernacle. This promises to become a very successful agency.

Sunderland, Durham: F. W. Bloomfield.—A good sphere for a colporteur. The agent here will labour in connexion with a Mission Church situated near the Quay, where an earnest band of Christian working men welcome his co-operation.

Forton, Hampshire: H. C. Algar.—This district consists of a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. The labours of an earnest man are much needed here, and it is hoped that the colporteur may be much blessed.

Riddings, Derbyshire: H. Boyd.—This agent has recently commenced the work here, and met with much encouragement. It is a very promising sphere.

Tewkesbury, Gloucester: R. Trenchard.—A very favourable locality for a colportage agency.

Stafford: T. Richards.—This district is in great need of such an agency, and is supported by the kind liberality of a Christian lady.

Gloucester: S. Shepherd.

Long Eaton: C. Slack.

Shrewsbury: J. H. Charlton.

The last three are new districts commenced on trial in the hope of obtaining local support.

Scotland is well supplied with this class of labourers, and they are even more wanted in England; will not friends be found to subscribe 40*l.* per annum that a man may give all his time and energies to the district in which they take a special interest? In the county of Surrey a half a dozen men could be most usefully employed. We mention it because it lies at our door, and is peculiarly in need. We should like to have a man at work in a district running from Clapham to Croydon, Sutton, Epsom, Kingston, and Wandsworth, and hoping some loving friend will supply the means, we will set a man going at once in full

confidence that the funds will be forthcoming. Although quite willing that our little society should be merged in a larger one, we should be still more gratified if it should grow into a large institution, and remain attached to us, for we can see many advantages connected with its present working which might be lost in a society with a wider constituency and less firm in its principles. We ask and we expect help. The Christian public will not allow so excellent a work to languish; above all, the Great Head of the Church will look upon it and supply all its needs. This enterprise is of God, and must go on. The more we see of its working, the more we are enamoured of it; it only needs thorough working to be made a mighty means for good.

Easter in Paris.

BY PASTOR W. P. LOCKHART, OF LIVERPOOL.

TRIPS to the Continent are now so common, and such facilities are afforded for "running over to Paris," that it is a waste of time to write about the ordinary sights to be seen there. Neither do the great religious ceremonials, which are in full bloom at Easter, present the same novelty they once did; for a section of our National Church has, unhappily, made the bulk of our people familiar with nearly all that used to be considered peculiar to the ritual of Rome.

There are, however, some Christian efforts at present being put forth in Paris which may not be much known to the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," and a short description may stir up more prayerful interest in the work of French Evangelisation.

First among these, because first established, stands the work of M. Armand Delille, a French Protestant *pasteur*. Towards the close of 1869 he was led to think much of the spiritual darkness of the people of Paris. Like Paul at Athens, "his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and after prayerful deliberation he resolved to consecrate himself to "aggressive effort." In his interesting report of the first two years' work, he says the considerations which weighed with him in throwing himself into this work were chiefly these:—

"We have in Paris," he says, "many Christian flocks with their respective shepherds, but who cares for the enormous mass of our population which lives and dies in darkness and misery? Business men go to their offices every day; men at the exchange, merchants and brokers, are always at their post and do not spare themselves; small traders cry their wares in the streets from morning to night; while we, the preachers of the gospel, are satisfied with opening our churches and chapels once or twice a week. If this were a question of morals only it would be sufficiently serious, but it is a question of eternal interest, of the one truth which alone can save a ruined world. Surely then we are not justified in keeping it under lock-and-key for six days of the week and bringing it out only on Sunday. If the apostle Paul said, 'Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel;' surely I too, like him,

must preach it 'in season and out of season:' and if the police regulations prevent our preaching in the open air, we must preach in rooms in public thoroughfares, and by loving persuasion at the doors, try to induce the passers-by to enter."

While he thus mused, the fire burned within him, the fire of love for precious souls; and, being assured of the help of one or two friends, he commenced operations in April, 1870. He rented the well-known room in the Rue Royale (used on Sundays as an English Independent Chapel), and announced that the gospel would be preached there *every day* from three to four p.m.

It may seem to some that there was nothing very formidable in the undertaking, but we must bear in mind the position of the people. Frenchmen are often peculiarly suspicious of evangelistic effort. They are either devoted Romanists, and look upon all preaching which is not flavoured with the right kind of sauce as opposed to their best interests, or, revolting from the grossly superstitious religion in which they have been educated, they become thoroughly infidel and look upon all preaching with contempt, and even with positive hatred.

Among such people did the warm-hearted M. Delille commence and continue his efforts. Since the 4th of April, 1870, the daily meeting has been sustained almost without interruption. It has never been very largely attended—the average is about eighty—and yet each year the gospel has thus been preached to an aggregate of thirty thousand people. The work partakes largely of that of seed-sowing, and as most of the hearers are fresh every day, the importance of the effort in disseminating gospel truth among the people is very great. This will be seen when we mention that during a recent journey through the South of France, M. Delille found himself recognised and warmly saluted by many in different parts of the country, who said they had heard him with pleasure in the Rue Royale.

All through the dreadful war the meetings were continued. When the excitement was at its height, while the city was besieged, and the people of the surrounding villages crowded into it for shelter, and during the still more fearful horrors of the Commune, M. Delille and his fellow workers kept at their post. Gradually many of the distressed citizens learned that daily at the Rue Royale they might hear words of tenderness and pity, and find true consolation in looking to the loving Saviour who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

From the beginning the meetings have been most informal. Sometimes a hymn is sung; sometimes prayer is offered; sometimes the Scriptures are read; sometimes there is one address, sometimes three or four brethren speak. Occasionally some one in the audience raises an objection which has to be met. Sometimes also a question is earnestly and respectfully put to the speaker by one of the hearers. But one thing there is always, a loving and simple setting forth of Jesus as the only Saviour. Much incident and illustration is used to engage the attention and enforce the truths of the gospel, and an opportunity is always given for personal conversation at the close of the meeting. When we heard M. Delille at Easter, the meeting was not very large, the day being wet. Most lovingly did the venerable *pasteur* speak to his hearers of Jesus, and with a tenderness and a reality which I have

seldom heard equalled, he sought to lead them into personal contact with him.

As we might expect, God has sealed this effort with his approval, and his servants are permitted to rejoice over some souls brought to Jesus. In work of this kind, however, many of the results must remain unknown. How many have found rest to their souls through trusting in Jesus, the day alone will declare.

The journal kept by M. Delille has already been alluded to. In it there is a record of nearly every day's work for two years, and most interesting though very brief details of some individual cases. Here are some of the things that cheer the hearts of the workers.

"May, 1870.—At the close of the meeting a young man, a Spaniard as I afterwards find, comes forward to speak to me. It is not the first time he listens to our appeals. He is not infidel but indifferent. He adds that he feels he ought to return to God, but he does not know how to do so. I lend him a New Testament, urging him to read it prayerfully.

"June 8.—At the close a gentleman accosts me, with an earnest expression on his countenance, 'Do you recognise me'? I remember having seen him before but cannot recall the circumstances, but when he says 'Spaniard' I remember the conversation of a few days back. He brings me the New Testament I had lent him, being delighted with its contents. 'It is an admirable book,' he says, 'especially the gospel of St. Matthew; have you ever read the fifth, sixth, and seventh, chapters? I never read anything so beautiful.' He also tells me that till lately he had never done more than repeat forms of prayer mechanically, but now he hopes he is beginning to pray truly. When I ask him to take back the New Testament and continue reading it in the same spirit, he leaves me full of joy. There is, I hope, a work of God in his soul.

"June 14.—The Spanish gentleman again comes to me. His face fairly shines with joy. Before he speaks I guess what has taken place. He believes in the Lord Jesus. He has received his grace. 'I am no longer alone,' he says, 'I pray always and everywhere.'"

Shortly afterwards hearing that this Spaniard was about to return to his own country, M. Delille asked him to say a few words at one of the meetings. With much modesty he spoke to the following effect." "A traveller is walking through a sandy desert under a burning sun. Broken down with fatigue, and ready to perish with thirst, he fears he will sicken and die. Suddenly he hears a slight sound, and turning to the side whence it proceeds, he finds to his surprise a spring of fresh water; he stoops down and drinks, and rising refreshed, he joyfully pursues his way. If, after proceeding a few steps, he were to meet another traveller worn out and thirsty as he had been himself, would he not have great joy in pointing him to the spring from which he had got refreshment and life? Well, dear friends, that is my case. I have read the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have there found pardon and peace and I want to show you how you too may receive like blessings." As we may imagine, this touching address was listened to with the deepest interest.

Not long after the work commenced, another foreigner was drawn to

the meetings. M. Delille took him for an Englishman, but on speaking to him found he was a Bavarian. He often lingered after the meetings, leaving apparently with regret, and glad to have an opportunity of personal conversation. "I have lived in London," he said one day, "and often went to hear Mr. Spurgeon. I used to buy his sermons and distribute them among my friends. I like *earnest preaching*." When pressed about his own spiritual state, he confessed that though he had often felt drawings towards Christ, still he had never come to him. He left, apparently under deep conviction.

Dipping again at random into the journal, we find the following entries:—

"January 17, 1871.—Good conversation with three persons, who borrowed New Testaments. A National Guard very attentive. He thanked us when passing out, saying, 'We have need of these things to make us different men. In the churches there are too many who come between man and God.'"

"October 7.—Great attention. All seemed more or less moved under the preaching, we trust by the power of the Holy Spirit."

"October 16.—Good meeting. About 150 present. We spoke personally to many of them. One said, 'Excellent! It is all true.' 'Are you here for the first time?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but it will not be the last.'"

Many similar entries occur from time to time. During the siege large numbers of soldiers attended the meetings. They were always attentive, and many showed signs of deep interest in the truths proclaimed. Occasionally incidents of unusual interest occurred, such as the following:—Our tract distributors standing at the door one day, gave a tract to a priest. He took it, and began to read as he passed on. In a few minutes he came back, and entered into conversation with the distributor. Hearing that the gospel was preached there every day, and that there was no controversy in our addresses, he said, "You are engaged in a good work. Go on, and God will give his blessing:" "Come and see me," he added, handing his card on which was written, "*Abbé Michaud, Vicar of the Madeleine.*"

As an evidence of the sound judgment which characterises the work of M. Delille, it may be stated that he does not speak controversially. When Catholics express a desire to become Protestants, he tells them that it is not his object, he wants to lead them to a true knowledge of Christ as their Saviour, after that they must judge for themselves. Also, he resolved at the outset not to give money to any of his hearers, because, as he well says, "We should next day have the room full of beggars and hypocrites." Further, he *lends*, but does not either sell or give, copies of the New Testament.

In this work M. Delille, though always himself responsible for the conduct of the meetings, acknowledges with thankfulness the loving co-operation of every Protestant denomination in Paris. These meetings still go on. Friends who visit Paris this summer should not forget to go to the Rue Royale Chapel at 3 p.m., and, above all, those who seek the extension of the Lord's kingdom in France should not fail to plead for a rich blessing.

Another effort lately started in Paris is that of Mr. R. W. McAll.

This gentleman was till recently an Independent minister in England. When he and his wife were spending a holiday in Paris in 1871, they were much struck with what seemed to them an opening among the workmen of Paris. On their return home they consulted some friends, and after much prayerful deliberation they resolved to give up their work and their home in England and fix their residence in Belleville, among the working men of Paris. They saw that by rigid economy they could meet all personal expenses from their private resources, and they felt assured that Christians in England would cheerfully defray the current expenses in connexion with the work.

From an interesting statement read before the Congregational Union held at Nottingham in October last, we gather some particulars of the commencement of this work, and personal observation at Easter enabled us to judge of the measure of success with which it is being visited. The plan decided upon was to rent large shops in some prominent thoroughfares, open them as Mission Rooms, and invite the attendance of the workmen and their families. The fact that such people were wholly unused to attendance at religious services suggested the idea that in the meetings there should be no lengthened speaking, but a number of short pointed readings or addresses, varied by the singing of hymns, and, as often as the people might seem prepared for it, the offering of prayer. The reading of the Bible would, it was felt, form an interesting feature, that book having, sad to say, the charm of absolute novelty for multitudes. To this was added the provision of illustrated magazines, such as *L'Ouvrier Français*, and of other periodicals, so that all entering the rooms might be invited to read till the meeting commenced; also the opening of a lending library furnished with Bibles, New Testaments, and good books, and the distribution at the doors of tracts and Scripture portions.

The first station was opened at Montmartre in April, 1872, and at the commencement bitter opposition had to be encountered from the Atheists of the district. They attended the meetings, and disputed every statement that was made, articles against the effort appeared in the local press, and in every conceivable way it was made clear that while there was "an open door," there were also "many adversaries." Our friends, however, persevered, prayerfully persevered; gradually the people began to see that these English people only sought to do them good, and long ago all open opposition has died away.

Mr. and Mrs. McAll have now either five or six of these stations in different parts of Paris. That they are not idle will be seen when I mention that at each station, from its opening, they have held *two meetings weekly*, one on Sunday and one on a week-night, *besides two weekly meetings for children*, which are largely attended. At three stations they have classes for teaching English to the workmen, a method which appears to secure their confidence, and at two stations Sunday schools have lately been formed. We are amazed at the amount of work our brother and sister, with their few fellow workers, are able to accomplish, especially when we remember that they are in a foreign land and teach in a foreign language. Most feelingly does Mr. McAll speak of the need of further labourers: "Could we obtain more helpers," he says, "we should rejoice to extend our efforts in various

directions. Would that some brother and his wife would come out and join us." The venerable Dr. Binney, writing of this work says, "If another English couple, like minded with our friends, and able to devote themselves to such a work, were to become colleagues and coadjutors in the mission, it would both lighten labour and increase it, by cheering our friends, sharing their toil and giving vigour and variety to existing or projected forms of service."

It was my privilege to attend two of the meetings while in Paris. Both were deeply interesting. There on the broad boulevard was the large shop, well lighted with the words "Aux Ouvriers" over the door. On the pavement were one or two helpers giving away notices and tracts to the passers-by, while round the door stood a few people anxious to peep in when it opened to admit anyone, and evidently uncertain whether they should enter or not. There was quite a little stir about the place, in fact, it looked "all alive." Inside was a comfortable room, hung round with Scripture texts, well lighted and furnished with good chairs, on which lay hymn sheets and little books. Mrs. McAll was playing the harmonium, and on the little platform stood Mr. McAll, a spare man of about forty-five, ready to begin the meeting.

A hymn was first given out and sung heartily by the congregation, numbering from seventy to eighty persons. Then a portion of Scripture was read and another hymn sung. Mrs. McAll and another lady each gave a short reading from some religious periodical; and after another hymn, I was asked to address the meeting. Though my French is not of the best, and though this was the first time I had ever attempted a public address in a foreign tongue, the people listened attentively, and seemed to understand my poor efforts to point them to Jesus. M. Lepoids, one of the *pasteurs* of the Baptist Church, followed with an earnest address, and the meeting, lasting a little more than an hour, was closed with prayer by Mr. McAll. Throughout the meeting the people came and went, but those that came far exceeded those that went, and at the close there were nearly one hundred present. They were mostly working men and their wives, some old and some young, some in their blouses and some in their holiday clothes (it was Good Friday). Strange thoughts passed through our minds as we sat in that meeting. We remembered that Generals Le Comte and Thomas were shot near this spot, and that from this very quarter the Communards issued forth to their deadly deeds. One wondered who these people were into whose ears were being poured the glad tidings of salvation; and what would be the effect were a great and widespread work of God's Spirit to appear among them.

Of results much cannot be said as yet. Our friends are sowing the seed, and are earnestly and prayerfully looking for the harvest of precious souls. Not that they are altogether without signs of blessing—far from it. The second meeting I attended was conducted by a man who is himself, I am told, one of the fruits of this work. The gratitude of the people for the kindness shown to them is often warmly expressed to Mr. and Mrs. McAll, showing that M. Delilie was right when he said to me, "Our people are not hostile to religion, as so many supposed. They are only infidel because there has been preached to them *a gospel which is the very reverse of good news*. Their hearts are opened and their

lives changed when they are brought into personal and living contact with the Lord Jesus Christ." Will not our readers pray that these efforts in Paris may be blessed? The conversion to God of some thousands of Parisians would be better far for France than the evacuation of her territory, and the diffusion of the light of God's truth throughout the land more glorious than the regaining of Alsace and Lorraine, the great object which every Frenchman now has before him.

I must not omit to state that I twice spent a happy afternoon with our Baptist brethren in the Rue des Bons Enfants. Their new chapel will be ready for opening in August or September, when English friends who want a Continental trip should try to be with them. Brethren Dez and De Poid are doing good work, and God is evidently blessing them. Surely Baptists have a great future before them in a country where the contest must be between the many errors of Rome, and those who hold by the pure teaching of Scripture on all points.

Life in the Edinburgh Canongate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS."

AN Englishman who first walks out into the streets of Edinburgh speedily discovers that whisky is a leading article of commerce in the city. We were even given to understand that the poor regard beer very much as a luxury, and retain the spirits as an every-day beverage. The populace suffer severely by their pernicious predilections. Nay, what is more important, sanitary reformers are directly tracing the relationship between disease, vagrancy, and crime, and the drinking customs of the people, since the poor of Scottish cities delight in vile concoctions doled out to them as genuine spirits, or "Our celebrated Toddy Mixture" at one shilling and ninepence per bottle. For a long time past the excessive mortality of Glasgow has occasioned perplexity and even alarm among philanthropists and well-to-do citizens, and very praiseworthy have been the efforts made to lower the frightful death-rate. It has been in vain, however, and recently the local newspapers have been using severe language towards one sanitary reformer who professes to have discovered in spirit-drinking a fountain which stimulates the growth of hot-beds of fever. Looking at the question from the temperance rather than from the teetotal standpoint, we confess to having been appalled by the figures and conclusions of this "teetotal child," as his opponents style the gentleman referred to. In one part of the city of Glasgow, where the doomed inhabitants herd thickly together in close damp courts, and where a spirit-shop flourishes for each eight score people, as many as eleven per cent. of the inhabitants were stricken by fever in a single year. We do not infer that this horrible state of affairs has its spring solely in drunkenness: but that a continuous consumption of raw, inferior spirit by an underfed populace must be attended by fatal results experience painfully teaches us.

Cheap fiery liquors are poisons which quickly and effectively complete their deadly work, so that to dispute the ground with the evils arising from their use does not merely belong to Good Templars and other teetotal clubs. It is the legitimate work of the Christian church in common, and in few places is this realised so keenly as in Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh City Mission constantly employs about twenty-four visitors, and these are supplementary to other evangelists employed by separate congregations. About a third part of the entire population are waiting to be raised by Christian agency, a large proportion being Irish Roman Catholics, on whom, priests and sisters of mercy, hard as they work, seem never to confer either spiritual or moral benefit. After having seen something of the Cowgate, we shall still remain within the field of missionary operation, if we walk over the ground from the Castle to Holyrood, where every few paces will be found to possess historical associations attractive to the tourist or the student. Here and there along the whole route of the picturesque Lawnmarket, High-street, and Canongate, is discovered an ancient close or wynd, once the abode of Scottish nobles and high-born ladies. In the majority of instances, these places, once sacred to rank and beauty, but now abandoned to squalor and vice, are named after their former aristocratic possessors. A more interesting mile of ground, beginning with the proud citadel, and ending with the palace of the ill-fated Mary, it would be impossible to find in Europe, though, as a field of missionary operation it is as repelling and as heathenish as the worst localities in London. A glance at the slatternly women and uncared-for children, tells the casual visitor that a certain proportion of the people are Irish, and that the mingling of these with the low Scotch element, has engendered a type of humanity at once shocking and distressing to behold. Here is a word picture of the Old Town as it is at night, written nearly two years ago, by the correspondent of a London newspaper:—

"At eleven last night my guide met me under the shadow of St. Giles's Church. The High-street public houses were closing slowly, and reluctantly discharging their occupants. On the pavement the throng was already dense and noisy. Sobriety was the exception, not the rule. Some staggered stolidly along, muttering imbecile drivel to themselves as they lurched to and fro. Others, mad drunk, fought, yelled, and cursed. Women were the worst—ragged, barefoot, unsexed wretches, with tangled hair, bosoms half-bare, mouths full of the most terrible blasphemies. Some of them had children in their arms, whom it seemed as if they must drop at every stagger. One miserable creature, with scarce clothes enough to be decent, was picked up out of a foul gutter by the police and taken off to the cells, a policeman carrying the babe, which his mate had stumbled over in picking up the mother. The most piteous sight of all was to watch the children round the groups that fought and cursed, now scattering as some, becoming rabid, ran amuck wildly at everything, now closing up again round two who came to close grips, tearing each other, even sometimes biting like beasts. The children with timorous hands would clutch the rags of a parent, and plead whenever a chance seemed to offer, "Come awa', mither;" or "Dinna bide, father." Sensuality held carnival. It could not but be noted with what fearful bitterness the curses came out. A drunken London mob curse lavishly, but the whisky-maddened people of the High-street cursed each other with a hot fervour, a lurid intensity which made one's blood creep. The Old Town of Edinburgh may be broadly described as an engine for the advancement of vice, misery, and a general God-forgottenness."

Happily the field, abandoned as it is to the reign of depravity, is not so entirely bare of good results as it may appear to *litterateurs*, who are constantly on the look out for piquant wares. As shown in a former article, large numbers are being drawn from these dark haunts by the force of Christianity, and translated into the light of the kingdom of God. Said one such, "I never observed till lately that the more brightly the sun shines, the more clearly I see my own shadow; so, the more I see of Christ's glorious grace, I am the more sensible of my own depravity."

According to the testimony of their own diaries, the city missionaries of Edinburgh lead no easier life than do their brethren in London; and a rough experience affords them many opportunities of seeing human life in its most striking phases. In one unlighted pestiferous hovel, into which the rats from a neighbouring sewer entered at pleasure, a husband, wife, and two children were discovered. They appeared to be in the very valley of the shadow of death, and only by being removed and cared for were they saved from an impending horrible fate. In another room are seen children growing up in blank ignorance of everything save sin—young things who are not allowed to attend school because their earnings would be sacrificed by their so doing. Others are come upon who labour under crushing burdens of debt. They are unthrifty victims of what the English call the Tally system; and such is sometimes their distress that they will occasionally make a new purchase on credit, pawn the goods, and, with the proceeds, pay off a pressing instalment of an old score! Thus one imprudence begets another, and the people are continually weaving for themselves new meshes of difficulty. Then here burrows a disciple of the supposed obsolete opinions of Tom Paine, while another room shelters a slave of betting. In another place are found subjects of misfortune, neighbouring with companions who are paying the penalties of open sin or of secret backsliding. The visitors maintain perseveringly a weary conflict with sin in its worst forms, enjoying now and then a token of victory. Sometimes a recognition of benefit received comes spontaneously from the people themselves, as when the police-force presented their religious instructor with a gold watch and his wife with a brooch.

Not seldom do the visitors embrace opportunities of acting the Good Samaritan among the victims of misfortune, or of transgression, who abound. A cabman and his family, reduced to the abject misery of extreme want, were found occupying a loathsome cellar, damp, dark, fireless, and unventilated! A mother and two children, huddled together on a meagre bed, and did so of necessity from want of clothes in which to appear abroad. To add to the distress, the woman was on the verge of maternity. To speak to such unfortunates about faith in Christ, or even about common morality, without immediately providing temporal relief, would at least be wasting moral force by shooting beside the mark. The family had passed into that condition of helplessness in which they could not help themselves. They needed everything which the feeling Christian heart could supply—lodging, fire, clothing, food, and medical skill. These were at once supplied, and then, when removed from the putrid air and blank starvation of the habitation where death had threatened them, the poor people's hearts were opened

to receive the word of Him who ever sympathised with the sufferings of afflicted humanity.

The everyday efforts of the missionaries are admirably supplemented by the Bible-women. These active and successful workers may often be enabled to speak an effective word when a man would fail. The most degraded and indifferent will commonly pay some sort of homage to the woman who ventures into their presence with no other defence or warrant than the word of God. Who has not been gratified by the exploits of this class, working as they do so meekly and unostentatiously in the dark recesses of great cities? Everywhere the devoted Bible-woman must be blessed, and the following has been given as illustrative of what she may do in an Edinburgh wynd:—

"One of the Edinburgh Bible-women found in her district troops of wild Arabs, shrewd, sharp, and uncared for—the pests of every stair and dungeon-like passage; but she had a notion of her own of turning their mischievous activity to account, and making them care for themselves, and she put it into practice. 'She knew,' she said, 'that if she tried to get these boys around her in an evening to listen to the Bible, they would only mock and flyte her, so she just went another way to work.' As she met them by twos and threes, lurking on the stairs, she said, 'Boys! how ragged your coats are. I am going to open a sewing-class. Who'll come? I'll give you patches, and teach you to mend your clothes, and perhaps how to make new ones, and it will only be open one night in the week.' Their answers showed that they thought this night do. The night was fixed, and six or seven boys dropped into her room. She lent *but two* needles and thimbles that night to the two handiest of the group, and when she had taught *them* to stitch, *they* taught the rest. Then she went to the drapers, and tailors, and begged odds and ends of cloth—often mere fragments—ends of webs and remnants, and she had a gift of some blue stripe shirting, and presently these wild, uncared for, but clever lads, who had never used a needle before, became not only apt in button-sewing, which is in itself a treasure of independence to many a future man, but arrived at expert manufacture of caps, jackets, vests, and trousers, and even shirts. But this Bible-woman's work had not fully ended with clothing the ragged, and occupying the idle. She made the new clothes serve a purpose, and get each of her new scholars *a place*. The employers of labour had often refused them as ragged, but would let them earn their three shillings a week as clothed. This good teacher asked no payment for her teaching, and no payment for the garments they made, but that they should get into employment and *keep in it;* and as the City Mission Report records this effort of hers in 1863, she must have continued it six years, and saved how many from ruin! for we found her at the same work—and at higher work, too. The boys had been so pleased with *one* night's teaching a week that she offered them a *second* evening, and the room was always full; and then she thought she would give them a *third* night, but *that*, she said, 'should be Sabbath evening, and, then, boys, we'll have no needles! but you shall hear such beautiful stories as you never heard before.' So out of that third meeting came a Bible-class, and at *that* class there are so many boys, says the Report, 'that only those who come early, and have the worst possible homes of their own, can be admitted. The qualification for getting into this class has been, that the party should not at the time be connected with any other school—it was meant to meet the wants of the *uncared for*, or if he were an orphan, or the child of drunken parents, he might come. It is *not* a school for *little ones*, but for those boys who, having left school, are unemployed and about the streets. Of course her pupils feel as if she were a mother to them, and come to her in their difficulties. One she had before helped and clothed, got out of work, she told us, and was starving. He watched others go home to their dinners, and could only whistle and turn away from the food shops; still he did not steal.

He went to his old friend, and she let him mend himself up again, and he confessed in her ear that he had 'nought to eat, would she lend him two shillings?' He would soon pay her when he was clothed, for he could earn three when decent. She would not lend *money*, but she *lent credit*. She gave him an order on the grocer's for two shillings' worth of provisions, which sum he faithfully repaid—a herring being his only luxury till his debt was discharged."

It is acknowledged by all that nothing tends more rapidly towards moral and physical ruin than the habit of spirit drinking among the people. In Edinburgh the missionaries must ever be perseveringly disputing the territory with King Alcohol. In one room the visitor finds an intoxicated woman raving violently, but as that is her natural state it excites no surprise. Near at hand is another woman, who, having been a drunkard during her best days, is at last reaping a full harvest of the bitter fruits of her folly. She is despised by her children, and her son—in self-protection probably—has even felled his mother to the ground! Here is a woman dying in misery from the effects of intemperance; and there is the pitiable helpless wife of a man who, earning thirty shillings a week, and yet spends the total on whisky. Such minor examples might be quoted until the page became painfully monotonous. Not unfrequently, however, do the inebriates find themselves checked by calamity or by divine interposition. One woman, who in her better moments contracted the habit of attending the missionary's meeting, like many others of her weak sisters of the wynds, became addicted to intemperance. In this last respect she was of the same mind as her husband. All the cash which they could either earn or command went direct to the spirit shop. Their appetite for fiery stimulants was insatiable, and for the sake of ministering to their propensities they sacrificed comfort, honour, and all that makes life worth having. In course of time the couple sank into the deepest misery and helpless degradation. While in this condition, the woman lay one night meditating on her infatuation, and unable any longer to endure the torture of an accusing conscience, she rose from the bed, and opening a drawer, put forth her hand to reach a knife, intending to commit suicide! But what was that she held in her hand? In her frenzy she clutched not a knife, but a Bible! She stood there in the silent night condemned and repentant! Her right mind was restored, and she prayed earnestly for pardon. That nocturnal adventure marked a blessed turning-point in her life. "God has helped me," said the late drunkard, "I have not touched drink since, and I am determined never to touch it."

At times even a tragic interest is attached to certain cases coming under notice. An artisan of the city, a man in receipt of liberal wages, yielded to the common vicious indulgence. Home was of course neglected; comfort was unknown, and the children wandered about wild and ragged, since their father spent his earnings at the spirit shop. The consequences of this folly were soon apparent. Credit ceased, debts accumulated, and unable longer even to pay his rent when due, the man's goods were seized by the landlord. The poor inebriate watched the brokers remove the household furniture in troubled excitement, and this appears to have occasioned a kind of fit, for ten minutes after the clearance of the room was effected, he fell to the floor, a corpse!

The wife, who had shared her husband's weaknesses, on realising what had occurred, was stricken with horror, and throwing herself on the dead body, was heard crying piteously for mercy!

Nine-tenths of the misery, poverty, and vice existing in Edinburgh are said by the missionaries to be traceable to whisky. In many instances forcible restraint would seem to be the only cure, *e.g.*:—"I found him in bed, over him a few clothes and a bit of carpet," says our visitor, speaking of a far-gone victim; "his wife was sitting disconsolate by the fire. He told me at length of his doings. From the New Year till a fortnight ago he had been sober. Then, in his gladness at being able to pay his debts and furnish somewhat his house, he bought a half-pint of ale, then a half-gill of whisky, and unable to stop there, he drank all that week. This week, as during the last, he resolved to stop, but could not. He strove against it, he prayed to be strengthened to withstand it, but the craving was irresistible; and so he had wrought and drunk by turns the whole week. He said the sense of the degradation of mind and body to which he had brought himself was unbearable; he fancied it a foretaste of the misery of the damned. He said he wondered not at men, in that frame of mind, thinking of committing suicide. He himself would do anything, go anywhere, to be hid from himself. He said he had read Professor Miller on intemperance, but even he fell short of describing its full misery."

Death from over-drinking is rather a frequent occurrence in Edinburgh. The last example was one of darkness and terror; there are others in which, though physical ruin may ensue, light peeps in at the last, to show that none need despair. All acquainted with Scottish life know that the new year ushers in a season of almost universal intemperance among the lower orders, and the Edinburgh High-street, at such times presents a scene at once humiliating and disgraceful. There lived a woman who, during the usual holiday time, rigidly observed the too common custom of drinking deeply. She left her room to fetch a fresh supply of whisky, and wishing not to be heard, she walked into the street without any shoes. Returning intoxicated, she lay before the fire with the snow clinging about her feet, and on awaking in the morning with a cold shiver, she knew that a death-chill had been taken. She was soon in her last illness, but happily the missionary of the district was the means of bringing her to repentance. "I feel ashamed and humbled at my past life," was her own confession, "and yet I cannot sufficiently bless God that this illness came, and that you have visited me. When I became ill my mind was dark and ignorant. You have shown me the way of salvation, and God has inclined my heart to himself. If I had continued well, I might have gone on in sin, and died a prodigal and cast-a-way. I love my husband and daughter, but I have cast them both upon God. I am done with the world, and Christ is to me everything . . . . . Is it not a triumph of grace to see me a pardoned sinner? Truly, Jesus can save to the uttermost when I, one of the vilest and most hardened sinners, have received mercy. I weep tears of joy! I praise God continually for his adorable grace. I can say, for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

But happy endings to vicious lives are not so frequent that any

may count upon them. The demon whisky keeps his votaries in too willing subjection. The missionaries even suffer considerably from the violence of drunken opponents, in this respect being worse off than their brethren in London. The recent journal of one visitor tells us that:—

"In one stair there are sixteen families, six of which are notoriously drunken and vicious. A detailed account of these six would be horrifying. In language and life they are as vile as the vilest heathen. Visiting among them from house to house, the missionary came to one door which stood ajar. Gently knocking, he went in and found the mistress and a neighbour, both of whom took seats as he entered. Possessing himself of the one remaining chair, he started a conversation. He had scarcely done so when he noticed that the mistress of the house was intoxicated. After a little she got violent, on which he rose and made for the door. She followed him with curses. Walking quietly along the passage he sought refuge from her fury in an adjoining house. But the woman to whom he made his appeal, refused him admission. She also was a drunkard, though at that time sober. Still closely pressed by the blasphemer, who never intermitted her oaths, he succeeded in getting safely out of the place. All these unhappy inebriates hate the missionary. He has often to refuse them lines of recommendation. He has often to defeat their attempts to impose on the benevolent. They know this, and when they are drunk, they pour on his head without restraint, the most horrible maledictions. This same woman's husband died recently. His pension falling due the day before his death, she and her cronies left her husband alone, and set off with the money for a debauch. A neighbour who has six children to look after, and who had suffered severely from this man and wife, hearing that he was alone, went to his bedside and with the Bible in one hand, and a cup of cold water in the other, ministered to him till he died. To another couple who had also grievously calumniated her because of her religion, this good Samaritan had been equally attentive. The man was dying, and the woman with whom he lived, but who was not his wife, was lying up stairs helplessly drunk. Their Christian neighbour went to him too, and tried to teach him the way of salvation until his eyes closed in death. She has sought in every way to win and save his paramour. She has sheltered her repeatedly from her abandoned companions. She has brought her several times to the meeting, though as yet to no purpose. The wretched creature will not keep sober."

Still more disheartening even than the opposition of the openly vicious, is the shock when the evangelist finds himself in the presence of that lower degradation of professing Christians who have brought dishonour on their profession by lapsing first into worldly-mindedness, and then sinking down into flagrant sensuality. Such characters, alas! are common to all great cities. There are persons of another class in Edinburgh, however, who seem to be as common in Scotland as in England; we refer to church members who do not understand and never have understood the nature of Christianity, *e. g.*, "*Godless church members* are frequently met with, and they do much harm. —— was a communicant. He had been a betting, drinking fellow, who left the support of his family to his wife, who sells groceries and

drink. On his death bed, he said he was not afraid to die. He had not lived a very wicked life. He had always done the best he could, the *very* best. He believed, too, all about God and about Christ, and so he was not afraid to die. —— is another of this class. He is a drunkard and is cruel to his wife. For a long time his custom has been to spend the Saturday evenings in wild carousals, and to appear next day in church, as sedate as possible. Latterly, however, he has abandoned the church, and when asked whether he meant to retake his sitting, he coolly replied, 'Not until I have another child to be baptized.' He had joined the church to get baptism to his child, and he saw no need of paying seven shillings for a seat, as the minister, he affirmed, would admit him at any time. The missionary dealing with another about her inconsistent profession of religion, invites her to his meeting. 'Ou ay,' she said, 'we mann gie ye a ca' doun some nicht. We should live and let live, ye ken,'—meaning by this that as she had her shop to get her bread by, so the missionary had his for a like purpose, and an interchange of visits was but neighbourly."

In the meantime, the great work of renovation progresses, while we, perhaps, are asking in perplexity only relieved by faith, What shall be done to reclaim such moral wastes as the Cowgate and the Canongate? —the fatal retreats of every ill which oppresses human nature? Fanciful descriptions of the "Special Commissioner" class serve to amuse, but yield no substantial fruit. Indeed, "graphic" exaggerations of the misfortunes and miseries of the indigent and fallen have too often given offence to the people directly referred to. Such writing seldom tends towards reformation. What, then, shall be done to raise these myriads of our brethren and our sisters in Edinburgh, to whom the most common-place requisites of civilisation are unknown luxuries? First, the localities absolutely require to be razed to the ground, so that proper buildings may be erected. Our evangelists labour under cruel disadvantages when standing in the presence of a mass of squalor and disease which a corps of masons and labourers could, in a great measure, speedily remove. Clean dwellings—or dwellings which might be clean at the will of the inmates—are indispensable. Would we could hail the dawn of those better days which we long to see! Light, water, and pure air, are not so expensive or scarce but that all might enjoy them. It is almost heart-breaking work to persons of fine Christian instinct, when they have to speak of Christ and of moral duties in dirty rooms opening into dark, loathsome passages, where the air is tainted by the refuse which chokes up the corners or even obstructs the pathway. Replacing ancient rotten buildings by decent houses is, after all, not a task of superlative difficulty. Such a work is actually going forward, though more slowly than the urgency of the case demands. Private beneficence is doing a little, and city corporations are doing something also. According to common report, Mr. Ruskin achieved a noble triumph some years ago under this head. He purchased a dilapidated pile of tenements which a former landlord had complacently relinquished to the reign of moral disorder and physical disease. On passing into the possession of their new owner the houses were completely renovated, thoroughly repaired, and made in

all respects convenient or even attractive. Then a woman blessed with a knowledge of domestic matters was appointed overseer as well as rent collector; and this matron did her part in teaching such of the occupants as chose to become pupils, something about cooking and the science of housewifery in general. What some have thus done in a small way we want to see done on a larger scale. Not until such works are earnestly taken in hand shall we have a ready answer when confronted with such an appalling enigma as, What shall be done to diminish the savage degradation and suffering of places like this ancient Canongate? We can provide an army of missionaries brave and enterprising; but why should the devoted band be ever missing their mark, wasting moral force, and hazarding failure, when a corps of sappers and miners could prepare them a way which would lead to an easier victory? Those who will provide better dwellings for the poor in great cities, can by so doing, aid evangelistic work in an important degree. More than this; we see no reason why owners of fever-breeding haunts should not be compelled by law to replace, by creditable habitations, those piles of rotten tenements which disgrace our civilisation, and in which the moral instincts of the young are blunted before they can know what religion or morality means.

"Slow and Sure."

(ENTREMETS.—No. 9.)

THE proverbs which have found their way into our every-day speech are too commonly accepted by the multitude who do not think for themselves, as unmistakably genuine gold. Now, not a few of these proverbs are base metal entirely, and thus are only relatively good. "Slow and Sure," for example does not, or at least, it should not, imply that virtue ever consists in slowness, as slowness merely: although doing a thing slowly and surely, is certainly preferable to doing it quickly and badly. During the Seven Years' War, in the last century, there travelled with one division of the English army a rather phlegmatic engineer, who never liked risking very much, even when a chance occurred of winning a real advantage. One day, at the siege of Louisbourg, some of the British generals were chagrined by having their advice opposed by this too formal engineer. "My maxim is Slow and Sure," he remarked in his usual manner. General Wolfe, who stood near, at once cried out, "And mine is QUICK AND SURE!" a much better maxim. It is well to remember that savings which are in everybody's mouth, sometimes have superlatives, which only the keen-witted detect, and which perhaps only the brave and generous care to act upon.

Letters from Vienna.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

Sir,—Having suggested, and had the honour to initiate, a movement at the Paris Exposition of 1867, which resulted in securing for the English-speaking exhibitors and their attendants, the Sunday as a day of rest, by covering up their stalls and excusing their non-attendance on the Sabbath—thus bearing witness before the assembled nations and peoples to England's love for and reverence of the holy day—and knowing the salutary effect on Paris, I was led to turn my thoughts towards Vienna with a view to accomplish the same beneficial result there. On communicating with the London City Mission, the committee promptly and kindly placed at my disposal the author of "The Standard of the Cross on the Champ de Mars," who had so materially assisted with others in carrying my plans to a successful issue in Paris. "The Lord's Day Observance," and the "Sabbath Rest" Societies also came to my help. The necessary funds were provided. A circular on the subject, asking co-operation, was sent to all English exhibitors, and on the 23rd of April our good brother, who had kindly consented to my request, started on his mission. What he has been doing may be gathered from the following letter written by my desire for the *Sword and Trowel*, and which he has promised to continue.—Yours truly,

JOHN NEAL.

3, Turken Strass, Vienna,
May 1st, 1873.

My Dear Sir,—This has been a day of excitement and gaiety in the beautiful City of the Wien. There were to be seen no flag decorations in the Boulevards or upon the white steamers which ply the clear and rapid Danube, but the holiday attire of the people and the long line of carriages which passed through the avenues of palaces towards the lovely Prater indicated an event of national interest—the opening of Austria's Great Palace of Industry. So wide and pleasant are the public ways, that we are not conscious of pressure, though following in the wake of thousands; and as we enter the magnificent Rotunda, or centre hall of the exhibition, we are impressed by its vastness, which gives ample accommodation for the tens of thousands of persons who are accumulating in it for the great ceremonial. So large are its dimensions that I must ask you to imagine the inner circle of Regent's Park, covered in with a mighty dome rising one hundred feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and surmounted with a giant crown, adorned with imitation gems as large as cannon balls. In the centre of this expanse is a large raised platform with a crimson covering and about fifty golden and crimson chairs; near this are hundreds of seats occupied by ladies, great officers of state, naval and military officers, and other distinguished persons. The dresses and head costumes of the ladies, and the variety of costumes, the purple and fine linen, gold lace, stars, orders, and ribbons, cocked hats and feathers, and other devices by and with which man, stern man, was invested, were really astonishing. While observing these things and conversing with several American gentlemen about *Him*, the King who will gather all people to his throne, we were silenced by a thunder of music, as many military bands struck up the National Austrian Anthem. The emperor, who has a presence of dignity, then walked in with his daughter, followed by the Crown Prince of Germany supporting the Empress, and our Prince of Wales with the daughter of England upon his arm. Then followed the Crown Prince of Austria, and the son of the Crown Prince of Germany, and a great company of princely and noble persons. The ceremony was very short, as the Emperor received an address, and in reply declared the exhibition "opened." Other national anthems were played as the Emperor rose and headed a procession which was quickly formed, they then passed us on their journey of four miles

through the exhibition. Nearly two hours passed before the cheers of exhibitors announced their return. They were as smiling and gracious as at the commencement, but they looked weary, and there was much dust upon their royal raiment. They were evidently glad to step into their carriages, and I was glad to get through the cordon of sword-bearing police, to be about our Master's business in the British and American courts.

That you may be fully informed concerning the work there, it is well that I should tell you that it commenced nine days ago on board the Harwich steamer. A gentleman with whom I entered into conversation recognised me as the secretary to the Sabbath Observance movement at the Paris Exhibition, and being a Christian man promised me his aid at Vienna. Upon visiting the forecastle I found quite a number of men on their way to the exhibition, many of them were assistants to exhibitors, or their workmen, and a group of seven workmen waiters, going to the only English restaurant; these told me that they were to be followed by eight waitresses. To all of them I spoke concerning personal salvation, and the proper observance of the Sabbath, and scattered many tracts among them.

The morning after my arrival I took my note of introduction to Lady Buchanan, and was most kindly received by her. After a pleasant chat about our work I handed her ladyship my letter of introduction from Lord Shaftesbury to his Excellency. Her ladyship left the room and soon after returned with Sir Andrew, who treated me with cordiality and kindness. At parting, his Excellency gave me a note to the secretary of our Commission. This was very effective, as that gentleman at once gave me an admit to the exhibition (a great favour, as it was not then open to the public), and a card to admit me to a place of honour at the opening.

Upon entering our sections I was disappointed at the few exhibitors, and at the backward state of affairs. Messrs. Hancocks were the only persons really ready, and hundreds of cases were unpacked. I, however, entered freely into conversation with the exhibitors about Sunday exhibiting, and found a difference of opinion amongst them. The great majority, however, promised to absent themselves on Sundays, and others to think the matter over. This personal conversation is all important here, as the law will not allow us to hold a meeting without four days' notice, and a permit from the police, and as the authorities are opposed to our Sabbath observance, this permit could never be obtained.

I have also spoken with a number of American exhibitors, but as their courts are not yet open, it is a work for the future. The good influence is, however, at work among them.

Upon entering the British courts yesterday morning I was delighted to see many of the cases covered, and with one exception to find exhibitors absent. Thousands of men were at work in other parts of the building, and all who exhibit were present, but in our section was the reign of Sabbath peace. For this I gave God thanks, as every man spoken with had kept his word. The number of exhibitors, however, is as yet very small, and it will require much effort to secure this when all are present. I approached the man who, with his assistant, was working at a case, and told him that he was bravely in the wrong, as it was not every man who would defy the law of God, English opinion, and the example of brother exhibitors; he made a poor defence, so I spoke to him concerning the divine law, its wisdom and goodness, a few moments after he put up his tools, closed the case, and left.

Nearly all our goods in the machinery annexe were covered over. I met three exhibitors who told me they had just received orders from the British Commissioners to uncover, and I strengthened them in resistance to this order. After remonstrating with some Americans who were at work, and employing labour, I went to the grounds for the purpose of conversing with and giving tracts to English-speaking visitors, and found the effort of deep interest. I stopped to converse with the man in charge of the British Workmen's cooking

apparatus; and, as it was about twelve o'clock, I noticed a stream of about thirty working men, in every-day style, entering their houses, upon each of which the union jack was flying. Approaching them I enquired, "Do you fly British colours, 'The flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze?'" "Yes," they replied with a laugh, and asked me into their dining room, where I reminded them that at the opening our tune of "Rule Britannia" was played, and observed that it seemed possible for "Britons to be slaves" in Vienna. "We dislike Sunday work," they replied, "but cannot help ourselves here." Then I exclaimed, "You have hired yourself to the foreigner to do evil, and have disgraced your flag. Haul it down, and run up Austrian colours!" Upon this one of the men entered his sleeping "cabin" and brought me the copy of an agreement they had signed in London, pledging themselves to serve the Royal British Commission, and to work all hours required (Sunday not excepted when necessary). He added, "as soon as we had arrived we were told that it was necessary to work on Sundays, and since then we have been kept at it, some of us having worked 4, 8, 12, and more Sundays, according to the time we have been here, always until 12 o'clock and frequently until 6 o'clock." This led to a deeply religious conversation, and at leaving I gave them a supply of tracts issued by the "Sunday Observance" and "Lord's Day Rest" Societies.

Upon entering our restauration (as it is called here), a waiter whose acquaintance I had made on the boat, told me that one of his companions had been taken ill, and gave me his address. With some difficulty I found him out, as he was lodging at the Refreshment Hotel in the old part of the city. He was lying in a cellar, which had been fitted up as a sleeping-room to accommodate about ten men (so precious is space in this city); though early in the afternoon, he was in darkness, and burst into tears when he heard my voice. He was low and ill, and it was sometime before he could enter into conversation. He then told me that he had been overtaken in a fault, and now that he was ill he felt the mistake he had made keenly. He was a member of a Baptist Church, and had never before worked on Sundays; but from consideration of high wages had come over here. He was made wretched by the discovery that he would have to work continuously for six months without opportunity to attend the means of grace on Sundays or week days. This difficulty was considered, and he was comforted by the word of God and prayer; at parting I promised to see him frequently. The poor man was most grateful for the visit, as he seemed to feel that I had come direct from the Lord to him. It was worth coming to Vienna to visit this erring disciple in his affliction.

The Rev. Dunlop Moore, English Presbyterian Minister of Vienna, invited me to spend an evening with him, and it was a season of blessing. The resident Missionary from the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews was present, and several devout exhibitors. We took counsel together concerning Christian effort among English-speaking people connected with and visiting the Exhibition, and even among the Viennese themselves. To do good among the latter is very difficult, as the law is framed to keep out the light. There is an abundance of sacred images; crucifixes of horrid distortion both of face and limb, are to be seen at the wayside, and even in the taprooms, but there is scarcely a trace of the Christian religion. The light of the written Word is fairly shut out of the city. No bookseller dare place the volume of inspiration in his window, or offer it for sale. The giving of tracts or religious papers of any kind is against the law and regulation; not even a religious service other than domestic can be held without authorisation from the police. The good minister is now in trouble, having received an "intimation" that the Presbyterian form of religion is one not recognised by the state, and must therefore be conducted merely as domestic worship. There is indeed a reign of spiritual death in this beautiful European city. *No Sabbath. Constant Toil.* It is sad to see the hard-working labourers mixing mortar, and carrying it, and bricks up the ladders to the men. The wealthy given up to pleasure, and the mass of the male population

infidel. Light is, however, breaking through the darkness. A concession has been granted in favour of a depôt of our British and Foreign Bible Society, and from this centre rays of celestial light are penetrating the city, and even into the darkness beyond. Groups of Viennese visit the shop daily, that at its window they may read the page which is turned daily for them. Here many purchase the heavenly treasure. A staff of colporteurs carry it into the towns and villages round about. Last week our Tract Society also opened a depôt (of course with permission) and are already doing a trade in German books, as their style of printing, and the pictures, are far in advance of anything of the kind published here. These are good signs, and let us hope that one effect of the Exhibition will be an increased scattering of that truth which sets both individuals and nations free.—I remain, yours faithfully.

May 12th, 1873. J. M. WEYLLAND.

In Memoriam.

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

OUR readers will have heard already—not without sorrow—of the death by accident of the Rev. John Williams, the well-known minister of the Baptist Church, Dunedin. Mr. Williams was on his way to Lawrence to render a friendly service to the Wesleyan Church there, by preaching anniversary sermons, when the coach in which he was a passenger was overturned, and he received such injuries as resulted, two days later, in his death. It is with feelings of deep pain that we record in these columns an event so calamitous. The blow is a heavy one, and it will be widely felt beyond the denomination upon which the loss more especially falls.

It was in the year 1817 that he was born, at Pembroke in Wales. His parents were in humble circumstances, but able to provide their only son with the best educational advantages the town afforded, while from his earliest years he was impressed by them with the true profit of godliness. Sternly Calvinistic in their creed, the same principles were instilled into his mind, and became the source of many a mental conflict in after years. Mr. Williams was less Calvinistic in his views than we could have wished, but he preached Christ and Christ honoured him.

When fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and thrown into the company of profligate fellow workmen; but a year later, he made full surrender of himself to the Holy Spirit, whose gracious strivings had hitherto kept him from open sin. Immediately upon his conversion, he commenced to preach in the neighbouring villages, frequently devoting three or four evenings in the week to this work, and continuing so to do until his twenty-first year, when, his term of apprenticeship having expired, he entered the Baptist College at Bristol.

While his course of study here was yet incomplete, his heart was fired by the earnest appeals of the Rev. Wm. Knibb, the devoted and persecuted friend of the West Indian negroes. Mr. Williams had long entertained a desire for mission work, and was now most anxious to respond to Mr. Knibb's appeals, but was deterred from offering himself as a labourer by the fear that he might grieve his much-loved tutor (Mr. Crisp), by curtailing his college course. While he yet hesitated, his doubts were removed by the action of the tutor himself, who sent for him and urged him to take the very step he meditated. Thus prompted and encouraged, he, with his newly-married wife, set sail for Jamaica in February, 1841.

The voyage proved a tedious one, extending over a period of nearly nine weeks, and was rendered painful by the utter godlessness of all on board, Mr. Williams's offers to conduct service being contemptuously rejected, and his many efforts to press the claims of Christ being apparently unsuccessful.

In marked contrast with this indifference of his fellow countrymen was the conduct of the negroes when he landed. Thousands assembled to hear him preach, and as he neared the more immediate scene of his projected labours, he was met by multitudes, on horses and mules as well as on foot, while audible thanksgivings where offered for the "new minister."

For a few months all went well. The missionary loved his work and met with abundant encouragement, but very shortly he was seized with fever that never really left him so long as he remained in the island. Twice his life was despaired of; again and again he was assured by medical men that he must leave; and after three years' fruitless struggling, he reluctantly withdrew from a work entered upon with high hopes, and returned to England. It was many years before he abandoned the hope of returning to Jamaica, renewed medical warning alone preventing the fulfilment of the project.

In August, 1843, he accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Hunslet, near Leeds, and in August, 1845, he removed to Walsall, where he remained for nearly seven years. In each of these he had reason to believe that he had been the means of doing much good, but it was of his next charge—Glasgow—that he used to speak with the greatest pleasure. For eleven years he laboured in that city, his congregation meeting in the Trades' Hall until a church was built in North Frederick-street. During seven years of this period Mr. Williams was in the habit of holding summer services on "The Green," when large congregations assembled, and numerous testimonies to the efficacy of these services were proffered even after his arrival in New Zealand.

From 1862 to 1868 he laboured in Newport; and while suffering from ill-health, induced by over-exertion, he received a request from Messrs. C. H. Spurgeon, W. Landels, and W. Brock, that he should take charge of the church in Dunedin, for which they had been commissioned to seek a pastor.

The offered change of clime induced him to comply readily with their request, though his departure was lovingly opposed by his people, and on the second of May, 1868, he landed in Dunedin.

Of his career here it is needless to say much. The hopeful words spoken at the recognition *soirée* have not been belied. The church under his care has been increased and strengthened by his labours, while other denominations have shared the benefits of his toil. One feature of his character deserves that special prominence should be given to it; it was noticeable in his conversation, it was a marked characteristic of his diary, and was manifest in the hour of death, namely, that self was largely hidden from his thoughts. His was not the Christianity that could care for personal salvation, while leaving the world to struggle on as it may. Of his own experience he said but little; not that he was a stranger to spiritual enjoyment, but that he was absorbed in desires for the salvation of others. "Greedy for souls" was the expressive phrase made use of by one who preached his funeral sermon. The same greed was manifested in his last hours, and at the entrance to the "dark valley" he offered no prayer for light or comfort for himself. With the firm persuasion of one who "knew in whom he had believed," he could afford to forego all selfish petitions, that he might the more earnestly plead for his people. No expression of peace could have been half so expressive as this absence of personal allusion. It was a fitting climax to a life of self-surrender.

Allusion has already been made to the sense of universal loss with which news of his death was received, and to the respect paid to his memory by all denominations. This, too, was as it should be. In life he had ever sought to promote unity between the various folds of one flock. His funeral was the occasion of a gathering such as New Zealand had probably never witnessed before. It is doubtful if so many representatives of different branches of the church in Dunedin had ever united so publicly in one act of worship, and none could fail to feel that this was a service which would have enlisted the warmest sympathies of him whose memory they had met to honour.—*From New Zealand Wesleyan.*

A Letter from India.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

Dear Sir,—May I take the liberty of bringing before the readers of your magazine, the following remarks regarding India?

It is well known that India obtains a shockingly small amount of attention from Englishmen in general. An Indian topic is truly described as the "dinner bell" of the House of Commons. Christians in England do certainly not only give attention to Indian affairs, but their money and their prayers as well. Still, they do not give too much of these, and it is quite possible that they give far too little of either. It would conduce very much to the stability and the permanence of British rule in India if British Christians would give a more loving regard to India. The nation in Europe that has had dominion in India, has always been the greatest and richest in the world. The history of Venice, of Portugal, and of France, prove this. But when Venice and Portugal lost India, they fell from the height of glory to the lowest degradation that could overwhelm European nations. France's loss of Indian power preceded its ruinous revolution. And there is some slight fear that if England does not send more missionaries and Christians to India, and refrain from persecuting the few Christians who are in the country, in that quiet, polite, refined, but cruel and cowardly way, that makes everything of education, but nothing, or less than nothing, of virtue, morality, and faith in Christ, God may see fit to entrust India to some other nation. The late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, whose book on India seems almost to have been written by inspiration, draws particular attention to the emphatic declarations of two who filled the post of Governor-General—Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings. The former said, "To fix and establish sound principles of religion and government in the minds of the servants of the East Indian Government at an early period of life, is the best security that can be provided for the stability of the British power in India." And Warren Hastings wrote to the Court of Directors the memorable words, "*It is on the virtue, not the abilities of their servants, that the Company must rely for the permanency of their dominions.*"

The competition-wallahs, while far better educated than the old Haileybury men, are far less liberal than they; and missions, in consequence, have neither the moral nor the pecuniary support they once had. Good men are beginning to be despised. The tone of morality, instead of rising, seems to be falling. But there are two public immoralities that seem to call for particular attention on the part of Christians—these are the opium trade, and the character of state-paid chaplains. The former iniquity leads to the murder of at least three millions of the Chinese annually. The latter leads to all kinds of ritualistic tomfooleries in edifices nominally dedicated to the service of God. Formerly chaplains were evangelical, and kept their ecclesiastical pretensions in the background, when they united with missionaries in mission work; now they are mostly Ritualists, and blasphemously assume the power to forgive sins. Hard times have come to India with a vengeance. But while Dissenters find it difficult to keep their churches and chapels open, they have to be taxed for the support of state chaplains, who would indeed be a blessing to the country if they taught men to praise God, for then the earth would yield her increase, according to the word—"Let all the earth praise God, then shall the earth yield her increase," and the Government would be able to afford their salaries. As it is, however, chaplains spend a large part, if not the whole of their time, in ritualistic pastimes, in quarrelling with Dissenters, with their own congregations, and in telling people that if they will not become Episcopalians, it is much better that they should become Armenian or Greek Christians, rather than Baptist, Congregationalist, and Free Church heretics. (Have not Armenian and Greek Christians something like bishops among them, and are they not in consequence·

something like half-cousins to the Apostolical successioners?) The facts in reference to this, which have come under the writer's notice, are such as would astound even Dissenters in England.

About three weeks ago, there appeared a letter in the *Englishman*, which is one of the best conducted and influential papers in Bengal, and though hostile to Christianity, yet its editor seems to have a very correct notion of an "Englishman's love of fair play." This letter was evidently written by a Christian under the name of "A Scotch Dissenter," and it showed up in pretty plain terms, the gross injustice of Dissenters being taxed in these awfully hard times for the support of state chaplains. It proposed that the Dissenters of Calcutta should get up a petition to the Viceroy against the longer continuance of a state-paid church in India. The Viceroy, however, has lately sent home a despatch to the Secretary of State, calling upon him, contrary to the wise policy that seems to have been inaugurated in London, to fill up all vacancies in chaplaincies, and not to let them lapse, as was intended. This shows that it is the Secretary of State, not the Viceroy, that Dissenters ought to appeal to.

We have here in India much of the form of godliness, but little of its power. We have many churches, chantings, vestments, and other ecclesiastical things, but few individual Christians, and small subscriptions to hospitals, missions, and orphans. So also we have the form of national prosperity without its power—a large cash balance, remission of the obnoxious income-tax, and the adjustment of finances (by the help of seven millions of blood-money from China). But we have desperately little individual comfort, and individual prosperity. Hard work, no leisure, and utterly insufficient, though high-sounding pay, correctly describe the conditions of life that are forced upon honest men in India. They must sustain an incessant and painful struggle to keep out of debt. The price of everything has risen so much of late, and the demon of retrenchment has been so busy, that men, in high or low situations, cannot afford to marry. The dishonest rush headlong into debt: the honest find it very difficult to keep out of it; and they have to pay for the conduct of the dishonest, for tradesmen treble and quadruple the prices of their goods, knowing full well that a large per-centage of their bills will never be paid. We are being swamped by the arrival of hosts of Darwinians, Comtists, and Millites, who are certainly well educated, and who expect, by various theories of political and kindred economies, to do much for the country, but who do not seem either able or inclined to exalt it by righteousness. The conduct of Europeans in India, not the policy of Government, is to blame for this sad state of things. The present illiberality of Government is largely to be accounted for by the increasing illiberality of individual Englishmen; for in India, Government is what its European subjects are.

In reference to all these things, might I ask the readers of your magazine to make the following subjects matter of private and of united prayer:—

First. That the opium trade with China may be speedily abolished, and some kind of compensation made to the Government of that country for the vast injury done by it.

Second. That the state church in India may speedily be disestablished.

Third. That the righteous in India may prosper, and that true Christians may come in large numbers to India, so that Solomon's words may be fulfilled. "When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth: and when the wicked perish, there is shouting." "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." "When righteous men do rejoice, there is great glory: but when the wicked rise, a man is hidden." "When the wicked rise, men hide themselves: but when they perish, the righteous increase."

Fourth. That the Christian education of women may be widely and rapidly extended.

The fourth is added because female education in India seems to make little or no progress. In the district in which the writer lives, it has woefully

retrograded within the last three years. Where there were two prosperous Zenana missions, there is now not one. The want of funds has been the cause of this. Even Government bewails the decline of female education. The present Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Mr. Campbell, has a very wise and correct theory in reference to it, on which I believe he acts. He holds that Government can do little or nothing towards the education of females, because it cannot teach religion. And women educated without religion would be dangerous to society. This policy of Government I consider quite correct. But if Government cannot educate women, there is all the more reason why Christians should do it. For every nation, since the world began, was, is, and ever will be, till the end of time, only the reflex of the character of its women.

It might be advantageous for those who will remember these four things in their prayers to do so, on the first four days of every month, and as prayer without effort is hypocrisy, let them use all the means in their power to bring about the ends for which they pray.

A FRIEND OF INDIA.

A Searching Word.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THOU sayest, "I have faith." I will ask thee a second question. Does that faith make thee obedient? Jesus said to the nobleman, "Go thy way," and he went without a word; however much he might have wished to stay and listen to the Master, he obeyed. Does your faith make you obedient? In these days we have specimens of Christians of the most sorry, sorry kind; men who have not common honesty. I have heard it observed by tradesmen, that they know many men who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and yet are most just and upright men in their dealings; and on the other hand, they know some professing Christians who are not positively dishonest, but they can back and hedge a little; they are not altogether lame horses, but every now and then they jib; they do not keep up to time if they have a bill to pay; they are not regular, prompt, scrupulous and exact; in fact, sometimes—and who shall hide what is true?—you catch Christians doing dirty actions, and professors of religion defiling themselves with acts which merely worldly men would scorn. Now, sirs, I bear my testimony as God's minister, too honest to alter a word to please any man that lives, you are no Christian if you can act in business beneath the dignity of an honest man. If God has not made you honest, he has not saved your soul. Rest assured that if you can live in disobedience to the moral laws of God, if you are inconsistent and lascivious, if your conversation is mixed up with things which even a worldling might reject, the love of God is not within you. I do not plead for perfection, but I do plead for honesty; and if your religion has not made you careful and prayerful in common life; if you are not, in fact, made a new creature in Christ Jesus, your faith is but an empty name, as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

I will ask you one more searching question about your faith, and I pray you answer it. Thou sayest, "I have faith." Has thy faith led thee to bless thy household? Good Rowland Hill once said, in his own quaint way, that when a man became a Christian, his dog and his cat would be the better for it; and I think it was Mr. Jay who said that a man, when he became a Christian, was better in every relation. He was a better husband, a better master, a better father, than he was before, or else his religion was not genuine. Now, have you ever thought, my dear Christian brethren and sisters, about blessing your households? Do I hear one saying, "I keep my religion to myself?" Do

not be very anxious about its ever being stolen, then; you need not put it under lock and key; there is not enough to tempt the devil himself to come and take it from you. A man who can keep his godliness to himself has so small a proportion of it, that it will be no credit to himself, and no blessing to other people. But you do sometimes, strange to say, meet with fathers who do not interest themselves in their children's salvation any more than they do about poor children in the back slums of St. Giles's. They would like to see the boy put out well, and they would like to see the girl married comfortably; but as to their being converted, it does not seem to trouble their heads. It is true the father occupies his seat in a place of worship, and sits down with a community of Christians; and he *hopes* his children may turn out well. They have the benefit of his hopes—certainly a very large legacy: he will no doubt when he dies leave them his best wishes, and may they grow rich upon them! He has never made it a matter of anxiety of soul, as to whether they shall be saved or not. Out upon such religion as that! Cast it on the dunghill; hurl it to the dogs; let it be buried like Koniah, with the burial of an ass; cast it without the camp, like an unclean thing. It is not the religion of God. He that careth not for his own household, is worse than a heathen man and a publican.

Never be content, my brethren in Christ, till all your children are saved. Lay the promise before your God. The promise is unto you and unto your children. The word does not refer to infants, but to children, grand-children, and any descendants you may have, whether grown up or not. Do not cease to plead, till not only your children but your great grand-children, if you have such, are saved. I stand here to-day a proof that God is not untrue to his promise. I can cast my eye back through four generations, and see that God has been pleased to hear the prayers of our grandfather's father, who used to supplicate with God that his children might live before him to the last generation, and God has never deserted the house, but has been pleased to bring first one and then another to fear and love his name. So be it with you and yours. In asking this you are not asking more than God has promised to give you. He cannot run back from his promise. He cannot refuse to give you both your own and your children's souls as an answer to the prayer of your faith. "Ah," says one, "but you do not know what children mine are." No, my dear friend, but I know that if you are a Christian, they are children whom God has promised to bless. "But they are such unruly ones. they break my heart." Then pray God to break their hearts, and they will not break your heart any more. "But they will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Pray God then that he may bring their eyes with sorrow to prayer, and to supplication, and to the cross, and then they will not bring you to the grave. "But," you say, "my children have such hard hearts." Look at your own. You think they cannot be saved: look at yourselves; he who saved you can save them. Go to him in prayer, and say, "Lord, I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" and if thy child be at the point of death, and, as you think, at the point of damnation on account of sin, still plead like the nobleman, "Lord, come down ere my child perish, and save him for thy mercy's sake." O thou that dwellest in the highest heavens, thou wilt ne'er refuse thy people. Be it far from us to dream that thou wilt forget thy promise. In the name of all thy people we put our hand upon thy Word most solemnly, and pledge thee to thy covenant. Thou hast said thy mercy is unto children's children of them that fear thee and that keep thy commandments. Thou hast said the promise is unto us and unto our children; Lord, thou wilt not run back from thine own covenant; we challenge thy word by holy faith at this time, and plead with thee, saying, "Do as thou hast said."

Reviews.

Traits of Character and Notes of Incident in Bible Story. By Francis Jacox. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is the book from which we have made the long extract which closes our first article. Mr. Jacox appears to have read through the Bodleian and all other collections of books; he does not talk like a book, but like the British Museum Library. He quotes far more from works of fiction than we like, but his gatherings upon the subjects which he takes up are quite marvellous. We do not know any books in modern times at all like Mr. Jacox's, they are unique; in fact, they are curiosities of literature. Spirituality we have not, but versatility, cleverness, research, and suggestiveness. The man must be a cyclopædia; we expect to come across him one day, and to find him bound in cloth, lettered. He ought to be in several volumes, but we suppose they are bound up in one thick royal octavo, and contain more matter than a hundred volumes of Dr. Going or Dr. Septimus Losequick. It is a literary treat to read such a work. The motto upon the frontispiece, odd as it is, is accurately descriptive:—

"That from all books the Book of books may gain
He mingle-mangles sacred and profane:
Quotes Swift with Daniel; Byron with Saint Peter;
Ezekiel with the English opium-eater:
Hood with Habakkuk; Crabbe with Zechariah;
Landor with Job; and Lamb with Jeremiah;
The prophet Samuel with his namesake Pepys;
Bunyan and Jean Paul with th' Apocalypse;
King Solomon with Shakespeare, Scott, Racine;
Esther with Edmund Spenser's Faery Queene;
With Moses, Dryden, Dante, Doctor Donne;
'Accomplish'd St. John with divine Saint John."

Phases of Belief. By the Rev. James Walker. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We have no desire that our belief should pass through that phase which is evidently the settled conviction of Mr. Walker. He sets forth his own views with considerable power, but we cannot endorse them. We preach the gospel to all mankind as freely as he does, but we hold the doctrines of election and predestination most tenaciously, and we are persuaded that he who fights against them goes to war with the word of God. We do not believe that the wings of the angel of the church are pinioned by Calvinism; we might retort but we will not.

Light from Beyond to Cheer the Christian Pilgrim. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Strahan and Co.

Some thirty excellent sermonettes, with a brief prayer or a piece of poetry at the conclusion of each. We do not see the appropriateness of the title, for several of the brief discourses are of a warning or hortatory character. Much confusion arises from the absurd practice of naming books of sermons after the title of the first discourse. It is not only an idle way of saving the author the trouble of seeking out a fitting title, but it misleads the public. In the present case the error is less glaring than in any other we have met with, but we mean to protest against the practice in every case until it is dropped. We have much pleasure in commending both the matter and manner of Dr. Geikie's book.

Christian Edification; The Sheltering Blood, or the Sinner's Refuge. By W. Poole Balfern, author of "Glimpses of Jesus." Passmore & Alabaster.

Mr. Balfern is issuing in monthly papers, price two-pence, a work which aims to show the way of peace, and to unmask false theories of the Atonement. He always writes well. As an author he is not of the flimsy school, but thinks out his subjects, and is not afraid of the deep things of God. Experience has also its due place in his testimony, and the whole is perfumed with love to "the Master." We wish him much success in this new work.

Some Present Difficulties in Theology: being Lectures to Young Men, delivered at the English Presbyterian College, London. With Preface by the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes. Hodder and Stoughton.

Messrs. Dykes, Lorimer, Gibb, and Chalmers have done their work well, and we doubt not that many young men will be the better for studying these defences of the outposts of the faith which is now so fiercely assailed on all sides. We are not, however, sure that anybody comes to faith, or is strengthened in faith, by these discussions of difficulties: we admit their usefulness, but there is a more excellent way. The Holy Ghost is the best witness to the truth of Christianity, and his present works among us are the most convincing evidences. Feel his power, and doubts vanish; preach Christ in his power, and sceptics believe. All else may be good, very good, but short of the mark. We do not say this to depreciate this particular work, which is admirable, but we are alluding to the whole class of treatises of this order; they are more numerous than effectual, and the time and power spent upon them might, we think, be better applied in other directions.

The Christian's Diary: Comfort of the Scriptures for the Young and Old. By Dr. J. T. Loth. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Another of those birthday text-books which young people are so fond of. It is neatly got up.

"*She Spake of Him,*" *being recollections of the loving labours and early death of the late Mrs. Henry Dening.* By her friend, Mrs. Grattan Guinness. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

A glorious life well told, its perusal will stimulate and encourage. Mrs. Dening's blessed irregularity as a woman preacher seems to us to be no more censurable than Deborah's prophesying. The rule, so far as we are concerned, is that men only should preach; but God is bound by no rules, and may employ a woman if he wills, as he certainly did employ Mrs. Dening.

The Oxford Methodists. By Rev. Luke Tyerman. Hodder & Stoughton.

A volume of great historical value and rare interest. We merely mention it now for the benefit of all book-lovers, but we hope to review it at length at our earliest possible convenience. Mr. Tyerman is doing grand service to Methodist history. Perhaps if his works were not quite so full, and therefore lengthened, he would command *more* readers; still it is well to have such a work done thoroughly.

Pisgah Views; or, the Negative Aspects of Heaven. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. Shaw & Co.

Nothing very striking or instructive but very good and sound. Thousands of good people are comforted and edified by Dr. Winslow's numerous works and "Pisgah Views" will be valued by them as all the rest have been. The Doctor's works appear *to us* to be admirably adapted for evening reading for persons suffering from sleeplessness.

Lives of the British Reformers from Wickliffe to Foxe. New and revised edition. Religious Tract Society.

According to the public declarations of certain divines of the present Church of England the Reformers were monsters of iniquity. We wonder that the church whose bread these traitors eat should be so fettered as to be unable to uproot such ill weeds and fling them over her wall. If any man had prophesied fifty years ago that clergymen of the Anglican Church would be allowed to abuse her founders he would have been laughed at as imbecile. The present volume deserves an extensive circulation, and will do much to strengthen Protestant principles. We must, however, confess that we cannot away with Cranmer, let his life be written how it may. When he burned his right hand and called it unworthy, we think he was very correct in his judgment. Had it not been for the undoubted faith which was manifest in his death, we should have questioned his piety altogether If he, and such as he, had let the Reformation alone, and allowed it to run on to its honest issues, we should not now have been plagued with this idolatrous ritualism.

The Enlarged London Hymn Book. Edited by C. R. H. Shaw and Co.

We commended the "London Hymn Book" as a very useful little collection for special services, and we are glad to see that four hundred thousand of it have been issued. We do not know what particular sphere the *Enlarged* book will be likely to fill, for by this time most churches have their own hymn book, but it is a good collection and likely to be popular. Some of the hymns we suppose have special tunes to them, and are endeared by their use at revival meetings, otherwise we do not see why they were inserted. We are not at all apprehensive that it will rival "Our Own Hymn Book;" it is a different kind of book, and in its own way a very good one.

The Missionary Work of the Church; its Principles, History, Claims, and present Aspects. By W. H. Stowell, D.D. Revised and enlarged by Rev. E. Storrow. Snow and Co.

A work greatly needed. Missionary zeal burns low just now, and such a treatise is adapted to stir the fire. It appears to us to be well and fervently written, and to strike the nail on the head.

Christ Crucified: Lectures on I. Corinthians II. By Adolph Saphir. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Saphir has a refined and deeply spiritual mind. He deals with both the roots and fruits of truth, digging deep and yet blossoming out. His theology is soundly evangelical, but it does not lead him into the wearisome platitudes of the common run of evangelical writers; he looks at things with his own eyes, a rather rare thing nowadays, and then he speaks about them with that child-like simplicity which seems to be the natural accompaniment of sublime truth when it is loved as well as taught. We consider these Lectures to be a valuable commentary, and shall value them as a noble addition to our stores of exposition.

The Praise Book. By the Rev. W. Reid. Nisbet & Co.

A vast collection of hymns. A mine for hymn-book makers. Many of the hymns are very beautiful, but others are theological doggrel, and we hope will never be sung; indeed, they are made according to no measure known among common mortals, and must be sung to tunes of their own. The book as a collection of religious poetry is unique, and has a value all its own.

Notes.

We joyfully record the wonderful help which the Lord has sent us towards the erection of our new College Buildings. We greatly needed them, or we would not have set about them. Many large contributions have been sent, and among them a bank note for £1,000 from an unknown donor, whom we hereby thank from the bottom of our heart. If the £1,000, which the students are trying to raise should all come to hand, we shall not need more than another £4,000 to complete the buildings, buy the ground, and furnish the rooms. If every reader of the magazine and sermons, would do us the personal favour of sending something the work will be achieved more easily than anything else we have ever undertaken, for which the Lord's name be praised. As yet the Tabernacle friends have not come forward in any number, but the deacons are leading the way right generously, and the whole sum will be raised readily. We rejoice thus to see the love of our friends made manifest in aiding our life-work.

Our health has been very precarious, for we have been exhausted by May meetings; but just now we are in better condition, though quite unable to preach in a tenth of the places to which we are invited.

We have received letters from our two brethren in Spain, who are now moving to Madrid. We will write them when we have their address.

We have also a cheering letter from Mr. Groombridge in China; and have a valuable paper on China from Mr. Harvey, which came too late for this month.

We are glad to hear of the success of Mr. H. C. Field at Newcastle-under-Lyne;

he deserves the aid of all friends in that region.

Mr. Tydeman has had a very interesting service of recognition at Devonport.

At Melton Mowbray and Maidenhead new chapels have been opened with encouraging services.

Mr. Collins at Pengo has had a happy anniversary service. Friends are working hard to purchase the freehold of the chapel, and deserve liberal aid.

Our beloved brother Banks at Jarrow is labouring, and the divine blessing is with him. He needs a chapel. The friends have raised about £600, and have a promise from Geo. Angus, Esq., that if they can raise £950 by January, 1874, he will make it £1,000. They could then proceed. Every month's delay is injurious to them, and also increases the cost at which the chapel will be built. God's cause here needs liberal aid.

We shall proceed with the enlargement of the Orphanage during the month of June. The boys are in good health, and the Lord graciously sends means for their support. The summer months are dull times for donations, but we hope that our friends, knowing this, will not allow us to run high and dry this year as we did last. We hope to be saved all necessity of any special appeals for the current expenses.

Letters have come to hand from Mr. Griffin of Zanesville, Mr. Hibbert of Woolloomooloo, Mr. Dyke of Toronto, and others; to whom we will reply as soon as possible.

Mr. Orsman acknowledges the receipt of the munificent donation of £1,000 for the Golden Lane Mission, from "*An Unknown Friend*," a reader of our magazine. A thousand blessings rest on this friend and donor! Mr. Orsman has a number of the illustrated annual reports, entitled, "After Office Hours," and will be happy to send them to any address free of charge

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—April 28th sixteen; May 1st, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Burgoyne	5	0	0
Misses Drain-field	4	4	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. Stiff	10	0	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	2	0
One-tenth, a Token of Love	0	10	0
Lillah	1	0	0
Readers of the Christian World	1	10	0
M. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Per Mr. Mounsey:—			
Mr. James Houghton 50 0 0			
Mr. R. Alison 50 0 0			
	100	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	0	0
A Friend, Dawlish	0	10	6
Miss E. Farquhar	0	5	0
A Thursday Night hearer	5	0	0
Stoneycroft	5	0	0
Mrs. Dring	0	15	3
Mr. Lambourne	0	10	0
L. S.	0	10	0
Miss Hagger, per Mr. R. Marshall	0	10	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. E. Burkitt	3	3	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Garland	3	3	0
S. B. P.	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	5	0
A Friend from Greenock, C. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. Westrop	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
Legacy late Miss Elizabeth Hughes	90	0	0
John Ploughman	0	5	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Co.	50	0	0
Mr. J. Beardsley	0	10	0
Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0
Collection at Vauxhall Chapel, per Rev. G. Hearson	1	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., April 20	39	3	11
" " " 27	20	11	1
" " May 4	40	0	3
" " " 11	39	3	11
" " " 18	50	3	10
	£573	11	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Croker	1	0	0
Mrs. Healey	0	10	0
A. G., a Friend	1	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	12	6
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	7	0
Mr. A. Darby	10	0	0
B.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. G. Fisher	2	0	0
Mr. James Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. James Smith	0	10	0
Harry Smith's Box	1	17	0
Miss Bullock	2	2	0
Miss Atley	0	3	0
S. H.	0	2	6
F. and M. (orders)	0	4	6
E. V.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Carrington	3	0	0
Mr. J. Feltham	1	2	0
Mr. Knox	5	0	0
Readers of "Christian World"	0	10	0
Mr. E. Binns	1	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Major Young	5	0	0
A Friend (Stevenston)	1	0	0
Per Mr. Mounsey :—			
Mr James Houghton	50	0	0
Mr. R. Alison	50	0	0
	100	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings, Myrtle Street, Liverpool	1	5	0
D. S.	0	10	0
Miss Lancheater	0	3	9
Mrs. Day	0	9	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	0	0
Irvine	1	0	0
Miss Cook, Bazaar Account	1	9	0
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Stoneycroft	5	0	0
Miss Robertson	30	0	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	0
Mr. W. Pitts	0	2	6
Horace Johnson's Thrift-box	0	7	6
Miss Descroix	1	7	8
Miss Long	0	1	7
Miss Ward	0	15	0
Mrs. Smith	0	4	4
Brentford Town Hall Sunday School, per Rev. W. Smith	0	13	8
Miss Wallington	0	7	0
Mr. Philcox	1	0	0
Mr. J. Macgregor, per Rev. C. Chambers	1	0	0
Mrs. Ewers, per Mr. J. Manchester	10	10	0
Miss Hagger, per Mr. Marshall	0	10	0
Miss Booker	0	10	0
Mrs. McLaughan	0	5	0
Part of the Tenth	2	0	0
Mr. Cornborough	0	10	0
Mr. John Frean	1	0	0
Mr. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. Nichols	2	0	0
Mrs. Nichols	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Moody	0	12	3
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
Miss Gillard	0	12	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	11	7
Mrs. Mackrill	1	5	5
Friends from Wyndham Road Chapel, per Mr. Almy	2	11	0
Legacy, late Miss Elizabeth Hughes	90	0	0
Entertainment at Carter Street Lecture Hall, per Mr. W. S. Evans	2	5	6
Miss Winslow	1	0	0
A Friend from Greenock	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. Westrop	3	0	0
A Reader of Sermons, Dumfries	1	0	0
Strammer	0	15	0
G. P. O.	0	2	0
Mrs. Stoneman	1	15	0
Lady Charlotte Sturt	0	10	0
Mrs. Pash	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. A. Gaston	5	0	0
Mr. J. Marsh	1	0	0
F. W.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
J. N.	0	10	0
Friends, per Miss Seale	0	4	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
Aunt Sarah	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per "F. R. T."—			
Mr. Mason	0	5	0
Mr. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. Simmonds	0	5	0
	0	15	0
Mr. Thomas Pocock	0	2	2
Mr. Temple	1	1	0
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Miss Ansell	0	1	11
Miss E. Parnell	0	1	11
Mrs. Augar	0	8	8
Master J. Newark	0	1	5
Mr. Mitchell	0	2	8
Miss L. Watts	0	0	9
Master W. Elmore	0	5	1
Miss Crocker	0	0	9
Master F. Kliegl	0	0	11
Mrs. Davis	0	4	5
Miss Ross	1	11	0
Miss Farey	1	0	0
Miss Sidery	0	12	4
Master W. Cone	0	6	7
Mrs. Archer	0	10	6
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	4	1
Mrs. Robinson	0	3	2
Mrs. Hertzell	0	4	6
Miss F. Court	0	8	3
Miss Crowder	0	10	2
Mrs. Mallison	0	4	3
Mrs. Harrington	0	5	3
Master J. Hubbard	0	10	9
Master F. Sanderson	0	0	1
Mrs. Hicks	0	1	1
Mrs. Croker	0	0	8
Miss Holman	0	4	5
Miss Marsden	0	4	0
Miss Annie Dunn	0	3	6
Miss Vining	2	3	6
Mr. Sinclair's Children	0	12	3
Miss West	0	14	0
Mrs. Butler	0	13	8
Mrs. Hinton	0	4	11
Mrs. Kerridge	0	8	4
Mr. Evans	1	16	0
Mr. R. Mills	0	10	6
Mr. E. Johnson	1	13	4
Mr. Gobby	0	5	11
Mr. Pearce	2	4	0
Mrs. Romang	1	15	4
Master J. Romang	0	10	8
Miss Waters	0	14	10
Mr. Green, Jun.	0	19	6
Miss Jepha	4	0	0
Miss Bonsor	2	7	0
Miss Patrick	0	7	9
Miss Sinclair	0	5	9
Miss Dunn	0	4	8
Miss Powell	1	2	0
Miss Bulenig	0	2	6
Mrs. Abbott	1	0	0
Miss E. M. A. Young	1	0	0
Miss A. Read	1	10	0
Master G. Conquest	0	3	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	15	0
Mr. Round	0	10	6
Mrs. Roberts	0	8	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	15	11
Miss Alderson	0	6	0
Miss Smith	0	15	8
Mrs. Allum	0	16	6
Master A. Straw	1	6	10
Mrs. Culver	0	11	0
Mrs. Whitehead	2	10	6
Mr. G. Ely	1	1	4

	£	s.	d.
Master C. Phillips	4	8	3
Miss Amelia Phillips... ...	4	6	1
Miss Helen Phillips	4	0	6
Willie's farthings	0	5	0
Mrs. Pharoah	0	15	0
Mrs. Pope	2	11	0
Miss J. Cockshaw	1	7	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	14	6
Mrs. Attew	0	6	0
Miss Parker	1	10	9
Mrs. Underwood	0	18	0
Mrs. Thorley	1	0	0
Miss F. Court	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	1	0	0
Master Fordham	0	18	10
Mr. Crofts	1	14	6
Mr. Lull	3	1	1
Miss Lanchester	2	5	1
Mrs Hinton	2	7	0
Miss M. A. Wells	0	6	0
Mrs Lewis	2	2	0
Miss Anstiss	0	5	0
Miss Hallett	1	1	0
Miss Weeks	0	13	0
Mr. C. Howes...	0	10	0
Mrs. Evans	1	4	6
Mrs. Tiddy	2	12	0
Mrs. Gosling	0	12	6
Miss Wade	2	0	0
Miss Annie Charlesworth ...	0	15	10
Mrs. Marsh	4	0	6
Miss Payne	0	6	0
Miss Lovegrove	0	17	3
Miss A. Conquest	0	4	8
Miss Chilvers	2	2	6
Miss White	0	4	10
Mrs. Cousens	0	1	10
Master John Mitchell ...	0	15	3
Miss Emily Moulton... ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Perrett	1	2	11
Master Ralph Padbury ...	1	2	11
Miss Blake	0	19	3
Mr. Sullivan	0	3	8
Miss Cockrell	0	9	4
Mrs. Lanchester	0	13	11
Miss Sophia Seward	0	11	1
Miss M. A. Burman	0	6	5
Master Thomas	0	7	3
Miss Chate	1	8	4
Master W. Paull	0	1	5
Miss S. J. Paull	0	0	9
Mrs. Gisbey	0	6	4
Miss Nellie Fella	1	10	11
Miss Wilson	0	13	9
Master O' Grady	0	0	6
Master Francis Bulcraig ...	0	4	8
Master W. Till	0	5	3
Master Hillman	0	0	6
Master W. Everitt	0	10	8
Master Bulcraig	0	3	5
Master Andrews	0	8	11
Master Paskins	0	2	0
Harriet Smith...	0	0	11½
Master Blackshaw	2	12	2
Mrs. Baldock	0	7	4
Master Ernest Phillips ...	0	11	5
Master James Lancashire ...	0	9	7
Miss Lancashire	0	6	6
Master Pankhurst	0	6	3
Miss Maria Gooding	0	12	9
Mrs Taunton	1	9	6
Mrs. Cockshaw	0	13	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	2	6
Miss Edith Underwood ...	0	3	4½
Mrs. Waghorne	1	0	9
Miss Clara Stanley	0	5	8½
Mr. Coulson, Robert Street Ragged School	0	9	1
Mrs. Hanson...	0	12	4½
Miss Kemp	0	8	6½
Miss F. Spark...	0	17	1
Master Willie Randford ...	0	4	0
Mr. Doddington	0	6	7½
Miss Agnes Drake	0	7	5½
Master J. Canning	0	3	1
Master Sydney Delacott ...	0	2	3
Master Bruce	0	2	0
Miss O. E. Rooke	0	4	4½
Miss Collins	0	5	11
Mr. Alfred Marsh	0	14	6
Master B. C. White	0	3	8
Mrs. Baker	0	10	6
Mrs. Hopkins...	0	16	7
Mr. A. J. Shears	0	5	5
Miss Evans	0	3	0½
Mrs. Reeves	0	6	8½
Master J. Duncombe ...	0	0	4½
Miss Gobby	0	5	0
Master F. Turner	0	14	4
Mrs. Stracey	0	6	7
Mrs. Church	0	6	6
Miss Darkin	0	10	0
Master McKibbin	0	2	8
Miss McKibbin	0	2	7½
Miss Maria Wade	1	10	6½
Master Buckmaster	0	7	0
Miss Buckmaster	1	1	0
Miss Pearcy	0	4	9
Mr. Ashton	0	5	10
Mrs. Ferrar	0	0	9
Master C. Dunsdon	0	3	5½
Mrs. Phillips	0	3	5½
Miss Higgs	2	19	4
Miss Harding...	0	3	11½
Miss Law	1	0	3½
Mrs. Smith	0	5	10½
Mr. Gwillim	2	8	0
Miss Emily Lawson	0	2	8½
Miss Annie Bryan	0	1	10
Mr. Speller	0	10	8
Mr. W. Perkins	0	11	6
Master C. E. Boon	0	2	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Master J. Lancashire ...	2	6	6
Name omitted...	0	16	0
Miss Gobby	0	11	5
Miss E. Fryer...	1	17	6
Mrs. Lloyd	0	7	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	14	0
Mrs. Hubbard...	1	8	2
Miss E. Peters	0	7	6
Master Scott	0	4	0
Mrs. Parker	2	15	0
Miss Hudson	1	7	6
Miss E. Croker	0	16	0
Miss A. Moulton	0	4	0
Mrs. Lequeux	1	5	6
Miss Charlesworth	2	11	3
Miss Richardson	0	10	0
Miss Hughes...	1	4	8
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	0	0
Mr. Anden	0	4	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	4
Mrs. Duncombe	0	10	6
Miss M. L. Nisbet	1	10	0
Miss E. Jones	0	16	6
Mr. G. Faulkner	0	16	4
Miss Pearce	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes!...	0	16	2
Mrs. Bowles	0	11	0
Mr. E. W. Saunders ...	2	15	0
Miss Gosling	0	11	0
Mr. Young	2	15	0
Miss S. A. Mayes	0	8	0
Miss E. H. Read	1	0	3
Mr. W. O. Boet	0	8	6
			181 14 2
			£381 0 11

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—3 Sacks of Flour, G. D. Pearman; a Bag of Rice, Mr. Potier; a Quantity of Rhubarb, Mr. Murrell.

Clothing:—30 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 18 Cotton Ditto, "Friends at Reading;" a Towel for each Boy, Anon.; Piece of Cloth, J. M. Bacon, Norwich.

Books, etc.:—75 Bibles and 75 Testaments, British and Foreign Bible Society; 2 Sets Picture Cubes, for Boys in Infirmary, The Misses Kemp.

Donations, etc.:—Collecting Card, "Deavin," 6s.; Mr. Dalton, Woolwich, 10s.; Visitors' Book, £1 10s.—Total, £2 6s.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Master A. Hinton	0	2	0
Miss Armstead	0	2	6
Proceeds of a Lecture at Watson Street, Derby, per Mr. H. Marsden	1	0	0
Miss Du Pre	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. Mee	0	10	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	10	0
Mr. E. H. Brown	0	10	0
Misses Dransfield	15	15	0
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Collected per Rev. C. Chambers:—			
Mr. J. Macgregor 1 0 0			
Mr. J. B. Maccombie 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Stewart 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Murray 0 10 0			
Mr. A. Brand 0 10 0			
Mr. A. Gibb 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Gray 0 5 0			
	4	5	0
O magnify the Lord with me	0	10	0
Mr. Winser	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	5	0	0
Mr. J. MacDougall	1	0	0
A. B. C.	0	10	0
Mr. A. F. Coles	0	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Working Man	0	2	6
Mr. T. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. D. Mathias	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mills	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Finch	0	7	6
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
S. C. C.	2	0	0
Miss W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Spurgeon	10	10	0
A thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. Vickery	5	0	0
A Friend, Lancashire	1	0	0
Mr. D. Paton	200	0	0
Mrs. Guinness	2	0	0
Tweedside	1	0	0
B. J. B.	5	0	0
J. B. T.	0	5	0
Beta	10	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	0	0
Mr. Harvey	5	0	0
Mr. S. Magnus	5	0	0
A lad who has begun to preach	0	5	0
E. H.	0	5	6
Mrs. Halliday	0	10	0
E. C.	0	2	6
42554	100	0	0
Miss Jephs	0	5	0
W. S.	0	2	6
Mr. Westrop	2	0	0
Mr. Proctor	100	0	0
A few friends, Craig	0	17	9
Mr. B. W. Carr	5	0	0
Miss Winslow	1	0	0
Miss Fells	0	10	0
Mr. Cory, junr.	17	0	9
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Sterling	0	5	0
A Widow	0	5	0
A thankoffering, C. L.	0	10	0
Miss Hockley	1	1	0
A. W. T.	1000	0	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	10	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	10	0
Mr. E. Burnett	1	0	0
Mr. H. Goody	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
	£1,571	2	0

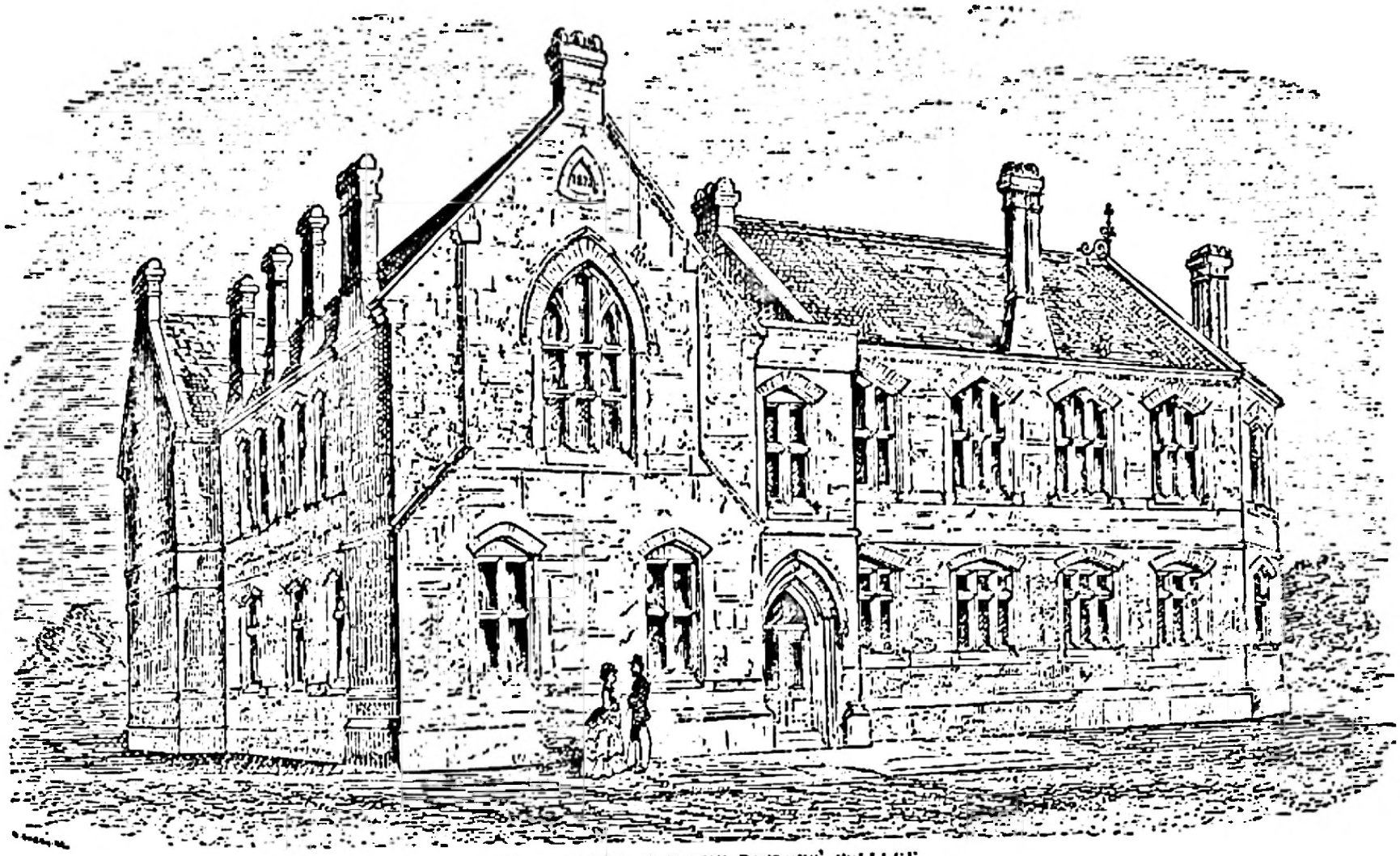
Error in last month's list "J. D." £100 should have been J. S.

Rev. H. R. Brown acknowledges receipt of £1 from Rev. J. B. Warren, for College Buildings.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. A. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. Paget	1	0	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Grose	0	5	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	1	1	0
Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	6	0
Mr. Hellier	0	10	0

Donations:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Rushbrook	0	2	6
Firstfruits	0	4	6
Collection after Annual Meeting	26	3	10
Mr. Powell	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. Westrop	2	0	0
J. E. Mathieson	5	0	0
	£68	6	10



NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1873.

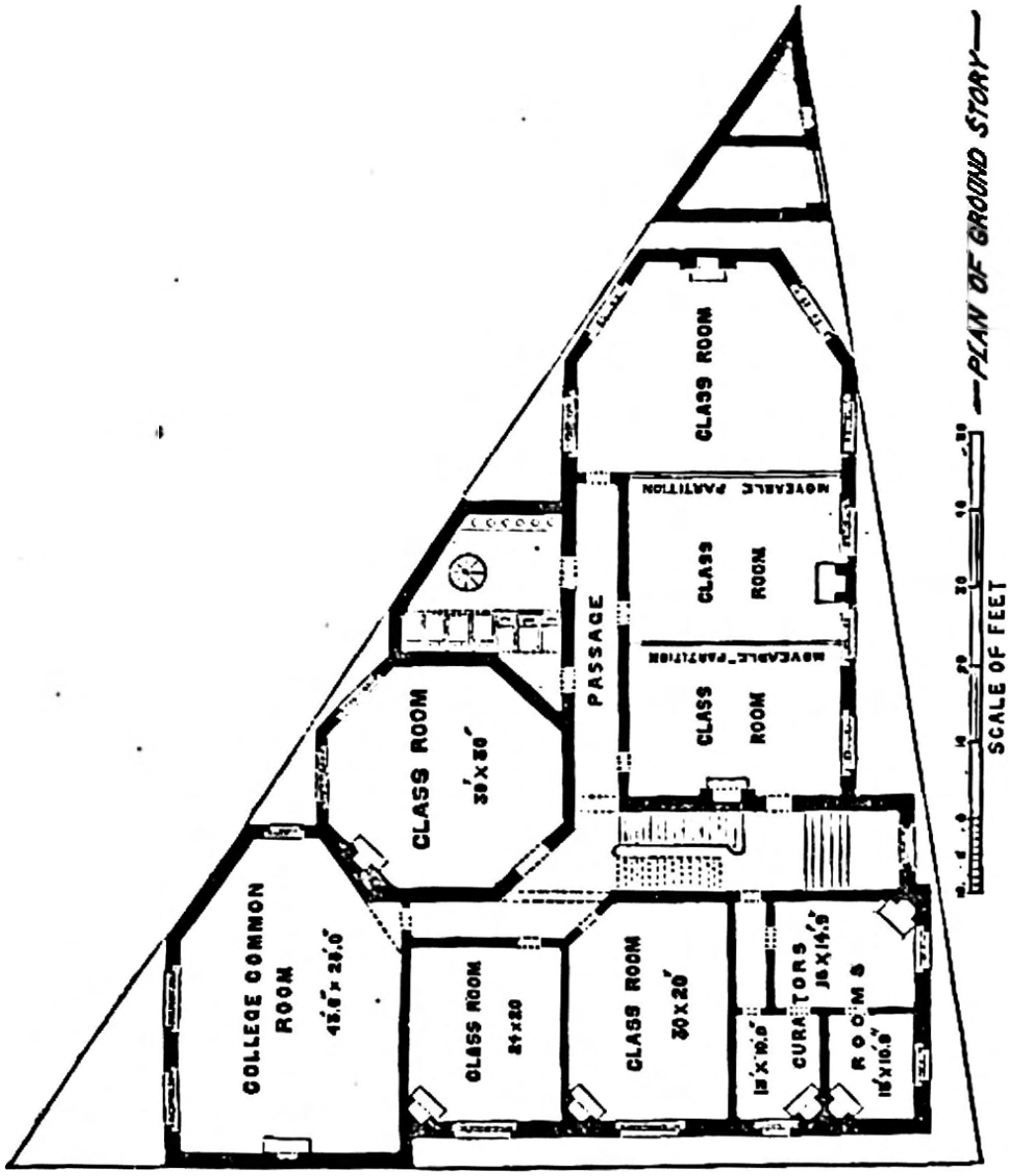
New Buildings for the Pastors' College.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE frontispiece of this month's number represents the proposed new buildings for the Pastors' College. They are simple and unpretentious, but we trust they will not appear unworthy of the Institution. The ground upon which they will be erected adjoins the site of the Tabernacle, and as this was an indispensable matter, we have to be content with a position in a street at the rear, the land nearer the front being occupied by the parochial schools and valuable business premises which it would not have been possible to purchase at any price. For this reason also we were glad to obtain a plot of ground of a very inconvenient shape. and we can but admire the ingenuity of the architect (Mr. Currey, of Norfolk-street, Strand) who has managed to cover almost every inch of it, and to give us exactly the accommodation we require.

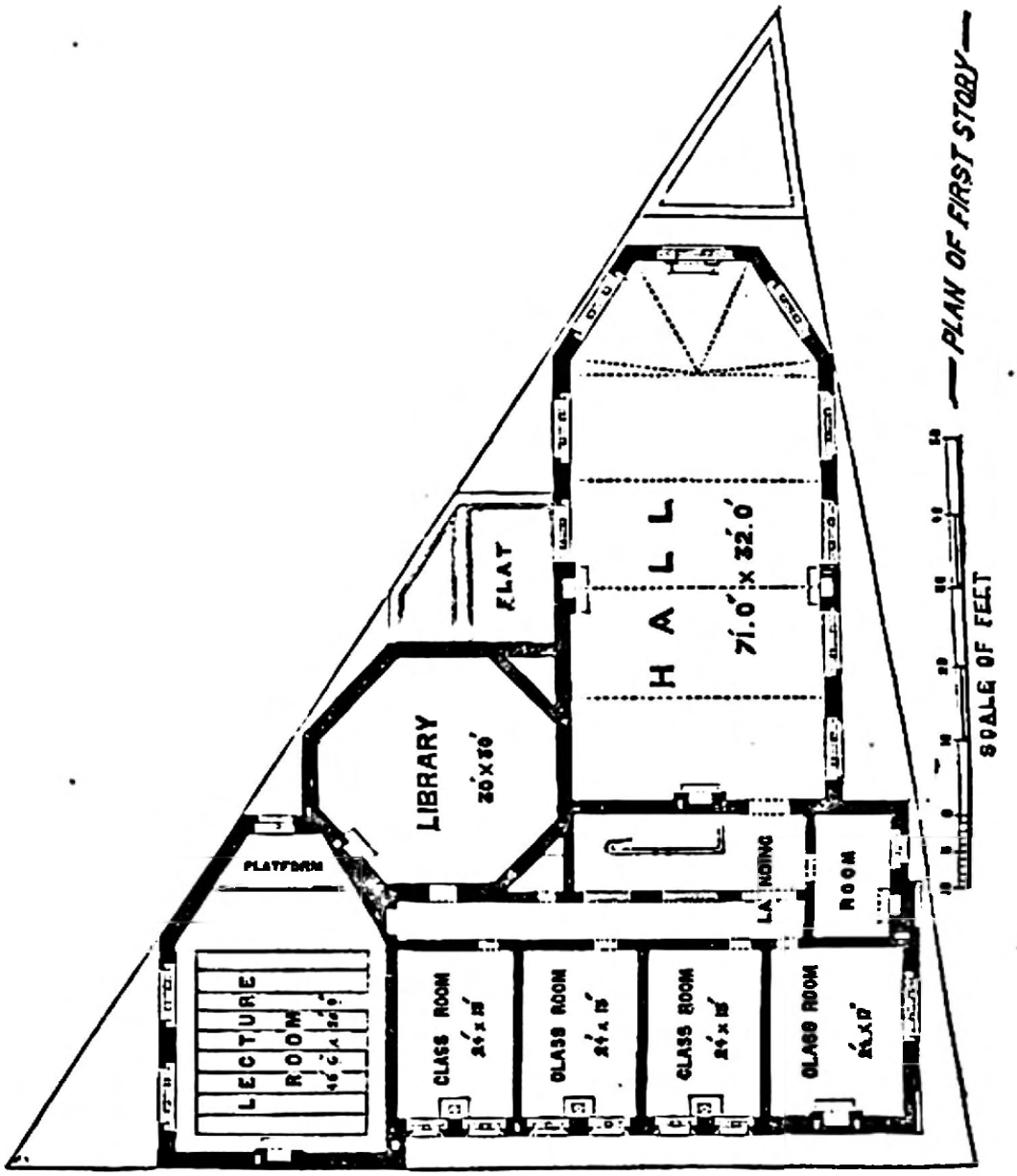
We thought it wise to present our readers with the plans of the interior, that they might judge of the amount of accommodation provided. Upon the ground story many of the Class-rooms will be used for the Sabbath School on Lord's-days, and for various other uses in connection with the work at the Tabernacle. Where movable partitions are indicated, the object is to form one large room for tea-meetings, and especially for the meals of the Annual Conference, which will hold its sessions for the future in the Large Hall above.

On the first story the College proper will be carried on, and better arrangements for that end we can hardly imagine. The Library will be lit by a lantern in the roof, so as to give as much wall-space as



possible for books. The Large Hall will be available for the Sabbath School on Sundays, and for College purposes at all times. The whole will be put in trust in connection with the Tabernacle.

We have now one very earnest appeal to make to our own flock, to our sermon readers, to all our friends, and to Christians in general who approve of our work. Do help us, and help us at once. The work will be done, for it is of the Lord, and already a large proportion of the money is in our hands; but much more is needed. We shall proceed to build, believing that the money will be forthcoming, and forthcoming it will be. We thank the many donors who have aided, but our hope is that many more will be added to the list. The building is needed, needed for the best of purposes. God has intrusted many of our friends with substance, and here is a method of confessing and exercising their stewardship. The noble gift of



£1,000 by one unknown donor may be beyond the imitation of the great majority, but many littles will achieve the result quite as surely This work is peculiarly dear to our heart, and no one can do us a greater pleasure or service than by aiding to erect this new house for the school of the prophets.

The ministers who have been educated at the College have resolved to raise £1,000 towards the work. This is a large sum, and they cannot realize their wish unless all their churches aid them heartily. May we press this matter with special earnestness in that direction? Such churches are those to which we naturally look for assistance.

It is not needful to say more. Our friends are of such a kind that for them to know that our work has need is quite enough to move them to generous action.

Squire Brooke.

OUR Wesleyan brethren have lately lost from their ministry an eminently useful preacher, who was the last survivor of a little band of eccentrics who in their day were mighty winners of souls. William Dawson and Samuel Hick were worthily perpetuated in Squire Brooke, who entered into rest in January, 1871. We must not be supposed to endorse all his theology, or to hold up to admiration all his modes of procedure, but it has been our method in these pages to introduce notices of good men of all denominations, and to give our readers those portions of notable lives which are most noteworthy. We have no patience with those who imagine that you cannot admire a man's character unless you agree with him in sentiment; our belief is that more may often be learned from those with whom we differ than from our nearer neighbours. We are not Wesleyan, but there is much that is earnest and holy about Methodism which we do not only approve of, but which we desire to follow after.

Squire Brooke came of a substantial Yorkshire family, which possessed a considerable estate among the wild moorlands of the North. His parents belonged to the Established Church while Edward was in his boyhood, but were brought to know the Lord in after years by the preaching of their zealous son. Edward was not sent to Eton or Harrow, as he should have been; but following the bent of his inclination he was allowed to remain upon the farm, to fish and hunt, and shoot, and to develop a fine constitution and an original mind. This might have proved his ruin, and in nine cases out of ten where it has been tried it has been so; but the grace of God interposed, and turned it into a blessing. Amid the rocks and the heather, the forest trees and the ferns, Edward Brooke, with his dogs and his gun, found both sport and health; or dashing over the country after the hounds, he enjoyed exhilaration and trained his courage in the hunt. Up to the age of twenty-two he seems to have been devoid of religious thought; but as we Calvinists are wont to put it, the time appointed of the Lord drew near, and sovereign grace issued its writ of arrest against him, resolving in infinite love to make him a captive to its power.

"Early in the year of 1821, Edward Brooke rose one morning, intent on pleasure. Equipped for his favourite sport, with gun in hand and followed by his dogs, he was crossing the Honley Moors, when a lone man met him with a message from God. The man was a Primitive Methodist preacher, named Thomas Holladay, one of those strong-minded, earnest evangelists, the validity of whose orders is disdainfully denied by many, but who, judged by the results of their ministry, hold a commission higher than bishops can bestow—a commission signed and sealed by Him who is 'head over all things to His church.'

"Intent upon his Master's work, 'in season and out of season,' Holladay was prompt to seize an opportunity of usefulness. Passing the young sportsman he respectfully saluted him, and said, with pitying earnestness, 'Master, you are seeking happiness where you will never find it.' On went the man of God, perhaps little dreaming that the arrow thus shot at a venture had pierced the joints of the armour

encasing the young sportman's heart. Yet so it was. Those few simple words, winged by the Spirit, entered and stuck like a barbed arrow in the young master's soul. However the moor game fared that day, the sportsman himself was shot. That was a grand day's work for Holladay. He had preached many a laboured sermon with less result. If that one stroke had been Holladay's life-work he had not lived in vain, or been an uncrowned minister of Christ in the great day of recompense.

"Home went the wounded sportsman, the words of Holladay still sounding in his ears, 'Master, you are seeking happiness where you will never find it.' The time was opportune. It was a day of visitation for that neighbourhood. The Spirit of God was moving upon the population. A great revival was in progress. It commenced at Thong, and spread from house to house, till nearly every family felt its power. On every hand sinners were strangely affected by a sense of their guilt and danger, as transgressors of the law of God, and exclaimed 'Men and brethren, what must we do?' Many believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and found peace through believing; their altered and happy life proclaiming them to be new creatures in Christ Jesus. Drunkards became sober, and abodes of misery were transformed into homes of peace."

The awakened young gentleman began to attend cottage prayer-meetings and to converse with the godly men of the neighbourhood, and thus his anxiety was greatly deepened, and his desire for salvation inflamed. His biographer tells the story of his finding peace with God in a very striking manner, and we quote it because it shows how very much alike the birth of joy in one soul is to the same event in another. The gloom of the heart grew heavier till Jesus, like the star of the morning, shone through the darkest shades, and all was light.

"It was the day of his sister's wedding. Ill-prepared to join in the festivities of the occasion, because of the sorrow of his heart, Edward Brooke spent the previous night hours in reading his Bible and wrestling with God for salvation.

> All night the lonely suppliant prayed,
> All night his earnest crying made.

About four o'clock in the morning, whilst kneeling by the old armchair in his father's kitchen, still pleading for mercy through the mediation of Jesus, his soul grew desperate, and like Jacob wrestling with the angel till the break of day, he resolved, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'

"That mighty importunity was the manifestation of true faith. He was enabled to receive Jesus as his Saviour, and believing with the heart unto righteousness, these words were applied to his heart, as distinctly and impressively as though spoken by a voice from heaven, 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more.'

"Just as the words of Jesus, 'peace be still,' quelled the storm upon the sea of Galilee, when the big waves broke into the ship, and the terrified disciples cried, 'Lord, save us, we perish,' so did these words, divinely spoken, 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more,' bring instant quietness to the storm-tossed heart of that struggling penitent, and there was 'a great calm.' He

felt they were God's answer to his prayer, and was sweetly assured that he was now a sinner saved by grace; his sins all blotted out from the book of God's remembrance, and his soul accepted in the Beloved. All fear and sorrow vanished, and still believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"Exulting in his wonderful deliverance, his first impulse was to make it known. He hastened to his sister's chamber and told her the glad news that Christ had saved him—a glorious announcement on her bridal morn: then, early though it was, he ran out into the village and roused a praying man called Ben Naylor, whose heart he knew would be in sympathy with his, and told him how he had found the Lord; and they two called up a third, named Joseph Donkersley, to share their joy; and from the rejoicing trio up went a song of praise, the jubilant and sweet notes of which were music in God's ear, and woke up the songs of angels, and gave new impulse to the happiness of heaven, 'for there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

From that moment Edward Brooke was what he would have called "a bran new man." He could do nothing by halves, and therefore he renounced once for all his former course of life, and finding field sports to have too great a charm for him, he gave them up in the most resolute manner. "Sir," said he to a Christian friend, "I found that the gate was strait, and so I pressed into it myself, and left my horses, and dogs, and the world outside." In his zeal to be quit of what he felt to be a temptation, he gave orders to have his dog kennels pulled down, on hearing which, his father interposed and countermanded the instructions, saying, "I hope Edward will want the kennels again." All his old companions were of the same mind with his father, and planned a grand shooting party with the view of seducing the young Methodist from his friends; but it was in vain, the die was cast, the camel had gone through the needle's eye, but could not come back through so narrow a passage. The test, instead of injuring the young convert, strengthened him in all spiritual graces, and drove him even more completely into the sacred camp. He frequented cottage prayer-meetings, talked with the workpeople at the mill, exhorted in his father's kitchen, and instructed wayfarers by the roadside; he began, in fact, to put himself in training to become "a mighty hunter before the Lord," a consecrated Nimrod whose game would be the souls of men. Is there not a something in the pursuits of hunting and fishing congruous with the ministry, or rather, are not the natural ardour, watchfulness, energy, and wariness developed in the first among the most precious qualifications for the second when they are sanctified and elevated into a sublime region? The exquisites who pride themselves upon their small white hands and jewelled fingers, and venture upon no more athletic sport than a game of croquet with fair ladies on the smooth-cut lawn, are by no means such hopeful raw material for preachers as the robust tramplers of the gorse and heather who have learned to bear fatigue, and to laugh at hardship. The lake of Galilee found for the first holy war, whereof our Master was the Captain, a far larger contingent than all the homes of luxury in Judea's land.

Mr. Brooke's early career illustrates the great usefulness of small

meetings in rooms and cottages, where the uneducated, the poor, and raw beginners may feel at home in their first attempts at speaking. Had it not been for such gatherings he might have remained silent, for he could not have dared to make his first essays before a large congregation. Our author wisely remarks that:—"The cottage prayer-meeting is certainly one of the best training schools for the development of Christian gifts. In some of our town-circuits, where chapels are few and large, and the pulpits invariably supplied by ordained ministers, and where Sunday afternoon services have been discontinued, and no rooms or cottages are opened for mission work, what opportunity have those whom the Spirit moves to preach His word, to test their call by actual experiment, and to develop their preaching power by frequent practice?

"The present tendency in Methodism is to create a class of circuits, from which the ministry has small hope of replenishment; in which the local preachers from whose ranks the future ministry must come, find such inadequate employment, that they have but little stimulus to study, and seek no accessions to their number, and as a body are in danger of dying out for want of work. This evil would be largely obviated by a well organised system of cottage prayer-meetings and home mission services, where new converts whose hearts are full of zeal, and divinely prompted to work for God, may under suitable leadership and supervision, attempt the evangelisation of neglected neighbourhoods.

"In such meetings, Edward Brooke first ventured to deliver the message of salvation, which was as a burning fire shut up in his bones, till he was weary with forbearing and could not stay; and there he found encouragement and strength for further service.

"After prayerful consideration and consultation with Christian friends, it was arranged that Edward Brooke should submit his convictions of duty to the judgment of others, by preaching in James Donkersley's chamber; a large room which answered the threefold purpose of a workshop, a bedroom, and a place where the neighbours might gather to worship God. The service was duly announced, and great interest awakened in the young squire's first appearance as a preacher. The chamber was thronged; many a heart uplifted in earnest prayer that God would encourage and help his young servant in this first trial of his pulpit gifts. After singing and prayer, the preacher took for his text a passage in harmony with his intense convictions; 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' Acting upon a sense of duty, and humbly relying on God, the preacher was divinely assisted, and the effort was considered a success.

"The news that the young squire had begun to preach soon spread through the neighbourhood and district, and created no small sensation. Opportunity to exercise his gifts offered on every hand, which he accepted as a call from God. Those who had known the squire in his wild days, and those who had heard of his remarkable conversion, all flocked to hear him. The announcement that Squire Brooke would preach, not only drew young squires, but emptied the public houses far and near, and was the signal for many an old poacher, dog-fighter, pigeon-flyer, drunkard, and habitual Sabbath-breaker, to find his way to the house of God. The squire attracted congregations such as no other

man could get, comprising the fast men, the publicans and harlots, the roughs and outcasts of society, the sight of whom, in the house of God, must have made the heart of the preacher leap for joy, and carried him out of himself.

"Influenced by the strange character of the congregations which thronged to hear him, and by the fact that many heard him, to whose untaught, sensual minds, theological terms and doctrinal definitions, conveyed no meaning, and ordinary preaching was unintelligible, he, of set purpose, renounced the style of his first sermon in favour of another, which but for the preacher's motive and exceptional position, might be open to criticism, and which, in a copyist, would be most reprehensible.

"The carefully prepared discourse, with its elaborate argument and carefully rounded periods and memoriter deliverance, he found to be utterly unsuitable to the rough work he undertook. The excitability of the motley congregation he addressed constantly endangered the preacher's continuity of thought, and exercise of memory; and he felt shackled and embarrassed in the attempt to remember and deliver the paragraphs which he had written, learned, and rehearsed in his study; and which, at the time of utterance in the pulpit, he felt were not always what the occasion called for. In the name of the Lord he resolved to sacrifice taste for effect, and to adopt a free and easy style of address that should leave him at liberty to adapt himself to his strange congregations, and to the varying requirements of each separate occasion, to catch the inspirations of the time, and to avail himself of suggestions from above."

We cannot pretend to give even an outline of Mr. Brooke's long and useful life, but must content ourselves with citing incidents which illustrate both his eccentricity and fervour. He gradually relinquished all his secular pursuits for the sake of soul-winning, and having an ample fortune he travelled far and wide, bearing his own charges, and preaching the gospel without money and without price, a mode of life which we both admire and envy. In his rambles, and at other times, he was always on the look-out for individual cases, with which he dealt in his own fashion, and with remarkable success. Note the following:—

"One of the members of the Sheepridge Society unhappily tampered with strong drink, till his enemy got the advantage of him. He was found one day, in a public-house, indulging in free potations; and his wife's persuasions failing to bring him out, she came to the squire to ask his interference.

"Away went the squire forthwith, conducted by the sorrowing woman, and reaching the house he walked straight into the bar, where a number of old topers were soaking according to their custom; and there in their midst, was the fallen man. 'What art thou doing here?' said the squire, fixing his eyes upon the poor backslider, 'this is no place for thee.' Disconcerted by Mr. Brooke's unexpected appearance, and conscience-stricken, the man gave no reply, and seemed as though he would fain have dropped through the floor to escape the terrible gaze of the squire's reproving eyes. 'Come out with me and come home with me,' said the squire, and as the culprit still kept his seat, he seized him by his coat-collar and pulled him out into the street.

"The topers, exasperated by such infringement of the 'liberty of the

subject,' sprang to their feet and rushed to the rescue. The squire turned himself about, looked his opponents in the face, and raising his big, powerful arm, said, 'There is not a man in the lot dare lay a finger on me.' He then walked off his captive, gave him good counsel, and there is reason to believe that he never fell into the snare again."

"Driving to an appointment on a fine Sabbath morning in spring, with Mr. D. Smith, a Sheffield local preacher and a colleague in labour, Mr. Brooke suddenly said 'Pull up Smith.' Mr. Brooke then stood up in the conveyance and shouted to a man in a distant part of a field by the way-side, who was gathering nettles, 'Here I want thee,' beckoning with his hand at the same time for the man to come to him. When he came up to the fence Mr. Brooke said, 'Thou poor foolish sinner, art thou going to sell thy precious soul to the devil on a Sunday morning for a few paltry nettles!' and looking earnestly into his face, he prayed with great solemnity, 'the Lord have mercy on thy soul. Amen.' Then, quick as thought, he said 'Drive on, Smith.' When fairly on the way again, he said, 'I could not let that man sell his soul for nettles without warning him.'"

"Driving to some village in Derbyshire, where he was expected to preach in the after part of the day, the squire pulled up at a way-side inn. Having seen his horse fed, he ordered his usual refreshment of ham and eggs. A fine, healthy-looking young countryman entered the room and sat down to rest. The squire made some friendly observations, and when his repast was spread, invited the young man to join him. The offer was gratefully accepted. Whilst enjoying their savoury dish, the youth's heart opened, and there was a pleasant flow of conversation. 'We are expecting a very strange preacher,' said he, 'at our village to-night. He is a great man for prayer-meetings, and tries to convert all the folks into Methodists.' 'Indeed,' replied the squire, with evident interest in the topic, 'have you ever heard him?' 'No, I haven't,' said the youth, 'but my brother has.' 'Well, what did your brother say about him?' inquired the squire. 'Oh he told me he never heard such a queer chap in his life; indeed, he didn't know if he were quite right in his head; but,' said the young man, 'I intend to go and hear for myself.' 'That is right, my lad,' said the squire, 'and get your brother to go too, he may have a word to suit you both.' They did go, and greatly to the young man's surprise, as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he recognised his friendly entertainer at the way-side inn. As the squire proceeded with the service, the young man's heart was touched, and his brother's also. At the prayer meeting, they were found amongst the penitent seekers of salvation, and were both converted not merely into Methodists, but into Christian believers."

We cannot withhold a specimen of his characteristic letters, which are brief, but all on fire:—

"Dear John,—In reply to yours, I beg leave to say that our labour at Honley was not in vain. A new class has been formed, and about a dozen have gone to it. Two found peace. Praise the Lord! We shall rise. All hell is on the move, but we must go round about the bulwarks of our Zion, and mark well her palaces, and we shall ultimately and finally triumph over all. I say all. Go on, John, in the work. Live near to God. Be a giant in religion; one of the first and best men in

your day. Plead with God. Live in the glory. 'Advance' is the Christian's motto. Onward to certain victory over sin, the world, and hell. Trample down worldly, fashionable conformity. Know the will of God and do it. Do it heartily, cheerfully, fully, eternally, and heaven will be your guide, defence, and all in all. Our kind respects,

"And in your prayers, remember

"EDWARD BROOKE."

The doctrine of entire sanctification was a favourite theme with the squire, and we do not doubt that he often, in reference to it, would make statements which would provoke us to controversy, but the sermon which we are about to quote will answer a double purpose if it both serves as a sample of his discourses and as an interpreter of Methodist views. Our impression is that our Wesleyan friends do not mean by the terms which they use the same things which we should intend by them. In all probability, if we could agree upon the expressions to be used, or rather upon the sense to be attached to them, all gracious persons would be very much of the same mind upon this highly important matter. Instead of exaggerating the utterances of either side, and misrepresenting the views of either party, it will be well to seek mutual aid in arriving at the truth, and to believe in the sincere desire of each other to glorify God. For the most part the following sermon is such as we should not hesitate to preach. Of course, it is not possible that mere notes, from which the illustrations and quaintnesses have been omitted, should at all adequately convey an idea of the preacher.

"John xvii. 17. *Sanctify them through Thy truth.*

"Introduce by referring to John's vision. He saw an innumerable company who had washed their robes. Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs. Some of your fathers have joined that multitude. They too have washed their robes. Now go and ask them, Where they washed? When they washed? and if when thus washed, they did not long for others to be washed?

"Jesus the friend of sinners prayed for His disciples, and in heaven He still prays,

"'Sanctify them through Thy truth.'

"Notice we then,

"I. THE PRAYER OF THE REDEEMER, sanctify them through Thy truth. Sanctify them.

"1. *Not enlighten them.* They were already enlightened. Christ the light of the world had given them to see themselves to be 'wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked,' and had brought them out of the road to hell and into the road to heaven.

"2. *Not justify them.* They were already justified. They had believed on the Saviour with the heart unto righteousness, and received the justifying grace of God. Saved from guilt, they enjoyed peace with God and all the privileges of God's family.

"3. *Not deliver them.* He had delivered them out of one temptation after another. The devil had laid many a snare for them, but they had experienced the fulfilment of Psalm xci. 16. Still they were not sanctified.

"4. *Not grant them wonderful success.* They had many seals to their ministry. Christ sent His disciples, two and two, before His face into

every city, and they returned again with joy, saying, 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name.' And has not many a preacher, leader, member, been wonderfully successful in the salvation of souls, and yet not enjoyed the blessings of holiness? It is possible for a man to be instrumental in the conversion of souls who is neither justified nor sanctified.

"5. *Not glorify them.* They were not ready for the company of heaven, or for the kingdom prepared for them. Christ elsewhere prayed for their glorification, but not till He had prayed for their sanctification.

"6. *Christ prayed for the sanctification of His disciples.*

"*(a). For the sanctification of their bodies.* The eye, ear, tongue, hands, etc. So that as they had yielded their members to be servants to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity, even so, they might now yield their members servants to righteousness, unto holiness.

"The eye sanctified, so that it might beam with purity.

"The ear sanctified, so that it might listen to the voice of the Son of God.

"The tongue sanctified, so that it might speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

"The hand sanctified, so that it might administer to the necessities of the saints.

"The feet sanctified, so that they might 'in swift obedience move.' In short, the body, with all its wondrous mechanism of bone and muscle, arteries, and veins, and nerves, all sanctified.

"(*b.*) For the sanctification of their souls.

"That the *understanding* which is darkened might become full of light, and have written upon it, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *imagination*, which is only evil continually, might become only good, and have written upon it, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *memory* might be sanctified, and become strong to retain divine and heavenly things, and have written upon it, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *will* might be sanctified, and sweetly yield to the will of God in providence and grace, and have written upon it, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *conscience* might be sanctified, purged from dead works, made tender, and have written upon it, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *affections* might be sanctified, loving God with all the heart, exemplifying the words of the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' and have written upon them, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'

"That the *thoughts* might be sanctified, all brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, and have written upon them, 'HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.' In short, that every desire, motive, intention, design, etc., might be all sanctified.

"(*c.*) *For the sanctification of their spirits.* Their entire nature. Their whole man. So that love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and every grace of the Spirit might have their perfect growth and sweetly harmonise, through life, in death, and in eternity.

"The sanctification which Christ asked for his disciples,

"(1.) Does not imply *freedom from error.* Infallibility belongs only to God. To err is the lot of humanity. We may err in a thousand

minor points and yet be sanctified. The head may be wrong when the heart is right.

"(2.) Sanctification does not imply *the absence of temptation*. The Saviour, Himself, was the subject of strong temptation, and yet was without sin. St. Paul was dead indeed unto sin, and yet was severely tempted. St. Peter speaks of *saints* who now, for a season, if need be, are in heaviness through manifold temptation. The devil follows a sanctified soul right up to the city gates. I expect, said Mr. Wesley to a friend, that temptations will come about you,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the vales.

"(3.) Sanctification does not imply *freedom from heaviness or sorrow*, arising from *perplexities, trials, afflictions, tribulations*, etc. Jesus was exceeding sorrowful. Paul was sorrowful, but always rejoicing, and on his brethren's behalf had great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart.

"(4.) Sanctification is not inconsistent with *further growth and increase in grace*. 'Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man.' Dr. Clarke says, 'No man can grow in grace as he ought until the roots of sin are destroyed.' Garden. Weeds, etc. We may grow all through life, up to death, and through eternity in knowledge, love, and happiness.

"II. Sanctify them. WHEN?

"1. *In Purgatory?* There is no such place. 'He that is filthy let him be filthy still.' That one Scripture is enough to overthrow the doctrine of purgatory.

"2. At *death?*

"3. At *some future time?* Next year? next month? next week? to-morrow?

"4. Why not *now?* If one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day, why not now? If the wisdom and power and mercy and will of the Lord are the same now that they ever were, or ever will be, why not now? If the Lord would ten thousand times rather cleanse you than have you uncleansed, why not now? 'Lord increase our faith.' 'Behold now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation.' 'I will, be thou clean.' The will of God is your sanctification.

"III. Sanctify them. HOW OR BY WHAT MEANS? 'Through Thy truth,' *i.e.*, through faith in Thy truth? How?

"1. *Through their good desires?* No. Some of you have desired long enough. 'The way to hell is paved with good intentions,' and the way to heaven too.

"2. *Through their prayers?* No. You may make long prayers and pray till you sweat as it were great drops of blood, and never get it unless you believe.

"3. *Through their fasting?* No. You may fast twice a week like the Pharisees. Three days like the disciples. Forty days like Moses and Elijah; nay till you cannot walk, and till you have scarcely any flesh upon your bones, and still never get it till you believe.

"4. *Through their almsgiving?* No. You may give shilling after shilling, pound after pound. You may sell house after house, field

after field, farm after farm, and give all away, and give your body to be burned, and never get it unless you believe.

"5. *Through their vows and resolutions?* Vows! You have made scores, hundreds, some of you thousands, and broken them every one, and you may vow again that you will do this and do the other, if the Lord will only sanctify you, but you will never get it unless you believe.

"But sanctify them *through Thy truth;* through *faith in Thy truth.* Through faith in its declarations and promises.

"Believe it is a blessing *purchased.* To redeem us from all iniquity Christ gave Himself.

"Believe it is a blessing *promised.* 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean,' etc. 'He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.'

"Believe in the *ability and willingness and readiness of God to bestow it.* Believe with your heart just now. Cast yourself upon His mercy in Christ Jesus. Take Christ as a full Saviour. Receive Him not only as your wisdom and righteousness, but as your sanctification and redemption. Believe, man. Believe, woman. Only believe. Try, venture, dare. 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' Dost thou now believe? 'Lord, increase our faith.'

"IV. Sanctify them. WHAT FOR?

"1. *To enable them to perform their duties better.* Duties relating to themselves. The church. The world. Prayer. Searching the Scriptures. Reproving sin. Visiting the sick. Exhortation. Preaching. Class leading.

"2. *To enable them to run faster in the way to heaven.* No man can run as he ought with weights about him. A stone weight of pride. Two stones of malice. Three stones of politics. Five of unbelief. Ten of anger. Fifteen of impatience. How can a man with such weights leap over a wall, or run through a troop? Or how can a woman run with four ounces of curls upon her head, and three of extra ribbons, and two of artificial flowers, and one of self-consequence?

"3. *That they may be witnesses to the world and church of God's full power to save.* And such witnesses have been. See Enoch, Elijah, Isaiah, the Apostles in the upper room. The disciples. 'Now are ye clean,' and there are witnesses now.

"4. *To make them more useful in the conversion of souls.* See Isaiah i. God purely purged away His people's dross, and then her converts were redeemed with righteousness. Read Ezekiel xxxvi. Israel must be cleansed, and then the wastes were to be filled with flocks of men. See the Apostles. Three thousand were converted. But when? After they were cleansed. Then they set Jerusalem on fire. When Stephen got the sanctifying power, what numbers were converted. Barnabas was 'a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord.' Paul, when sanctified, could say, 'Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place.' 'Create in me a clean heart,' prayed David, . . . 'then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.'

"5. *To prepare them for a dying hour.* See John. Paul said, I am ready to be offered. Sanctified persons are ready, made meet to be partakers

of the inheritance of the saints in light. Ready. The work is done. The devil bruised. The world overcome. Sin destroyed. Salvation won. Ready. Hallelujah!

"6. *To make them ready for an immediate and triumphant entrance into heaven.* See Stephen. The thief upon the cross.

"(1.) An immediate entrance.

"(2.) An abundant entrance.

"(3.) A triumphant entrance.

"(4.) A final entrance.

"7. *That they may stand perfect* and complete in Christ at the bar of God, and be presented by the Redeemer to the Father without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, etc.

"Some talk about sanctification when they want justifying, their backslidings healed, etc., etc."

We take farewell of Squire Brooke with regret, as we copy the last entry from his diary:—"'In returning and rest shall ye be saved: in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'—'Thou shalt see greater things than these.'—'Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness.'—'I will do better unto you than at your beginnings.'—'My soul is even as a weaned child.' And then, possibly to express his fuller apprehension of the infinite mercy of his covenant God, and a firmer trust than he had heretofore exercised, he writes with a trembling hand that is soon to forget its cunning, 'Never before.'"

We do not wonder that the memoir is in the fourth thousand;* it is exceedingly well written, and we congratulate Mr. Lord upon his spirit and ability.

How to lay hold of Careless Hearers.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY PASTOR W. OSBORNE, GAMLINGAY.

IF we understand the subject, the picture is this—The cross is erected, the gospel is being preached, men look and listen, yet pass on to perish; how shall we best lay hold of them, and lead them to Jesus and a noble life? We none of us question the existence of such a class. Each sees in his own congregation too many proofs to let him doubt it. Would that we were in the position to say, "We are not sure that there are such." Nor can we pass over the fact indifferently as though its prevalence and long standing were arguments against all further effort. It weighs too heavily on us for that. Anxious to be faithful, it takes rank among the greatest of our griefs. Few sorrows connected with our work rush in upon us so repeatedly, or pierce our spirit with more poignant agony. How often in the pulpit is the yearning soul staggered by the look of those who like to listen, but do nothing more. The thought of such drew from Paul the startling

* "Squire Brooke," by Rev. J. H. Lord. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

testimony, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren." He saw them unsaved yet undisturbed, and his heart came near to breaking at the thought of them. We speak, we hope, the simple truth, and not arrogantly, when we say that all of us know in some measure what it is to realize the same; we therefore hail the discussion of this subject hopefully, for though our thoughts in this paper may prove but a spark, if that spark shall ignite a train of heartfelt reflection we shall not have struck it for nought.

We remark in the outset that to lay hold of careless hearers is the main aim of the Christian ministry. We are not to be understood here as magnifying this to the exclusion of other phases of our work—*they* are to follow, but *this* is to lead. Beside preaching the word in season and out of season, to make full proof of his ministry Timothy is to reprove, rebuke, exhort, comfort, and instruct. The enquiring mind, the doubting mind, the troubled and lethargic, will come before us frequently, and we must hold ourselves ready at any moment to answer their appeals. Still, like the true general on the battle-field who, while he neglects neither the commissariat nor the ambulance corps, nor any other important feature connected with campaigning, thinks ever and most earnestly of how he shall storm and take the city, so the bringing in of the unawakened must ever stand prominent among the aims of the Christian minister; or, to change the figure, while our efforts must be directed to the spiritual irrigation of every portion of Christian enterprise, straight on through them all, broad and deep, like the waters of some gigantic river, must flow an intense desire to bring the unsaved to the haven of salvation. Is there not some truth in the saying, "the first impulse of earnest minds is more divine than is sometimes thought." Applying that to ourselves, we are carried back at once to a quenchless desire to lead men to Christ. What the germ is to the tree, that has been to all our subsequent endeavours, and in proportion as we have kept that in active exercise we have found ourselves ready for other duties. Yet not on that alone do we rest our conviction of the primary importance of this aim, God himself has written it so. In every age the men who have set that first have been the men whom God has most abundantly blessed. In the ministry of Christ and of his apostles we see this strikingly illustrated. Who can read the Parables and not feel it, or the Acts of the Apostles and not perceive it. Everywhere throughout the entire record we see a burning desire to arouse, attract, and bring men to a saving knowledge of the truth.

It is said by some on this subject that the power of the pulpit in the present day is inadequate to the demand. If by that assertion it is meant that ministers fail to rise to the exercise of the power which God waits to give, we fear there are many pulpits concerning which the statement is too true; but if it be meant that the age has got beyond the reach of the gospel, and that there is a peculiarity about the thoughts and conditions of men now to which the gospel is not adapted, we say calmly they who make that assertion know not whereof they affirm. We are neither philosophers nor metaphysicians, we make no pretention to being anything more than men possessed of ordinary powers of observation, but exercising these powers we have failed to discover anything either in the philosophy or the follies of the age with which

the gospel cannot cope. There are not wanting pulpits which can give the best of all proofs that their power is equal to the occasion. Be it ours to increase the number.

We are conscious that no set of rules can be laid down upon this subject that will apply equally to all cases. What will lay hold of one man may prove altogether powerless upon another. A certain course of reason or appeal brought to bear upon a mind in a special condition will, under God, arrest that mind and lead it to the Saviour. In the same pew or in the same family another will remain as unimpressed as if no effort had been made to reach him; he is differently constituted mentally and morally, he occupies a different position, and though you try a whole lifetime to impress him as you impressed the other, you will fail; *that* path does not lead to him, and you will never reach him by it. All men do not lie on the north of Calvary, nor all on the south, nor all on the east, nor all on the west,—every side is peopled by them. One brother may be very successful in preaching Jesus eastward, for the Master has sent him in that direction, but if you adopt his method maybe you will find yourself holding the cross, not before but behind those among whom you labour, for they are lying westward. Another has to deal principally with those who are northward, another with those who are southward, and in every congregation some will be found who shift to all points of the compass like the wind, and with as much uncertainty. No one can say to another therefore "Do so and so, and you will find that plan at all times successful." While recognising this fact, however, we believe there are some things which will do much to help us in this work.

First, *endeavour if possible to ascertain the cause of their indifference.* Depend upon it there is a root to the matter somewhere. They were not always in that state. All men are naturally depraved, but special hardness is circumstantial, it has come upon them in the course of life. Get acquainted with them, and by degrees you will discover through what avenue it entered. You will doubtless stand astonished at the various ways by which the malady gains access to human hearts; let that astonishment only increase your diligence. One thing which makes the physician worthy of his title is his aptitude to trace an evil to its source. Quacks and bunglers slash only at the result, and wound and kill instead of healing: the physician enquires, examines, and stops not till he has ascertained the primary cause. Do likewise. Be a physician in the field; your work is too important for bungling. The case before you is a bad one, a bad one of long standing, and one perhaps which has been rendered worse through improper treatment. Good but unskilful souls have applied external remedies, they have shaken the head at him from a distance and driven the disease in, whereas what he wanted was some one to go down to him Samaritan-like to listen to his story. Many a man has been left down there as if he were an associate of thieves, when in truth he was their victim. That young man away there in the gallery whom nothing seems to touch; get acquainted with his history, and you will find that from early childhood his own parents robbed him of the proper treatment. There is one who has been hardened by companions. There is another who is dead set against religion because of the sour, unattractive manner in

which some about him have displayed the gospel. This one gave himself to pleasure, and this one to getting gold; probably every case has some peculiarity which distinguishes it from every other, and to reach that case you must find out that peculiarity.

That done, strike at once at the root. Take the wanderer back to the point where he went astray, and show him wherein and how he was misled. Let him know that you have discovered his secret. The most careless will hardly remain indifferent to that. The very fact that you have traced his indifference to its source will in nine cases out of ten arouse curiosity; he will become curious to know how you reached the truth, or if he can give a shrewd guess he will feel a personal interest in listening to what you have to say upon the subject, and in such moments you will have a good opportunity to make some of those home thrusts which have so often proved successful. Take back his thoughts to that bend in the river of his life where he suffered himself to diverge from what would have led him on to safety, and show him the unreasonableness of his career from that standpoint. With such a man that style of address will sometimes prove far more arousing than anything that can be said to him as from the cross. He has never been to the cross; but he has been there, and he will realize a sort of home feeling in listening to the voice which hails him in that direction. Let it not be supposed that we do not believe in calling men "across country" to the Saviour; we can and do glory in the fact that such a call has proved among the most successful which we have given; but we are dealing now with those who have shut their ears to that, and who must therefore be approached in some other way. What we want is to see them thoughtful and impressible. This they were to some degree at one time, and if we can get them back to that we shall begin to have hope of leading them to salvation.

Having found and pointed out the evil, act the part of a wise physician, and *apply the main remedy at once. Preach salvation to them forthwith, full, free, immediate, and through Jesus only.* Do not hastily conclude that all this is known already. Circumstances are frequently happening, even among those who listen to your voice, which prove that this is not so completely realized as you sometimes think. Many such hearers know far less of the plan of salvation than is supposed, and those among them who are versed in the theory are not accustomed to make a personal application of it. Go and do for them what they will not do for themselves; show the adaptation of the Saviour, and press him home upon them as their only hope. What if some Athenian hearers happen to charge you with repetition. The physician does not wince at that. Does he not glory in it. "That only testifies to the value of my prescription," says he. "Evidently I have hit the proper remedy; and I prescribe it again because experience tells me that nought else has power to cure." So in the case of these careless ones, we are not like men in doubt. Proofs positive and negative rise around us everywhere that this and nothing else can rectify. For eighteen centuries experimentalists have crowded the moral surgery, but with what result let embalmed corpses and bleached skeletons testify. They have beautified the face of death; but only with rouge, which has caked and crumbled beneath their touch, while

all along others have gone forth with the words of Jesus, and seen multitudes raised to life through the preaching of the cross. Whitefield dispensed no other medicine; Wesley used no other balm; all the mightiest reapers in every age who have severed the careless from their deep-rooted indifference and laid them in penitence before the cross, have reaped with that sickle only. Sharpen it, modernize the shape, do anything to facilitate its application, but first, last, everywhere put that to the front. Bound to succeed it is, for the Master says so, and he who applies it rightly and falters not shall see the careless fall before it yet.

Use common sense in applying it. Because the draught is good do not say it does not matter how it is administered. It does matter, and if you do not look to it you will find some cases in which it will matter a great deal. Patients are not all alike. Some do not mind how the thing is given, but offer it to others in the same way and they will become so annoyed by your manner that they will reject it forthwith. You may think them fussy, fastidious, foolish, but you will gain nothing by that; suppose they are fussy, your medical man thinks the same of some of his patients, but see how he acts when he finds them in danger. If you watch him by the sick man's chair you will probably think him the most fussy of the two. "I am afraid that man will die," says he, "I must take care that nothing is done to put him out;" and he suits his address and everything else to the man's condition. Paul says, "I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." Judging from his Epistles there was not much about his style that need offend even the most fastidious, but he had too much common sense to say, "Suit or not suit, it is all one to me." If by suspending his own style for awhile, and taking up what was practicable in theirs he could reach them, he would do it, because he was a man of common sense. You may think your style a good one, it probably is; but some of those whom you wish to reach think more of theirs than of yours. Suppose you vary the thing occasionally by adopting what you can in theirs, it may happen that, like Paul in that way, you will be the means of saving some of them.

Preach rationally. Some men have become hardened against religion through a mistaken idea as to what religion is; they grew up in an atmosphere which hung like a fog over everything human, as if all that was human was to be thought of with a sort of November shudder. Those who had the moulding of their earliest thoughts about eternal realities were good people, no doubt, but they were afflicted with the propensity of viewing everything outside their creed through the hazy spectacle of narrow-mindedness until their manner made those about them hate the very name of religion. "They have been taught," says Timothy Tidcombe, "that human life is a humbug; that everything which delights man as man is vain and sinful; that their great business is to be saved, and that they are to be saved only through learning to despise everything earthly, and this they feel to be irrational." This is all too true. Everywhere you will meet with men who have been driven to carelessness by that very process. Counteract the evil, roll back the prejudices which have thus shut out the truth; preach Jesus to them as the Man as well as the Maker; take them to

the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, and to those happy gatherings in the open meadows, where with a joyous heart the Saviour distributed to the multitudes the bread which perisheth; picture religion as he pictured it, as opposed only to what is mean and sinful, and as embracing all that is joyous and real. If the man has been brought up in a fog, the letting in of the true light may startle and perhaps savingly arouse him.

Lay hold on current events. You have to deal with those who swim with the stream; fish for them in their own waters, attach a saving power to that which in itself is only secular. There are many instances on record of careless ones who have been caught with guile; all unconsciously they have swallowed the gospel bait, while to their thinking they were being merely fascinated by some striking scene in the panorama of social life. If we had nothing else to justify such a course, that itself would be argument sufficient, but we have apostolic authority for so doing. The Twelve were so thoroughly alive to this that they frequently made it their text-book. Peter stood up and preached one of his most powerful sermons, taking for his text the accusation that he and his fellow disciples were drunk, and as soon as he had finished about three thousand of the most careless that ever lived came and asked what they must do to be saved. Paul went to Mars' Hill and saw men bowing before an altar "to the unknown god," and forthwith he took up their theme and preached Jesus through it. Christ was always doing this sort of thing. The fallen tower of Siloam was not lost sight of by the Saviour. He pressed it into his service, and preached about it in such a way that men could not think of it again without thinking of what he had said about it. These things are the food of the careless: mix up the gospel with them. When startling events occur such hearers throw wide the door of their attention, and if we are wise we shall try to pass in with the crowd. Such preaching will, of course, be called sensational; be that our glory. Read the Bible, and find if you can the chapter which speaks highly of the preaching which produces no sensation.

Vary the time and character of your appeals so as to come upon them unexpectedly. Do not always preach to saints in the morning and to sinners at night. No doubt the Lord's people should begin the day with a feast, but if they are of the right sort it will be just as much joy to them to hear what is called a gospel sermon as to hear one preached from Isaiah xl. 1. And if they belong to the queer sort who do not like gospel sermons, and who stop away in the evening that they may not hear them, you are bound for the good of their souls to give them a turn now and then when they least expect it. If the hardened know just at what time in the day he may expect you, the chances are that he will add an extra bolt to his indifference about that time. A sermon arranged under two heads, to be preached, firstly, to the saint, and secondly, to the sinner, may, under certain circumstances, be the very best way of putting it; but he who should adhere to that always would soon find it labour in vain to preach the second part. Many among even the most careless will listen attentively enough till they think it is coming home to them, then gradually they will subside into that listlessness which turns off all appeals. Do as nature does in

April, send down a shower sometimes in the midst of the sunshine; take a short cut to the man with your hands full of the joys of the ransomed, and amid the trees which are "planted by the rivers of water;" let the cry be heard, "The ungodly are not so." Let the first word sometimes be a warning, or an entreaty. Few subjects will fail to offer opportunity for this, and in treating some of them thus you may take the sinner by surprise.

So far as it is practicable make personal appeals: seed sown by the wayside frequently brings forth a better harvest than that which is sown among the pews. A word spoken privately will perhaps succeed where a thousand sermons have failed. "Dr. Wisner asked a drink of water at a farm house one day; a young lady brought it to him: while holding it in his hand he spoke to her about the 'Living Water.' Many years after the two met again. 'I have cause to bless God,' said the lady, 'for those words which you spoke to me then, they led me to the Saviour.'" Harlan Page, coming early to a prayer-meeting, found a stranger sitting there, and politely spoke to him. The conversation went on until the man who had said, "Christians had always kept him at arm's length" was melted into penitence. "On the last day of the year '67," says Dr. Cuyler, "I met a man of fifty in the street and I said to him, 'Hadn't you and I better begin the new year with a new life;' that single remark resulted in his conversion." A careless hearer being told of a certain professor who spent his evenings at the public house, excused his own worldliness by saying, "I am no worse than he, you see." The minister heard of it; meeting him on the road soon after he said, "Do you think there is any truth in the saying, 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom'?" "No question about that, sir." "Well then, my friend, what becomes of that excuse of yours which you built on the inconsistencies of Mr. So-and-so?" The truth went home, and shattered the false refuge there and then. All cannot do this with the same ease and readiness, nor is it at all times practicable. Whenever it is, try it. You are naturally diffident perhaps, but, brother, God can make use of your very diffidence; men will see that it costs you something to do it, and, it may be, will value it all the more.

Exercise caution in such approaches. As a rule private conversation with such hearers should be strictly private. Few people like to be singled out before a whole roomful, and taken to task while others sit by and listen; especially do they dislike this in the presence of relatives. Of course, if you can never catch them alone you have no alternative but to get at them in the presence of others; do that rather than do nothing, but if possible get them by themselves. In all times of sorrow, and sickness, and bereavement, let them see that you have a delicacy of feeling which makes you susceptible to the claims of their position, and yet that you have a yearning for their safety which no delicacy can destroy—a yearning so deep that it makes you watch anxiously for the first opportunity that alone in the sight of God you may beseech them to be reconciled. The arrow speeds none the worse, nor is it less likely to take effect, through being held upon the string till the proper moment.

With this, *be in downright earnest.* Lukewarmness never aroused a careless sinner, and it never will. It is of no use to try moral homeopathy on such souls as theirs; like will not cure like in their case. You

will never get an army to rise in the "valley of dry bones" by digging a grave and lying down there with them; what is wanted there is a live prophet, not a dead one—a prophet who cannot do else than cry, "Come, O breath and breathe upon these slain." The apostles themselves would never have extended the Redeemer's kingdom if it had not been for their earnestness; when men looked at them they saw men who were all on fire, and they in turn became stirred up to enquire what this strange thing was that had so inspired them, and forasmuch as earnestness is contagious they felt the contagion. A heart on fire is sure to make itself felt; let it burn on, and it must produce a thaw in hearts somewhere. It is said that Archimedes consumed the enemies of Syracuse by a great sun-glass; as the ships came up the harbour he concentrated the rays of the sun upon them; the sails caught fire, the masts fell, and the vessels sunk. We must burn our way into those who are indifferent; by a holy ardour we must take them by storm. Press all your energy into this work; heap all your zeal upon this altar; for if zeal be lacking all else will go for nought; but let that burn brightly, and the effort cannot, shall not, fail. History shows that in every age earnestness has succeeded, and to the end it shall be the same.

To these things add prayer and faith; all plans, all efforts will go for nothing without earnest, persevering prayer. It is not ours to touch the sinner's heart, the Master alone can do that; but "Ask and ye shall receive." Write that over every effort; inscribe that against the name of every unawakened sinner. "Bring him to me," says the Saviour, "bring him hither to me." All you can do for some men is to pray for them. When Peter was in prison the disciples did not try to go and talk to him through the bars; no, they went to the Lord, asked him to open the door, and he opened it. Edward Payson could do little else than pray, but his prayers brought hundreds to the Saviour. Hobart, the American engine-driver, writes the names of his unconverted acquaintances on a slip of paper, brings it to the throne, and prays over it till he hears that they are saved, when he scratches their names out again; and he says, "It is marvellous how often the Lord helps him to put in those blessed blotches." Even Jesus did not attempt this work without prayer, how much less shall we. To your knees, brethren, to your knees, if you would lay hold of careless hearers!

Finally, *have faith.* Believe that you will do it; never give up. Remember you labour for that which will glorify the Saviour, and have every reason to rest assured that God will crown your efforts "for Jesus' sake."

China's Cry and China's Need.

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY.

"Non audivi tantum."

HOME ideas of places and people far from us are not unfrequently far from the truth. That this should be so is not at all strange, as our information is often but fragmentary, and from men of widely

different opinions; so that false notions and confused ideas on our part are the result. And not more so of other countries than China. True, books have been written—we might almost say without number—but very often by men who have never seen the country; and lectures given, but principally by men who have kept to the free ports on the coast. Yet, from the many authors who have viewed this vast subject, from as many different stand-points, it is difficult to deduce the truth. On the one hand, we are told with the greatest assurance "that China does not want the gospel." An equally trustworthy authority as coolly says that "China is holding out its arms for it, and that the people invite us to plant the standard of the Cross on every hill and in every valley throughout the land." One diplomatist, deceived by the plausible tone of the deceptive Government, tells us "we need to be patient with the Chinese, and use conciliatory measures, and that they will ultimately yield to our demands." Another diplomatist, representing the same court, asserts that the only thing to make the Chinaman give way is the "iron-clad with its infants." Again, a good brother missionary will write home to say, that to go away from the free ports into the interior is sheer madness. Another brother, more sanguine and experimental than the former, in glowing words tells us, after travelling in the interior of the country, how peaceably the people behave, and what an "open door" there is for the gospel. Merchants declare that missionaries are at the root of all the troubles in China in connection with the foreigners. Whereas, on the other hand, it is an easy thing for us to show that the foreign trade with China, in some respects, is becoming the very death of the native population—I refer to the sale of that most fearful drug found in Satan's pharmacopœia, *opium*.

I make no pretensions to "*pen-wielding*," but a desire to lay a few plain facts, the result of my experience during the few years I laboured in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, before the Lord's people, is my apology for writing.

The subject, China and the Chinese is a vast one. Out of the many different stand-points from which it may be viewed, the *ethical*, perhaps, belongs more to us than any other. We seek to be plain in dealing with the question in hand, and to this end shall be curt.

Every effect has its cause. That China cries out in anguish is a lamentable fact. What, then, are the causes of its cry.

DIRECT CAUSES. I. The vast system of injustice and tyranny practised by its rulers.

II. The filth and pollution of its towns and cities, and the neglected state of the country.

III. The doctrines and truths inculcated by the priests of Buddha and Tao.

INDIRECT CAUSES. I. Customs concerning women.

II. Idolatry and the rebellions.

III. Opium.

The above-mentioned by no means include all the causes of China's cry, but they will be sufficient to show the source of much of its sorrow.

We say, then, that "the vast system of injustice and tyranny" incessantly practised upon the people by the rulers is the first, and, we

believe, the chief cause. "System," because it extends throughout the land with scarcely an exception, having its root in the "great father of the people," "the son of heaven," the Emperor; and its tributary branches in the lesser rulers. It is a common saying amongst the people that "big fish eat little fish, little fish eat shrimps, and shrimps eat one another." This principle, carried out in all its woful detail, constitutes what we here call "system." If ever the cry of the oppressed entered into the ears of the God of the whole earth, certainly it has when arising from innocent sufferers incarcerated in a Chinese ya-men. A ya-men! And what is a ya-men? Why, a terror to all unofficially associated with it. An earthly department of hell. As well as being the residence of the mandarin (magistrate), it swarms with cunning, cowardly men, whose business it is to carry out the wicked designs of their tyrannical master, the mandarin, so as to enrich both themselves and him, at the expense and suffering of the people. Our Lord's "den of thieves" and Gavazzi's "nest of vipers" are fit descriptions of a Chinese ya-men. To the ear of an Englishman, who has been accustomed from his birth to breathe in an atmosphere of truth and justice, all this sounds strange. Doubtless there are men to be found in our island-home who desire to rule for the benefit of their country, and who ardently long for the welfare of the people; but not so in China. An altogether different motive possesses the Chinaman as he seeks an opulent position in the Government. The country may go to ruin, and the people to starvation, but what cares he so long as his own nest is well feathered; and in proportion to the extent in which his ambition is gratified do the people suffer. Thus much for the paternal love and affection which the (rulers) "fathers" of China exercise towards their own "children" (the people).

Is this the language of an impartial judge? I appeal to those who have been into the interior of China, and have had opportunities of knowing what things are enacted at the ya-mens, whether what has been said is not, if anything, under rather than overrated. No need that you should *go* to China, you need but read the *Pekin Gazette*, published in Pekin daily, containing court news, to know the general conduct of Chinese rulers; and the comparatively few cases which you see recorded there, are those of persons who have sufficient interest or means to gain the ear and sympathies of some great official, and bribe him to present a memorial to the throne, begging for justice; whilst the thousands of people who by reason of poverty are unable to go to this extent are compelled to suffer, and often to die in obscurity, the victims of extortion, injustice, and tyranny. Take a couple of cases which I happen to have at hand, from the *Pekin Gazette* of 23rd of November, 1872. Tsung-chêng reports the two following appeal cases:—

Case 1st.—"Appellant's statement: My name is Chu-Ching-hêng. I live at Nan-yang, prefecture Ho-nan, and get my living by keeping a wine shop. My father having been asked by an old friend, Chiao-chên-ho, to draw up a bill of sale of some land, was taking a glass of wine with him in the shop when a quarrel commenced between him and a man called Tan-te-Kwei, about some gambling debts. My father tried to make peace between them, and succeeded in doing so for the

time being; but the next day Tan-te-Kwei met Chiao-chên-ho and killed him. His friends, however, charged us with the murder, and by bribing the coroner (district magistrate) got him to report that Chiao-chên-ho had been poisoned, in consequence of which my father was put in prison. While there he was subject to all sorts of ill-treatment in order to get money out of him. He was also so cruelly beaten in order to extort a confession of guilt from him, that he died in consequence. I and my brother then appealed to the prefect (magistrate of a department), criminal judge and lieutenant-governor, and orders were sent to the district magistrate to investigate the case; but the Chiao family, by the free use of money, managed to get my brothers flogged and imprisoned. Thus, driven to desperation, I have come to the capital to lay my complaint at the foot of the throne."

Case 2nd.—"A Shantung man (Province in the north), named How-yung-pao, complains that his cousin How-lan, was murdered by Wang-li-hwan, under the following circumstances:—His cousin married a Miss Wu, but the match was by no means a happy one. On the morning of the 7th June last he was found dead, and at first it was supposed that he had committed suicide by hanging. His body, however, exhibited no mark that would justify such a supposition. It was also observed that his wife's sleeves were smeared with blood, and on further examination a pair of white mourning shoes was found concealed on his person. These facts showed clearly enough that there had been foul play, and she then confessed that Wang-li-hwan and his accomplices had climbed in over a wall and throttled the unfortunate How-lan. The case was at once reported to the district magistrate, and an inquest was held on the body, when it was decided that death had been caused by throttling. But by a free use of bribery Wang-li-hwan's uncle managed to get the evidence altered, and thus concealed the real facts of the case from the district magistrate. Then, fearing an appeal would be made to one of the high officials, he bribed the ya-men underlings to put complainant's father, two brothers, and one of his near relatives in prison. There they were severely beaten with a view to force them to say that the case was one of suicide, and not of murder, and eventually all four died in consequence of the ill-usage to which they were subjected. Complainant's aunt appealed to the criminal judge, and a deputy was appointed to try the case in conjunction with the local magistrate, but when she appeared in court she too was seized and given into the custody of the female warder. Unable to stand this kind of treatment any longer, complainant has come to Pekin to appeal to the throne.

Money was the only thing; to obtain which, justice was sold, the innocent were put to death, and the guilty rich upheld. And this is a fair specimen of the kind of rule which Chinese mandarins administer. Take another case, which came under my own notice. A small farmer living in King-hsien (a small city which I have visited with the Scriptures) refused to accede to the unjust demands of the petty magistrate and pay the land taxes twice. The question was brought to the provincial city of Ang-hüoi (in which province King-hsien is situated), Ang-King. Here the petty official falls in with an old acquaintance, who has high rank and great power. Upon understanding the nature of the case in

hand, he induced the governor of the province to put the farmer into prison. Into prison he was thrown. A Chinese prison strongly reminds us of the dungeon into which the prophet Jeremiah was cast. In prison, the farmer was suspended from the roof in chains, the balls of his toes resting on the ground. In this position, he was beaten and starved, and promised release, by paying the unjust tax, a large sum of money besides, and publicly acknowledging his wrong in thus appealing. During this time our native helper in the Lord's work there, hearing of the case, found upon enquiry that it was a neighbour of his father's home. Desirous of showing kindness to his friend in trouble, he brought him some food, whereupon *he* was cast into prison. Other friends turned up and were dealt with in a similar manner.

There was a case of a man in Nankin, whilst I was there, who for a small offence was cast into prison and was fearfully treated. He was afterwards sent to his ruined home, in a dying state, by the mandarin, lest dying in the ya-men the burial expenses would fall upon him.

When the terrible flood visited the north of China in 1871, large quantities of rice, money, and other materials were collected for the people, thousands of whom were houseless, and from the intense cold of a northern winter were dying in great numbers. An amount of this suffering was in a great measure due to the negligence of the mandarins, who were known to have appropriated to their own use much of what was sent for these poor, wretched, starving people. The chief mandarin engaged in the management of this concern, very quietly requested that relief should be sent in money and not in kind—for a very obvious reason. Many more cases of rascality on the part of these rulers might be given, but two others shall suffice. For these we again quote the *Pekin Gazette* of Dec. 13, 1871:—"A Shantung man named Tsai-chi-fang, complains that his father was waylaid, robbed, and murdered on the evening of the 12th November, 1869. His father had been to town selling a quantity of calico, and was returning home with the money when the murderers met him. Notice of the murder was sent to the district magistrate and the murderers were apprehended. They confessed their guilt, but the magistrate, in order to screen himself from the blame of allowing such a serious crime to take place in his district, kept the culprits in prison, but never reported the case to the higher authorities. Complainant has appealed to the prefect (departmental magistrate) and criminal judge, but neither would investigate his case." Case No. 2. "A Hunan undergraduate named Li-shang-lin and others send a person to the Censorate (at Pekin Court) with a petition stating that the district magistrate of Yung-hsing has arbitrarily raised the value of the Tael (ordinarily worth 6s. 8d. or 7s.) in order to secure a squeeze for himself. In other respects also he has acted tyrannically. He has imprisoned numbers of innocent persons. Complainants have appealed to the Viceroy and others. A deputy was sent to investigate the matter, but his investigation was a mere farce, complainant obtained no redress."

"The people," once said a mandarin, "are a sponge, which we must all squeeze." High Mandarins squeeze those who squeeze the people.

At home, "rogues with rogues are honest men"—but in far Cathay it is the reverse. Take a specimen case, carrying out the maxim we gave at the onset, "big fish eat the little fish." It is well known that the salary allowed by the government for the district magistrates is but some £20 a-year; whereas the office is worth £1,000—more or less as the case may be. The treasurer of the province is deputed to distribute these salaries, which by-the-bye are seldom applied for. The small mandarin knows perfectly well, that to ask for his salary from a higher mandarin would be a "losing transaction." Why? Because these treasurers have two kinds of weights in their ya-mens—heavy and light. The light weights are used to weigh the silver which is sent *out*, whilst the heavy weights are used for silver which is sent *in*. Suppose, then, the small mandarin should be so unfortunate as to ask for his fifty or sixty ounces of silver as his annual income, it would not be long before the treasurer would pick out some flaw in the former's government, and threaten that unless the fifty or sixty ounces of silver were paid back, he would be reported to the throne, and become degraded in rank. Quivering under the rod thus shaken over him, and at the unhappy prospect of soon becoming "unhoused from his berth," he willingly pays back the ounces of silver, which are weighed with the *heavy* weights. Thus for sixty ounces received, he may pay back ninety. Returning from the smart, with keener appetite for money than ever, with increased vigilance he watches for the chance to pounce upon the helpless poor over whom he rules, to reimburse the whole.

From such illegal practices and tyrannical government, is it at all surprising that we find the people poor, depressed, indifferent, and fearing and hating one another? The noble principle, love, which characterises our social relationships at home, and constitutes the basis of our holy religion, is supplanted, jointly, by fear and hate in China.

Enough then upon our first point to shew that the introduction and practice of justice in the officers of the government would not only ameliorate the condition of the people, but would tend to exert a blessed influence in their social life and moral prosperity.

II. Then, for our second cause for 'China's Cry,' namely, "The filth and pollution of its cities and towns: the recurrence of its inundations," &c.

Travelling through some of the cities and towns of Central and Northern China, I was astonished at their filthy condition. There seems to be an utter disregard of all sanitary law. Filth is allowed to accumulate in the streets and houses, from year's end to year's end, seldom an attempt being made for its thorough removal. Perchance an unusually clean and tidy wife may amass sufficient energy to sweep up the house, and remove the year's accumulation of filth into the street, opposite the door, just before the New Year shall have commenced. If China looks clean and gay at all in the whole year, it is then—the time for the great annual ceremony of ancestral worship.

There are cities in the North where only one side of the main streets can be used at once—the other forming the receptacle for filth of all kinds, which in the hot summer sun, bakes hard, when it is walked upon, and becomes the walkable part of the road, whilst the other side is used by the neighbours along the respective streets, to re-

ceive all conceivable filth for the next twelve months. Passing up and down the country, through the various cities, towns, and villages, the verdict, "Dirty China, DIRTY CHINA," spontaneously arises from within you. I remember in March '71, travelling from Hai-Cheo to T'sing-K'eo, a small seaport town near Shantung province, twenty miles north of the old mouth of the Yellow River: crossing the wide sandy plain which stretches between the two places, I fell in with the mandarin who governs both places, on his way to the former, Hai-Cheo. He was attended by a most magnificent retinue (for China). There were a hundred foot soldiers, and some twenty officers, underlings, on horseback, in front of whom rode the mandarin; the whole party being heralded by a number of mounted runners, who commanded the people to stand in awe while their master passed. Hai-Cheo certainly was in itself the very picture of wretchedness, but T'sing-K'eo, which was some twenty-three miles beyond, was far worse. Wretched mud huts, streets which would have been far more respectable had they been left unpaved, dilapidated buildings—in fact, the whole place bearing a most wofully neglected aspect. Beyond that, coming right up into the middle of the town, was a canal, and here it terminated. Full of water—stagnant, of course, and judging from its colour and the stench which arose from it, it must have been in that condition for years and years. The stench arising from this alone was enough to lay the whole neighbourhood down in enteric fever. Yet this condition of things was allowed to continue from year to year. The one whose business it was to remedy the evil, was not only too much occupied with his selfish designs, but by illegal taxation and unjust demands, had deprived the people of the power to help themselves. And in case a generous neighbour should undertake at his own cost to remedy the evil, the mandarin, finding one of his subjects possessing sufficient money for such a project, would certainly improve the occasion and "squeeze" money out of him, to fall into his own pocket.

But some will say, Are there no sanitary arrangements in China? No water-pipes, rain-spouts, sewers, drains, and sluices? To all intents and purposes such things do not exist. Sewers there are, but better far would it be if there were none. I remember a street sewer being opened in Nankin. I had passed along the street very often, and at times noticed a heap of rubbish and a stinking pool in one part, but little dreamt that immediately underneath was a yet more vile sewer, until one day I found it opened up. It would indeed be easy, but I must decline entering into details upon this subject, lest the refined sense and taste of some of my fair readers should be shocked.

At times mandarins petition the Government to undertake such work as the banking up of canals and rivers, to prevent recurrence of inundations, the opening up of highways, etc., under the false plea of being deeply interested in the welfare of the people, who suffer terribly, from the former especially. Occasionally they succeed in obtaining grants of large sums of money, large portions of which are pocketed for personal use by the mandarins. The work being imperfectly done, there is a recurrence of these calamities, and the people are again called upon to suffer. Amounts are occasionally given by the Government to remedy sanitary defects in the various cities, but yet seldom a

year passes without two or three persons being drowned in the streets of Pekin itself owing entirely to the neglect of the authorities.

How much cleanliness, adherence to sanitary laws, the carrying out of sanitary improvements and sanitary measures, contribute to our social happiness and moral well-being I leave you, dear readers, to judge. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The first trait which marks the character of the newly-converted poor, both in our own and other lands, is an improved cleanly condition. Filth exercises a depressing and debasing influence wherever found. Filth and vice, misery and sin, too often go hand-in-hand. So I contend that one secret of China's depression and immorality lies in the filthy condition of its cities and towns. This, again, is greatly owing to the avarice and wanton neglect of its many rulers.

III. Some, doubtless, will say that "Idolatry" should have a prominent place amongst the causes of "China's Cry;" but our experience of the Chinese and their idols leads us to think otherwise. Idols of wood and stone have not the reverence and respect of the Chinese as some would imagine. When pointing out to a Chinese crowd the absurdities of their idols, and the still greater absurdity of worshipping them, they will appreciate what you say, and often laugh at their own folly.

I remember following a respectable man into a temple at Shang-hai and speaking to him of the One true God, the Maker of all things, and the powerless nature of the idol. He apparently appreciated all that was said, and chatted and laughed most heartily, whilst bowing before the idol and going through the ordinary form of idol worship. Then, again, idols in a fragmentary condition, and others in a most dilapidated state, are constantly to be met with both on road sides and in temples, as though no man cared for them. These and other things lead us to think that the doctrines inculcated by the idolatrous priests, rather than the idols, constitute what we here call the third great cause of China's suffering, politically, socially, and physically. The Chinese are taught by their priests to believe that the future world is governed by a similar system of "mandarinate" as the present. Possessing experimental knowledge of the character of the "rulers of this world," it is not at all difficult for the people to conceive of the character of those in "the world to come," especially so when they are told that if anything, the latter are more severe in their government. These yellow-robed, bald-headed sons of Buddha—the priests—who infest the thousand temples and monasteries of the land, take up a position between the two worlds, or rather are said to do so; consequently, are the only medium of communication between the two. They are, moreover, supposed to know the condition of the departed spirits in the world to come, or spirit world, and to make it known to surviving friends in this world, whose duty it is to keep the departed spirits constantly supplied with all that they may need in the exigencies of their state, such as paper money, paper chairs, paper horses, paper sedans, paper clothes, and numbers of other paper articles resembling those in daily use, all of which are supposed to be converted into a useful condition in the spirit world when burnt. It is surpassing strange, but it is continually the case, that the spirits of the departed of *rich* families are ever and anon falling into terrible calami-

ties, and are the subjects of innumerable pressing wants. This seems to be the case in proportion to the prosperity of the friends they have left behind them. [We have not to go to Sinim to see this trick practised; the principles of papal purgatory, the great coffer-filler, are analogous to all this.] The priests only too readily comply with the wishes of the troubled spirits, and acquaint their living friends of their state, and show them that it is only by their immediate liberality to the temples, offering of sacrifices, etc., that the spirits of their departed friends can possibly recover their lost position of bliss. Consequently, the ignorant, easy-make-believe people often, at great personal inconvenience, part with large sums of money, make long pilgrimages, and undergo great hardships, lest they should excite the suspicion that their veneration for ancestors was in the least waning into *indifference*. Poor families often have the last dollar wrung out of them to meet the demands the priests make for feasts and ceremonies for the dead. I remember the case of a woman who lived just above our mission-station in Nankin;—if I remember rightly it was in a fit of passion that she hanged herself. The spirit having passed away under such unfavourable auspices, the poor daughter, the only remaining child, was compelled to invite some ten or twelve priests of Buddha to the house, and maintain a ceremony night and day for over a fortnight, in order to induce the rulers of the next world to receive the spirit of her mother, and place her in happy circumstances. Far into the night did I hear those senseless "bald-heads" chanting prayers, clapping cymbals, and firing crackers, as I lay quietly in bed. After living at the house on and off for the fortnight, and "squeezing" all the money they possibly could out of the poor young woman, they left her.

Christian people, at home, contribute largely towards the promotion of the work of God; but it is nothing as compared with the amount which is systematically spent by, and extorted from almost EVERY family in China for the worship of the dead and the maintenance of temples and temple worship.

Much is made of "filial piety" in China. In the majority of cases I deny that such a thing exists, nor is it possible that it should. It is filial worship, and not filial piety, that is so universal in China. With the latter we inseparably associate love; but true disinterested love is a gem seldom, if ever, found in the breast of one out of the many hundreds of millions of this unconverted people. Love is unknown to the Chinaman. A Chinese lady who had been married to a foreigner confessed ignorance of any such thing as love.

The Chinese are fond of saying that we ought to "*hsieao king fu mu*," which literally means "that we ought willingly to serve, obey, and be attentive to father and mother." The same word "king" is used in speaking of the worshipping of idols, which the people are taught to dread. The parents look to their children for all help and support when they are able to render it. All regard it to be right to be attentive to parents, and minister to their wants: so under this plausible pretext the people are continually led to make enormous sacrifices on behalf of their deceased ancestors.

It is this vast system of error and priestcraft, which is constantly forced upon the people, which has to a very great extent

impoverished and sunk them into that low, immoral, and debased condition in which we find them to-day; whilst on the other hand it supports a horde of low, idiotic-looking, opium-smoking priests. It is, indeed, a sad spectacle to see a magnificently built and decorated temple, furnished with gilded furniture, full of costly idols, covering a large area; the nest for priests, the great dupe-shop of all beyond; whilst crowding around outside the temple are the miserable mud-huts, and otherwise dilapidated houses, the homes of the duped, whose walls resound with oaths and curses from men and women, steeped in direst poverty and grossest immorality.

Oh that He to whom has been given the heathen for an inheritance, and whose right it is to reign, would cause the light of the knowledge of the glory of God to shine into the hearts of China's millions, and so emancipate them from the galling chains of tyranny, superstition, and error, which bind them down to wretchedness and woe, misery and despair!

The Aggressive Work of the Medical Mission.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

"MEDICINE has become the handmaid of religion—a bond between distant countries—a peace-maker between nations." So spake a professor of King's College, London, at a time when the attention of the Christian public was first awakened to perceive the duty of the church in the matter of sending medical missionaries to the heathen. These words were spoken nearly forty years ago, and time has continued to testify to their truth. It was observed that all idolatrous tribes paid a reverence to medical knowledge such as they who were evangelists, and nothing more, could not command; and accordingly, when the enquiry went abroad at Edinburgh, Who will go? several students studying medicine at the university responded in the affirmative. Young men who are still thus imbued with the missionary spirit, joined to a love of medical science, continue to be instructed under the auspices of the Medical Missionary Society, and in one of the most degraded nooks of Christendom, undergo an effective training for active service in heathen climes during future years.

It is remarked by those who follow with their solicitude the medical students to foreign stations, that they carry with them an affection, not only for the city of Edinburgh, where they have gained their knowledge, but for the Mission premises in the Cowgate, where they have seen so much of vice and of consequent suffering. Apart from its connection with an important philanthropic work, there is certainly no reason why the Cowgate should be loved, seeing it is a centre of squalid wretchedness and brazen-faced sin unsurpassed in the empire—a place which the English visitor regards with surprise and almost with terror. But the earnest and the kind-hearted are sure to contract a love for places associated with their work and its conquests.

In former years, before the Students' Home in George Square was provided, the superintendent of the Edinburgh Medical Mission and his

assistants all resided in the Cowgate, "dear old 39," being then surrounded, as it is surrounded still, with the most iniquitous dens of that famous locality. The Cowgate, it is true, has many piquant stories belonging to its history, and as long as Edinburgh remains a city, the ancient thoroughfare will attract curious antiquaries. The first medical evangelists who were stationed there, however, had different stoires to tell from such as delight *litterateurs* and the apologists of Queen Mary. Accustomed as they were to scenes of misery and riot, their experience was oftentimes strangely novel, the drunkenness, fighting, and blaspheming of each Saturday night being no less appalling than heart-sickening. Time after time did they necessarily rise from their beds to separate whiskey-maddened wretches, who were seemingly bent on exterminating those whom chance might throw in their way. Not unfrequently, the combatants in a nocturnal brawl were carried bleeding into the dispensary to have their wounds properly dressed. Still more appalling even than such scenes was the cholera visitation of 1866, when with awful suddenness, though expected, the plague broke out in the Cowgate. A thin brick wall alone separated the mission station from dens wherein victims of all ages lay dying about the floors. In one cell-like room, in which the surgeons had to use candles at mid-day while examining their patients, one after another was stricken down until the prostrate family covered nearly the entire area. Here were shivering children with famishing eyes looking vacantly into a fireless grate; there was a mother nursing a naked infant, and winking and chattering imbecile nonsense as the doctor entered to attend her husband, who writhed in pain as he lay on a few rags in a corner. "Talk of the gross darkness and depravity of heathenism!" says one who is familiar with Scotland and Madagascar, "I can honestly say that I have never met in heathen countries with ignorance more complete, and with 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 civilization, than I would with your young Cowgate Arabs. To see between forty and fifty of the very worst of these, in all their rags and wretchedness, come to breakfast with you on Sundays, and then listen to the word of life, and join in praise and prayer, is one of the greatest triumphs of your mission, eclipsing anything I shall be able to tell you of missions in Madagascar."

The social explorer in London who would make his way into the least known recesses of the capital, commonly finds that he cannot do better than ingratiate himself into the confidence of an experienced detective: the visitor to Edinburgh who may be animated by a similar curiosity can achieve his purpose by winning the goodwill of the Medical Mission staff. These young men, subjected to a laborious discipline by way of training for still harder service in after life, have the dispensary to manage, one of their number being also expected to give an address every day. In addition to all this there is the ordinary work of medical visitation, and the university classes to be attended. This discipline prepares a valuable corps of men for service in foreign mission fields. Because all denominations co-operate, the English Nonconformist academies are also represented in the students at 56, George Square.

This year the Pastors' College has sent one of its number to reinforce the little band.

The missionary college already claims a noble history, connected, as it is, with the names of many earnest evangelists, some of whom, like Dr. Henderson, of China, have been moved by apostolic zeal. Patient and persevering were the efforts made in the past to impart a knowledge of Christianity to the outcast children thickly herded together around the mission station. Probably no rougher experience has ever been encountered by would-be reclaimers of moral wastes than was encountered in this notorious neighbourhood. So uncouth and sin-hardened were the offspring of the people living hereabout, that gathering them together in the chapel for purposes of religious instruction seemed to be shooting far aside from the mark. Any attempt at instruction in Bible truth, or even the kindest exhortation, seemed to be made in vain. The boys could be gathered together, but could not be controlled, their wild revelry and boisterous mirth more than sufficing to drown anything the teachers might desire to advance; and, in one instance, a highly enraged Irishwoman entered the room to violently drag away her son, who had strayed into the Protestant camp. When other things failed, music became an effective means of quieting these rough natures, and thus a popular proverb was practically illustrated by the evangelists of the Cowgate. Incorrigible little ruffians, untamed, and seemingly untameable, listened with quiet interest to skilful renderings of some of our choicest hymns. Eventually tea and bread and butter were supplied gratuitously, and, better still, perhaps, gratuitous breakfasts were instituted. It may grieve pious hearts to be under the necessity of bribing the animal part of humanity into subjection preparatory to imparting spiritual good; but when no more welcome door is open, better enter by this low entrance than stand aside proudly inactive. The warm winter-morning meal annihilated at one stroke all opposition. Being an argument which could neither be trifled with nor derided, it was entirely appreciated. The anxiety to be present at the early feasting was intense, surpassing the comprehension of those whose wants are supplied as regularly as morning dawns. Boys would even come barefooted through the snow, and they would watch the emptying plates with visible anxiety, as if fearful lest the supply should fail ere their insatiable appetites should be satisfied.

Though of the lowest grade, the Arabs of the Cowgate are, perhaps, more interesting than the corresponding class in England. They have traits of character peculiar to their northern home. Though they are exceedingly inquisitive, and intensely appreciate "a lark," the spirit of unmistakable heroism will sometimes be found gracing their ranks. A little fellow with a broken arm has been seen standing at the head of a flight of stairs effectively protecting a lady visitor from the insults of a band of his more unprincipled compeers. The hearts of such may be touched and won by wisdom and kindness in teachers, who are themselves moved by the spirit of Christ. The common experience of evangelists tells us that beings who are seemingly natural savages, with attributes scarce on a par with those of amiable brutes, have hearts, souls, and emotions readily accessible to the grace of God. The gem of

humanity is there, and that gem Christ alone can reclaim from irreparable ruin.

A cheering instance of the power of the gospel in reclaiming souls from the seemingly hopeless moral defilement of evil associations came to light one Sabbath morning at the Cowgate Dispensary. It happened to be the first Sunday of November, and the beginning of the winter campaign of active service. Only a short time previously there had been an excursion into the country—a treat still fresh in the memories of both teachers and taught. After having been instructed in their separate rooms, the ragged classes were gathered in the chapel to listen to an address from one of the Medical Mission staff, and to receive copies of an ornamental card containing a brief, pointed prayer—"Lord, show me myself; Lord, show me thyself. Give me thy Holy Spirit." The services being ended, the children passed out along the narrow passage into the street. The surgeon-superintendent was also leaving, when he observed one little fellow yet lingering in the rear. To look at, the boy was a perfect scarecrow, the bundle of rags constituting his costume being retained on his body by certain well-known contrivances, noticeable among which was an ingenious and plentiful use of string. One of the most ragged of the ragged classes, he was a phenomenon even in the Cowgate. At the moment it was supposed that this could be no other than a begging subject, and a feeling of impatience came over the doctor in prospect of being importuned for alms at the first meeting of the school after the annual outing. When the youngster approached, the teacher, involuntarily as it were, put his hand into his pocket as if to protect his coin, the thought meanwhile occurring, what'll he want? Unconscious of the uneasy emotions he was occasioning, the lad came still closer; and, as if fearful of being too bold or too confident, whispered, publican-like in the superintendent's ear, "*I just wanted to tell you, Doctor, I can't help thinking but that Jesus Christ has been kind to my soul.*" The kind physician—Dr. Burns Thomson—instantly feeling rebuked, bowed his head in silent thanksgiving as his eyes filled with tears. But had he made a mistake? He looked at the boy again. The little outcast still presented the appearance of a caricature of humanity. "What is it, my man?" was asked, and the speaker bent low, placing his best ear close to the Arab's lips. Still the confession was the same, as the convert repeated it with quiet satisfaction—"I just wanted to tell you that Christ has been kind to my soul." Never was a warrior more encouraged by tokens of victory than was the good medical missionary encouraged by that artless confession of a Cowgate Arab.

Next in magnitude to subjecting the uncouth natures of children who in native wildness have been tutored in vice from infancy, is the difficulty of making any good impression on the crowds of Irish Romanists abounding in the wynds and closes. While deeply sunk in vice, these people retain a superstitious reverence for their bigoted priests, and while failing to understand its principles, abhor Protestantism. In their case the medical visitor will be listened to and respected when the city missionary would be shunned. The priests and their satellites, the sisters of mercy, may move hither and thither about the Cowgate homes, but the impostures they deal out as religion possess no

ameliorating virtues. On the contrary, where Romanism abounds among the poor in a populous district, there may the visitor expect to find the usual concomitants of popery—drunkenness and ignorance. The greater the depravity abounding, the more firmly does the soul-destroying superstition appear to strike root!

The fortress of Romanism, however, is not impregnable; and when triumph does come, it comes in a manner calculated to convince those in whom any doubts may linger of the omnipotent power of God's truth. One day, among the congregation in the patients' waiting-room, expecting her turn to be summoned by the table-bell into the adjoining consulting-chamber, sat a woman who, bravely bearing up against encroaching weakness and disease, lived by toiling in the fields around Edinburgh. The little strength she still enjoyed was now failing, and soon she would be entirely laid aside, together with an invalid son, who needed attention. One evening, when visited by a nurse from the dispensary, this woman—such was her poverty—was found just about disposing of a few rags, with the proceeds of which—three halfpence—she would purchase a little meal and milk. In necessitous cases like this, temporary assistance is rendered so far as the charitable funds of the mission will allow, though administering such relief does not properly belong to the work of the institution. The truth of the gospel reached this woman's heart while listening to an address in the waiting-room of the dispensary, and her eyes became opened in a surprising manner. The rags of self-righteousness, in which she had been clothed both by herself and the priests, gave place to the assurance of faith; and the message sent to the medical superintendent told of triumph and joy—"Tell the Doctor that I have a hold of the hem of Christ's garment." Circumstances also showed how completely she had surrendered her all to Christ. Her own room was sufficiently bare and comfortless; but one day, another even more destitute than this grateful convert entered that poor home. Hungry, with her feet uncovered and bleeding, and otherwise in a condition of semi-nudeness, the visitor was indeed an object to excite pity and even astonishment. But what could be done by one who was herself feeling the pangs of want? The reclaimed Romanist did not hesitate in regard to her duty. Compassion was stronger than prudence. Seeing a fellow-creature in a shocking condition, she gave away her own shoes and stockings, believing that the sacrifice would be more than repaid—a faith which did not go unrewarded. Her trust in God never failed, for even when no dinner could be spread on the board she would comfort her invalid son by speaking of the relief which would be sure to come by evening time. Such examples of faith and of patient enduring of earthly affliction are not passed by unheeded by God, and they carry a lesson for all who read "the short and simple annals of the poor."

While these conquests are being won near our own doors, a work equally important is progressing in foreign climes. The heathen abroad reverence medical skill even more than the heathen at home.

Though the Chinese were found excelling other nations in many arts when the medical missionaries settled among them, their knowledge of medicine was very defective, their most successful practitioners being empirics of a low standard. This ignorance chiefly arose from the

extreme repugnance of native Chinese to dissect dead bodies, and out of respect for this prejudice artificial models were imported—models which would, nevertheless, very imperfectly supply the needful knowledge. When certain cures were effected the populace regarded them as miracles, or akin to miracles, even though in many cases the complaints might be common-place ailments. The gratitude of persons so cured is strong and lasting. The ascendancy of the East India Company in the East is said to have originated in a cure effected by an Englishman for the daughter of the Great Mogul.

While many of the heathen regard the missionaries as men endowed with supernatural powers, it is not wonderful if in their ignorance they sometimes call at a dispensary to demand that a real miracle be worked for their benefit. A Brahmin of Madras so came with an incurable affliction, and offered to take medicine for four days if thereby the disease could be conquered. Then an old man verging on seventy years of age, and trembling under a stroke of paralysis, has desired to be relieved of his disability to labour. Though in these instances the surgeons are powerless to prop up decaying bodies, opportunities occur of pressing the Gospel upon the acceptance of heathen patients. A case occurred of a heathen girl who but for the physical good she sought from medical treatment would not have ventured near the missionaries' quarters:

"One of my earliest patients was a young girl," says one: "she is a Moodelly, and sixteen years of age. She was brought by her mother, and was complaining of a slight attack of fever Her house is in the neighbourhood, and the family to which she belongs is considered as very respectable indeed. The first day that she came she evinced a degree of fear and timidity which you can scarcely imagine. She approached me with evident unwillingness. I thought she would have shrunk up within her loose attire, as she cautiously but curiously eyed me from beneath the cloth which covered her head. With the assistance of the mother, however, I managed to get some idea of her state, and prescribed accordingly. She returned next day, but a marked change had come over her; although she still viewed me with some doubt and hesitation, yet it was evident that her fears were gradually melting away; that same evening she returned, with her eye highly inflamed, occasioned by some party who had, either in fun or maliciously, thrown something into it. This again I was requested to treat; but now her fears were entirely banished; and on the following morning, when she returned with her eye much better, she tripped up to the table, where I was enrolling the patients, with as much confidence and happy good-will, as if I had been a member of her own household."

The above illustration of every-day work belongs to Madras. The following extract from a more recent letter will further show among what kind of people the medical missionary has to toil:

"About two miles from the Mission House, in a long, narrow street in the centre of Black Town, is placed one of my dispensaries, which is opened every morning at seven o'clock, and, in half an hour after, when all the patients have assembled, a portion of Scripture is read, an address is given, some tracts distributed, and prayer offered up to the Great Physician, for a blessing on the work of the day. After this, the patients are examined and prescribed for, receive their medicine, and then go home, or to their work, as the case may be, returning again the following morning. I have to pass two heathen temples every morning, on my way home from Black Town, and I witness, from time to time, grey-headed old men with their children, and children's children, standing or bowing, and sometimes prostrate, before the dead idols, beseeching

them for blessings. It was but the other day I saw the image of a goddess, decorated in great style, and placed on a large wooden frame, carried along the streets by several men, who stopped opposite the doors of the houses, making a great noise with bells and rude instruments of music. While they rested opposite the doors of the houses, the senior man in the house came out, bearing in his hands a vessel, in which was placed a little burning camphor, and stood before the idol. Other members of the family then brought presents of fruit, flowers, and other things, and laid them down before the goddess. All this is done in order to please her, and the burning camphor is to cleanse away their guilt. Such sights as these could not fail to touch your hearts, and lead you to pray for their speedy rescue from such conceptions of Him, who 'so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Another letter from the agent at Nazareth contains this account of an interesting case :—

"A patient, who has been a long time bed-rid by pulmonary phthisis, sent me a hasty message, one morning, to come and see him. I found him in a state of extreme prostration, in consequence of having expectorated a large quantity of blood. I feared, at first, that he would entreat me to give him some medicine, that would either cure him at once, or relieve him from his sufferings in this world, as many poor creatures often request, but I was agreeably surprised. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I know if it were in your power, you would have made me leave my bed at once, and had it been the will of our Heavenly Father, He would have given you this power, but I am thankful for the consolation which our good Heavenly Father gives me, I feel an assurance in my heart that He will take me to Himself, because my whole trust is in the finished work and merits of Jesus Christ. How different is my feeling now, and how intense my happiness, compared with what I felt before.' The poor man is still lingering, but I believe he is still in the same frame of mind."

May the Medical Mission attract increased support and sympathy; may the agents be more abundantly imbued with the spirit of Christ, whose commission to His disciples is to heal the sick, and to declare to them the Kingdom of God.

A few Utterances on Infidelity.

FROM "FAITH AND FREE THOUGHT."

THE second series of the Christian Evidence Society's Lectures, "Faith and Free Thought," recently published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will be a helpful book to many a hard-working Evangelist, who commands neither the means nor the leisure to go more deeply into the controversy with unbelievers than they will be enabled to do by the perusal of such a work. Our readers will relish the following specimens of the various writers' style :—

NATURAL SELECTION.

It would be far more unreasoning to believe that that unrivalled mechanism, the human frame, was self-developed, than to believe that if a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" of brass and steel, swept up from a workman's floor, were put into a bag and thoroughly well shaken, they would spontaneously evolve a first-rate chronometer. If this experiment were made, and, as is highly probable, attended by failure, the advocates of undesigned evolution would probably exclaim, "Aye, but you have not shaken the bag long enough; if you will only shake on for countless æons, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that your

efforts will be crowned with the happiest results. The course of development you may reasonably anticipate would probably be something of this kind; the atoms of brass and steel would respectively aggregate themselves into rounded masses, and these, when old enough to cut their teeth, would become wheels and pinions. As time rolls on, you must expect some examples of imperfect development; one, for example, without a main-spring, another without a balance, and a third without face and hands; but never mind, pitch them back again into the bag, where they will no doubt 'perish in the struggle for existence,' and be shaken to pieces again, that their *disjecta membra* may re-form themselves more successfully. Moreover, if you want your chronometer to go on a diamond, and to be jewelled in eight or ten holes, you must put into the bag a little soot and a little pipe-clay—soot and pipe-clay, what good can they do?—'All the good in the world;' we only want the material atoms, you know, and chance and plenty of time will enable their inherent powers to accomplish all the rest. The diamond, as you are aware, is only carbon, and, in due course of time, the carbon-atoms will rush into each other's embrace and constitute little diamonds, which will grow bigger by accretion. I know that these carbon-atoms are very coy; no one has ever yet induced them to take the final step, but time, my friend—time will work wonders. Again, the rubies are nothing more than alumina, with a small quantity of iron, and a trace of lime, which they can easily pick up; and pipe-clay is the handiest source of pure alumina that I can suggest to you."—Is not the unintentional evolution of organised beings infinitely more absurd, *a fortiori*, than this?

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

I have said nothing about those points of contact between the Scriptures and natural science in which accordance is beyond question. Yet it must not be forgotten that such harmonies exist, and are ever increasing in their significance; for instance, the oneness of God, as taught by modern views of force and by the prophets of Israel. It also deserves notice that some of the scientific ideas which at first appeared as the opponents are now the allies of the Christian religion; thus the enormous extension of time, which we now recognise for the divine process of creation, reconciles our minds to the apparent slowness, both of the divine manifestation in the kingdom of grace, and of the triumphs of the Gospel. . . . The storehouse of natural science has often been ransacked for weapons against the Old Book; the defenders of the faith have sometimes shrieked with alarm, and the assailants have sung their pæan in anticipation of victory; earthworks, which formed no part of the original fortress, have been easily carried, but the citadel itself has remained unshaken, and the very vigour of these repeated attacks has proved how impregnable are its venerable walls.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

And then there is the *great darkness and desolateness of death*; that wrap up life in mystery; "through fear of which we are all our lifetime subject to bondage;" "the shadow feared of man." What philosophy of death can be compared with that of Jesus Christ who brought "life and immortality to light?" What comfort and hope in death are comparable to His? We think of Stoic and Epicurean; of the ghastly bravery of the old Alexandrine invitation to "supper and suicide;" and then we turn to Jesus comforting the sisters of Bethany; to Paul comforting the Thessalonians and Corinthians; himself having a "desire to depart," "ready to be offered up, the time of his departure at hand, and anticipating his crown of righteousness." We think of Stephen, looking with angel face up into heaven, and praying for the men who were murdering him. And we think of the myriads of Christian death-beds since—peaceful, joyous, triumphant. There is scarcely a minister of religion who could not tell of many such. For myself, if the personal allusion may be pardoned, I have, during the thirty years of my ministerial life, stood by

hundreds of death-beds. In the majority of instances faith has triumphed over all fear of death, over all love of life, even the tenderest affections have been overpowered by its hopes and visions. I have heard songs of triumph from lips faltering through pain, and seen rapture beam from eyes that the films of death were darkening—often "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Never yet have I met an instance in which Christian faith was not sufficient to inspire perfect peace and comfort. Now it may be that all these feelings are delusions; that there is no forgiveness of sins, no new life of the spirit, no divine comforter for our sorrow, no inspirer of hope in death; none the less do our human instincts, our religious consciousness crave them. And if it be so, if Christ be not a real Saviour, if the dogmas of the New Testament be untrue, then we get this astounding anomaly, that the falsehoods of Christianity meet men's conscious necessities and cravings, and minister to them more perfectly than all admitted truth. If Christianity be not true we are, "of all men, most miserable." God has "made all men in vain." If it be true we possess the greatest comforts, and are inspired with the loftiest hopes that have blessed humanity.

MAN: A WITNESS FOR CHRISTIANITY.

Here, then, is in brief the argument. My reason and my understanding—intuition and experience—demand a First Cause of all things. My entire nature lives out for forgiveness, for holiness, for happiness. The world "sighs to be renewed." Christianity meets every one of these instincts in a way peculiarly its own, and yet intelligible and complete. It is so true in the descriptions it gives of things which are within the domain of my consciousness that I am ready to believe it when it speaks of things which are beyond it. I am sure of the "earthly things" it describes, and am disposed to believe in the heavenly. Acting upon the measure of faith I have, I get more light and deeper conviction: till, in the end, I am prepared to maintain, from inward feeling even more than from external evidence, that there is nothing truer than the Gospel, as there is nothing so holy in its tendency when once it is believed, or so blessed in its results!

The Faults and Foibles of Sunday School Superintendents.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

DOUBTLESS we should all be wiser and better men if we saw ourselves as others see us. We condemn in them the very faults they detect in us, and of which we are altogether ignorant. Introspection and self-scrutiny are important elements in the formation of character. The Pharisaic spirit, so common, might find expression in the words of the original prototype, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

To affect an indifference to the verdict of our fellow men argues a self-righteous spirit. Every true man desires to command the esteem, and to live in the affections, of others. He will welcome the kindly censure which lays bare his faults, and the wise counsel which reveals "a more excellent way."

Having seen a great many Superintendents at their work, and believing they will be glad to have their faults indicated in a kindly spirit, I have ventured to write a few pages upon the subject. It is not my intention to wound their feelings, and that suspicion may not fasten upon any individual in particular, I have avoided the mention of names and localities. To every reader who sustains the honourable office of Superintendent of a Sunday School I would

suggest the exercise of that charity which "beareth all things," and a determination to "wear the cap if it fits well."

1. The first of the series I shall designate Mr. Fastman. He seems to have received his inspiration from telegraphs and express trains. He is always in a hurry, meet him where you will, and comes as near perpetual motion as anything you are likely to see for the present. He never feels the sweet sense of repose, and despises slippers and an easy chair. As a youth he made a mill to move by clockwork, and spent his leisure (?) hours with this and various other mechanical contrivances. At meals he has the daily paper or a book on the table, and feeds the mind as well as the body at the same time. He walks at a trotting pace to the peril of nervous pedestrians in crowded thoroughfares, who stand agape when he has passed, and think he is on the way to the next engine station to raise the alarm of fire. In business his haste often results in the most awkward mistakes, and causes discomfort to all with whom he comes in contact. He lacks that calmness which is essential to self-possession and sound judgment. Meditation and reflection are terms to which he is a total stranger, and the habits they define have no place in his arrangements.

As Sunday brought no rest to his unquiet spirit, he entered the school as a teacher, and soon got promoted to the office of Superintendent as a man of marvellous activity. He prides himself on his reputation, and justifies it by the speed with which he prosecutes the duties of his office. Entering the school, out of breath, he rushes up to the platform, bangs the desk with his Bible two or three times in rapid succession for order (?), gives out the opening hymn, and, before any one has had sufficient time to find it, leads off the tune in true vigoroso style. The result is a very irregular fugue, as the teachers and scholars take up the various lines. Before the school has resolved itself into order he is some distance ahead with the prayer, and before the eyes of the more devout are opened he is at the end of the room to welcome a new teacher and conduct him to his class. "Glad to see you, my dear sir, amongst us. That will be your class. Boys, this is your new teacher." And before the bewildered novice is duly seated, Mr. Fastman has almost been the round of the school, which he succeeds in keeping in a state of ferment during the whole time of teaching. The teachers wish he could be chained up for awhile or made to sit still, but he, good soul, thinks his activity most exemplary, and regrets his teachers are so very slow. Could he but see himself as others see him, his crowning virtue would lose its charm, and he would come to the conclusion that all this haste hinders true progress, and that a bustling Superintendent destroys that peace and quiet which are essential to order, devotion, and successful teaching.

2. In a neighbouring school is Mr. Fogey, a man about fifty years of age, short and thick-set and very round-shouldered. The advancing tide of improvement has rolled on leaving him altogether unaffected. He wears a swallow-tail coat, with almost enough stuff in the collar to make a vest to match. Being a stanch conservative in everything, he deprecates change, and believes it is impossible to improve the methods of our ancestors. His habits are regular, and his movements so uniform that he has worn a deep rut from which he never deviates. Precedent is everything with him. His creed has been aptly defined as "As-it-was-in-the-beginning-is-now-and-ever-shall-be-ism." Faithful to his trust, he preserves everything as he found it twenty years ago, and denounces the new-fangled notions of his juniors. So dull and lifeless is he in the school, that the scholars are forced into a very natural protest by their playfulness and vivacity. The teachers find him a great obstructive, for he is opposed to the introduction of new class books, the re-arrangement of the classes, and the modification of the dull routine of the school. In his own mind he regards himself as a martyr, and holds the belief that, after he has gone, the school will become the hotbed of infidelity, or be shut up with "Ichabod" written on the walls. Alas! poor man, could he but see the reflection of his own image as projected upon the minds of those around him,

he would be convinced that his modes of thought and action are too antiquated to be of service, that old fogeyism hinders prosperity, and that it is time enough to be conservative when there are no improvements possible.

3. The next on our list is Mr. Fidgets, a man of slender proportions, with razor-like features and a restless eye. He took the fidgets when he was a child, and they have never left him. Few people give him credit for his goodness, because he fails to give it expression. All about him feel uncomfortable for his presence. He is satisfied with nothing, and is always introducing alterations, which he calls improvements. During the teaching hours he annoys the steady-going teachers by his fidgetty ways—altering the blinds, re-adjusting classes, directing attention to the most trivial affairs, which might be left till the school was closed, and in a thousand ways meddling with the teachers to their discomfort and disgust. Our fidgetty friend boasts that he has never been absent from school excepting on two or three occasions, when he was unwell, and then he made his family unhappy by his irrepressible fidgets. We scarcely like to pronounce his disease incurable, for "while there is life there is hope," and "it is a long lane which has no turning." We would advise him to "study to be quiet," and to "let well alone." Should this advice be refused, then we think he should be called upon to resign, for his fidgets and fussiness have proved him incompetent for the discharge of the duties of his office. Our judgment may be deemed severe, but we contend it is just. Why should voluntary teachers suffer unnecessary discomfort in their work, and be thwarted in their earnest endeavours by a superintendent who lacks that calm and quiet dignity so essential in a ruler?

4. Mr. Fretful must not be omitted from the catalogue. He was born early in the month of April, 1823, and was brought up by a teetotal nurse, a member of a "Hyper" church. He had water on the brain when he was very young, and was treated hydropathically for the disease. He was thus surrounded by the aqueous element from infancy, and always had a large reserve of tears for every occasion. From the age of fourteen he entered the employ of his maternal uncle, who brought him up as a hair-dresser, and ultimately left him his business. When he joined the church he undertook to teach the seventh girls' class. His addresses were based upon pathetic narratives; and, being delivered in a most melancholy tone of voice, converted the school into a juvenile Bochim. On the death of the old Superintendent he was elected successor. From the day he took office a gloom settled upon the faces of both teachers and scholars, which was rarely relieved by a smile. He moves about the school with the slow, solemn, measured step of an undertaker at a funeral on a dull November day. An awful sense of the solemnity of his office is depicted on his countenance, and he is always brooding over the darkest phases of human life and character. He has had the school walls hung with such texts as these—"The wicked shall be turned into hell," "Flee from the wrath to come," "Prepare to meet thy God," etc. The hymns most frequently sung are funereal in their character, the changes being rung on the following—

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains:"

and—

"Oft as the bell with solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself—am I
Prepared should I be called to die?"

These are generally sung to minor tunes, written in semibreves. The annual treat has been dispensed with, and entertainments are no longer tolerated. The school is about the dullest place in creation, and the children as miserable as they can well be. If the Superintendent sees a boy playing at marbles, or leap-frog, he has a suspicion in his mind that *he* is not a Christian, and takes an opportunity the following Sunday of giving a homily on the

sin of trifling, and concludes with the story of the children who left off playing to mock a prophet of God and were torn in pieces by two she-bears. Under such treatment the children associate religion with tears, and their idea of heaven is, that it is an awfully dull place where they must sit still and be eternally singing uninteresting hymns. All this is pernicious in the extreme, and only a miracle of grace can prevent a reaction towards infidelity and ungodliness. But our good friend does not see the mischief he is working, he even ventures to hope the good seed may bear fruit "after many days." It is a lamentable mistake to put a hypochondriac into such an office, and no delusion can be more fatal than that which expects children to become disciples of Christ through the influence of those who have no sympathy with childhood.

5. The last I shall introduce to your notice is Mr. Forgetful. He is in love with his work, and on good terms with his teachers, but he has a fatal facility for forgetting things. One facetious friend suspects him of having swallowed a piece of sponge, which, having got into his head in some mysterious way, erases from the tablet of memory every impression that is made. He is quick in promise, but tardy in fulfilment. Many of his scholars have been promised books, but they have been disappointed so often that they do not expect them. Lectures and entertainments have been promised but never given.

The teachers have been led to expect books and seats and other necessaries, but, alas! how rarely has their expectation been honoured! The order of school is frequently forgotten, and sometimes the prayer is omitted from sheer forgetfulness. Notices are left on the desk until the school is dismissed, and the teachers are annoyed that an important meeting has passed by which they would have gone to had they known it in time. The anniversary is forgotten till the time has gone by for making due preparation. Remonstrances have been lavished in vain: systems of mnemonics have been suggested, but there is no improvement. This weakness or disease, or call it what you will, makes the teachers' work difficult and annoying. Were they not gifted with a large measure of charity, they would throw up the work in disgust, or seek a more congenial sphere. They cherish the hope of a successor, whose advent they strive to precipitate by hinting to the present Superintendent that "he is out of his place," &c. Habitual forgetfulness in an officer is fatal to his success, and should be held a sufficient disqualification. If a man cannot remember his duties, how can he possibly discharge them?

I have covered the space at my command without exhausting my list. I have purposely described extreme cases, that you may see the evil of those faults and foibles which I have specified. To a greater or less degree some one or other may possibly be detected in every superintendent.

In conclusion, let me urge you Sunday-school Superintendents to maintain a quiet dignity, and never allow yourselves to be betrayed into that haste which hinders progress. On the other hand, do not imitate the slow ponderous movements of the elephant, or deprecate change. Wisely conserve the good in things old, and transmit all that is valuable to your successors. Adapt your methods to the altered circumstances of the present, and make any alteration for the better. Don't be fidgetty, but learn to "let well alone." "Know your work and do it," and leave others to do the same. Avoid a melancholy spirit, and believe that God's servants should be the happiest people under heaven. Does he not command us to "rejoice evermore"? Wisely arrange your plans, that all the detail of your office may receive attention. John Ploughman gives sage advice when he says, "Never promise a child a bun or a beating without keeping your word."

Reviews.

The Paradise of Martyrs: a Faith Rhyme. By THOMAS COOPER, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

THOMAS COOPER is a true man, true to the backbone, and intensely in earnest in all that he does. His lectures are so forcible, and he himself is so much the embodiment of strength, that few would expect to find in him so rich a vein of poetry, and so much of the tender and beautiful as this poem reveals. We have read the work with considerable pleasure, though we must confess also with some labour, for it is a very large dose of rhyme for a man to take at one time. Flashes of genius light up the page, and bursts of glorious eloquence are not uncommon; living lines and exquisite epithets are frequent, and the whole work is far above the region of common place: yet to our mind it lacks the incident, life, and energy which alone can make so long a production popular. Whenever Mr. Cooper comes across a superstition or an oppression he wields the hammer of Thor and smashes all before him. For this work he is the man of men, and our soul rejoices to see the Samsonian blows and kicks with which he smites the adversary hip and thigh with great slaughter. We can hardly wish him "more power to his arm," but may he enjoy a green old age, and continue still to be a champion in the Lord's hosts, as he was once in the armies of the foe. We subjoin a few stanzas, in which he deals with the abominations of Anglicanism:—

"Thou seest them, pitying Father, in their doubt
And darkness! And thy just and sovereign gaze
Is fixt upon the ministers who beclout
Themselves anew with rags of Rome, and raise,
Once more, for idol, with old pomps, and blaze
Of gold, and bannered splendours, and the sheen
Of lamps and candles, and the fragrant praise
Of incensed-chaunt, their starry-vestured Queen—
The lowly mother of the lowly Nazarene.

The toiling thousands grope for saving truth,
And yearn to find; but ye seek not to save
Your untaught brethren with the words of ruth
And tenderness. It is or altars brave
And gay bedizenments ye hotly crave:
Dalmatica, and chasuble, and cope,
Biretta, rubied cross, and ivoried stave
Episcopal:—to have these toys ye hope—
But for Christ's truth still let the toiling thousands grope!

Out on your childish greed for gew-gaws: toys
On which your martyred sires could scarcely look
Without a frown! Are there no nobler joys
Within your grasp? Have ye for these forsook
The simple truths your fathers loved? They shook
The Romish slavery off; and freedom then
Truly became your birthright: if ye brook
Meekly the Papal yoke to wear again,
Will your sons look ye in the face and call ye —men?"

Life of Wm. Anderson, LL.D. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Hodder & Stoughton.

WITH Dr. Anderson for its subject and George Gilfillan for its author, a book cannot be dull, and accordingly this biography rises far above those ordinary "memoirs" in which the remains of good men are buried beneath a heap of rubbish. One is glad to read the story of A MAN, a true man, a genius, a philanthropist, a Christian, a divine; but for all that the almost total lack of the spiritual element in this biography deprives it of that which might have been its charm and soul. A reader may become perhaps the more manly by reading this book, but certainly not the more devout, or heavenly-minded. There is nothing set forth which would fire the heart with love to Jesus, or zeal for the winning of souls. We did not know Dr. William Anderson, but we gather enough from his writings to make us think him unfortunate in falling into the hands of a biographer who has preserved his skeleton and evaporated his soul; giving us the man in his relations to man, and so little, so very little, about his communion with God, or his reflection of the Saviour's image. The good man has ascended in his chariot of fire, and we have presented to us not his mantle and his spirit, but a plaster cast of his countenance.

Ruth and Patience. Rose; or the Ministering Child. Little Jane, and other Tales. The Blind Man's Child. All four by MARIA LOUISA CHARLESWORTH. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

THESE four beautiful little books are reprinted from the well-known volume entitled, "Ministering Children." Their separate issue is a happy thought, and it is not necessary to do more than announce it to secure for them a wide circulation.

Gone Before: a Manual of Consolation for the Bereaved. By HENRY SOUTHGATE. Lockwood & Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Southgate's most valuable compilations, entitled "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," and "Noble Thoughts in Noble Language," will concede to him the palm as a collector of precious extracts. The work before us is, as he calls it, "a well of sympathy for the sorrowing, filled from many sources." We do not know a more suitable present for a mourning family. The style of the binding is worthy of the excellent matter; indeed the book is in all respects a gem.

The Biblical Museum. By COMPER GRAY. Vol. IV. Elliot Stock.

WE cannot too highly recommend the Biblical Museum. It is, for popular use, one of the best commentaries ever issued. It is both cheap and good. The five volumes which complete the New Testament will be of great value to general readers, and especially to lay-preachers; they are neatly bound, and by the use of contractions the matter is condensed, so that a great deal is compressed into every page.

Pounceford Hall: A Story of School Life. By BENJ. CLARKE. Sunday School Union.

MANY good people think it their duty to give boys books which are far too prosy and goody to be read; our author has not added one to the number from which such excellent people can select, but has written a tale which is sure to engross a boy's attention, and at the same time to teach him useful lessons.

Anecdotes Illustrative of Religious and Moral Truth. By MATTHEW DENTON. Fourth Series. Partridge and Co.

IT is not easy to make a collection of anecdotes which shall be at all novel: our author has been moderately successful. These stories are most of them recognised by us as old acquaintances in books, but there are a few which we have not met with before in a separate form. They will amuse and interest most readers, and some of them will be useful for illustrations, but not all. Friends who have any one of the cyclopædias of anecdotes will have no need of this volume; but those who are not so favoured will do well to procure it. We have not met with the following: "The wife of a Quaker availed herself of her husband's absence to embellish the house; when he came back he was much struck with the alterations, and remonstrated,—'Thou'st got those rooms papered—and I observe thou'st got roses in the paper—red roses?' 'Well,' said she, 'thou wouldst not have *drab roses*.' Some grave people would divest creation of its gay beauty."

A Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels. By KARL WIESELER. Bell and Daldy, London.

WE have studied this work, and while disagreeing with some of the points it seeks to maintain, we are struck with its able and exhaustive character. It will prove a storehouse of information to all investigators as to the chronological order of the acts and sermons of our Lord.

The Laws of the Kingdom. By J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

WE have read this book with much pleasure. It is the product of a refined and cultivated mind. We presume that it is a connecting-link between a work we have already enjoyed, and another we hope to see in due time, the trio being an exposition of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. We commend this volume most gladly. It is seldom that precepts have been made to yield so much profitable spiritual thought, clothed in such chaste and nervous language.

The Bible Educator. Edited by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

The first part of this most promising work is now before us, and we cannot say too much in its praise as to its scholarship, though we do not yet feel quite sure of the theology. Think of sixty-four large pages of instructive matter, crowded with illustrations, to be bought for sevenpence. Our young people of the working classes will have no excuse if they remain ignorant in Biblical matters. Members of Bible-classes, Sabbath-school teachers, village-preachers, and all poor students, ought to take in the numbers and to be very grateful for such a boon. We wish the spirited publishers the utmost success.

The Modern Jove; a Review of the Collected Speeches of Pio Nono. By Wm. Arthur. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The Rev. Don Pasquale de Franciscis has edited a collection of two hundred and one speeches of Pio Nono, all delivered since he has chosen to sulk within the walls of the Vatican. The Rev. Don in his dedicatory epistle informs us that "A great and fair treasure, or to speak more correctly, a divine one, is at last placed in your hands. We have here what the portentous father of the peoples said to the thousands of his children, rather what he drew from the depths of his soul inspired by God." He trembles with emotion while acting as editor, and delivers the volume to its readers with the pathetic words, "Then, let us reckon that a supernal and invisible hand presents, gives, and dedicates to the church that which to her so rightly belongs. Therefore let the Divine Volume of the angelical Pio Nono be received as from the hand of an angel." Mr. Arthur does not appear to be at all overawed by all this, but makes great havoc among the celestial crockery. If anything could keep our silly Anglican priests from rushing into Popery such a book as this might do it, but we fear they are past hope. Mr. Arthur has our hearty thanks for his capital, earnest, but also amusing book.

The Higher Ministries of Heaven. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

God cuts his corn when ripe, and some plants "whiten to the harvest" at an earlier stage than others. This little book gives the life story of a student who was "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," when his years were still fresh with the dew of his youth. A father's chastened hand has well drawn for us the pleasant story of a son whose sun went down while it was yet day. Students may read with profit the record, and gather stimulus to labour before the night cometh wherein no man can work.

The Words of the New Testament. By Rev. W. Milligan, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

The present effort to secure a new translation of the Bible, giving the emendations which a riper scholarship may suggest, has created a necessity for some popular works which may aid the general public to decide as to the wisdom and necessity for such alterations. This book aims to supply this want, and with a very fair amount of success. There is of course nothing fresh for the advanced student, but it is a good book for any reader who wishes to know on what principles translators decide as to the value of different readings in the text of the Bible.

An Introduction to the Old Testament. By Frederick Bleek. Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden.

A book for scholars and advanced Hebrew students. It is in two volumes, and contains a mine of information on the Old Testament Scriptures. We have suffered much from German theology in times past, and do so still, but in the deep and patient research of German scholars we have some compensation. The antidote has often grown close to the poison. Nothing will so help the truth as that which leads to a clear understanding of what is the mind of the Spirit. Bleek's introduction is an acquisition to any library, and we hope our readers may make room for it in theirs.

Notes.

THE Editor having been absent from home through ill-health has not noted events for memoranda. He only begs to repeat the appeal of the first article in this month's issue, and hopes that the College Buildings will be finished out of hand at once. This will be a very gladsome commemoration of the twentieth year of his ministry in London.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, May 29th, eighteen; by Mr. G. Goldstan, June 19th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bydawell	0	3	9
A Widow's Mite	0	1	0
In Memoriam, per Mr. Wallace	2	10	0
Mr. F. E. Smith	10	0	0
Mrs. Holroyd	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
Mr. Surr	5	5	0
Mr. L. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. Selvwright	0	10	0
Miss C. Tarrant	0	2	10
Mr. S. Watson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wright	2	13	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. A. Dunn	25	0	0
G. A. E.	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Contents of Weekly Offering Boxes at Toxteth Park Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Lockhart	0	10	0
Mr. Daniel Bourne	3	3	0
A Presbyterian Lady	0	10	0
Mr. W. Townsend	0	5	0
Mr. John Hawkins	0	10	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Miss M.	0	10	6
J. H.	0	15	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., May 25	42	15	4
June 1	29	5	5
,, ,, 8	32	2	3
,, ,, ,, 15	29	11	1
	£185	14	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	0	2	0
Miss Cole	2	0	0
W. B.	5	0	0
Mrs. Cunningham	5	0	0
A Mite (Old Muldrum)	0	2	6
Mrs. Howard	5	0	0
Mrs. Carpenter	0	2	0
Mr. Rutherford	0	2	6
Mrs. Ashby	1	0	0
A Clapham 'Bus Driver	0	10	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Holsworth	1	0	0
Father George	0	10	0
Mr. Longhurst	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Denner	0	10	0
The Lonely One	0	5	0
Mr. R. S. Latimer	0	10	0
Mr. F. Gourlay, M.D.	5	0	0
From a Free Churchman	0	10	0
Mrs. Lake	1	0	0
Miss Elder	0	10	0
Miss Abbott, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpennies taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	5	7
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. T. E. Smith	10	0	0
J. N.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Ireland	5	0	0
Mr. G. Paine, per Mr. B. W. Carr	1	1	0
Mrs. Beecliff's Bible Class	0	10	0
Miss Firmin	0	1	6
Miss Ann Morris	0	2	0
Mrs. Spedding	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Smith	1	0	0
J. H.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Annie Maria Brown:—			
Rev. E. Lauderdale 0 10 0			
Mrs. Brown 0 5 0			
Miss A. M. Brown 0 5 0			
Mrs. Dyer 0 10 0			
Mrs. Jackson 0 10 0			
Mrs. Marshall 0 4 0			
Mrs. Oates 0 4 0			
Mrs. Osmond 0 2 0			
Mrs. George Smith 0 5 0			
Mr. Gidley 0 7 0			
Mr. Emerson 0 4 0			
	3	6	0
An Old Friend	2	10	0
B.	1	0	0
Mr. King	5	0	0
Miss Edmondson	0	2	6
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Friends, per Miss Bowley	1	5	6

	£	s.	d.
R. A.	5	0	0
A Local Preacher, Derby	1	1	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	5	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Rev. W. H. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. Daniel Bourne	3	3	0
Collected per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. J. Leach	1	0	0
Mr. Gregory	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Davies	0	5	0
Mrs. Paulton	0	3	0
Mrs. Searle	0	2	6
Mr. James Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman (quarterly)	0	1	1
	2	1	7
	£30	5	2

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Pearce	1	1	0
Mary Ann Taylor	0	2	0
Mrs. Glennan	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Milton, Berks	1	0	0
Miss Rodwell	0	5	0
Misses M. and E. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	100	0	0
Mr. T. Hamshaw, per Mr. Greenwood	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Mellnish	0	10	0
G. and E. R.	1	0	0
Mr. La Touch	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	10	0	0
W. A. M.	0	1	0
D. W.	0	1	0
Mrs. Sims	0	1	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	5	0
A Friend, Maidenhead	0	10	0
M. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Whitehead	3	0	0
Mrs. M.	3	3	0
Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
A Surbiton Friend	5	0	0
Miss Abbott, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Poole	1	0	0
F. E. R.	0	10	0
G. A. E.	3	0	0
W. F.	0	5	0
Collected at Writtle, per Mr. Marsden	3	14	6
Mrs. Tyrer	5	0	0
A Brick for the College	0	1	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	0	0
Mrs. Stocks	2	0	0
Miss K. Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. Kemp	50	0	0
T. and L.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Laidaw	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Rintoul	0	5	0
Two Readers	0	2	0
A Local Preacher, Derby	1	1	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	1	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Spurgeon	10	0	0
S. V., a few Friends in Edinburgh	0	13	0
Mrs. Hetherton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jackson	5	0	0
Mr. J.	0	2	0
	£253	16	6

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—			
Mr. McGregor	1	1	0
Mr. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. E. O. Page	0	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. Walmsley	1	1	0
Ross District, per Rev. W. H. Tetley (quarterly)	7	10	0
Donations:—			
G. H.	5	0	0
Mr. Frederick A. Jones	5	0	0
South Wales District, per J. V. Toone, Esq.	4	2	10
Mr. B. Winslow	0	5	0
Mr. D. J. Watkins	0	1	3
Mr. Rowlands	0	5	0
Mr. Abner	0	1	0
A Friend	0	2	6
B. W. J.	0	5	0
	£27	11	7

Received by H. Rylands Brown, 16, The Avenue, Blackheath, towards Conference £1,000.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. A. Macdougall	1	0	0
Per Rev. J. Clark, Eye	2	4	0
Per Rev. J. Raymond, St. Neot's (Friends and Collection)	7	14	0
Per Rev. Charles Welton, Friends at Driffield	5	15	0
Per Rev. G. H. Trapp, Mundesley:—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Case	2	0	0
Mr. T. Case	1	0	0
Miss Davey	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Bugden	0	5	0
Miss Blyth	0	2	6
Mrs. Powell	0	2	6
Other Friends	0	11	0
	5	1	0
Per Mr. J. R. Hadler, Sheerness	2	0	0
	£23	11	0

For Missions:—An Old Friend, £2.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1873.

Foolish Dick: an Example for the Men of one Talent.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN our Lord's parable it is the man of one talent who is represented as hiding his Lord's money in the earth. This does not teach us that persons of larger ability are always free from this sin, but we may safely infer from it that those of lowest degree in gift are peculiarly in danger of it. The temptation to think themselves too unimportant to be responsible has great influence over some minds; they cannot shine as stars, and therefore they excuse themselves from shining at all; they cannot hope to achieve a giant's marvels, and therefore they will not contribute an ounce of power. Under the convenient mask of modesty, idleness often conceals itself. They would not be too forward, they say, and therefore they avoid all service. If they were to try their hands at any Christian work, they fear they should blunder in it, and so they think it wise to save their own reputations, and spare themselves by doing nothing; thus providing for two evil propensities at one time, pandering both to pride and sloth. This kind of talk is wicked, very wicked, and is an aggravation of the sins which it tries to cover. The man of slender gift is as much bound to serve his Master as his neighbour with ten talents; his responsibility may not be so great, but it is just as real; the burial of the one talent in the earth ruined the slothful servant quite as effectually and as deservedly as if he had buried five. None of us will be called to account

for abilities which we did not possess, but we shall surely have to answer for all we have.

In the important business of publishing abroad the gospel, the ignorant, the poor, and the obscure often think themselves excused. They cannot see that anything is in their power or can be required of them; and yet, if they judged aright, and were full of zeal for God's glory, they would soon find something to do, and would by-and-by achieve great things for the Lord's cause. Nobody knows what he can do till he has tried. Dormant faculties are in most men, and only an earnest attempt to do good will ever awaken their whole nature. As in the village churchyard there lie in the neglected graves—

> "Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,"

so in the vaults of timorous lukewarmness and despairing inactivity there may be found mouldering in their shrouds singular capacities and rare originalities, which only need quickening, and they will stir the world.

Men quite simple in matters of common life have, nevertheless, been made by God wise to win souls; they have been ranked among fools, and yet have been taught of God to bless their fellow men. Doing all that came in their way to do, they have been honoured of the great Master, and though last in ability while here, they will at the last day be first in reward, because they were faithful in their stewardship. Such persons, it must be confessed, labour under great disadvantages at this period; for the church is now far too fine and grand to encourage their labours if they become at all public. Taste is now in the ascendant, grammar is essential, and gentlemanly deportment as needful as grace itself: in fact, there are many professors who will tolerate false theology and unspiritual preaching, but will be altogether savage if the preacher offend against Lindley Murray. If the original fishermen of the Galilean lake should come among us again, they would be hard put to it to find a pulpit which would lower itself by allowing such uncultivated persons to preach in it; they were never at college, and were quite countrified in their dialect: the poor men might be sent out as evangelists among the poor, and they might be useful as city missionaries, but they would never do for the splendid new chapel with its sky-piercing spire, its delightful stained glass, and magnificent organ. In many quarters vulgarity is the sin of sins, and gentility the queen of virtues. Whether souls are lost or saved matters little to some people, so long as the service is attractively conducted, and is suitable for persons of cultivated taste. Hence the idea of employing the rough and uneducated in preaching the gospel may scarcely be mentioned, unless it be with the assurance that they shall not come nearer to our gentility than the East of London, or the slums of our great cities. Great talent is worshipped, and little ability is so despised as to be thrust aside with contempt. In all such cases the sin of burying the one talent is not confined to the individual, but is shared in by those who surround him, and drive him into a corner. The cold contempt which chills a man's soul is as guilty a thing as the weakness

which allows itself to be so chilled; perhaps it is far more evil in the sight of God.

Thoughts like these, and many of like tenor, have passed through our mind while reading a queer little book by Mr. Christophers, entitled "Foolish Dick: an autobiography of Richard Hampton, the Cornish Pilgrim Preacher."* Foolish Dick was certainly well named from the ordinary point of view, for in many matters he was scarcely half-witted. "One of his masters conceived that he might be capable of orderly thought in manual labour, so far, at least, as to distribute manure over the surface of the field. He was put to work in the morning, and fairly instructed how to wheel out the manure from the heap in the corner of the field, and drop the several barrowfuls in smaller heaps at certain distances, so that when the whole was thus laid out, the manure might be scattered from the smaller heaps over the entire space. Dick was left to his work. But in the evening, the manure was found still in a large heap in the corner, as it had been in the morning.

"'Why, Dick,' said the master, 'you have done nothing all the day.' 'Iss I have, master,' was the prompt reply, with a look of mingled humour and self-content; 'iss I have; I ded aall you towld me, and feneshed by denner time; but I thoft it wud'n do to taake a whoal day's waages for a haaf-day's work, so, arter denner, I wheeled ut aal back agen!'

"He had been put to weeding-work in the garden, too, and particularly shown how to distinguish the young leeks, or onions, or radishes, from the weeds. The result was the dismay of the employer, when Dick, with a kind of triumphant light in his squinting eye, pointed to the entirely tenantless beds, emptied alike of weeds and crops, and said, 'Theere now, I've done un butaful, and weeded un clain!'"

The portrait of Dick, which is placed as a frontispiece to Mr. Christophers' book, leads the observer to put him down among those poor naturals, or half-daft persons, of whom a specimen may generally be found in every village; his dress and form being grotesque to the last degree. Dick's account of his education is quaint enough. "My paarents sent me to a raiding school, keept by a poor owld man caaled Stephen Martin. My schoolin' cost three a'pence a-week. I was keept theere for seven months, and so my edication was wurth no less than three shillin' and sex-pence—theere's for ee! When my edication was feneshed, as they do say, I was took hum, seven months' larnin bein' aal that my poor parents cud affoord for me. But I shall have to bless God to aal eternaty for that edication. At that deear ould man's school I larnt to raid a book they caaled a Psalter; an', havin' larnt so fur, when I got hum I gove myself to raidin, and keept on keepin' on tell I cud raid a chaapter in the Testament or Bible. Aw, my deear! what a blessin' thes heere larning a' ben to the poor idyat!"

Despite his natural deficiencies and want of education, Richard Hampton showed great shrewdness and originality, especially in any matter which concerned religion. His Bible and hymn book were all his library, but these he studied so well, and worked them so thoroughly into his nature, that they were a part of his being, and for him to

* Published by Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

answer a scoffer with an appropriate and scriptural text was as natural as for a bird to sing. "He was one day waiting in the office of an influential firm, having been sent on a business errand by his friend and employer.

"'Richard,' said one of the gentlemen, 'they say you know a good deal about the Bible; go home and look, and you will find in the fourth chapter of Habakkuk a passage that will do for a text for you: the words are: '"Rise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!"'

"'No, maaster, I don't believe that they words are in the Bible,' he replied, 'and theere es no moare than three chapters in Habakkuk, nuther; but I d'knaw that in the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation you will find thaise words: 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book!'"

His mode of quieting a person who wished to pry into his master's business was also as clever as it was effectual. We have it in his own words: "When I cum into the count-house the aagent was setting to brekfast, an' he begun to ax me 'bout a mine that I knawed was poor at that time, and gove but malancholly prospic. I knawed what he wanted to find out, so says I to he, 'Do'ee knaw what the apostle says?' 'No,' says he; 'what es ut?' 'Why,' says I, 'whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions for conscience sake.' That was 'nough for he: he went on faaster than ever swallowing hes brekfast, and ded'n stop to ax me any moore questins 'pon that head."

Being early converted among the Methodists, Dick was always most devout and enthusiastic, regular at the class meeting, and zealous for all the ordinances of his church. His remarkable gifts in prayer were not allowed to rust, but few thought that he had any degree of adaptation for the pulpit. His call to the ministry is one of the oddest things we ever remember to have read, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Cornish orator pelted into fame, and finding a tongue amid the jests of his persecutors. His own words are more telling than ours can possibly be.

"Now, the way I was fust drawve out es like thes heere. My cap'n sent me weth a letter to Redruth ponst-offis; the letter had a bill in un with a hunderd poun's. Cap'n towld me to be sure I gove un in aall saafe, an' then to car' a noate to Maaster Joseph Andrew. I ded so, but while I was stannin' at hes door tell I had hes aanswer, a young wumman, as she was washin' the wenders (windows), glazed at me, an' says she, 'That theere young man can look *ninety-nine* ways at waance. Says I to she, 'What man having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the *ninety and nine* in the wilderness and go after that which is lost, until he find it? and when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over *ninety and nine* just persons that need no repentance.'

"Some boays stannin' near, got in 'round me, an' at laast a mob gethered, and they foached (pushed) me down the strait. In the por

(bustle) I lost my hat, tell gittin clouse to a mait-stannin' (shambles), to saave myself from being stanked (trampled) under fut, I got up and set down 'pon the stannin'; and then, aw, I feelt my sawl all a-fire weth love for everybody theere, and sprengin' to my feet, I begun to ex'ort, and then to pray. Soon as I spoke, they wore aall quiet; norra waun had a word to say, and they looked seeryus, an' at laast teears begun to run: aw, what a plaace et was—'twas 'the house of God' sure 'nough. My sawl was so happy! everybody wad cum forth simmin to shaw how kind they cud be. They got my hat for me agen, and some of 'em wud gev me money ef I wud taake ut, but no, 'twasn' silver or gowld that I looked for. I was happy, and full of love, and in thut staate I went back hum."

From that day forward Mr. Hampton was continually engaged in lifting up the Saviour among sinners, and many were the souls led to the cross by his entreaties and exhortations. He was frequently advertised as "the Cornish fool," and this secured him congregations, but there was a weight and power about his utterances which soon proved to the audience that he was no fool in the things of God. At first his exhortations were confined to small meetings and out-door gatherings, but by degrees the large Methodist chapels were open to him in many circuits of Cornwall and Devon, and even these were not always able to hold the crowds which gathered to hear him. He spoke the people's own tongue, and spake of the Gospel in terms level with their own understandings, and he won many hearts. Zealous ministers in the various districts were glad to use him in stirring up their people, and if here and there the more dignified repelled him, Dick was always a match for them. Being on one occasion sharply told that he ought not to venture before chapel congregations, Dick's response was ready, and proved to be more complete than his reprover desired. I hope no 'ffence, I'm sure. I ded'n know. I wud do all things ef I cud, decently and in order. You're a great man, you are, maaster, I knaw, an' a wise man, I 'spose. Now, maaster, don't 'ee fall out weth a fool, for "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." You are a larned man, too, I reck'n,' he added, with one of those curious glances of his twisted eye which seemed to screw their way into one; 'Can 'ee taalk Greek, maaster, can 'ee? Will 'ee plaise to say ovver a bit of ut to me?' Dick's squint, and the comical turn of his lip, made the question unmistakable. The official felt that he was unexpectedly brought to a standard of learning which he would rather not be measured by, and so, wisely taking Dick's advice, he let the 'fool' have his way."

Very comical were Dick's adventures in Devonshire, where he itinerated for several weeks, and was introduced to society of a higher grade than any he had mingled with before. A conversation with Dick about his first visit to Devonshire is given by our author, with details, which will thoroughly amuse the reader, and indeed, the whole of the little volume combines instruction with interest in a very high degree, so that we can heartily commend it to those who wish to while away an hour at the sea-side, or anywhere else.

Foolish Dick is an extreme case; but we have felt none the less free in using it, since our intelligent readers will readily supply the grain of

salt which the example may require. Very far are we from agreeing with the famous Cobbler How in all that he advances in his "Sufficiency of the Spirit's teaching without Human Learning," for he sets himself to shew that human learning is no help to the spiritual understanding of the Word of God, and yet it is clear as the sun at noon-day that the most spiritual man living could not have read the original Scriptures if he had no acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek, and there would have been no translation to help him if the translators had not possessed human learning. We are not, however, fearful that any of our readers will run into the extreme thus indicated. We should be very sorry to see every fool set up for a preacher; perhaps the market in that direction may be regarded as sufficiently stocked; but if there be men of rough natural ability who are muzzled by our present craving for superior elocution, we would say, "In the name of God, loose them and let them go." We desire to see them go forth, not to become antagonists of the regular ministry, not to foam out their own shame by boasting of their ignorance, not to become leaders of factions, but in a Christian spirit to be fellow-helpers with the pastors of the churches, and useful auxiliaries of all other organised labours. We have heard of one minister who gloried in what he elegantly called "choking off" earnest young men who aspired to preach, and perhaps there may be more of his breed; we would, however, rather believe that our brethren will welcome all who, with true hearts, desire to testify to the truth as it is in Jesus, will cheerfully appoint them such service as they are capable of, and assist them in qualifying themselves for greater usefulness. This will be easy work for the pastors if the brethren are all of the same spirit as Richard Hampton. One of the last records of his experience runs thus:—"My expearyance at thes time es, that I have laately found a grawin' in graace, an' have injoyed braave cumfert ov laate. I have no end in view in going round as I do, from plaace to plaace but the gloary of God, an' the good of sawls. In times paast, I cud'n help shaakin' an' trem'lin' when I used to see anybody cum that I thoft was come to shaw a bad sperrit, or to loff an' grizzle, but the Lord have took away the feear of man from me—I doan't knaw nothin' 'bout et now, I've ben a straanger to et ever sence; thank the Lord! I do love every Methody 'pon the faace ov the caarth weth a partikler love, but saame time I do railly long an' desire that aall mankind shud be saaved. I shud like to be consedered a member ov society in Porthtowan class so long as I do live. I doan't waant to laabour in no circuit no further foath than is plaisin' to the praichers in that circuit: an' I do wish all'ays to be in subjecshun to they that are ovver the flock, as 'they must account.' God es my wetness, I never look to praich in laarge chaapels nuther; owld baarns, staables, or any plaace like that; an' I b'lieve the Lord will shaw, in the day of account, how hes poor sarvent have tried to maake the best of the taalent that he gove me."

Foolish Dick went across the Jordan not very long ago, leaving behind him many who remember his name and work with devout thankfulness. He was never married, but he rejoiced greatly in his spiritual sons and daughters, who were on earth his comfort, and will

be in heaven his crown. It was grand to hear him singing, as we trust many of us may be able also to sing,

"O the fathomless love that has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands!

"Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these?
And enquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart replies, they are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb."

China's Cry and China's Need.

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY.*

Part II.

WE now propose to deal with the INDIRECT CAUSES of China's cry, as given in our last.

I. The Laws and Customs concerning Women.

Everything which affects the happiness and well-being of woman may be said to affect society at large. Rob her of those rights with which God has endowed her, and you entail upon yourself misery and woe. Woman is of *no* account in China. If you ask a Chinaman, "What family have you?" he may probably answer that his family consists of three persons; "who," says he, "are all sons." Before you have time to ask your second question, he quickly tells you the age of the eldest, or "ta-erh-tsi." This eldest son is the pride of the father's heart, and his age will be kept prominently before you. Judging from this statement, you would imagine that these three sons composed his family. But upon further enquiry you find that, in addition to these, he has a wife and several daughters living, about whom you would know little if you did not push your enquiries. "Have you a wife living?" In a half-laughing, contemptuous way he may answer, "Yes, one." "Have you any daughters?" Looking away from you, as if ashamed, and really slow to admit that such a blot rests upon the family, he will perhaps reply, holding up his index and little finger, "Yes, six." "The wife, and pray who is she; and those unfortunate girls, who are they, that they should be mentioned with the family?" says he to himself. "Daughters are sent to vex me, and the sooner I'm rid of them the better." If the wife of a Chinaman bears many *sons*, she is then regarded as a fine creature, full of blessing and happiness; just as a farmer regards his prosperous cattle. But if daughters, then she is forsaken of all the good spirits, and is worse than useless—the channel

* We beg to call the earnest attention of all our readers to Mr. Harvey's most remarkable papers. We pray that they may excite prayerful and practical interest in China, and in Mr. Hudson Taylor's mission to that vast country.

of evil and misfortune. In case she has no children, then she must be some bad spirit sent to torment, and in consequence is despised, rejected, and hated with all the malignity the evil heart of the unconverted husband can possibly muster. Hated by her husband, condemned by her relatives, suspected and ridiculed by her neighbours, and conscious of her own unfortunate state, is it at all surprising that she, at times, seeks to destroy herself?

Misery and pain are almost from the cradle to the grave the constant companions of woman in China. Hers is indeed "a life of tears." It is no less true to say that she is enveloped in trouble, than that she is surrounded by the atmosphere. She lives in trouble. Should it be her lot to be born of humble country people in the North, she *may* be spared the horrid torture of "feet-binding." With this exception almost all female children have their feet bound. If they are the children of rich parents, then all the more care will be exercised in the performance of this painful operation, and the feet made all the smaller, and the sufferer to endure more pain. This unnatural procedure is commenced when the child is about four or five years of age. The feet are separately and tightly bound by means of a broad calico bandage. The object is first to destroy the angle formed by the foot and leg. This is accomplished by bringing the heel forward and bending the foot downwards and backwards, so as to bring it into a straight line with the back of the leg. This bandage in most cases is adjusted each day, and is made tighter upon each occasion. In process of years, the three outer toes are made to pass under the sole of the foot, and so form part of the vertical extremity. The several ligaments and tendons which bind the bones forming the foot, are either stretched or broken, and thus form new attachments which maintain the foot in this unnatural position.

The process lasts eight or nine years, during which time the bone is supposed by the Chinese "to have broken." An old lady who lived at our mission-house in Nankin confessed that the process of "feet-binding" was perfect torture, and that for eight years she was suffering "excruciating pain." Two years ago a little girl was living with this old lady, in consequence of the unhappy condition of matters at her own home. She was a bright, merry little creature, and was very fond of coming to see us at family worship. We became greatly attached to her. But one day brought the sad intelligence that she had been sold by her parents to become the wife of a little boy living in a rich family. The girl was pretty and lively, so a good price was given. The day arrived for her departure to this unknown home, where her feet would be bound. When this news was conveyed to her, although so young, she burst into a flood of tears, and cried, "Puh iaou kueng o tih kiosh"—"I do not want to have my feet bound."

I had once a good opportunity of examining the foot of a woman who came to consult me for varicose ulcers. The following was the condition of things. The great toe and a part of the long bone attached to that toe, together with the inner half of the second toe, formed the sole of her Chinese foot. Bent backwards, and covered under the posterior part of this somewhat flat surface, were her remaining three toes. In this way she had been accustomed to rest nearly the whole weight of her body upon the upper (natural) surface of her three outer

toes, and the under surface of her great toe and part of her second. All the rest of the foot was more or less in a line with the leg. At a glance you will see how this condition of things impedes progress, and in many instances renders walking absolutely impossible. Women in China are seldom able to walk without either the aid of a stick or of one or two friends. There they go toddling away in two-and-a-half or three inch shoes; at times finding it difficult to maintain their balance. The wife can seldom walk with her husband in the street, and when she does, it is always behind, since she is so much inferior, in the estimation of the Chinese.

The active share in household matters which she ought to take, and which she would take under other circumstances, she cannot; neither can she lead that active, varied life which is essential to health of both mind and body, owing to this atrocious evil. She is confined for the most part to a small circle, where she bores, and is bored by, all who meet her. I doubt not in my own mind that much of the fearful quarrelling, which is so rife amongst neighbours and in families in China is in a great measure owing to this "foot-binding business." In rich families it is the rule for the unmarried daughters not to put foot outside the front door, until they leave the home to be married. If they visit their friends it is in a sedan. The Chinese term for marriage is very descriptive of this custom. When a girl is married she is said to have "chumeng"—*i.e.*, "she has gone out of, or through, the door." The betrothal and marriage system in China is a bad one, and conduces to much misery. The parents of the respective parties transact this business from first to last, through the medium of middle-men and middle-women. Let us suppose a case. There lives in a family a little boy, and his parents are desirous that he should have a pretty wife. This wish is made known, and they are speedily informed of a suitable little girl, by people who are constantly on the look-out, and who may eventually become the "chung pao"—*i.e.*, "go-betweens." After the settlement of a lot of quibbles and squabbles, some arrangement is made. Years elapse before the marriage ceremony is performed, during which time the "chung pao" are busily engaged in conveying the necessary presents and conducting the business between the two families. The truly interested parties, the boy and girl, know but little, if anything, of the affair. Eventually they are told that they are "ping ting leao"—*i.e.*, "they are fixed in marriage"—but to whom they know not. The parents of the girl, of course, stand out for a large dowry, a great part of which is spent in the purchase of the wedding outfit. At times the girl is sold. The marriage day has arrived, and the bride is conveyed from her mother's home to the home of her future husband—which ever after becomes her home. She is now said to have "gone through the door." During the ceremony the bridegroom for the first time sees the face of his bride. After marriage, as we have said, she lives in the house of her husband's mother, and becomes little more than her servant. The occasion of a son's marriage is an exceedingly important one to the mother. Her position in the family is more than ever exalted. She has one more to domineer over—the new wife. The husband (the son) is not supposed to undertake the management of his wife; that is his mother's

business. And a hard task-master she makes. All the dirty work of the house (unless in a rich family where there are servants) falls to the lot of the young wife. Moreover, several times each day, she is compelled by her mother-in-law to perform certain menial acts of service. More often than otherwise she fails to satisfy this stony-hearted relative. Broils, curses, and beatings are the result.

Our neighbours on the right, in Nankin, had an accession to their family in the shape of a young wife, shortly before we arrived. This gave us a good opportunity of watching the kind of treatment to which a person in her circumstances was subject. I cannot tell you what the old mother was before the marriage of her son, but when we knew her,

> "We thanked the goodness and the grace,
> Which on our birth had smiled."

From what we could see, the young woman was industrious and well-intentioned as any in the neighbourhood. However that might have been, she could not please her mother-in-law. From early in the morning to the last thing at night it was scold, scold, scold. These scolds were at times interspersed with curses, and every two or three days the wife received a beating—the climax of the mother's rage. The son (husband) dared not to interfere. I well remember sitting upstairs with the windows open, one summer evening, with Brother Duncan, and listening to one of these awful brawls. The old mother was shouting—nay, at times screaming—out her threats and curses at the poor young woman, who was sobbing from a recent beating. The son had been snubbed and silenced for speaking, and the old man (the father) was heard to say that it was no use *his* talking, and that he might go to sleep. Often had the young woman desired a release from this incessant turmoil in death; and death seems to be about the only thing which can possibly interfere.

Permit me to state another case, also showing a painful feature, which, I doubt not, often arises from the marriage of perfect strangers in China. It is the case of my teacher, who was married previous to my leaving Nankin. The late rebellion had seriously interfered with this man's family arrangements, so that the age of twenty-nine found him without being "ping-ting"-ed. His mother, as she was becoming old, was exceedingly anxious that her son should marry, so that his wife might wait upon her. The neighbours and relatives urged it: at last he unwillingly consented. A young woman living in K'ao-iew-c'eo, a city on the banks of the Grand Canal, one hundred and fifty miles away, was spoken of as a very suitable person. Of course, he knew nothing either of her, or her family, but what the "go-betweens" informed him. One of these worthies kept paying him visits at our mission-house, and posting him up in the latest intelligence about the matter. This confidant spoke of the damsel in the most eulogistic terms. Her feet, he said, were of a certain size, she had certain lucky spots about the face, she was so tall, &c. Doubtless he would go back, and speak enthusiastically about her intended bridegroom. The wedding-day arrived, and the ordinary ceremony was performed. Some time, however, before the bride's arrival, my teacher was fearful lest he should not be able to understand her when she spoke to him, since

she had been living so far away, and had never been in Nankin. The young girl's mother had no sooner left the city than the troubles began, and my teacher, only two or three days after the marriage, declared that his wife was "t'eao-pe-teh-heng," *i.e.*, that she was self-willed in the extreme, and difficult to manage. "But apart from that, Chang, how are you succeeding as to conversation? do you understand what she says?" "Well, Mr. Summer [my Chinese name] I am slowly beginning to understand." After the lapse of several days, I again enquired into this matter, and found an improvement. But not so as to friendship and peace. Directly her mother had left for K'ao-iew-c'eo, the bride was stripped of much of the jewellery which she thought had been *given* to her, but really had only been borrowed for the occasion. This opened the ball to a world of trouble, and the newly-married bride was soon found in the midst of scolding strangers, in a strange city, bathed in tears, and full of grief.

It is seldom that the Chinese girl is taught to read, much less to write. Her advent into the family is regarded as a great calamity. In the South, female children are destroyed in great numbers. Should the unfortunate babe present any malformation of body, it would not be considered by her parents to be at all a paying concern to rear her. If under other circumstances she is spared and nurtured, it is with a view of ultimately realising a good round sum of money when she is given away in marriage. As the farmer stalls and feeds his cattle for the market, so is she fed to be sold. "For what use is she beyond that?" argues her mother; "she will leave my house to serve elsewhere, and I shall cease to be profited by her." But the mother does not thus speak of her son: a son, sooner or later, means a "sih-fu;" *i.e.*, daughter-in-law, who will relieve the mother of the laborious share of household duties.

Women in China are not supposed to marry a second time. If they destroy themselves after the death of either husband or "intended," they are upheld as patterns of charity and devotion.

These facts are true, more or less, of *all* China. The misery and suffering which inevitably arise from such sad customs and ideas may readily be imagined. Before marriage her feet are crushed, her education is neglected, her physical energies are impaired through want of proper exercise; she is despised in the eyes of her parents, and regarded as an unprofitable, sinful spirit, who, in consequence of misdeeds in a previous state of existence, has been punished by being brought into this world as a female. After marriage she experiences a longer or shorter course of brutal treatment from her mother-in-law, and towards the latter part of her life may act as tyrant to some unfortunate daughter-in-law, when the reminiscences of the treatment which she herself received when acting in that capacity, will be brought vividly to her recollection. Such is, in most cases, the life of a woman in China. A slave, a sufferer, and, we might almost say, a martyr to the barbarous customs and unnatural feelings of her "conceited country people."

II. Idolatry and Rebellions.

Idolatry.—Although we said in our last that idols do not exercise the power over the Chinese which some would imagine, we must not be

understood to say that idols do not exercise any power over them. That would be contrary to all history. History and all experience testify that idolaters gradually become conformed to their idols, in more respects than one. Is the idol revengeful? so will be the idolator. Is it cruel and hateful? to a certain extent the idolator will also be cruel and hateful. Does it bear a laughing, stupid countenance? the features of its constant worshipper are gradually changed into the same image. This latter is strikingly shown in the resemblance between the face of Buddha and the Buddhist priest.

The chief tendency of idol-worshipping in China is to keep the people in a state of fear and apprehension. Those who live amongst them cannot fail to recognise this singular feature in their character; they are afraid of entering upon a certain course of action, lest some evil befal them, either from their neighbours, friends, or other unknown sources. Slavish fear must and does rob the people of peace and happiness, and often fills them with suspicion. Of love they know nothing, neither is it an element to be found in any of their gods. Such a thought as an idol loving them never enters their minds. They think of them as full of power, and only seeking an opportunity to bring upon them some terrible calamity. Hence they become low and grovelling in all their ideas, with hearts full of malice, hateful and hating one another.

REBELLIONS have not always existed in China, and therefore they cannot be taken into account as having always exercised a baneful influence upon the people.

The great T'ai-ping rebellion, which lasted so many years, was the greatest for some time past. It is not our purpose to enter into the details of that awful episode, more than to state some of the evils which have arisen from it, and which more or less exist to the present. What is true of the T'ai-ping rebellion is true of all Chinese rebellions; and in China rebellions against the Government often occur. The country between Canton and Nankin marked the seat of the principal operations in the one we have mentioned. Civil war loses none of its awfulness from having taken place in China. Civil war in China means civil war. At such a time the work of destruction, both of life and property, is thorough there, if it is thorough anywhere; mercy is neither known nor shown. But as an immense rock broken from its bed rushing down into the chasm below spares nothing in its path, so do the cannon and sword perfect the work of destruction.

Travelling up and down the central provinces, ruin, ruin, ruin continually meets the eye. Here you may find a city laid low, and not a house standing, and all the way to and from it one vast display of ruin. Then in some you may descry a few desolate reed huts, recently built, housing a few persons who are left to tell the tale of woe. In others again, as at T'ai-ping-fu, you find a few houses recently erected outside the city walls. In Nankin, where the rebel king, T'ieng-wang, *i.e.*, heavenly king, reigned so long, all the north and much of the west and east sides of the city are laid flat. The ground for many square miles is covered with the ruins of destroyed houses. Of the houses now to be seen within the city, one-half have been built since the rebellion. For many miles on each side, beyond the city walls, the country is one

vast ruin. Nankin, before the rebellion, was full of trees; now there are scarcely any. The country around bears the same treeless, barren appearance.

Often have I listened to the natives telling their sad experience of those fearful times. My servant, T'sueing-ling (perfect grove), was but a little boy when the rebels visited the place where his family were living, on the banks of the Yang-tsi-Keang. His father, mother, and two sisters were slain with the sword; his elder brother escaped, and he himself was taken prisoner and afterwards removed to Fuh-Kien, to act as a servant to the rebel army.

The old lady previously referred to as being upon our premises in Nankin, fled with her family when the rebels reached that city. Her two sons, rather than be taken prisoners, drowned themselves in the presence of the mother, who could not travel fast with her small feet. The husband fled in another direction, and has not since been heard of. Some, who though happily circumstanced with their families, were suddenly pounced upon, and glad to escape with life, afterwards found themselves far from home, bereft of all, to live an all-but beggar's life.

The T'ai-ping rebellion seems to have thoroughly shaken the confidence of the people. Nay, they apparently live for the day. Anything will do which barely meets the need and supplies the present actual want.

In 1871, in company with a brother missionary, I traversed the south of the Ang-hüsi province, where we witnessed the old scene of desolation and woe. We passed village after village, which to all appearance had been composed of substantial buildings, now all destroyed. There they were, just as the rapacious rebel and frightened fugitive had left them. In some of these villages there was not a single inhabitant. Solitary ruins; strongly reminding me of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Nine-tenths of the people we met in our journey were said to have migrated from another part of the country since the rebellion. Only one-tenth of the original inhabitants of the surrounding country had survived the awful struggle. Bereft of all means whereby they had previously cultivated the land, many of these now depend solely for their living upon the accommodation they can give passing travellers. Consequently, vast tracts of land which previously yielded much food for the people now lie in barrenness and waste.

Before the rebellion this part of the country was full of fine specimens of architecture—bridges, houses, pagodas, memorial arches, obelisks, and roadways. Now they for the most part lie in ruinous decay. I have seen bridges of fifteen arches in length, and some nearly as broad as London Bridge, all built of stone. These stand as testimonies of a once prosperous age; of skilled mechanics and of enterprising artizans. That China once possessed such men is beyond doubt; but that the present inhabitants have sadly degenerated in these respects is nevertheless true. Rebellions and oppressions have partly succeeded in crushing the life and enterprise out of them. Now they are either unable to perform these works, or care not to bestow such trouble and expense, seeing they know not how long they may be

permitted to enjoy them. The people seem to live for the day. The shopkeeper will be at as little expense as possible in building and finishing his shop. The members of a family will endure the inconveniences of their home, and refrain from any expenditure for repairs, as they know not how long they may call it "home."

III. We have now come to our last cause of China's cry—OPIUM. My pen is unable to depict all the horror and misery which, like a dark cloud, surrounds that awful word. Opium to an Englishman, and opium to a Chinaman, are vastly different things. At home it is used to soothe the sufferer; but in China, like a venomous serpent which fascinates its prey, it strikes at the mainspring of human life, unmans the man, and creates an appetite, the satiation of which means first ruin and then death.

Opium-smoking in China does far more than take the place of alcoholic-drinking at home. Men are not compelled to resume their drinking, as the opium-smoker is compelled to resume his smoking. By the time the effect of the last lot has passed away, it leaves him, if anything, with a keener appetite for more. Self-control has left him, he must return to his opium, and that at a certain time. Business engagements of every kind are set on one side for this. Should it be that circumstances are such that he cannot get it, terrible pains, diarrhœa, and other symptoms set in. The craving is something terrible. In case he has been accustomed to smoke large quantities, any sudden deprivation like this would be sufficient to give rise to symptoms that would terminate fatally.

The regularity with which this pernicious drug is taken is rather surprising. The smoker must smoke at certain times in the day. It may be once, twice, or thrice a-day. Thus it is that he becomes a perfect slave to its awful power.

In my last journey to the North of Keang-se province, it was my misfortune to hire an opium-smoker as barrowman. Noon proved to be his smoking-time. Occasionally I would urge him to lose no time on the road; but at the first village or town we reached about noon, he would be certain to drop his barrow and say, "I must stop and smoke opium here, for if I don't smoke I cannot wheel." Under such circumstances you must patiently abide your servant's time. I knew what he said was perfectly true, that if he did not smoke he could not wheel. His strength would leave him, and the usual distressing symptoms set in.

It is not necessary that they should smoke it; some who are unable to smoke, mix it up with their rice, and thus take it.

The habit of opium-smoking is often contracted during the new year festivities. At first but a small quantity is taken. Afterwards this is insufficient to satisfy the appetite, so it is increased. The opium consequently exercises a greater power, and renders the person less able to give it up, until at last it becomes his or her sole master, and he or she its miserable slave.

You can always tell an opium-smoker by his dull, deep yellow, sunken cheek, sad, sleepy look, emaciated frame, and stained forefingers. Will you please follow him with me, as he goes to pay his morning visit to the opium den? With unwashed face and hands, dishevelled

hair, and clothes but loosely thrown about him, with slovenly gait, without his breakfast, he leaves his miserable hut, and wanders down the street. Coming to a narrow passage between some mud huts, he partly opens the flimsy door of a neglected-looking house, it may be but a mud hut. The lattice-work in the door is covered with paper, and there is no aperture for the morning light but through this lattice-work. As the paper is removed from one corner, you may look through upon the scene within. At first all seems dark, and the muttering of voices is all that falls upon the ear. As the eye becomes accustomed to the unusual sight, amidst the fumes of the awful drug, small lights shine out; these proceed from small oil lamps by which the smokers burn their opium. Open the street door, for so utterly sunken in vice and stupefied by the poison are the people within, that they will offer no objection to your entrance. The room is dark; its walls are all but black with smoke; the air is sickening. Arranged behind screens in recesses are low bamboo beds and benches. Stretched along these are the opium smokers, rolling their opium between their fingers into a ball, and sticking it on the end of a probe. Holding this over the little oil-lamp at the end of the pipe, they smoke away their opium. On the arrival of our smoker, the landlord recognises his regular customer, and doles out his amount of opium. Reclining on a bed in some corner, he joins his fellow-sufferers, and smokes away. In a little time he has done. As you look at his earthy-coloured face, it is damp with an unhealthy perspiration, his step is quicker, and his movements generally more agile; it is the excitement of the opium. And with this false strength he does his day's work, and with the day's wage returns to the "den" for his evening smoke.

During the latter part of my stay in Chin-Keäng, a city on the Yang-tsi-Keäng, I was several times called upon to go and rescue the lives of persons who had taken large doses of opium, with a view to self-destruction. I might say such cases are constantly occurring; and the people possess the idea that the foreigner who brings the opiun understands it, and is able to counteract its influence. The recollectio of the incidents connected with the last case of opium-poisoning t which I was called will, I think, cling to me as long as I live. It wa a warm, summer afternoon when two men came in a breathless hurry, beseeching me to accompany them and "Kieu ming," *i.e.*, save life. Having ascertained the nature of the case, and equipped myself with the usual weapons for such cases, namely, "pul. ipecac.," etc., I set off as quickly as possible. After running and jostling against the people in the streets, we at last arrived at the house. According to custom, my companions kicked and hammered at the front door, and shouted out, "The foreign doctor has come; open the door." In answer to the demand the door was opened by an old woman. It was a poor dwelling, dirty and forlorn. The walls were bare and grimy, and the floor thickly covered with mud. Passing from this room, and turning to the left into another equally desolate, there lay a man on reeds on the floor; two females were nursing him, one of whom I took to be his wife. He had a ghastly, pale, yellow face. Upon examination I found him in a comatose state. With the assistance of several others he was raised up and dragged out into an open space at the back into the fresh air.

The neighbours gathered round in great numbers, but only to gaze at the man. After giving him a liberal dose of ipecacuanha powder, I requested some of his neighbours to be kind enough to assist in dragging the patient up and down the yard, to prevent his sinking into complete coma: but they were not willing. At last two men and a boy undertook the task. All manner of irritation was applied to awaken him, but in vain; at last I suggested the idea of beating a gong near him, and told a man to go and get all the gongs in the neighbourhood. One was soon produced, and a man commenced beating away; whereupon the old mother, in the greatest excitement, besought that it might be stopped lest the fire-engines should come. A rapid beating of gongs is the fire-alarm in China. Those who first undertook the dragging-about business were soon tired. The family then hired six men to do this work. If the patient lived, they were to have 100 cash each (4½d.), and 50 cash each if he died. Repeated doses of ipecacuanha were given; for a short time we got the poor fellow to walk a little, but again he drooped. Resort was made to the galvanic battery, but nothing would do; and in the attempts to bring him round he died. I shall never forget the scene. Standing upon the walls, and crowding every available spot of ground, were the neighbours. In the middle of the arena which these formed lay the victim of opium—dead!

The man, it seems, had been out of employment for some time, and a creditor had been pressing him for money. The poor fellow in a fit of despair took the clothes off his back and pawned them, and with the money bought two (Chinese) ounces of opium, which he had eaten.

Opium removes the majority of its victims more imperceptibly. It robs them of their character, strength, and means—finally of life. Nobody dreams of trusting an opium-smoker. They are found amongst the worst of thieves, and most miserable of beggars. It deprives them of their natura lstrength. It consumes much of their wages; for opium is the dearest thing a Chinaman buys. As his smoking dose *increases*, his strength *decreases*. With an increase of the former you have an increased *expenditure*, and with a decrease of the latter you have a decreased *income*. To meet this want he must resort to some other artifice to obtain money for the purchase of his bane. Life, maintained only by the influence of opium, is at last worn out by the effects of this unnatural stimulant.

Opium-smoking is not confined to a few, nor to a certain class. I believe I am within bounds when I say that two-thirds of the males over sixteen, and one-sixth of the females over twenty-five, smoke opium in China. Beggars and mandarins, priests and people, men and women, all smoke it. Some cities which I have visited regularly stink of its fumes. Yellow faces and sickly fumes meet you wherever you go. T'sing-Keäng-pu, a city on the Grand Canal (north), is little better than one vast opium-den. The natives there confess that eight out of every ten smoke opium. Upon standing up to preach the gospel, my young heart has sickened at the sight of the vast number of yellow-cast, dejected, miserable countenances of men and women who have gathered around. At such times they will ask for receipts for the cure of opium-smoking. They frankly admit its pernicious effects, and that it destroys life. "But," they will add, "does not opium come

from your honourable country? The doctrine you preach and the opium we smoke together come from the same honourable country, do they not? Some of your honourable countrymen preach the doctrine, whilst others sell opium which destroys us."

The charge for the most part is true. Would that those who undertake to defend this opium traffic, could but stand in such cities. Did they but mix with the Chinese in their homes, as the missionaries do, they would change their tone. Merchants and others who engage in this wicked trade are generally first and foremost in condemning the Chinese for their treachery and vice, but they forget the fact that opium makes them ten times worse.

May God help all true-hearted men most courageously to strike at the very heart of this evil, and so wipe out this stain upon our national character, by washing our hands of this traffic.

If Englishmen ceased to-morrow to convey opium from India to China, there would still be that which the Chinese themselves produce. Thousands of acres in China are now devoted to the cultivation of the poppy.

You speak of slavery and its miseries; I confess I know not a more cruel slave master, with so many slaves, suffering such fearful trials, and converted into such degraded creatures—than opium in China. I speak warmly, but not so warmly as I feel. What will not a man say, when he sees the entire health of such a vast nation being undermined, and her people reduced to strengthless beggars, through such awful power?

Poor China, oppressed by rulers and poisoned by strangers; afflicted by evil customs and destroyed by foreign trade; troubles arising from within and without—well may she cry. O that the cry may enter into the ears of Him who alone can emancipate her from these evils; exalt her in his own power, and give her many millions to enjoy true happiness in the adoration of himself as her true and only God.

We propose to close this paper next month by a few remarks upon China's Need.

Romanism in London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ROMANISM is political tyranny, and it is also a religious curse. It is a heartless system. Such life as it has, has its root in human ambition; and the system is so thinly disguised as to carry the marks of imposture on its face. The cruelties in which Romish zealots have delighted, and by means of which they have sought to maintain supremacy, proclaim to the world, in unmistakable language, that a so-called church, equal to such enormities, has no kinship with Christ. A troubler of nations, as well as a deceiver of individuals, Popery has been, and still remains, a root of bitterness and a stirrer up of revolution in Europe. That there are sincere believers in her communion hidden in the recesses of continental villages we cannot doubt; but in lands of gospel light it is to be feared that instances of true disciple-

ship are rare indeed. "I have spent some years in Ireland, Canada, and other countries," says one well acquainted with life in London, "and I have been for the last twelve years in contact with Papists; yet, and I speak with deliberation, I have not, supposing my own views of the gospel to be correct, known a single Roman Catholic whom I could regard as a Christian." If this striking testimony, written in 1851, be true, Romanism is much on a level with Paganism, Mahometanism, and other false systems which exist to depress the human race; and to become acquainted with the Romanism of London will do much in confirmation of this view. A certain gentleman, engaged as a regular contributor to a Roman Catholic newspaper, did not attempt to disguise his infidel sentiments, and he regarded his work merely as a means of living. Though the gospel of Christ might at one time have been a boon to the world, he considered it to be superseded by the morality of Robespierre, seeing the first but taught men their duty, while the other informed them of their rights.

The efforts made by the City Mission to bring home the light of the cross to the hearts of Papists residing in London have been pleasingly effective, though the disheartening element has at times been largely mixed with the success. One fact connected with the work is at least encouraging—when Romanists do forsake error for the path of simple faith, they become very stedfast believers, who do not disguise their joy at having found the pearl of great price. An aged female crossing-sweeper, a depraved character, became changed in heart, and showed the reality of her conversion by her readiness to sacrifice worldly advantage for Christian principle. Her receipts, taken on the Sabbath, equalled those of all the week beside; but now she would no longer desecrate the Lord's-day. Her sincerity was severely tested, since no gratuity was given by way of repairing the loss. This is a wise rule strictly observed. To supply money for making good temporary loss, when God himself is trying the soul, might be like an attempt to extinguish the refining fire.

Romanism in a city like London derives much strength from the superstition of ignorance, and piquantly interesting are the absurdities practised by priests, and seriously regarded by common people. One enthusiastic individual showed particular anxiety to impress on his missionary friend what a real priest could do. The holy man could curse meat until hungry dogs would turn away from it in disgust. Such a miracle, however, was even trivial in comparison with others. The man told of an Irish Protestant who was troubled by a happily uncommon nuisance in his house. This consisted of a "horrid devil," and the ministers of the Protestant persuasion were unable to cope with the difficulty, and to expel the supernatural intruder. Nothing could be done other than to send for the priest, who, with a rare graciousness, came to serve a sufferer, even though the applicant lived outside "the true church." As the two stood conversing together "the devil" was observed to be in the room. "I see him!" cried Mr. Priest. "Then turn him out," said the man. "Ay, all in good time; but let the doors and windows be closed." "What are you doing there?" sternly enquired the holy man of the fiend. "What are you about; what business have you here?" roared the uncivil demon by way of reply

"I will let you know," said the other, beginning to read his exorcism. Being taken quite by surprise, and outwitted by this summary treatment, the creature darted up the chimney in a flame, and never returned. Stories of this order circulate as truthful wonders among the poor Irish of English cities. The more ignorant the subjects the more implicitly do they trust in priestcraft. A man has even declared before a Christian visitor that priests are endowed with power to transform Protestants into statues, and loving forbearance alone prevented their exercising this miraculous gift. There is also a story of a priest who was so devout that once while saying mass he found the infant Jesus clinging to him; and, on being asked if he really believed this to have happened, one man said he believed the story as truly as he believed the sun was shining. Then, again, an instance is said to have occurred of an Irish widow who, while suffering the sorest straits of poverty, sent her children to bed supperless. Piety suggested the propriety of filling a saucepan with stones and placing it on the fire. Mark the sequel. Saint Patrick transformed the stones into potatoes. As ordinary evangelists cannot deal in things like these, they are regarded as inferior beings. The inhabitants of certain notorious courts even manifest a murderous disposition. Their language to Protestants is disgustingly obscene, and one might imagine a visitor's life to be unsafe in places where policemen dare not enter singly.

Dirt, ignorance, and superstition are curses attending the Irish in London, the priests rather favouring extreme credulity as an ally of their cause. One day, on entering a notorious court at the West-end, a missionary entered into conversation with a man who was moved by an eagerness to enlighten Protestants respecting the virtue of making the sign of the cross. He had an illustration to offer such as the Romish church reckons among her treasures, *e.g.*: A Protestant visited the ruins of an ancient church, probably without knowing that the spot was infested with evil spirits. In some alarm the inquisitive and too venturesome excursionist concealed himself beneath a tub; but by no art with which he happened to be acquainted could he hide the fact from the sportive demons of the place that a mortal was there. They detected his presence as readily as hungry cannibals scent living flesh. In this dilemma he luckily thought of signing himself with the sign of the cross, and then the tub could not be raised until such time as the prisoner could leave in safety. Of course such lore is chiefly valued by those who are unable to read. Teach them to read by any means, if the wall of prejudice is to be broken down, and in so far as they do this even the priests serve the cause of truth. "If I could read," said an old Irish woman, "I'd read the Bible for myself in spite of the priest." Considering that Romanists slight the Bible on principle, such words, when spoken by the poor, are no uncertain signs of the times. The ignorant Irish naturally abhor the English version of the Scriptures, and suppose the Latin translation to be most worthy of veneration. One shrewd dame also pronounced the Latin rendering to be the holiest, in consequence of the devil's supposed inability to read so learned a language.

The Reformation did no more than give back to the church the light she formerly possessed, and from the days of the Reformers until now

the truth has constantly been proved by practical illustration, that light and freedom cannot co-exist with Popery. Were Romanism safe anywhere, surely safety should be found in the guarded precincts of "the cathedral" in Moorfields; but even there Romish pretensions are subject to the undermining influence of Bible knowledge. Give the gospel a fair field and an open Bible, and even self-interest and sturdy bigotry yield the palm to all-conquering truth.

It happened many years ago that a door-keeper of the chief Romish church in London, together with his wife—both being employed as cleaners of the building—came within reach of an evangelist in the district. Becoming indisposed, the woman was visited by her priest in the usual course, but when subsequently spoken to by another, she confessed, "I seem to be no better for what he has done. I do not feel myself fit to die." Her friend was himself in turn attacked by illness, and when he saw the woman again, after an interval of several months, he perceived that his words were still remembered. She thought something must be wrong, since what the Protestant said and what the priest said so widely differed one from the other. One surely must have access to a spring of consolation of which the other was ignorant. Seeing his wife in a distressed condition the husband brought forward the stock arguments of his profession, but to his astonishment the other turned in disgust from what papists suppose to be the potent truth. Doubts of the trustworthiness of Popery arose in the man's mind, and through acquainting a friend with these misgivings he lost the lucrative office of chapel cleaner. It were a small triumph to say that these poor people became Protestants; they became conversant with the character of Christ for the first time; and so full was their satisfaction that the priest, perhaps regretting his first summary harshness, vainly endeavoured to entice them back again into his service by tempting offers and soft words.

The passage from popish darkness to gospel light is oftentimes beset by afflictions; yet satisfaction comes from seeing a sacrifice made, for the pain endured directly testifies to the reality of the conversion; and this toiling evangelists more than others, perhaps, can properly appreciate. A case occurred of a woman who found the business of renouncing superstition for truth a hard struggle. Her husband having been a sea captain, and having seen more prosperous days, was by no means illiterate; but his wife, when first called upon, was a real enthusiast or devotee. Her apartment contained objects of idolatrous worship—an altar, a cross, and as far as space would allow, there was even a private chapel. There were also wreaths, candles, flowers, pictures, and smaller crucifixes. The duty of relinquishing these, and of trusting in Christ alone, was urged upon her; and seeing how affected she became, her adviser said, "If you are really anxious to escape from such awful soul trammels, and to embrace truth, give up those idols, and let me take away that crucifix, and that senseless image." "I am very poor; perhaps you will allow me eighteenpence for them," she answered. "Not a farthing," continued the other. "If you give them up, it must be from principle." The woman was left to ponder this advice, and with grateful surprise her adviser, on the following morning, welcomed the husband with a parcel of religious books

and trinkets. The Romanist was conquered, and the conqueror was Truth.

As regards poor professors of Romanism, the truth cannot be too strongly or too often reiterated, that the most obstinate yield to persevering efforts made to enlighten them, in a manner quite encouraging to those who work for the suppression of error. Romanism is an easy-going profession to such as are content to base eternal hopes on meaningless mummeries. The system also panders to the pride of men ambitious of sacerdotal distinction, while begetting a spirit of dangerous self-sufficiency in the laity. On hearing that a person lies in a dying state, a priest need not necessarily attend day after day to hold up Christ before the patient for purposes of conviction of sin, or of consolation; his office ends where it begins—in Extreme Unction! Provided "the sacrament of Extreme Unction" has been administered, the sufferer is prepared and labelled for Paradise, and is supposed to be safe for all eternity! The extremely ignorant, on being questioned about preparation for death after this rite has been performed, reply with blind assurance that all is well, the priest has prepared them for heaven!

In a district of Spafields, an Irishman verging on eighty years of age lay, apparently in his last illness. His church, according to usual custom, provided her boon of Extreme Unction, and then left the patient with the best equipment she could supply for braving the Dark Valley. Instead of dying, however, this subject recovered, and was spoken to by a true friend, who faithfully preached Christ until light broke in upon the long-deluded mind, and until the man realized how he lately stood upon the brink of ruin. A Bible and a pair of spectacles were provided by a gentleman, and the convert then read for himself the Book he had treated with life-long neglect. Weakened by the infirmity of age, and also by disease, this inmate of a workhouse was now frequently heard reading and praying with joyful satisfaction. How simple and straightforward in his eyes was Christ's way of salvation as opposed to the complicated directions of priests and of Sisters of Mercy? Truth had taken root, and old Peter was happy because now hope was not founded on the sands of rites and ceremonies, but on the unyielding Rock, faith in Christ. The humble instrument of this change might well regard his work with the admiration which springs from true gratitude. One day he smilingly made an enquiry:—"Well, Peter, where is your hope now; is it Romanism or Protestantism?" "Just neither of them," replied the dying man, with true Celtic wit; "it's all nothing at all what I am by name; my hope is in the blood of Christ." That answer was worthy of the greatest among us. He whose life had been bare of both educational and social advantages was fully compensated for every seeming drawback. His gratitude to the friend who had pointed him to the Reclaimer of souls was very great. "Sit down by my side, and tell me more about it," he said; "you *have* been my friend."

Romanism extends her thraldom to the merest outcasts. Though powerless to raise them, she can encourage them in sinning. They may work during the Sabbath, or take their pleasure, provided they only attend one mass. The growth of superstition is industriously promoted

when people are taught to believe that crosses worn on the neck will prevent disaster. Supersede Christ by a crucifix, and faith by a ritual, and you have the key to this mystery of iniquity. Irish priests have even been known to explain that disease can be kept away by a cross, and by this symbol in one instance the inhabitants of a whole parish, with the exception of some pigs, are said to have escaped an attack of fever!

Hence Popery falls most heavily as a curse on the poor, and on those who have few opportunities of judging for themselves. The priests and their assistants who frequent streets and courts which are shunned by respectable citizens, do not at least work for pecuniary gain. As blind leaders of the blind, they appear to be satisfied if they can maintain their ascendancy, and continue to hold willing slaves in captivity. Thousands of poor people have scarce seen a Bible, and on some children being asked, "Is your father a Protestant?" the reply was made, "No, sir, he's a costermonger." If they attend confession and receive Extreme Unction, they deem that amply sufficient for their souls' requirements, and any crimes they commit short of embracing Protestantism are overlooked if the church be respected. A certain woman, thought to be dying, was anointed as usual, and unexpectedly recovered, and was led to embrace a purer faith. The faintest sign of "heresy" being abroad stimulates the priest to prosecute the work of visiting. One visited the subject just mentioned, and even offered to bribe her out of newly-found peace with money. When every endeavour proved vain, the man's language became frightful. He raved excessively while assuring the woman that she would burn for ever. Such is the bulwark which the enemy sets up to oppose the gathering of the poor into the church.

The greater their ignorance and misery, the more deeply rooted is intolerance in the subjects of Popery. The bitterest sectarianism is encouraged by the priests. Popery can tolerate drunkenness and the most abject ignorance, if the wretched creatures will but attend mass and confession, and be regular in paying fees. Near Gray's Inn there lived a man who, while reared a Papist, married a Protestant—an uneducated woman. He contracted the habit of reading the Bible, and thus grew uneasy, for Bible principles were opposed to his own. He sought counsel of his wife as to what he should do. "Break off your sinful habits," she said; "try and make yourself as good as you can, and then Christ will save you." That advice brought no relief; "What can I, a poor miserable sinner, do?" he asked, in perplexity. At the right moment he met a city missionary, whose counsel and instruction discovered to him the path of peace. He returned home with beaming features to show his wife her duty in accepting the gift of Christ. This the woman did, and both now rejoiced in a common faith. Then followed the persecutions of Irish neighbours—people who had not forsaken "the church of their fathers." The arguments of such are rough and ready. The men threaten or assault an opponent in the street, while the weaker women make strenuous endeavours to pull the clothes from a renegade's back. All this produced no effect, and on one occasion the convert appealed to the people's honour and common sense—"When I used to go to mass I was a great drunkard,

and my home was unhappy. I could scarcely speak without an oath, and my Sabbaths were spent in working part of the day, and sometimes idling away the other. But now, thank God, that is done with. I don't drink nor swear, nor break the Sabbath. I am happy, and my home is happy, and the Sunday, which used to be the most gloomy day of the week, is now the happiest. Now, going to mass did not do this for me, nor has it done it for you." Here, then, was a man who owed something to pure religion, if not to Protestantism. The poor of London, whom Popery reckons among her own, are scarce raised above heathen tribes. Here was one who, according to his own confession, had lived a drunkard, and a practiser of sins of which drunkenness is the parent. As a Romanist, he squandered four pounds in drink during one Christmas Day, and on recovering his senses was seized with remorse, until razors and knives were necessarily placed out of reach. As a Protestant, on the following Christmas Day he attended public worship, and enjoyed the festival in a rational manner. His gratitude for the change experienced was very genuine, and he assisted a city missionary in the district, and several persons owed their conversion to his agency.

During the holding of the Great Exhibition of 1862, a Houndsditch evangelist, a converted German Jew, was employed to speak to foreigners within the building. His adventures were many and instructive. Marked consideration would be shown, or he was reviled and maltreated. "This talk would make my mother weep, but will not do for me," said a young German, who, however, soon after confessed, "I have found a greater prize in England than my employer can ever find with his invention, that is Jesus my Saviour." This man attended to explain the construction of a curious machine. "What filth is this?" asked one of two Romish priests, who, while accepting a tract, became enraged by being drawn into argument, since a little crowd of foreigners gathered to see that Protestantism had the best of the controversy, because Romish champions cannot prove that Augustine meant the Papacy when speaking of Catholicism. Then Romish priests more quickly lose their tempers than other people, and thus give opponents an advantage. One Italian gentleman accosted in the street made a grateful confession—"England takes so much trouble to do us good; I do very much admire it. My eyes are clearer, and my heart much lighter. I now understand the words, 'By their fruits shall ye know them.'" No person can say when or where the influence of these humble endeavours will end. The good seed is put into virgin soil, and assuredly it will propagate itself.

Take another example of prejudice overcome. One summer day this same agent spoke to a fashionably-attired Frenchman in the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace. Quoting Solomon's aphorism, "There is nothing new under the sun," he proceeded to speak of the Bible, of which those words are a portion. On hearing of the Bible the stranger looked grave. He doubted all that could be advanced in favour of the Bible. Probably his rearing and life-long associations begat this obstinate spirit. Be that as it may, he was conversed with during an hour on the authority and mission of God's Book; and the stranger listened in surprise to what was to him quite a new revelation. Then

he rejoiced like one who finds hidden treasure. "Why should that precious Book be kept from our fellow-men?" he asked. Then he related some life-experience. The abominations of Romanism were so repugnant that, judging Christianity by priestly caricatures, he concluded that religion in general must be a sham. In the Italian town where he resided he believed that no Bible could be found in any house. Now, he inherited wealth and influence, and he had long desired to benefit his fellow-men. What more effective method could be adopted than that of giving them the Word of Life? A deep impression was seemingly made upon the gentleman's mind, and he expressed many thanks for having a stumbling-block removed from his path. The address of the Bible Society was taken down, and probably the good effects of that casual meeting are being felt to-day in priest-ridden Italy.

Another distinguished foreigner, and one who appeared to be a military officer of rank, was accosted in the Thames Tunnel. The evangelist was about turning aside, when the words, "I will speak of thy testimony also before kings, and will not be ashamed," were remembered, and encouraged boldness. On being offered a tract, the gentleman replied, "That's not in my line;" but becoming communicative and affable, he said he was an official of rank under the Austrian Government, and in connection with the national prisons. Here was an opportunity of speaking, for to influence one thus set over others is to ensure a return of good fruit in due season. The Austrian official was spoken to faithfully respecting his responsibilities, until, becoming really affected, he said, "I am much indebted to you for having so plainly reminded me of my great responsibility. I must confess that I have never seen it in that light in which you have placed it before me." He even begged for a Bible, and a supply of tracts, and tears filled his eyes as he expressed a hope that God's word would be blessed to him, and teach him his duty to his Maker and employers. Such action gains the reward of those who sow beside all waters. It might have been a rebuff, for rebuffs are plentiful among London Romanists. Animated by a very different spirit from that which lent a charm to the genteel foreigner, was an old woman of Ratcliff, who rewarded all endeavours to do her good by, "Aye, and sure, if you belonged to the true church, what a deal of good ye might do; but you will never do any good with King Harry's religion."

Concerning the evil tendency of the confessional, let the testimony of one woman suffice. In an evil day she married a Romanist, and, beset by her husband and the priest, she could enjoy no peace until she renounced "heresy." "May the Lord deliver me from the confessional!" she said. "The horror that it put into my heart will never leave it. Such expressions to come from a priest were awful. I said to myself, at the time when he was questioning me, Can it be possible that the most degraded of characters would have asked such questions? After he left I was for a considerable time in a tremble." Happily this subject was completely restored to her former faith.

If the extreme ignorance and credulity of the poorer adherents of the papacy are wonderful to see, they teach us to be earnest in opposing a system which enthrals myriads in its meshes. "I do not know who died on the cross," said one. "I cannot tell who was the Son of God.

How should I know? I never got any larning. I have not committed any sin in my lifetime, and if God does not take me to heaven, I don't deserve to go anywhere else." A man unable to read was given to understand that Henry the Eighth and the devil founded the Protestant religion. He was not partial to Martin Luther either, because, as a disreputable character, Martin was turned out of heaven. "My good friend," said one better informed, "you are mistaken; Martin Luther was never turned out of heaven. You must refer to Satan and his angels." "Oh, well," said the other, "I suppose it *was* the devil. I knew it was one of them, and one was as bad as the other."

A woman with weak eyes said that her complaint arose from entering a cabin in Ireland where a death occurred from fever. The ghost of the departed came in the night, and, blowing a horrid blast in her face, had caused a soreness. One visit to "Father Power's grave" had already done some good, and she thought one more pilgrimage would ensure complete restoration. Such is the working, and such are the fruits, of Romanism in London.

It may be objected against these cases that they are exceptional, and belong to a remote outer circle of society which, whether it profess Protestantism or Romanism is difficult to reclaim. Such cavils could be answered by taking the objector into a home of taste and culture, where the inmates have profited by all the advantages which their church can supply. In some special cases city missionaries gain access to the sick rooms of well-to-do persons. They go by particular request, or some unusual circumstance leads them aside from their ordinary path. About four years ago an accomplished and beautiful young actress was visited in this manner. Marrying a man of her own profession at sixteen, the two were enabled to earn about seven pounds weekly, until at the youthful age of twenty-two the wife lay on a bed of death. Though reared a Protestant she was now a professed Romanist, having been rebaptised to please her husband, who was extremely fond of her. "This affliction has been laid on me for good," she said; "and has been the means of taking me from my course of life, which you know was sinful." Patients of this rank are sure of receiving the zealous attention of the priests, and of being tenderly protected, if need be, from the intrusion of heretics, by those about them. Even the toilet-table by the bedside bore testimony to the solicitude of Mother Church. There lay a scapular which had been prayed over, and though nothing more than a circular piece of metal, it was reputed to possess charms which heretics could neither enjoy nor gainsay. There also lay a rose which seven "holy men" had obligingly blessed, and the flower was warranted to ease pain and cure disease. On hearing the gospel explained, however, the sinking actress willingly surrendered these toys and trifles; and after receiving a few visits from her newly-found friend, he was welcomed very cordially. "I do feel Jesus very precious," was now her language. In her last hours the husband stood by the bedside supporting the fragile form of his best earthly treasure, bathed in tears and regarding with astonishment the strength his wife derived from simple faith. He followed his friend to the door with many expressions of gratitude. He now comprehended what was meant by being a true catholic according to the Bible standard.

The antipathy of Romish priests to Protestant ministers and evangelists is excessive, and neither pains nor money are spared to hinder the progress of the gospel among the poor. An example of their zealous care and watchfulness happened some years ago. A city missionary lived in the house of a man whose wife embracing Romanism, influenced her husband to do the like, and having a daughter who had been affectionately advised about religion, the mother acquainted a father in the confessional of the condition of affairs. Two priests immediately hastened to set matters right. The girl was sent for, and in order to remove her from the hated Protestant influence she was removed into another lodging, the expenses were paid, and care taken that she should have neither Bible nor religious books. Subsequently she was sent to America; but before embarking she was even commissioned to wait on the offending city missionary and to attempt to win him over to Popery, by offering in the service of the Pope double the salary received in the Protestant communion.

Considerable difficulty must attend our coping with a body of men who are moved by this surprising zeal. We do not hesitate to say that such men, together with their allies, the ritualistic Anglicans, are directly engaged in hindering the benighted poor from arriving at a saving knowledge of Christ. One might have supposed that the amazing amount of sin, pain, and poverty gathered in London would have healed differences of opinion in men professing Christ and professing to be his, while engaged in the work of restoring those for whom he died. It is not so. There are men in the metropolis, as there are others in foreign mission fields, who for the sake of useless ceremonies and ecclesiastical drapery, find their employment in pulling down the work of others. So far as lies in their power they delight in undoing what others have done, and moved by blind bigotry they live to create doubt and misgiving. If our readers would learn in what the workings and tactics of Ritualism really consist, we would refer them to the last Report of the Religious Tract Society, where a statement of the progress of the evil is succinctly given. Salvation by trust in sacraments and ceremonies, and the exalting of "priests" into beings endowed with supernatural powers, make up the programme of a grovelling system which threatens to transform the Church of England into a doorway leading to Rome.

What was become of Peter?

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter.—Acts xii. 18.

WE can very well understand that there would be great excitement. It was the most improbable thing in the world that Peter should escape from custody. In the innermost dungeon, securely chained, watched by a four-fold guard, with no powerful friends outside to attempt a rescue—it was marvellous that in the morning the bird was

flown: the prison doors were closed and the guards in their places, but Peter—where was he? We marvel not that "there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter"?

We will use this striking narrative as an illustration—what if we make it into an allegory? The sinner fast bound in his sin is, by the mercy of God, set free, brought out from his spiritual prison into the streets of the New Jerusalem, and then there is no small stir among his old companions, what has become of him. Many questions are asked, and many strange answers are given. They cannot understand it. The vain world esteems it strange: much it admires, but hates the change. The carnal mind cannot understand conversion. There is "no small stir, what has become of Peter."

We shall, first of all, dwell a little upon the escape of Peter, as illustrating the salvation of certain sinners; then upon the consequent stir about it, and then upon the quiet conduct of the man who is the object of all this stir,—"What has become of Peter"?

I. First, then, THE IMPROBABLE EVENT. Peter was *in prison*. It was a most unlikely thing that he should come forth from Herod's gaol, but it is a far more unlikely thing that sinners should be set free from the dungeons of sin. For the iron gate which opened into the city to turn upon its hinges of its own accord was wonderful; but for a sinful heart to loathe its sin is stranger far. Who can escape from the grasp of sin? No person is more straitly shut up than is the sinner in the prison-house of original depravity; it is not around us merely, but in us, compassing our path, whether we lie down or rise up. Stronger than granite walls and bars of iron are the forces of evil. Evil has penetrated our souls, it has become part of ourselves. Whither shall we fly from its presence? or how shall we escape from its power? Vain are the wings of the morning; they cannot enable us to fly from our own selves.

O, marvellous thing, that the Ethiopian should escape from his blackness, and the leopard from his spots! There are some men in whom evil is more than ordinarily conspicuous. They have done violence to conscience; they have quenched, as far as possible, the inner light; they have defied the customs of society; they have resolved to sin at random, and they do so. What a miracle it is that such as these should be emancipated from the slavery they choose so eagerly; that these, who are set fast in the stocks of vice, in the innermost dungeon of transgression, should ever be set at liberty! And yet how often this has happened! The foundations of the prison have been shaken, and every one's bands have been loosed. The saints of God can, all of them, bless him for liberty from sin; "the snare is broken and they are escaped"! Ay, and many of them can praise him for deliverance from very great sins, black sins, iron sins, sins which had entered into their souls and held their spirits captive. No man can set another man free from iniquity, nor can any man burst down his own prison-doors: no Samson is strong enough for that; but there is One, "mighty to save," who has come to proclaim liberty to the captives of sin, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound by iniquity, and he has so proclaimed it that many of us are now free through his grace. O that many others now shut up in the spiritual Bastille may be set free!

But, besides being in prison, Peter was *in the dark*. All the lamps had been quenched for the night in his miserable place of confinement. Such is the estate, spiritually, of every unconverted sinner, he is in the dark; he does not know Christ, nor apprehend his own condition, nor comprehend eternal realities. What a state of darkness is he in who has never heard the gospel! But alas! there are some who have heard it, often heard it, and yet their eyes are holden so that they cannot see the light, and they are as badly in the dark as those upon whom the lamp has never shone. Does it not seem impossible to convert such darkened ones? You have held up, as it were, the very sun in the heavens before their eye-balls, while you have preached salvation by Christ, and yet so blind are they that they have seen nothing! Can these blind eyes see? Can these prisoners of midnight escape from the prison through its long corridors and winding passages? The thousands in this city who never attend the house of prayer,—is it possible ever to get at them? Can the grace of God ever come to them? Yes, we bless God that, as the angel came into Peter's prison and brought a light with him, so the Spirit can come into the prison of man's sin and bring heavenly illumination with him, and then he will see, in a moment, the truth as it is in Jesus, which he never knew before. Glory be to God, he can lead the blinded mind into daylight, and give it eyes to see and a heart to love the truth divine. We can testify of this, for so hath God wrought upon *us*, and why should he not thus work upon others; but it is a great marvel, and, when it is performed, there is "no small stir."

Peter's case, in the third place, had another mark of hopelessness about it. He was in prison; he was in the dark; and *he was asleep*. How can you lead a man out of prison who is sound asleep? If you cannot enter and arouse him, what can you do for him? Suppose the doors were opened and the chains were snapped, yet if he remained asleep how could he escape? We find that the angel smote Peter on the side. I dare say it was a hard blow, but it was a kind one. Oh, how I wish the Spirit of God would smite some sleeping sinner on the side at this moment! I would not mind how sharp or cutting the blow might be for the time being, if it made him start up, and say, "How can I escape from this dreadful cell of sin?" My brethren, how difficult it is to arouse some minds from their indifference. The most indifferent people in this world are those who have prospered in business for a long time without a break; they are accumulating money as fast as they can count it, and they have not time to think about eternal things. Another very hardened class consists of those who have enjoyed good health for a long time, and have scarcely known an ache or a pain. They do not think about eternity. It is a great blessing to enjoy health, but it is also a great blessing to suffer sickness, for it is often the means of awakening the slumbering heart. Many dream that because things go smoothly with them they are all right; and yet they are peculiarly in danger. O Spirit of the living God, smite them on the side! I have known this smiting come to some by a sermon, to others by the personal remark of a friend, to others by the death of a companion, or by the loss of a dear child, or by great trouble and want. Well, if your souls are saved, you will not in after days be sorry for the

awakening trouble which helped to bring you to the Saviour. Yes, the most indifferent have been awakened; and why should it not be so again? The church prayed for Peter, and those prayers brought the angel to awaken him; let us pray for indifferent sons and careless daughters; let us pray for the godless, Christless population around us, and God's Spirit will yet arouse them, and make them cry with a bitter cry, "Lord save us, or we perish!"

There was further difficulty about Peter's case. He was in the prison, in the dark, asleep, and he was also *chained*. Each hand was fastened to a soldier's hand. How could he possibly escape? And herein is the difficulty with some sinners, they cannot leave their old companions. Suppose the gay young man should propose to think about religion? Why, this very night he would be ridiculed for it. Suppose he endeavoured to walk in the ways of holiness, is there not chained to his left hand an unholy companion? It may be some unchaste connection has been made; how shall he break away? Let a man be joined to an ungodly woman, or let a woman have once given up herself to an unholy alliance, and how hard it is to set them free! Yet Peter did come out of prison, though he was chained to his guards; and Christ can save a sinner though he is bound hand and foot by his intimate association with other sinners as bad as himself. It seems impossible that he should be set at liberty; but nothing is impossible with God. There may be some here who have had to snap many an old connection, and get rid of many an evil association: but by divine grace it has been done. We give God the glory of it, and do not wonder at the "stir" which it has made.

In addition to all this, Peter was not only chained, but he was *guarded* by soldiers placed outside the prison. And, oh, how some sinners God means to bless are similarly guarded! The devil seems to have an inkling that God will save them one day, and therefore he watches them: fearful lest by any means they should escape out of his hands, he guards them day and night. When men receive a tender conscience, or have their minds a little aroused, Satan will not trust them to enter the house of prayer; or if they do come, he comes with them, and distracts their attention by vain thoughts or fierce temptations; or if they are able to hear the sermon attentively, he will meet them outside and try to steal away the good seed from their hearts. He will assail the man with temptation here and temptation there; he will assault him through some chosen instrument, and then again by another messenger of a like character, if by any means he may keep him from being saved. But when the Lord means to save, he makes short work of the guards, the prison, the darkness, the chains, the devil and all his allies. If the Lord means to save you, man, whoever you are, he will overcome your old master and his guards; the Lord's eternal will shall assuredly overcome your will and the will of Satan, and the lusts of the flesh, and your own resolves, and, although you may have made a league with death and a covenant with hell, yet if the eternal Jehovah wills it, he can break your covenant and set you free, and lead you a captive at the wheels of his chariot of mercy; for with God nothing is impossible.

Once more, Peter was, in addition to all this, *on the eve of death.*

It was his last night, the night before his execution. It is a very sweet thing to think of Peter sleeping. It reminds one of the saint whom we read of in Foxe's Book of Martyrs. When the gaoler's wife came in the morning to call him up, he was so sweetly asleep that she had to shake him to arouse him. It was a strange thing to disturb a man and say, "It is time to get up and be burnt!" But he slept as sweetly as though he should be married that morning instead of meeting a cruel death. God can give his people the greatest peace in the most disturbing times. So Peter slept. But that is not the point I wish to dwell upon. The next morning he was to die; but God would not have him die. Perhaps some one who hears or reads these words is despairing,—so despairing that he is ready to lay violent hands upon himself; or perhaps there is one so sick that if the Lord does not appear very soon it will be too late. Blessed be God, he never leaves his elect to perish in sin. He never is before his time, but he never is behind it. He cometh in at the last moment, and when it seems as though eternal destruction would swallow up his chosen one, he stretches out his hand and achieves his purpose. May this remark be a message from God to someone. Though you have gone far in sin and are near your end, yet the Lord, who can do anything and everything, may come to you and save you even now, at the eleventh hour, and then there will be a "stir" indeed.

We have thus remarked upon a whole series of improbabilities, but I have noticed that it is often the most unlikely people who are saved. There are many of whom I thought, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me," and I have been disappointed in them; and there are many others who came to hear out of curiosity, and were the least likely to be impressed, who nevertheless have been met with by sovereign grace. Does not this encourage you to say, "Why should not the Lord meet with me?" Ah, dear soul, why not? And, what is more, he will regard thee if thou listenest to this word of his, "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life." To believe in Jesus Christ is simply to trust. Trust him; for if thou dost trust thy guilty soul entirely on Jesus, he *has* met with thee, thou *art* saved, *now*. Go and sin no more; thy sins which are many are forgiven thee! That is salvation in a nut-shell. Whosoever reposes his trust in Jesus is saved. God grant such faith to you!

II. Secondly, in consequence of this great event, THERE WAS NO SMALL STIR, what was become of Peter. When the Lord saves an unlikely individual, there is sure to be a stir about it.

The text says, "There was no small stir *among the soldiers*." So, generally, the stir about a sinner begins among his old companions. "What has become of Peter? I thought he would have met us to-night at our drinking bout. What has become of Peter? We were going to the theatre together. What has become of Peter? We intended to have a jolly time of it at the horse-races. What has become of Peter? We had agreed to go to the dancing saloon together!" Those who were his old companions say, "We did not believe he would ever have been made religious. He'll never make a saint! We'll fetch him back. He has got among those canting Methodists, but we'll make it too hot for him. We will jest at him and jeer at him

till he can't stand it, and if that does not do, we will threaten him, cast doubts on his creed, and set fresh temptations before him." Ah! but if God has set him free from sin, he is free indeed, and you will never lead him back to prison again. When you meet him, you will find him a new man, and you will be glad to get away from him again; for he will prove too strong for you. Often when a man's conversion is thorough, not only is he rejoiced to get away from his old companions, but his old companions are wonderfully glad to keep clear of him. They do not like the manner of him. He is so strange a man to what he was before. They say, "What has become of Peter? His ways are not ours. What has happened to him?" If a dog were suddenly turned into an angel, the other dogs would be puzzled, the whole kennel would take to howling at him.

But after the soldiers came *Herod*. Herod wondered, "What has become of Peter? Did not I put sixteen men to guard him? Did I not provide heavy chains for his feet? Did I not chain him wrist to wrist to a soldier? Did I not put him in the innermost ward of the prison? What has become of Peter?" Herod grew very wroth. He was delighted to have killed James, and he meant to have killed Peter, and therefore he cried, in great chagrin, "What has become of Peter?" What a sight it would be to see the Devil when he has lost some chosen sinner,—when he hears the man who once could swear beginning to pray!—when he beholds the heart that once was hard as adamant beginning to melt! I think I hear him say to himself, "What has become of Peter? Another of my servants has deserted me! Another of my choice followers has yielded to my foe! What, has Christ taken another lamb from between the jaws of the lion? Will he leave me none? Shall I have no soldiers? Shall none of my black-guard be left to me? Am I to be entirely deserted? What has become of Peter?" Oh, it is a glorious thing to cause a howling through the infernal regions, and to set devils biting their tongues because poor sinners have snapped their chains. Pray that as the prayers of the church set Peter free and made Herod angry, so the prayers of the church may set sinners free and put the Devil to shame.

But we must not forget *the Jews*. They had expected to see Peter die, and when they found that they would have to eat the Passover with the bitter herb of Peter's escape from prison, they began to say to one another, "What has become of Peter?" They could not understand his escape. Many in these days are like the Jews. They are outsiders; they do not associate with sinners in their grosser vices, but they look on. Whenever they hear of a man converted, if he be indeed really changed, they say, "What has come to him? We don't understand him!" They put him down as a fanatical fool. Their maxim is, that if you like to go to a place of worship, all well and good, and if you like to have a religion, all well and good, but don't make a fuss about it; don't get carried off your legs by it; keep it to yourself, and be quiet over it. They think that to be lukewarm is the finest condition of mind; whereas the Saviour has said, "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." When a man becomes genuinely converted, especially if he has been a notorious sinner, these irreligious religious people cry out, "What

has become of Peter?" The Lord grant there may be much of this outcry!

And surely, also, there was no small stir amongst *God's own people.* There was a great stir in that prayer-meeting when Rhoda went back and said, "There's Peter at the gate!" "Never, never!" "But I know his voice. He has been here many times; I can't be mistaken." "Ah," said one, "it may be his ghost: it can't be Peter himself. It is impossible!" So, sometimes, when a sinner who has been very notorious has been converted, after he has been the subject of many prayers, God's people will say, "What, that man converted! It cannot be." When Paul, who had persecuted the church, was brought to be a Christian, it was very hard to make the disciples believe it. They had heard by many of this man, and how he had put the saints to death; surely he could not have become a disciple! There was no small stir what was become of Paul in those days. Christians could hardly think his conversion true. I pray the Lord in these times to convert some very terrible opposer of his gospel, some notorious enemy of the truth. I pray that some of those great philosophers of this learned age, who are always startling us with new absurdities, may be made to feel the power of the sovereign grace of God. I do not know why they should not. Let us pray for it, and it will come to pass. Let us ask the Lord to save even those who brandish their silly learning in the face of the eternal wisdom, and they may yet be brought down to sit humbly at the Saviour's feet, and then there will be no small stir in the church, "What has become of Professor this and that?" O Master, for thine own glory's sake grant that it may be done.

III. The last point is this: THE QUIET CONDUCT OF THE MAN about whom there was all this stir. What had become of Peter? He was out of prison. Where was he? I will tell you. In the first place he had *gone to a prayer-meeting.* It is a very good sign that a man has been really awakened when he goes uninvited to a prayer-meeting. I love to see a stranger come stealing in, and sit in a corner, where God's people are met for supplication. Any hypocrite will come to worship on a Sunday, but it is not every hypocrite who will come to the meeting for prayer. Anybody will come to listen to a sermon, but it is not everybody that will draw near to God. Surely when the prayer-meeting comes to be loved, it is a good and hopeful evidence. What is become of Peter? He is not at the gin-palace. What has become of Peter? He is not at the races. What has become of Peter? He is not with his old associates at the skittle ground. No, but he is drawing near to God, where a humble band are crying to the Most High for a blessing.

The next thing was, *he joined the Christians.* I do not say that Peter had not done so before; but on this occasion he went to where the Christians were, and sat down with them. So that sinner whom God sets free from sin straightway flies to his own company. "Birds of a feather flock together," and those who bear the true feather of the white dove, and have been washed in Christ's blood, "fly as a cloud, and like doves to their windows." You do not love Christ if you do not love his people. If you love the Lord who has saved you, you will love the people whom the Lord has saved, and you will, like Peter,

find out your brethren, and join with them. See then, you who have been making a stir about what has become of Peter: we have told you where he is. He has joined the church of God, he is going to be baptized, and he is following Christ through evil report and good report. What say you to that?

I will tell you yet further what has become of Peter. He has begun to *tell his experience at a church-meeting.* Peter did that very soon. He beckoned with his hand, and told them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. What a delight it is to see a man, who was just now black in the mouth with blasphemy, stand up and bless the Lord for what his grace has done for him. "I should think it strange," says one, "if that ever happened to me." My dear hearer, I should not think it strange, but should bless God for it. God grant it may happen, and that I may hear of it. No experience in the world is so sweet as that of a sinner who has been in captivity to evil, and has been brought out with a high hand and an outstretched arm. An uncommon sinner who has been remarkably converted tells a more than ordinarily encouraging story in our church-meetings, and we delight in such glad tidings. That is what has become of Peter.

And then, lastly, it was not long before Peter was *preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.* And oh! you who have been wondering what has become of some ungodly companions of yours, I should not be surprised if you hear them telling others what God has done for their souls. I should like to have heard John Newton's first sermon after he had been a slave-dealer, with his life full of all manner of villainy, and God had met with him in mercy. Oh, it must have been a sweet sermon, wet with tears. I will be bound to say there were no sleepy hearers. He would talk in a way that would melt others' hearts, because his own was melted. I should like to have heard John Bunyan, though under a hedge, preaching the Gospel of Jesus, while he told what God had done for a drunken tinker, and how he had washed him in the precious blood of Jesus and saved him. Those who know what sin is, and what the Saviour has saved them from, can speak with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. Peter could say, "I was in prison but I gained my liberty. It was the gift and work of God." He could bear good testimony to what God had done.

I hold up the blood-red standard at this time: I am a recruiting sergeant, and want in God's name to enlist fresh soldiers beneath the standard of the cross. "Whom will you enlist?" says one. "What must their characters be?" They must be guilty; I will have nothing to do with the righteous. The Saviour did not come to save those who are not sinful; he came to save sinners. I looked out of my window last winter, when it had been raining for several months almost incessantly, and I saw a man with a garden-hose watering plants, and I looked at him again and again, and to this moment I cannot understand what he was at: it did seem to me an extraordinary thing that a man should be watering a garden when the garden had been watered by the rain for a hundred days or so with scarcely a pause. Now, I am not going to water you who are already dripping with your own self-righteousness. Nay, nay, what need have you of grace? Christ did not come to save you good people. You must get to heaven how you

can, on your own account. He has come to wash the filthy and heal the sick. And oh, ye filthy ones, before you I hold up the Gospel banner, and say again, "Who will enlist beneath it?" The great Captain of salvation will take your guilt away, and cast your sins into the depths of the sea, and make you new creatures through his power.

"Well," says one, "if I am enlisted and become a new creature, what shall I do?" I will not say what you *shall* do, but, if the Lord saves you, you will love him so much that nothing will be too hard, or heavy, or difficult for you. You will not need driving, if you once receive his great salvation; you will be for doing more than you can, and you will pray for more grace and strength to attempt yet greater things for his name's sake. A man who has had much forgiven, what will he not attempt for the service and glory of him who has forgiven him! May I be fortunate enough to enlist beneath the Saviour's banner some black offender. That is the man—that is the man for Christ's money. That is the man who will sound out his name more sweetly than anybody else. That is the man who will be afraid of no one. That is the man who will know the power of the Gospel of Christ to a demonstration. Oh that the Lord would bring such among us, for we want them in these days—men who will come right out, without doubt, fear, or quibbling, facing all criticisms, defying all opinions, and saying, "Sinners, Christ can save you, for he saved me. I was a drunkard and a thief, but God has forgiven, and cleansed, and washed me, and I know the power of his salvation." Pray, members of the Church, that both among men and women there may be many such conversions, and that throughout this City of London there may be no small stir "What is become of Peter," and may that stir be to the praise and glory of God.—Amen.

On Turning Down Corners.

I WAS called upon once in my ministerial life to visit a woman who was in great distress of mind. I do not desire to meet with many such as she was. A more forlorn or wretched-looking specimen of humanity it would be hard to find. She had a pale, haggard, careworn countenance, across which, during all my visits to her, there flitted not one ray of hope, not one smile of gladness. She fancied that she had committed the unpardonable sin, although she did not seem to have a very definite idea as to what the nature of that sin was. She thought that there was hope for every one, and an offer of mercy for every one but herself. One day I asked her for her Bible. She handed it to me with a sigh. It was a small Bible, and on turning over the leaves I found it filled with slips of paper and bits of ribbon, which she had put in to mark familiar passages: a great many of the leaves had the corners turned down for the same purpose. I read quite a number of these texts, and found them to be the most terrible threatenings that are contained in the Word of God. There were multitudes of exceedingly great and precious promises, but she did not seem to have touched

one of them; she ignored them altogether. Reading simply the passages she had marked, one would be inclined to think that there was no such thing as sunshine. I took the Bible in my two hands, and shook these bits of paper and pieces of ribbon out of it. I turned up the corners of the leaves, which she had turned down, and then marked for her such passages as these; "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." That Bible of hers was not intended to make her gloomy, and sad, and melancholy; on the other hand, it was intended to be to her the "glad tidings of great joy;" and had she used it aright, it would have been to her an overflowing fountain of comfort and happiness.

Now it seems to me that a great many Christians treat Christianity the same way that the woman treated her Bible: they mark all the gloomy passages they can gather up in the history of the life of faith, and let the bright, cheery ones go. For instance, they find a law in their members warring against the law of their minds and bringing them into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members, and right there they turn down a corner. In another place they find that God is hiding his face from them behind a cloud, and there they turn down another corner. In another place they find that if they are the children of God they must cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and must perfect holiness in the fear of God. This requires a great deal of self-denial, and they turn down another corner. In another place they find that

> "The troubles that afflict the just
> In number many be,"

and down goes another corner; and so it is through their whole lives. Some have a corner turned down for every day they live, noting each day's sorrow, and they are continually reading these gloomy passages, and calling them to mind, and talking about them, and meditating on them.

Now I believe this is all wrong. Such representations of Christian life are not truthful. They are one-sided, very much so, and do an immense amount of injury. They are gloomy, fearing, doubting Christians who dwell so much on these dark spots in their history and ignore the sunshine. They hinder their well-being, and instead of growing all over, instead of growing in every grace, they only grow in a few. They are patient Christians—very patient, it may be: they are submissive Christians, very submissive to the will of God; but what about hope, and what about joy? These are the fruits of the Spirit, and ought to thrive as well as the other fruits, and ought to be as carefully tended, so that when the Master comes into his garden he may find his pleasant fruits.

Besides that, these one-sided representations of Christianity have a bad effect on those whom we are trying to win. It is such representations that give point to the charge that is often made by those upon whom we press claims, that religion is a heart-saddening thing. Imagine a man button-holing his friend, and saying, "Come along with me; move down to our country: the fields are full of thorns and thistles and swampy places. It is a splendid place to get chills and fever. There is any amount of sickness. We have an immense hospital, and it is always full." Do you think the man would be inclined to go? That is bad enough. But it is just as bad for a Christian to say to his neighbour, "Come along with me, we have a very sorrowful time of it; we enter the kingdom through much tribulation," and say nothing at all about the joy and the happiness, the sunshine and the flowers. Christianity was not intended to make a man gloomy, and despondent, and melancholy at all. God gave it to us as a thing of joy, to make us happier and gladder at the heart than we were without it. Its whole tendency, when received into the soul, is to make man joyful. A man does not lose, but gains, when he becomes possessed of true religion, for "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." We who profess it, ought for our own sakes to turn the corners down at its joyous passages, think about them more than we do, and let our light shine, that others may be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven.—*United Presbyterian.*

A Noble Deaconess.*

THE life of the Countess Stolberg presents to our view one of those surprising examples of devotion and self-sacrifice which now and again, as normal outgrowths of Christianity, astonish, if they do not convince the world, of the hidden power of true religion. Her family is among the noblest of Germany. Related to a long line of worthies, including patriots, poets, and soldiers, and directly associated with the court of the good king Frederick William the Fourth, the Countess Anna was enabled, by the grace of God, to turn her back on all that courtiers consider most attractive. Strength was given her to unbend, if the expression be justifiable in such a sense, to the work of instructing the ignorant, and of succouring the needy, which in her case constituted the charm and luxury of life. Both her father and grandfather were exemplary Christians; and the former, besides serving as minister of State, was one of the most valued personal friends of the King. The Countess belonged to a Christian family in the truest sense, and thus from childhood was unconsciously educated to accomplish the life-work which still keeps her name in remembrance.

Reared among the aristocracy of the Prussian court, this daughter of Count Stolberg seems to have experienced even in early life strong desires to sacrifice herself in working for the good of others, and in due course her longing eyes were turned towards "Bethany," a large hospital managed by Deaconesses, and which, as a foundation of Frederick William the Fourth, is situated in an eastern suburb of Berlin. This institution partly owes its origin to Fliedner,

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* Anna Countess Zu Stolberg Wernigerode; Lady Superintendent of "Bethany" Deaconess House, at Berlin. Translated from the German of Arnold Welmer, by D. M. T. (Strahan and Co.).

the pastor of Kaiserswerth, who had already established one of the same kind—the model of many others in Germany—his aim being to bring into the field as large an array as possible of the forces of Christian womanhood. Hence the King sought this pastor's advice when engaged in completing his own design of "Bethany."

When the Countess Anna's deep piety moved her to take the decisive step of life, the hospital of "Bethany" became her chosen sphere of action. When fully commissioned by her parents giving their consent for their daughter to give herself entirely to a work beloved, the candidate's joy was singularly great. Human nature so commonly strives after what is honourable and pleasant, that when one of high rank voluntarily resigns the ease and advantages of birth through love to mankind, we stand still in admiration while noting how Christ still works on earth by means of chosen agents. While a probationer in the hospital wards, this really noble woman unreservedly placed herself on a level with others of low birth, who now became her daily companions. "Scarcely a quarter of a room could the young probationer, the daughter of a distinguished nobleman, henceforth call her own—her resting-place. Not even a tiny chamber, only one of the compartments ranged round the walls of the large probationers' ward. White curtains walled in the little territory, that had hardly space for a pine bedstead with green and white striped hangings, a chair, and a table. The mistress of the probationers slept with them, as she superintended their general duties and their training in sick nursing. And here the high-born Countess slept next the daughter of a poor day labourer, for perfect equality in Christ was the principle carried out."

Instead of growing disgusted or losing heart by the menial drudgery, the need and the suffering of "Bethany," these associations of the place apparently inspired the noble volunteer with purer devotion, while they urged her on to the goal of complete self-sacrifice. Though not ambitious she was destined to rise to the highest office of her profession; for when the lady superintendent died in 1855, the Countess was unanimously chosen to fill this still more arduous office. Nor could she rest satisfied while confining her efforts to one place. Wherever in the neighbourhood around there was poverty or misery, Anna would be found to afford aid and sympathy to the extent of her power. Her private fortune must have been considerable, but the whole amount was often insufficient to meet the demands of her charitable spirit.

During the wars which desolated the Continent in the opening of this century, an ancient order, the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, was abolished by the King; but in subsequent years the privileges of the clan were restored, and Eberhard, a brother of the Countess Anna, became a most active member of the society. In olden times the aims and purposes of these Johanniters may have been of a questionable nature; they were trained to excel in deeds of daring, and fought to wrest the Holy City and Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels; but now they engaged in work more in keeping with the profession of Christianity than were the chivalrous deeds of their fathers. In the late war between Germany and Denmark they did much heroic service in attending to the sick and wounded, as also did the Countess and her deaconesses, who visited the seat of war.

Though the institution at "Bethany" was entirely controlled by the Countess Anna, and grew in power and usefulness under her wise administration, her philanthropic efforts were not confined to any area. Wherever disease or misfortune was making havoc, thither was this good angel prepared to go at any expense of money or fatigue. In 1867 the wet harvest-time of East Prussia was followed by destitution bordering on famine in some districts, and this produced an alarming outbreak of fever. On hearing of the poor people's distress, Anna and a couple of deaconesses hastened to the village of Rhein. "They found forty typhus cases in the temporary hospital of the Johanniters, all crowded into two rooms, one for men, the other for women and children. Two and three patients lay in each bed, most of them only on straw, hardly covered

with rags, stiff with dirt, and infested with vermin; while around the dying mothers crouched alike their sick and their well children. Still more deplorable, however, was the state of the labourers' dwellings in the town, where frequently six families, numbering twenty or thirty men and women, girls and boys, sick and well, all half-naked, were huddled together in a small noisome room, on dirty straw scattered on the unboarded damp mud floor. Perished with cold, devoured by vermin, and almost starved, haunted by the phantasies of typhus, or moaning with the pain of frostbites, cursing God, and the world, and themselves, or lying in obstinate silence, every one of them expected but one deliverer—Death! 'My heart stood still when first I entered those pestholes; I never saw such human misery!' remarked Anna afterwards."

The local authorities looked on these appalling scenes unconcerned. Though the people died and spread infection through the country, the official magnates scarcely considered the calamity to be any business of theirs. Otherwise thought the Johanniters and the deaconesses. Hospital wards were prepared by the knights, beds and other necessary articles by the ladies. This occurred in the opening of 1868, and after staying on the scene nearly a fortnight, the Countess returned to "Bethany," to send other helpers to join those left behind at Rhein: but her life-work was done. She had been enabled to risk her all in the highest service, and now she was to be called upon to lay down her very life. The fever-poison having been imbibed, death set his seal upon this great woman, and she died on the 16th of February. She shrank from human praise, and with some of her last words ascribed to borrowed strength the success achieved. "No, no," she cried, "it was all grace. Here lies a poor sinner who has been made happy by a great ransom."

Perhaps such a funeral as hers was never before seen in Berlin. "King William with his own hand laid a shining laurel crown next the maiden myrtle wreath which lay upon the black-cloth-covered coffin of her who had been the self-sacrificing nurse of his wounded soldiers in war, and of his sick subjects in peace. The Queens, Augusta and Elizabeth, added to the laurel of bravery and renown the white roses and camellias of love, and when the hundreds of high-born mourners had passed away from the peaceful churchyard, there entered very timidly many, many of the poor to cast secretly on the quiet form a modest wreath of snowdrops, a little spray of rosemary, or the one little bud from the flower-pot in the window at home." Celebrities in the army, the church, and the State crowded around the bier. There, too, were the deaconesses of "Bethany," and their allies, the Johanniters. It was a scene to weep over and to rejoice over. It was the finishing of a life-work which all can emulate by doing what they can. Covering the remains of one thus devoted, the tombstone of the Countess fitly points the stranger to this Scripture: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

A Courteous Tutor.

(ENTREMETS.—No. 10.)

IN the sixteenth century there lived a certain schoolmaster who customarily raised his hat to his scholars whenever he entered the schoolroom. On being questioned about this studied politeness, the tutor replied, "In future years these lads will be the doctors, the chancellors, the electors, the senators, and the rulers of Germany and of the world; and conscious of their coming greatness, I bow courteously to them now." Luther was a scholar in that school. Politeness, which never risks loss, will always bring us honour.

Exposition of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXXVII.

TITLE.—A Psalm or Song for the sons of Korah. *A sacred hymn and a national lyric. A theocracy blends the religious and the patriotic ideas in one; and in proportion as nations become Christianized, their popular songs will become deeply imbued with pious sentiments. Judged by this standard, our own land is far in arrears. This "psalm or song" was either composed by the sons of Korah, or dedicated to them: as they kept the doors of the house of the Lord, they could use this beautiful composition as a psalm within the doors, and as a song outside.*

SUBJECT AND DIVISION.—*The song is in honour of Zion, or Jerusalem, and it treats of God's favour to that city among the mountains, the prophecies which made it illustrious, and the honour of being a native of it. Many conceive that it was written at the founding of David's city of Zion, but does not the mention of Babylon imply a later date? It would seem to have been written after Jerusalem and the Temple had been built, and had enjoyed a history, of which glorious things could be spoken. Among other marvels of God's love in its later history, it had been untouched by Sennacherib when other cities of Israel and Judah had fallen victims to his cruelty. It was in Hezekiah's reign that Babylon became prominent, when the ambassadors came to congratulate the king concerning his recovery, at that time also Tyre would be more famous than at any period in David's day. But as we have no information, and the point is not important, we may leave it, and proceed to meditate upon the psalm itself. We have no need to divide so brief a song.*

EXPOSITION.

HIS foundation *is* in the holy mountains.

2 The LORD loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

3 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Selah.

4 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that knew me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this *man* was born there.

5 And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the highest himself shall establish her.

6 The LORD shall count, when he writeth up the people, *that* this *man* was born there. Selah.

7 As well the singers as the players on instruments *shall be there:* all my springs *are* in thee.

1. "*His foundation is in the holy mountains.*" The psalm begins abruptly, the poet's heart was full, and it gained vent on a sudden.

> "God's foundation stands for ever
> On the holy mountain towers;
> Sion's gates Jehovah favours
> More than Jacob's thousand bowers."

Sudden passion is evil, but bursts of holy joy are most precious. God has chosen to found his earthly temple upon the mountains; he might have selected other spots, but it was his pleasure to have his chosen abode upon Zion. His election made the mountains holy; they were by his determination ordained and set apart for the Lord's use.

The foundation of the church, which is the mystical Jerusalem, is laid in the eternal, immutable, and invincible decrees of Jehovah. He wills that the church shall be, he settles all arrangements for her calling, salvation, maintenance, and

perfection, and all his attributes, like the mountains round about Jerusalem, lend their strength for her support. Not on the sand of carnal policy, nor in the morass of human kingdoms, has the Lord founded his church, but on his own power and godhead, which are pledged for the establishment of his beloved church, which is to him the chief of all his works. What a theme for meditation is the founding of the church of God in the ancient covenant engagements of eternity: the abrupt character of this first verse indicates long consideration on the part of the writer, leading up to his bursting forth in wonder and adoration. Well might such a theme cause his heart to glow. Rome stands on her seven hills, and has never lacked a poet's tongue to sing her glories, but more glorious far art thou, O Ziona, among the eternal mountains of God: while pen can write or mouth can speak, thy praises shall never lie buried in inglorious silence.

2. "*The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.*" The gates are put for the city itself. The love of God is greatest to his own elect nation, descended from his servant Jacob, yet the central seat of his worship is dearer still; no other supposable comparison could have so fully displayed the favour which Jehovah bore to Jerusalem,—he loves Jacob best and Zion better than the best. At this hour the mystical teaching of these words is plain. God delights in the prayers and praises of Christian families and individuals, but he has a special eye to the assemblies of the faithful, and he has a special delight in their devotions in their church capacity. The great festivals, when the crowds surrounded the temple gates, were fair in the Lord's eyes, and even such is the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. This should lead each separate believer to identify himself with the church of God: where the Lord reveals his love the most, there should each believer most delight to be found. Our own dwellings are very dear to us, but we must not prefer them to the assemblies of the saints; we must say of the church—

> "Here my best friends, my kindred dwell:
> Here God, my Saviour, reigns."

3. "*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*" This is true of Jerusalem. Her history, which is the story of the nation of which she is the capital, is full of glorious incidents, and her use and end as the abode of the true God, and of his worship, was preëminently glorious. Glorious things were taught in her streets, and seen in her temples. Glorious things were foretold of her, and she was the type of the most glorious things of all. This is yet more true of the church: she is founded in grace, but her pinnacles glow with glory. Men may glory in her without being braggarts; she has a lustre about her brow which none can rival. Whatever glorious things the saints may say of the church in their eulogies, they cannot exceed what prophets have foretold, what angels have sung, or what God himself has declared. Happy are the tongues which learn to occupy themselves with so excellent a subject; may they be found around our fire-sides, in our market-places, and in all the spots where men most congregate. Never let thy praises cease, O thou bride of Christ, thou fairest among women, thou in whom the Lord himself hath placed his delight, calling thee by that pearl of names, Hephzibah,—"for my delight is in her." Since the Lord has chosen thee, and deigns to dwell in thee, O thou city of beauty, none can rival thee; thou art the eye of the world, the pearl, the queen of all the cities of the universe; the true "eternal city," the metropolitan, the mother of us all. The years to come shall unveil thy beauties to the astonished eyes of all peoples, and the day of thy splendour shall come to its sevenfold noon.

"*Selah.*" With the prospect before him of a world converted, and the most implacable foes transformed into friends, it was meet that the psalmist should pause. How could he sing the glories of new-born Tyre and Ethiopia, received with open arms into union with Zion, until he had taken breath and prepared both voice and heart for so divine a song?

4. "*I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me.*" This shall be a glorious subject to speak of concerning Zion, that her old foes are new-born and have become her friends, worshipping in the temple of her God. Rahab or Egypt, which oppressed Israel, shall become a sister nation, and Babylon, in which the tribes endured their second great captivity, shall become a fellow-worshipper; then shall there be mention made in familiar talk of the old enmities forgotten and the new friendships formed. Some consider that these are the words of God himself, and should be rendered, "I will mention Rahab and Babylon as knowing me:" but we feel content with our common version, and attribute the words to the psalmist himself, who anticipates the conversion of the two great rival nations and speaks of it with exultation. "*Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia.*" These also are to bow before the Lord. Philistia shall renounce her ancient hate, Tyre shall not be swallowed up by thoughts of her commerce, and distant Ethiopia shall not be too far off to receive the salvation of the Lord. "*This man was born there.*" The word *man* is inserted by the translators to the marring of the sense, which is clear enough when the superfluous word is dropped,—"Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopa; this was born there"—*i.e.*, this nation has been born into Zion, regenerated into the church of God. Of the new births of nations we will make mention, for it is at once a great blessing and a great wonder. It is a glorious thing indeed when whole nations are born unto God.

"Mark ye well Philistia's legions,
Lo, to seek the Lord they come;
And within the sacred regions
Tyre and Cush have found a home."

Many understand the sense of these verses to be that all men are proud of their native country, and so also is the citizen of Zion, so that while one of it said, "he was born in Egypt," and of another, "he came from Ethiopia," it would be equally to the honour of others that they were home-born sons of the city of God. The passage is not so clear that any one should become dogmatical as to its meaning, but we prefer the interpretation given above.

5. "*And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her.*" Not as nations only, but one by one, as individuals, the citizens of the New Jerusalem shall be counted, and their names publicly declared. Man by man will the Lord reckon them, for they are each one precious in his sight; the individual shall not be lost in the mass, but each one shall be of high account. What a patent of nobility is it, for a man to have it certified that he was born in Zion; the twice-born are a royal priesthood, the true aristocracy, the imperial race of men. The original, by using the noblest word for man, intimates that many remarkable men will be born in the church, and indeed every man who is renewed in the image of Christ is an eminent personage, while there are some who, even to the dim eyes of the world, shine forth with a lustre of character which cannot but be admitted to be unusual and admirable. The church has illustrious names of prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, reformers, missionaries, and the like, which bear comparison with the grandest names honoured by the world, nay, in many respects far excel them. Zion has no reason to be ashamed of her sons, nor her sons of her. "Wisdom is justified of her children." "*And the highest himself shall establish her*"—the only establishment worth having. When the numbers of the faithful are increased by the new birth, the Lord proves himself to be the upbuilder of the church. The Lord alone deserves to wear the title of Defender of the Faith; he is the sole and sufficient Patron and Protector of the true church. There is no fear for the Lord's heritage, his own arm is sufficient to maintain his rights. The Highest is higher than all those who are against us, and the good old cause shall triumph over all.

6. "*The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.*" At the great census which the Lord himself shall take, he will

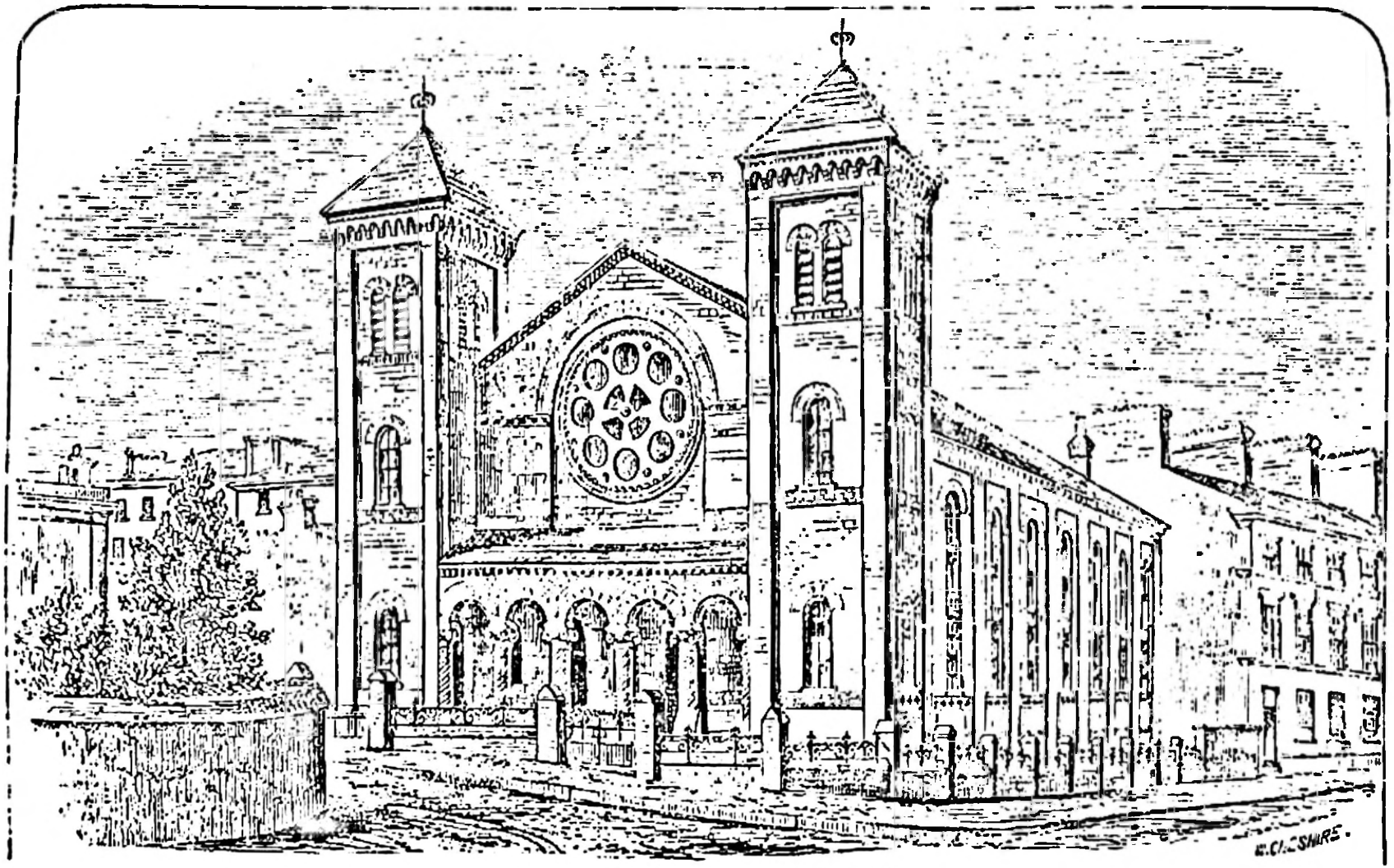
number the nations without exception and make an exact registry of them, whether they were by their natural descent Babylonians or Tyrians, or other far-off heathen. May it be our happy lot to be numbered with the Lord's chosen both in life and death, in the church-roll below, and in the church-roll above. Jehovah's census of his chosen will differ much from ours; he will count many whom we should have disowned, and he will leave out many whom we should have reckoned. His registration is infallible. Let us pray then for that adoption and regeneration which will secure us a place among the heaven-born. It was thought to be a great honour to have one's name written in the golden book of the Republic of Venice; kings and princes paid dearly for the honour, but the book of life confers far rarer dignity upon all whose names are recorded therein.

7. In vision the psalmist sees the citizens of Zion rejoicing at some sacred festival, and marching in triumphant procession with vocal and instrumental music;—"*As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there.*" Where God is there must be joy, and where the church is increased by numerous conversions the joy becomes exuberant and finds out ways of displaying itself. Singers and dancers, psalmists and pipers, united their efforts and made a joyful procession to the temple, inspired not by Bacchus, or by the Castalian fount, but by draughts from the sacred source of all good, of which they each one sing, "*All my springs are in thee.*" Did the poet mean that henceforth he would find all his joys in Zion, or that to the Lord he would look for all inspiration, comfort, strength, joy, life and everything? The last is the truest doctrine. Churches have not such all-sufficiency within them that we can afford to look to them for all, but the Lord who founded the church is the eternal source of all our supplies, and looking to him we shall never flag or fail. How truly does all our experience lead us to look to the Lord by faith, and say, "All my fresh springs are in thee." The springs of my faith and all my graces; the springs of my life and all my pleasures; the springs of my activity and all its right doings; the springs of my hope and all its heavenly anticipations, all lie in thee, my Lord. Without thy Spirit I should be as a dry well, a mocking cistern, destitute of power to bless myself or others. O Lord, I am assured that I belong to the regenerate, whose life is in thee, for I feel that I cannot live without thee; therefore with all thy joyful people will I sing thy praises.

> "With joy shall sing the choral train,
> The minstrels breathe the answering strain:
> 'O Zion, Zion fair, I see
> The fountains of my bliss in thee.'"

Victoria Chapel.

WE have given an engraving of Victoria Chapel in the Wandsworth Road, hoping it may interest our friends. The London Baptist Association voted £1,000 towards this project, and a few friends at the Tabernacle purchased the freehold ground and presented it to the pastor. The chapel was built by Mr. Higgs at cost price, or less, and the pastor has now put the building in trust with a debt of £1,500 upon it, which the congregation will be sure to pay off. Our beloved friend Mr. Henderson, of our college, has met with a most encouraging measure of success during the first three months, and the nucleus of a very useful church has been gathered. We thank God and take courage. Would to God that in this vast city we could build a hundred such places, for they would soon be filled.



VICTORIA CHAPEL, WANDSWORTH ROAD.

Reviews.

Leaves from Elim. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke and Co.

PRETTY and pleasing. Not inferior, but not superior. Poetical when not poetry, and good though not great. Many will read these poems with pleasure, and find profit in so doing. What they have to do with Elim we cannot tell; the name puts one in mind of a place of much water, and suggests the idea of dilution. However, the well-known authoress always sings melodiously, and with good design, and therefore we wish her works success.

Kings of Israel and Judah; their History Explained to Children. Being a continuation of "Lines Left Out." By the Author of "Peep of Day," etc. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THE author of "Peep of Day" has a wonderful aptness for putting things plainly and prettily for children. We have read this History of the Kings with great profit, although at forty years of age we are a little beyond the mere peep of day. Boys and girls will read this well-told history, and remember it; they cannot help doing so. Every mother should have a copy, and teach her little ones from it. We consider the talent for writing such books to be far more precious than that which has given the world its statues and its pictures; and we trust the writer will long be spared to write so pleasantly and profitably.

Contrasts. Dedicated to the Ratepayers of London. Strahan & Co.

AN exceedingly interesting book of very great practical value. It ought to suggest many reforms, and aid in sweeping away abuses. Our author's tribute to the Stockwell Orphanage greatly encourages us, though we fear he has done us even more than justice. He shows what different results arise from the careful management of charities, and from the lavish expenditure of irresponsible trustees and parish vestries, and gives our Orphanage as an example of the right kind. Every practical philanthropist should read this book.

The Book of Good Devices, with a Thousand Precepts for Practice. Edited by GODFREY GOLDING. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

As thought-breeding a book as we have ever met with, wide in the range of its subjects, and yet judicious in its selection of extracts. The pages are encompassed with pithy, proverbial precepts, and many of the passages quoted are masses of terse, sententious utterance. It is altogether a live book, and a very beautiful one.

The Practical Philosopher; a Daily Monitor for the Business Men of England. By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. The Book Society; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; and Dickinson & Higham.

THIS is a ponderous volume, quite a monster in this age of little books, and may be regarded as a commentary upon the Book of Proverbs, in Dr. Thomas's characteristic style. He has generously devoted a large edition to the building of a new Congregational Chapel and Hall in the neighbourhood of Stockwell. We hardly think that many business men will read day by day the portions into which the work is divided, but for our own part we shall value it as a considerable contribution to the literature of the Proverbs, and after its own order, a work suggestive and instructive.

Pulpit Notes with an Introductory Essay on the Preaching of Jesus Christ. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Strahan & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

WE like this book better than anything we have seen before by Dr. Parker. It consists, we suppose, of notes of his sermons, and they are clever and suggestive. The great ability here displayed makes us the more deeply regret that the Doctor should have occasionally uttered such worse than doubtful opinions, and should have given such occasion to enemies to vaunt themselves, and such offence to friends by accepting the Corporation pulpit. No straightforward Nonconformist minister ought ever to enter it, certainly not without a public protest.

Gleaner and Sower: Lessons of Truth for Home and School. For thirteen weeks. Houlston & Sons.

VERY good lessons in the great truths of Christianity. The writer does not flinch from teaching the distinguishing doctrines of grace to young people, and therein we honour him. Children need all the gospel, and it ought to be taught to them. We have no right to teach one gospel to adults and another to juveniles. Why is such a book printed on such rubbishing material? We dare not call it paper. The stuff must surely have been bought of a grocer who found it too poor to be used for doing up his tea, and therefore disposed of it at half price. It is a pity.

Foolish Dick: An Autobiography of Richard Hampton, the Cornish Pilgrim Preacher. By By S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. Haughton & Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

OUR first article is the best review we can give of this singular book, which is quite a little curiosity in its way.

The People's Encyclopedia: a Compendium of Universal Information, with the Pronunciation of Every Term and Proper Name. By L. COLANGE, LL.D. London: The Encyclopedia Publishing Company.

AN inquisitive reader asks us if we read all the books which we review, quite through. Now in this instance we cannot be imagined to have done so, for the matter of a dictionary may be very interesting, but one easily loses the thread of the subject; but we have tried words of different characters, from all points of the compass of knowledge, and have found valuable condensed information under every head; we tried *Nematoids* and *Spiritualists*, *Sauerkraut* and *Templars*, *Neology* and *Glanders*, and this we thought quite range enough. Plain people who want in one volume all the uncommon words of the language, and a little information upon almost every subject, had better invest a guinea in this cyclopedia. It is not perfect, for we could not find Plymouth Brethren or Christadelphians: perhaps the compilers had never heard of these worthies, and we sincerely wish we never had.

Notes on the Book of Genesis. By THEODORE PRESTON, M.A. John Deighton, Cambridge.

A BOOK which we have used occasionally for some years. There are now more modern ones, giving the recent results of matured criticism on the Hebrew text of Genesis. It is, however, quite worth a place on the shelf of a student commencing the study of the Hebrew tongue.

Introduction to the Apostolic Epistles. By a BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN. Deighton and Co., Cambridge.

OUR readers will be able to peruse this book with composure. A BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN, is a man, after all, and if we may judge from this work, a very ordinary mortal, a thought humdrum if anything. We are not aware what the duties of a chaplain may be towards his bishop. Does he do the praying, after the manner which Sidney Smith felt to be so dignified, when the chaplain came in, said grace at dinner, and walked out, leaving the others, including the bishop, to eat it. A *Bishop's chaplain* must surely be as a seraph appointed to wait upon one of the cherubim; our imagination fails to realise a being so heavenly. We picture to ourselves a most reverend ecclesiastic in glossy black cloth and immaculate white linen, seated, pen in hand (a long goose quill), with wisdom serenely looking forth from his gold-rimmed glasses. Note after note is written in faultless letters in his elegant commonplace book, and now for the help and good of others we have this volume in print. For what we now receive may the Lord make us truly thankful. We opened the volume with becoming awe. Scholarly it is, as becomes its origin, and, perhaps, as port wine is best when old and dry, the excellence of this book may be found in that direction, and it may be esteemed by some accordingly. We have respectfully laid it to sleep on our shelf, and nobody will be the better or the worse for its harmless proprieties. We shall consult it when we need to know what a dignitary of the Church of England thinks of the Articles and creeds of his church, as they used to be believed by honest churchmen.

A Commentary on the Gospel according to Mark. By James Morison, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Reserving judgment upon disputed doctrinal questions, we are happy to call the attention of our learned ministerial readers to this painstaking and exhaustive work. No student can well do without it. It is a marvellous display of learning and labour. It is a hopeful sign of the times that there is a market for such massive expositions; we are thankful to Dr. Morison for his addition to the works we prize beyond all others, viz., comments upon the Word of God.

Blackie's Series of Little Books by John Bunyan. Blackie and Sons, Paternoster Buildings.

This is a true Bunyan Library, and will enable those who wish to read Bunyan in little handy books, and to give them away without the expense of a huge volume, to accomplish their desire. We need not praise the honest tinker and heavenly dreamer,—that were to enamel the lily. Eighteenpence will furnish a reader with "Come and Welcome," "The Pharisee and the Publican," "The Strait Gate," or "The Water of Life," or some other work from honest John's ready and racy pen.

Notes.

The funds of the Orphanage will speedily need replenishing. The enlargement and building of the junior schoolroom are going on at this time. Boys will eat, and their clothes will go into holes, hence we need the continued generosity of our friends. All has been well with us hitherto, and it will be so to the end.

The College vacation will soon end, and the men will reassemble for study; we therefore ask the prayers of friends that the Spirit of God may rest upon all the brethren, and that they may become able ministers of the New Testament. The *Swiss Times* has discovered that Mr. Spurgeon owes the freshness of his ministry to the fine thoughts which he gleans from his eloquent body of students. We wonder what next! Men will say anything sooner than give glory to God. They know not the meaning of that sweet line, "All my fresh springs are in thee."

We are not responsible for other people, and cannot undertake to be censor in general to the church of God, but we quite agree with several of our correspondents in the opinion that the practising of Pœdo-baptism, and the immersion of believers by the same person, shows either a failure of understanding or a lack of principle. It is clear with half an eye that one or other of these ceremonies must be wrong; there cannot be two baptisms any more than two burials of the dead. We can believe in the conscientiousness of either the Baptist or the Pœdo-baptist, but a combination of the two is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. We have long ago given up understanding men's conscience. The old-fashioned sort used to work straightforwardly, but the modern ones act on a swivel most unaccountably. In the day when the Lord calls all his servants to account, there are some of his professed servants who will need to be very scientific arithmeticians to make their reckonings square with simple truth.

We wish our Episcopal friends all success in keeping the Confessional out of their churches, but we are not at all sanguine of their success. The Church is semi-popish, and only demi-semi Protestant. Why do not the gracious men come out in a body, and clear their consciences of all complicity with Romanism? This is the only remedy. Government will not help them, bishops dare not, public meetings cannot. Who would be free himself must strike the blow. An Episcopal church, cleared of error, and willing to take up a Christian position towards all other churches would be a blessing indeed. The present synagogue of error, arrogant, and self-exalting, is the reverse.

We are glad to hear that Satan is angry at the work of our brother, Mr. Wilson of Downham Market; we hope that his preaching may more and more grieve the ungodly and comfort the saints.

Owing to frequent indisposition we have not this month collected any information upon the churches, but as this is generally to be found in the denominational papers, we do not think it will be much loss to our readers.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 30th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
R. N. S. P.	0	4	0
Mr. G. Elder	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0
Moniaive	0	10	0
Sermon Readers	0	10	0
A Friend, Ashwater	0	5	0
Mr C. Scruby	1	0	0
Lilah	1	0	0
Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Mrs. Kennedy	0	5	0
Mr. E. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Macrae	10	0	0
A Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore and Friends	2	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
Profit of Mr. Rayner's Lecture, per Mr. Perkins	2	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	12	6
Mrs. A Rootbine	1	1	0
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Mrs. Dick	2	0	0
Mr. J. B. Thomas, per P. and A.	1	10	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	20	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., June 22	30	2	9
" " " 29	23	3	6
" " July 6	40	0	0
" " " 13	28	14	6
	£176	8	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
J. K.	5	0	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	8	6
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Per Mr. R. Persey	3	0	0
Mr. Persey	0	3	0
E. R. S.	0	1	0
A Friend, Egham	0	2	6
Mrs. Crawford	0	5	0
A plucked flower	0	5	0
Mr. G. Elder	0	10	0
Mr. Channell	0	10	0
S. W. N.	0	1	6
Proceeds of Concerts, per Rev. D. Mace	3	10	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0
Misses C. and M. Heath	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
A Working Man	0	2	0
A Member of the Church of England	5	0	0
Moniaive	0	10	0
Box on Sellindge Counter	0	12	6
Mr. J. Daniels	0	5	0
Mrs. Thompson	1	0	0
Every Little Helps	0	0	8
A Friend	0	2	0
M. E. Newbury	0	10	0
A Cobbler	1	0	0
Mr. Benest	0	5	6
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Miss Aldred	1	0	0
A. and M. Orders	0	6	5
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
G. G.	5	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. Mills	1	0	0
Mrs. Lenton	1	0	0
Mr. G. Emery	2	2	0
Mr. McFarlane per Mr. E. Cruickshank	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hawthorne	1	2	6
An Aged Widow, per Mr. T. Anthony	1	0	0
W. R.	1	0	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Miss Parnell	0	5	0
Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Mrs. Janet Cairns	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. Peskett	0	14	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	1	10	0
Miss Rodwell	1	1	1
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	0	11	1
Mrs. Gissing	0	6	11
In Weekly Offering Box	0	5	0
Asher	0	1	0
Mrs. Clayton	20	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Still	3	3	0
Per F. R. T:—			
Mr. Robert Smith 0 5 0			
Mr. Benson 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mr. J. Horton	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Parnell	1	1	0
Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lord	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Dalton	2	2	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Collection at Courland Grove Chapel per Rev. Mr. Pousford	16	12	6
Miss Clugson and Friend	1	10	6
"L. E. D.," Wisbeach	0	10	0
Miss Simms	0	10	0
	£103	15	2

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions:—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Small Cask of Butter, Anon; A Bag of Rice, Mr. Hunt, per Mr. Potter; Sack of Flour, Mr. Belsey; Supplied to the Ramsgate Home, ½ Sack of Flour and a Box of "Patent Food," Mr. Nye; Some Vegetables, Mr. Hogbin.

Clothing:—12 Shirts, a Widow's Offering; 30 ditto, the Misses Dransfield; 3 dozen ditto, and 10 Neckties, Miss Wade; 25 Flannel ditto, the Brixton Hall Ladies' Working Association, per Miss Pearce; 3 dozen Boys' Straw Hats, "With Kind Wishes of a Friend."

Sundries:—2 Forms, Mr. Andrew Dunn.

For Sale Room:—2 Feather Hand Screens, Anon; A parcel, from a Constant Contributor.

General:—3 sets of Cricket Materials, "A"; 30 African Curiosities for Museum, Rev. R. Smith Cameroons.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
M. W. M.	0	10	0
John and James Challis	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore	50	0	0
Mr. Izard	5	0	0
Mr. M. Tutton	15	0	0
W.	1	0	0
Gratitude	0	10	0
Reader of Sermons	0	10	0
The Misses Johnson	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
A Friend	0	1	9
C. E.	1	0	0
Two Readers of "Sword and Trowel"	0	7	6
W. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. T. Sinclair	0	10	0
Mr. Wood, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
Miss B. Speight	8	0	0
W. B.	1	0	0
E. T.	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lang	2	0	0
Miss Farmer	1	1	0
Mr. T. Scrivens	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Scott	0	5	0
W. R.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs Clark	2	0	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	10	0	0
Miss Barnes	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Early	1	0	0
Mr H. Blundstone	0	10	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0
Mr. J. Kiloh	1	8	0
A Thankoffering	1	7	0
Mr. E. Hudson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Heath	1	1	0
Mrs. Hurlock	1	0	0
W. R.	2	0	0
Mrs. Raper	1	0	0
Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Messrs. Hurrell and Berriner	3	3	0
Mr. T. A. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Thorley	2	0	0
Mr. W. Salmond, junr., and Brother	25	0	0
Cross, Edinburgh	1	0	0
C. C.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pope	1	0	0
Rev. T. Rippon	0	10	0
J. B. E.	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
A. T. H.	5	12	0
Mr. J. Sword	0	1	0
A Scotchman	1	0	0
Widow's Mite, Dundee	0	2	6
J. H.	0	10	0
Naphtali	0	10	0
Mrs. Dods and Friends	1	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winslade	0	5	0
A Birthday Offering	1	0	0
A Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mrs. Clayton	20	0	0
R. P.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Taylor	1	0	0
	£214	10	9

Further Contributions Received by H. Ryland Browne towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. A. G. Browne:—			
Collection at East London Tabernacle	65	10	0
Per Rev. J. A. Wilson Isleham:—			
Rev. J. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Rev. W. W. Cantlow	0	10	0
Mrs. N. H. Human	0	10	0
Mr. J. Diver	0	5	0
Mrs. Diver	0	10	0
Miss Diver	0	2	6
Master Diver	0	2	6
Mrs. Golding	0	10	0
Mr. Curtis	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis	0	2	6
Mrs. Frost	0	2	6
Mrs. Cornwell	0	10	0
Mr. J. Darkin	0	2	6
Mrs. Darkin	0	4	0
Mr. I. Human	0	2	6
Mr. B. Human	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Human	0	2	6
Mr. T. Ellwood	0	15	0
Mrs. Wells	0	2	0
Mr. J. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Sheldrick	0	4	0
Mrs. M Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Payne	0	2	6
Smaller Sums	0	13	0
	7	8	6
Rev. W. Coombes, Streatham:—			
W. Coombes	2	0	0
Other Friends	5	0	0
	7	0	0
Rev. J. Clark Eye	0	6	0
Rev. C. Chambers, Aberdeen:—			
J. Stewart, Esq.	1	0	0
J. A. Balmaudo	1	0	0
	2	0	0
Per Rev. W. Glanville, Birkenhead:—			
J. Houghton, Esq., Liverpool	10	0	0
Mrs. Summers, Blackheath	0	5	0
Mr. Marsden	3	14	6
Per Mr. Almey	1	12	0
Per Mr. Sones	5	0	0
Per Mr. Mace (making a Total of £30)	9	3	0
	£111	19	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Thompson	0	10	0
In Weekly Offering Box	0	5	0
Dan	0	1	0
Mr. Wain	0	10	0
Rev. W. H. Payne	0	5	0
Readers of the Christian, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	3	0
Mr. Izard	1	0	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
Mr. Ward	0	5	0
G. G.	1	1	0
W. R. for Ridings District	7	10	0
Tewkesbury District, per Rev. T. Wilkinson	7	10	0
Eyethorne District, per Mr. S. Clark	7	10	0
A. A. Croll Esq. for Harolds Wood	35	0	0
Do. do. (quarter)	8	15	0
H. B. Frearion, Esq.	7	10	0
Omitted in May, J. Crossley, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Bard	0	10	0
Mrs. D. Camps	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Camps	0	2	6

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Sundew, a Strange Plant.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN a swampy part of the New Forest, in Hampshire, we met with a plant which was quite new to us. To our unlearned eyes it looked like a lichen or a small red cactus, and yet it almost as much resembled a zoophyte; we did not know what to make of it, it was so old-world and weird-like. An abundance of red glandular hairs covered each leaf, and upon its surface glistened sparkling dew drops. To gather specimens and send them home by post in a box was a process suggested and carried out by a friend; our samples, however, did not endure the transit, and so we have not since seen our floral novelty. Upon making enquiry, the plant turns out to be the SUNDEW, or as the learned call it Drósera, from the Greek word *drosys*, dew. The olden writers call it *Ros-solis*, which is but the Latin of its English name. From Anna Pratt's most interesting work entitled, "The flowering Plants, Grasses, Sedges, and Ferns of Great Britain," we have gathered several facts which may not unfitly be woven into parables, and made to illustrate truth.

Sundew is the tempting name of this plant, and what would seem more safe, attractive, and proper for an insect to light upon? Surely it might wisely sip the crystal drop and fly away refreshed: but "things are not what they seem," and there are lovely names which cover deadly evils. The gauzy-winged insect alights, drinks of the shining drops, and becomes henceforth a captive.

"For when there's moisture in the brake,
The clammy sundew's glistening glands
'Mid carmine foliage boldly make
Slaves of invading insect bands."

That dew was never born of the sun, neither is it exhaled by it; it is so viscid that when touched with the finger it will draw out in threads of more than an inch in length, and it is hardly possible that a small insect once caught by its glue can ever escape; in fact, the more it struggles the more it is covered with the clammy moisture, and the more surely is it held. It is too late now, thou pretty victim, thou hast been beguiled to an untimely fate, and escape is impossible. Like Jonathan, thou mayest complain, "I did but taste a little honey and I must die"; only that which seemed a tempting sweetness to thee was not so, but acrid to the last degree, so that thou hast a double disappointment to bewail. Struggle thou mayest, but thy case is hopeless. A watchful naturalist has seen the hairs upon the leaves close in upon the insect victim, and the edges of the leaf itself curl inwards, remaining in that condition long after the captive had died. The Sundew is an ogre towards flies, a cunning fowler among little winged wanderers, a vegetable spider, a deceiver and a devourer. Flies much like our common house flies, have been seen to be captured by one of the leaves and held fast until the relaxing hairs of the plant have laid bare the blackened remains of their prey. One might naturally expect this from a plant bearing the name of Snapdragon, Catch-fly, or Swallow-wort, but who would have conjectured that Sundew would be the name of a deadly trap? Yet all around us are such deluding names and flattering deceits. Do not men call unhallowed lust by the sacred name of love? Is not drunkenness spoken of as good cheer? Are not profligate habits labelled generosity? and is not slavery to the basest passions denominated free living? There is much in a name after all, as Satan knows full well, and well pleased is he to get a name bright and fresh as that of Sundew, wherewithal to disguise the true character of his temptations. Fascinating are the counterfeit dews of youthful lusts; does it not seem a Puritanic harshness to deny them to the young? May they not taste and away? Nay, the dew is not dew, but clammy bird-lime for the soul, it will hold the youth and hold the man, and he will be utterly unable to escape, though he may become aware of his captivity and alarmed at the destruction which will follow upon it. The pleasures of sin cannot be enjoyed for a season and relinquished just when we will. We may say of them, as Virgil does of hell,

> "Avernus' gates are open night and day,
> Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;
> But to return to heaven's pure light again,
> This is a work of labour and of pain."

True, the grace of God may interpose to rescue the prisoner from the fetters which he has forged for himself, but no man has a right to reckon upon such a deliverance, much less to tempt the Lord by plunging into enslaving habits on the ground that others have been, through infinite mercy, emancipated from them. Who in his senses would take poison because in some cases an antidote has been supplied before death has closed the scene? Who wishes to be plague-stricken because a few survive amid the general mortality? O man, be wise, and shun the tempter and his honey-dew, lest thou be fatally ensnared and fastened down to certain ruin. Flies have no warning, but men have,

therefore let them take it, and flee far away from the destroyer. Leave off vice before it be meddled with, is an allowable alteration of the wise man's proverb. Prevention is better than a cure, abstinence is better than reformation. Touch not, taste not, handle not that Sundew which is not from heaven and prepares for hell.

We have not done with the singular tenant of the bog, but will use it for another purpose. Its flower is very seldom seen expanded. For some reason unknown to botanists, and apparently in no way dependent on the shining of the sun, this flower often remains closed during the greater part of its flowering season. One enquirer asks, "Has any person ever seen the blossoms of the round-leaved Sundew fully expanded? Wishing to obtain a specimen of this little plant in full bloom, to sketch from, I have visited in almost every hour of the day a bog traversed by a small rivulet, whose margin is thickly dotted with its glowing leaves, looking as if they had, indeed, impaled drops of the morning dew to cool them through the day. I have watched it from the time in which its slender scape first rises from amidst a bunch of circinate leaves to that at which it forms at top into a nodding raceme, but never have I seen its minute white flower-buds unclose." Many other watchful observers declare that, even in the fairest weather and brightest sunshine, they have looked in vain for opened flowers. Here and there a watcher has seen a flower unfold itself in the morning and close at noon to open no more, but the sight seems to be a great rarity even to the most attentive naturalists. One would not wish to follow the example of so rare a blooming, yet are there men of kindred spirit. They must surely have good times, seasons of affection, moments of generous impulse, when the soul reveals its best, but those around them have looked in vain for such rare occasions. They are so miserly that seldom are they moved to pity and relieve the needy, so churlish that scarcely ever can they utter a kind encouraging word, so cold that never are they seen to warm into enthusiasm. Children of the marsh, they are damp even to the core, sunlight cannot woo them into blossoming, the genial influences which rule other hearts scarcely affect them for good. Woe to those who are compelled to live with them, they watch in vain for sympathy or love. Unhappy is the Abigail who is married to such a Nabal. Perhaps now and then, to some favoured companion, they become for the moment cordial, but they scarcely forgive themselves for the aberration, and relapse into the closed-up state again, to unfold their affections no more. Around them are men and women full of love, smiling and flourishing the various seasons through, perfuming their surroundings with kindly fragrance of good thoughts and deeds, yet do they abide shut up within themselves. May heaven pity them in boundless mercy, and save them from themselves. 'Twere better far to die of love than live without loving. Disappointment and heartbreak are infinitely to be preferred to selfishness and isolation: the one is an affliction which may happen to the noblest, the other is the vice of the base and grovelling. Give the heart room to blossom like the rose, even though the hand of the cruel should pluck at it; our nature sinks even below its natural depravity when we refuse to love. Be it ours to open

wide our full soul beneath the smile of the Sun of Righteousness, and so to grow as the lily, and give forth a sweet smell as Sharon's ruddy flower; and never, never may we yield to the power of selfishness, which is as deadly to the heart itself as it is pernicious to those whom it despises.

Old writers highly praise the essence of the Sundew as a remedy for many diseases: it was celebrated under the name of *aqua rosæ solis*, or spirit of Sundew. One old herbalist declares that it is good for the lungs, and for nervous faintness, and, though it will raise blisters upon the skin, he considers it to be very useful inwardly, and puts it down as a great cordial. Ladies used it as a cosmetic, and perhaps do so still, but we are not learned in such matters; the country people use it to destroy warts and corns, so that after all it has uses, and perhaps this brief paper may conserve some little of its virtues, to the benefit of manners and of men. Good lies latent in things evil, but the hand of wisdom extracts it; be thus wise, dear reader, and thy profiting shall be known unto all.

Language by Touch.*

ALL our readers are, or ought to be, well acquainted with the wonderful case of Laura Bridgman, the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, whom Dickens saw in America, and so graphically described. She not only learned to sew and knit, but to read, write, and calculate. Although every avenue of communication with her seemed to be closed, she was instructed through the sole medium of touch till she became a highly intelligent girl. The name of Doctor Howe, her patient instructor, deserves to be had in grateful remembrance; he was the pioneer in the difficult task of teaching blind, deaf mutes, and all who have followed him confess their obligations to his example.

It is not, however, at all generally known that Mr. Patterson, of the Parochial Schools of the Manchester Union, has achieved the same result in other cases. A small shilling book, by George Wallis, of the South Kensington Museum, gives a brief account of the cases of Mary Bradley and Joseph Hague, who were by Mr. Patterson's persevering efforts upraised from a condition of living death into active mental life. The girl Mary Bradley was abandoned by her mother in a damp cellar, while suffering from some virulent disease, and so lost both sight and hearing at three years of age. She was, when first noticed, a motherless and fatherless child, without ear or eye, a most wretched inmate of the infant department of a workhouse, where the other children cruelly made sport of her, hitting and pulling her with their hands, while she screamed and vainly stretched out her hand to seize them. Happy for her was the day when she was admitted to the institution for the deaf and dumb. It was, however, far more easy to take her into the institution

* Language by Touch: a Narrative Illustrating the Instruction of the Blind and Deaf Mute. By George Wallis, South Kensington Museum. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

than to know what to do with her. "The obvious course for her instructor seemed to be to watch her habits, and to endeavour to adapt his own course and the efforts of those around her to them. With this view she was left for some days to her own resources, in order that the bent of her inclination might be seen and judged of. Finding herself in a new position, she was occupied for a time in becoming acquainted with the locality, and the persons and things by which she was surrounded. She made no attempt to make known her wants by signs, as is usual in the case of the deaf and dumb. If she required help her habit was to shout and scream; and, as her utterances were by no means agreeable, every one was interested in relieving her wants. Since her loss of hearing and sight she had been in no position in which signs could have been understood, had she made any; but it never seemed to occur to her to do so. In fact, she was at this time one of the most uncouth and wild-looking objects it is well possible to conceive. She had recently had her head shaved in consequence of some disease in the skin of the scalp, and with a crouching, groping attitude, she had more the appearance of a scared and timid animal seeking some mode of escape from danger, than of a human being endowed with a rational soul."

The first step in teaching was to make her acquainted with the names of things around her. Mr. Patterson placed before her objects distinctly differing in shape, such as a pen, a book, a slate. As the visible letters could not be placed before her, the signs used by the deaf and dumb were used instead, but as she could not see them, her fingers were touched by Mr. Patterson in the proper form. This plan was a complete failure for a long time, for the poor girl failed to connect the pen or the book with the sign appropriate to it. Every day the work had to be commenced anew; the appliances were varied, and great kindness and patience exercised, but no beam of intelligence entered the darkened mind for five weeks. But to the resolute nothing is hopeless, God rewards determination: all at once, as with a sudden burst of sunshine, Mary Bradley's face lit up with full intelligence; she had found the clue, she had connected the sign with the thing signified, and she proceeded to sign upon the fingers of her teacher the names of each of the articles. This was a grand beginning, and was energetically followed up. "Mr. Patterson then cut out the letters of the alphabet in cardboard, and gummed them to a sheet of stiff pasteboard, so that they stood in relief, and could be sharply felt and distinguished from each other by the fingers. By this means she soon became acquainted with all their forms, and mentally associated—say *p e n*—with the signs upon her fingers and the object which these signs represented. Her progress now became daily more and more evident. She took great delight in her work, and with the limited time at Mr. Patterson's disposal, it was difficult to keep pace with her desire for the knowledge of names. From these she was taught the quality of things. When new words of this kind were intended to be taught, the objects were generally placed before her, as an illustration of comparison: for instance—a large book and a small one, a light object and a heavy one, thick and thin, rough and smooth, hard and soft, sweet and sour. Objects possessing opposite qualities were placed within

her reach, and she very readily acquired the words to express them. Thus the work went on step by step, every day's lesson being a preparatory one for the next day. Verbs were taught much in the same way, the word being given with the action: standing, sitting, walking; eating, drinking, laughing, crying, &c., &c., generally in the form of the present participle, and in connection with a noun, as being an easy change from the adjectives—as, a boy standing, a girl crying, &c.

"At length the great inconvenience presented itself of the want of a lesson-book adapted to meet the case. In order to supply this want, a case of type for printing in relief was obtained, and some lessons were printed, which were readily deciphered by the pupil through the sense of touch. It was, however, soon discovered that the operation of composing the type was an exercise which was not only very amusing to her, but also very instructive. A little box was constructed in which she could arrange the type in sentences, &c., which were dictated to her by natural signs, the teacher using her hands in the same way as he would use his own to sign similar sentences to a seeing deaf child, and this became a never-failing source of interest. It made her familiar with the various modes of construction,—the greatest difficulty which the deaf and dumb have to encounter. Every new word was at once applied to its appropriate meaning."

When she was ten years old, and had been under instruction two or three years, she learned to write, and before long exchanged letters across the Atlantic with her sister in deprivation, Laura Bridgman. With this mental growth the girl's temper improved, and her manner became subdued, though before she had been exceedingly irritable. She lived to the age of twenty-six, suffering with great patience during the later years of her life. The great truths of revelation had been made known to her, and she greatly rejoiced in reading the gospels in the form printed for the use of the blind. Calling together her chief benefactors, she calmly and formally declared how she wished her small possessions to be disposed of, then fell asleep, we trust to wake in the image of Jesus. The little book before us only fails with regard to spiritual experience, of which we should have liked far more; however, as it is sold for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, we have no heart even to hint at a fault. That which is described awakens gratitude in our heart, and leads us to pray that all other poor creatures in a like case may come under similar judicious and generous influences.

The boy Joseph Hague was the son of a deaf and dumb mother, was born deaf, and became blind before he was two years of age. When he was eight years old he became the fellow pupil of Mary Bradley, who was delighted to communicate all she knew to her young companion. Only imagine one poor blind, deaf, and dumb child teaching another. With the boy much the same process had to be gone through as in the case of the girl, and the two together progressed much more rapidly than could have been anticipated when Mary alone was the pupil. Joseph aspired to do all that other blind boys could do, and soon progressed from making his own bed to the manufacture of baskets, in which he became a clever workman, and left the institution in due time to live with his father and mother.

Both cases are very wonderful, and read like a reproduction of Laura

Bridgman and Oliver Caswall, described in "American Notes." It has even suggested itself to us that God allowed two such unhappy little ones to be upon the stage of life at the same time that they might together feel their way into intelligence. The practical lesson to us all is to be thankful for our senses, educate them to perfection, learn all we can by means of them, and use them for the glory of God. Ye who have eyes, observe the handiwork of your Maker, consider his marvellous works, and read constantly in his word. Eyes are not sent to aid us in regarding vanity, or to flash with the glances of passion, but to weep for sin, and to be lifted in gratitude to the Redeemer God. Ye who have ears, hear the word of God with attention and grateful obedience. Such delicate organs are not intended to pollute the mind with the hearing of lascivious or idle talk, but to edify the soul with holy instruction. Ye who have tongues, sing unto the Lord, and speak well of his name. Let those who are fluent consecrate their utterance unto the Lord, proclaiming to all around them the gospel of Jesus; and let all, whether old or young, endeavour to sing the praises of God, ay, and to sing them well too; let the voice be cultivated, so that public worship in the department of song may be rendered to the Lord in the best and most harmonious manner. Surely it cannot be right that the devil and the flesh should have the best music. No, let us give eye and ear and tongue to him who in his bounty gave to us these precious boons, and in his tenderness has preserved to us the use of them.

C. H. S.

John Ploughman on Mothers.

MOST men are what their mothers made them. The father is away from home all day, and has not half the influence over the children that the mother has. The cow has most to do with the calf. If a ragged colt grows into a good horse, we know who it is that combed him. A mother is therefore a very responsible woman, even though she may be the poorest in the land, for the bad or the good of her boys and girls very much depends upon her. Just as she bends the twigs the trees will grow. As is the gardener such is the garden, as is the wife such is the family. Samuel's mother made him a little coat every year, but she had done a deal for him before that: Samuel would not have been Samuel if Hannah had not been Hannah. We shall never see a better set of men till the mothers are better. We must have Sarahs and Rebekahs before we shall see Isaacs and Jacobs. Grace does not run in the blood, but we generally find that the Timothies have mothers of a godly sort.

Little children give their mothers the headache, but if she lets them have their own way, when they grow up to be great children they will give her the heartache. Foolish fondness spoils many, and letting faults alone spoils more. Gardens that are never weeded will grow very little worth gathering; all watering and no hoeing will make a bad crop. A child may have too much of its mother's love, and in the long run it may turn out that it had too little. Soft-hearted mothers rear soft-headed children; they hurt them for life because they are afraid of

hurting them when they are young. Coddle your children, and they will turn out noodles. A boy who is his mother's duck generally grows up to be a great goose. You may sugar a child till everybody is sick of it. Boys' jackets need a little dusting every now and then, and girls' dresses are all the better for occasional trimming. Children without chastisement are fields without ploughing, and vines without pruning. The very best colts want breaking in. Not that we like severity; cruel mothers are not mothers, and those who are always flogging and faultfinding ought to be flogged themselves. There is reason in all things, as the madman said when he cut off his nose.

Good mothers are very dear to their children. There's no mother in the world like our own mother. My friend Sanders, from Glasgow, says, "The mither's breath is aye sweet." Every mother is a handsome woman to her own son. That man is not worth hanging who does not love his mother. When good women lead their little ones to the Saviour, the Lord Jesus blesses not only the children, but their mothers as well. Happy are they among women who see their sons and their daughters walking in the truth.

He who thinks it easy to bring up a family never had one of his own. A mother who trains her children aright had need be wiser than Solomon, for his son turned out a fool. Some children are perverse from their infancy; none are born perfect, but some have a double share of imperfections. Do what you will with some children, they don't improve. Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog is but a dog: trouble seems thrown away on some children. Such cases are meant to drive us to God, for he can turn blackamoors white, and cleanse out the leopard's spots. It is clear that whatever faults our children have, we are their parents, and we cannot find fault with the stock they came off. Wild geese do not lay tame eggs. That which is born of a hen will be sure to scratch in the dust. The child of a cat will hunt after mice. Every creature follows its kind. If we are black, we cannot blame our offspring if they are dark too. Let us do our best with them, and pray the Mighty Lord to put his hand to the work. Children of prayer will grow up to be children of praise; mothers who have wept before God for their sons, will one day sing a new song over them. If boys are not born with a chifney bit in their mouths, and therefore run wild, the Lord can bring them back, however far afield they may gallop. Some colts often break the halter, and yet become quiet in harness. God can make those new whom we cannot mend, therefore let mothers never despair of their children as long as they live. Are they away from you across the sea? Remember the Lord is there as well as here. Prodigals may wander, but they are never out of sight of the Great Father, even though they may be "a great way off."

Let mothers labour to make home the happiest place in the world. If they are always nagging and grumbling they will lose their hold of their children, and the boys will be tempted to the public-house or the billiard table, or some other dangerous ground. By the way, those billiard tables at public-houses are everywhere now-a-days, and are desperate snares to young fellows who have time on their hands. Home is the best place for boys and men, and a good mother is the soul of home. The smile of a mother's face has enticed many into the right

path, and the fear of bringing a tear into her eye has called off many a man from evil ways. The boy may have a heart of iron, but his mother can hold him like a magnet. The devil never reckons a man to be lost so long as he has a good mother alive. O woman, great is thy power! See to it that it be used for him who thought of his mother even in the agonies of death.

Our Public Servants.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THOSE classes in London whom we call public servants, form so large a class, that many evangelists are appointed specially to labour among them, and this division of labour answers well. Police constables, railway-men, cab and omnibus drivers, postmen and others, readily recognise in their missionary a kind of pastor and adviser valuable alike in need or adversity. If adapted to his work he is sure to make way in his constituents' favour, and men who commence their acquaintance with sneers learn to change their tone to one of respect. It was wise on the part of the London City Mission to appoint class missionaries; men who unceasingly minister to our daily convenience deserve this kind of attention, and will probably receive more sympathy as we more correctly realise what kind of an outlay is necessary for producing the accommodation we daily accept as a matter of course. How little are we accustomed to consider the cost of those luxuries which are considered a part of our everyday life.

The business of cab and omnibus attendants may be classed among the hardest of callings, and few are equal to its inconveniences. Many on the stands are persons who have failed in their proper professions. Many may be men of a low origin, but instances abound in which the unfortunate can speak of gentle birth, and even of a romantic life-career. A man of education, and accustomed to good society in his younger days, has been found driving a cab; his grandsire was a well-to-do minister of the Established Church, while his father practised as a solicitor. After squandering three thousand pounds, this individual served a time in prison for assaulting a "fare," then became converted, and lived a creditable Christian life.

Concerning the men in general, we are told by a visitor among them that "numbers have been employed in very different occupations to the one they now follow. In fact, among them are found some of almost every class or occupation; broken-down tradesmen, reduced gentlemen, and in two or three instances which have come under my cognizance, men who were once ministers of the gospel, but having made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, have been reduced to this mode of getting a livelihood. Numbers of the men are young and thoughtless, giving full swing to their corrupt inclinations, living in drunkenness, uncleanness and debauchery, laughing at a hereafter, and also setting God at defiance; without even a home or a lodging, sleeping night after night in the cab, the stable, or in houses of ill-fame; and after a

few brief years of sin and folly they sink under a diseased frame, and are consigned to a premature grave."

Cabmen sometimes harbour doubts in regard to the sincerity of religious professors, in consequence of being required to drive them to their respective places of worship on the Sabbath. A member of the fraternity once told a piece of his experience. He formerly drew part of his income from a lady who was regularly driven to church on Sundays, but being accused by conscience, it was proposed that the driver should put up his horse and attend worship as well as the lady. To this the cabman objected, saying, that his attending church after driving there to earn money would amount to a mockery of sacred things, and he thought their conduct was also sheer mockery who employed such as himself to do what they would consider sinful if done by themselves. This view of the question so far troubled the lady that she resolved for the future to walk instead of riding. She even called on the cabman to explain her purpose, in the meantime begging of him to cease Sunday work, and in case of his compliance, promised to recommend him to the notice of friends. "So, sir," the narrator finished by saying, "both of us keep the Sabbath."

Cab and omnibus men have their prejudices, and do not care to associate with one another, though an outsider might not easily decide which stood first in social order, the cab or the omnibus profession. Probably the omnibus-men should be in better circumstances than others, seeing their wages are not so precarious, and do not depend on the caprice of the weather. Yet the omnibus-man is taught by his surroundings to be carelessly improvident. Working an excessive number of hours, the man tastes little of domestic comfort. His world is in the street, and in that world he passes nearly all his time. His wages equal those of an ordinary mechanic, but to him they are less, because what he receives is expended to disadvantage. There is no nine hours' movement for him; he would thank any social reformer who would undertake to reduce his labour to twelve hours a day, seven days a week, with proper times for meals allowed. As it is, he must pay a high price for indifferent dinners, and through the constant wear and tear of Sabbathless weeks he grows prematurely old. This is not right, this wearing out of human flesh and blood, as though human beings were of commercial value only. Free trade when allowed to extend its empire to human flesh and blood is pushed beyond the allowable limit. In their eagerness to push their way through a hard world, men may so recklessly sacrifice life and health as to warrant legislative interference.

Agents of the London City Mission who follow these men to their every-day avocations become well acquainted with their prejudices and habits, and one of their number may frequently be observed in the yard of any one of the London railway termini. Though perhaps not recognised by all, the visitor will be known to the majority of the men on duty as he gathers a group around him, with whom he converses in familiar strains on the pressing subject of religion. It is necessary that a man filling this arduous office shall be one of even temper and of a ready utterance. Thus, a sour-dispositioned man comes up whose prejudices against Christianity have been taken from religious "fares."

One such is offered a tract, which he refuses with an oath. To return railing for railing would ruin the best endeavours, but to behave so as meekly to condemn unseemly conduct is to advance in the esteem of all the men. "You blackguard," one will exclaim to a rough-spoken comrade; "how dare you use such language to one who comes civilly to us to do us good. You shall not insult him." "Go and sell your tracts for waste paper, it's all they're good for," cries another. Still the distributor must remain unruffled, and as he stoops to recover a paper from the mud, he is rewarded; for says a man, "Please to let me have it. I know 'tis God's truth; and though I am not a religious man, I hope I shall be. Don't be hurt, sir, at that man's conduct. He's a fool and don't know any better." Even in uncanny encounters substantial advantage is gained, and offenders who have once been made to feel the stings of shame are not likely to lightly repeat the offence. "Bring me a piece of bread-and-cheese to-morrow instead of a tract," said a surly fellow. "If you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, we'll inform the police, and you'll lose your number," was the ready reply of others. So do the worst attributes of one draw forth the sympathy of his companions. It should also be remembered that tract distribution among these men is considered a good expenditure of seed-sowing, since they have time at their disposal for reading what is given them while waiting on the stands. To pass from stand to stand scattering the seeds of Scripture truth is to gain favour with the men. They shew an eagerness to possess the tracts on account of the eagerness they create at home. "Have you seen the tract man to-day," a cabman's wife will enquire on her husband's coming home late at night. Then on a Saturday evening, or on a Sabbath morning, youngsters who have learned to read in the Sunday school will be disappointed if their father's great-coat does not contain a paper—a "British Workman," or a picture tract.

The roughest and perhaps the most unpromising characters in London are the unlicensed drivers—odd men whom any master may employ, if need arise, for one day. But even these may be subjects of misfortune, and misfortune begets careless habits. In general the London men are said to be less favourably situated than their own class in the provinces, as the London masters are more exacting than others. Rough, unfeeling men, who are ever ready to sacrifice their own honour and the comfort of others for money are of their number, if they do not constitute the majority of the whole class. Oppressed and ill-treated, strangers to sympathy, and too often never tasting of the comforts of home, looked upon suspiciously by the public, and constantly reminded by their employers that it will be time to begin resting at death, they are disciplined in a rough school—a school in which the graces of humanity cannot grow until Christianity comes, and with quiet force expels all meanness from the heart wherein it asserts its own gentle reign.

A good work is in progress among this class, and many are the trophies won from their ranks. Those who are appointed to evangelise among them become valued advisers; and drivers, while passing along the street, will notice their benefactor by a friendly nod. Only the lowest and most depraved are rough and uncivil, and missionary zeal

among them is aided by the hope that even these will not remain so. Happily, examples of good effected are too numerous to give in detail. Only from individual instances can the public gather news of what is being done. Look into a home situated in a certain mews, the master of which is a sincere convert. When first met with, that man's faith was the creed of Romanism. His inclinations towards "the old religion," as he was disposed to style the papacy, were strong, and having as a young man served a family of distinction, and travelled upon the Continent, his prejudices were further strengthened. After a course of teaching in Bible truth, the man renounced Rome's deeply-rooted errors, and for a time trouble of soul interfered with his nightly rest. Here then was a man brought from native darkness into the border-land of light by means of another speaking to him while he waited for custom on a certain cab-stand. This man, as a small proprietor, owned three vehicles, and now in turn he had a question to put to his adviser, "What do you think of Sunday trading, sir?" Sunday trading is of course condemned, and, thrown into a state of unrest by some friendly advice, he ceased himself from driving on the Sabbath as he had hitherto done, though still allowing others to go out in his service. But an accusing conscience continued to speak until Sunday work was abolished, and the man, on giving evidence of a complete change of heart, became a church communicant.

In another house is a man who also drives his own cab. On one occasion he fell from his box while intoxicated—he was a notorious drunkard—and injuring his knee was carried to the hospital, where a true friend found him, talked to him of religion, and affectionately advised him to relinquish Sunday work. These words spoken in sickness bore fruit. The patient became a sober man, worked no more than six days a week, and as the head of a now happy home, went regularly to the house of God.

Every wellwisher of this in some respects unfortunate class will seek to promote the abolishing of Sunday labour. To eyes educated in street observation, the difference between those who profit by Sabbath rest, and those who perhaps enjoy no more than three or four days of such rest in a year, is plainly discernible. The six-day men carry a more hopeful expression, go about their work with greater cheerfulness, and are better clothed. Their homes also rejoice in possessing more comfort than the rooms of others who are so ceaselessly at work that they seldom see their children except when those children are in bed. Many masters are said to care less for a man than for a horse, and regarding men and cattle from a mere commercial stand-point, they are more anxious about the health of the animal than about that of the human chattel. This condition of affairs naturally ensures to the public a comparatively bad service, and hence the public would directly benefit by a reformation. To overwork horses as these men are overworked would ensure death in a brief period, hence these poor fellows complain, with some show of reason, of every man's hand being against them when subjected to treatment which no prudent farmer would mete out to his cattle. If symptoms of improvement already appear, scant thanks are due either to the masters or to the legislature. Other friends are abroad to whom probably the men themselves would point as to

their truest benefactors. Considering what human nature is, who can be surprised when drivers show a disposition to take revenge on the public on account of hardships endured. Let it be remembered that the cabman's calling is often the last resort of men overtaken by misfortune, and sometimes a formerly prosperous but now bankrupt tradesman is compelled to join their ranks.

Look into the home of a certain water-man, whose duties confine him to one stand. Time was when he showed a fanatical adherence to Mormonism, and, lacking victims of a better quality, the magnates of Mormonism in the neighbourhood elected the water-man one of their elders. He did what lay in his power to weaken the influence of Christianity, and to win converts among the healthy and the sick to his adopted faith. One day, while attending at the bedside of a sick comrade, he heard one read the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the words touched his heart. He had lived like a prodigal, and no better food was provided by Mormonism than the husks which others rejected. At best it was a swinish system, degrading to moral beings. Time passed, and anon the late adherent of a grovelling profession repented of his error with tears and alarm. He was directed into the good old way from which he had turned aside, and becoming changed in heart, was the means of reclaiming to Christ and purity several dupes of the repelling superstition which once enthralled him. To crown all, he assisted the district missionary he had lately opposed, and worked with the zeal of a converted opponent.

On the average, cabmen are as intelligent as other uneducated persons. Overworked, and often unkindly treated, numbers have found reason to be thankful for an agency which brings under their notice in the street the best things both of time and of eternity. Many men being abroad until midnight, and working seven days a week, have literally no other opportunity of reading and of listening to religious advice than the streets afford. When once whetted, their desire for knowledge is akin to that of more favoured mortals. They, in common with the omnibus-men, look out eagerly for the tracts and periodicals which are given away, and while the distribution is going on, one who is rapidly passing will take the trouble to stop, and call out for a copy. These are read at leisure on the stands, and when taken home, extend their influence to the women and children.

These men reveal to us a phase of London life sometimes novel, and always interesting, as true life proverbially is. A man is observed with a worn volume half-hidden beneath the cushion of his box, and in reply to "Are you fond of reading, my man, on the stand?" he says, "Oh yes; I never come out without my Bible. I find time to read it to myself and others. I know that the Lord is my Saviour, and I dare not hold back from persuading others to come to him." A small discovery like this does more to refresh the spirit of hard-working missionaries than any encomiums the public can bestow.*

* Having once given a twopenny Testament to a cabman, I was greatly surprised years after to find it drawn from his breast pocket as a precious treasure, for which he thanked me heartily. I had forgotten the man and the present, but he had not. I found him a believer, but in much soul distress, and had a long talk with him.—C. H. S.

Another man is observed to be moved by some sudden joy, amounting even to an ecstasy of delight. Has some good-natured "fare" been treating him handsomely, or has a valuable treasure been discovered in his cab? The secret of his satisfaction is summed up in what is to him the grand fact of having found "a six-day master," and words fail to convey a proper impression of his gratitude. He has lately contracted a taste for religion, and now he will be able to accompany his family to a place of worship, like other people. The Sabbath will dawn upon him laden with rich blessings, the sweeter because long withheld, though his by heavenly privilege and right. It is well-nigh equivalent to giving such men another life when we give them the Sabbath. Not that there are not plenty on the stands ready enough to work on the Sabbath. A "seven-day" man was once heard bragging of what *he* could earn on the Sabbath; but, answered another, who immediately stepped up, "My coat is better than yours. I got it with six-days' work. *You* can't keep out of rags."

It is believed that as a body cabmen are fast improving, and naturally the improvement is more visible among the "six day" men than among those who labour on the Sabbath. They have reason, too, for working more heartily, and for showing better spirits than their more unfortunate comrades. They serve better masters, most of the employers who honour the Sabbath being of a more respectable type than others. Many of them are Christian men. The extension of the six-day system has also tended to decrease drunkenness among the drivers. Any endeavours to benefit cabmen are sure to be popular with the public, as obliging members of this genus are sure to be popular favourites. They may frequently be made the subjects of banter in comic prints, but if well used they will not be found such bad creatures as certain cynics would represent. Give them a chance to live respectably, and allow them to taste of domestic comfort, and they will not disappoint us any more than others will disappoint us whom we may desire to benefit.* Then of the immediate good arising from abolishing Sabbath labour we have abundant proof for encouragement. No longer a bond-slave, the man breathes more freely, and is a more favoured being in all respects than he was before. Nothing is more depressing to the spirits and more degrading to the moral nature than Sabbath labour; and the intellect suffers no less than the physical frame. One poor fellow, after a season of heavy toil, relieved by no Sabbath rest, confessed to becoming confused so as to forget, on reaching the mews, whether he had just returned home, or was about to start on a journey. Colney Hatch Asylum is also another unchallengable witness to the baneful effects arising from working seven days without relief. Let us give a hearing to the men who can give us a word on this subject. Said one honest fellow, "Why, sir, last Sunday I could have earned fourteen shillings, but I would not put my horse in the cab, for I begin to see it is all wrong, and I never mean to drive again on Sundays, if I could earn double the money; for I have a soul to be saved as well as the

* Personally I have found cabmen the most obliging and most honest of any class of men I have ever dealt with.—C. H. S.

rich man, and I will just tell you what I do, guv'ner. I get up early and go to the stable and clean my horse—for you know that must be done—and do you know, directly I open the door, my horse looks round, begins making a noise, and I believe if he could speak he would say, 'I know you are not going to take me out to-day, for this is Sunday; and then he begins prancing, and I really believe, guv'ner, he begins to know all about it; and then I pats him down and tells him he is going to have a day's rest, as well as his master, and then he begins again, so that I have a job to keep him still; and strange to say, he only does this on Sunday mornings. I then go home and clean myself and go to church, and again in the evening, and I assure you, I am all the better man for it; and when Monday comes, I get up quite fresh, and my horse is in order for work, and somehow or other I do not wait long on the rank before I get a job."

Visitors among the night cabmen pursue an arduous calling, and witness some remarkable scenes. Their constituents number a thousand men or more, all of a somewhat lower standard than their comrades of the day. Many of the drivers are aged men of quiet, respectable habits, and very teachable. In the night, too, perhaps more often than in the day, are depraved characters met with—men who have abandoned themselves to vice or gross sensual indulgence, and these stand aside by side with others whose only disqualifications for higher duties are their years and bodily infirmities. "Some kind friends have sent me to visit you," was the salutation of a missionary, when first appointed to the work of night visitation. "May God Almighty bless them," was the reply of several voices. The evangelist may be found on the stands even on cold, stormy nights, talking to men of Christ and salvation, and some will invite him to step inside a cab, where, shielded from the weather, both may speak at leisure. In coffee-rooms and public bars he is found, and years ago, before the new Act for closing refreshment houses came into force, he addressed many motley congregations between sunset and sunrise. He has had a congregation numbering between fifty and sixty persons, and composed of fallen women, cabmen, pugilists, mock niggers, thieves, low actors, and homeless outcasts. The people encountered at such times are civil and even attentive, and sufficiently garrulous to speak of their experience without hesitation. One will tell you without either shame or bravado that he has been imprisoned a dozen times. Another will confess to having received a university education. Yet another will tell of a sister, who, living far away in the country, writes him religious letters. Perhaps even a barman who remembers the lessons of youth in the rural Sunday-school will give his good wishes to the work. This is indeed a labour one may desire to see prosper; for as one far gone in depravity said, "If you do good to but one such as we are in a month, it will reward you." And speaking of his own work among the outcasts of the night, a missionary says, "I meet with no Pharisees. None attempt to justify their conduct. All I have to do is to direct them to him who came into the world to save the lost."

Thus on summer nights, when the delicious atmosphere tempts idlers to linger in the open air, as well as in the trying winter time, when even hard-pressed casuals, as they sup upon "toke and skilly,"

bless their luck in having a place to sleep in, when the chill wind thins the streets, and drifts and freezes the snow, the missionary to the night cabmen pursues his way. As he approaches a stand he may be mistaken for a "fare," and though the men may experience momentary disappointment on discovering their mistake, they are sure to give their friend a welcome. There are few places into which that friend cannot enter—places even which are most difficult of access. Because the men experience considerable hardship in not being able legally to procure refreshments between the hours of one and four o'clock in the morning, certain enterprising publicans obligingly risk breaking the law for their own profit and their customers' convenience. "It's all right, guv'ner," said one of the nocturnal brotherhood, at 2.40 a.m., to a landlord, who, while serving refreshments to a famishing crowd, was naturally disconcerted at seeing a stranger with a bundle of tracts and papers enter by the guarded door as if quite familiar with the business. "It's all right, guv'ner; this is a very particular friend of ours, who is out night after night trying to do us good." After so satisfactory an introduction, Mr. Landlord will with seeming grace accept a *British Workman*. To others not in the secret, and who probably would have preferred not being disturbed, it seems akin to the Eighth Wonder of the World when one goes about talking of religion in the middle of the night. Those who are hospitably disposed, and who consider themselves under an obligation to "pay for anything," make the well-meant and really kind enquiry, "What will you take, sir?" We have heard these offers made to the "tract man," from the bar, but have never known them to be accepted.

When the eagerly-looked-for four a.m. arrives, the houses may legally open their doors, and in the vicinity of the principal railway termini, the coffee-room masters do not wait a minute over the time. The warm, inviting boxes are at once occupied with cold, fasting cabmen, and not unfrequently the night missionary will take his seat with the rest. While the company are drinking their steaming coffee, perhaps a portion of the New Testament is read and explained. Say it is the fifteenth chapter of Luke. "Now, my men, what do you think of it," is asked. "Well, I will tell you what *I* think of it; it fetched tears from my eyes. When I was a boy at school I learned that chapter. I am just like that young man. But never mind, I shall be better some day, perhaps. It's a long lane that has no turning." This looking forward to "some day" is opposed as unreasonable and unscriptural. To be as wise as the Prodigal Son, we must "arise to-day." Then sympathising sighs come from one and another as a man reminds his companions of a comrade of theirs, who, after having braved the discomforts of the street during a certain night, died while sitting at breakfast when light and comfort came in the morning. A sad story surely, and one full of meaning! "We ought to think of religion more than we do," remarks one. "Ah, that we ought, mate," replies another.

The diary of one missionary explains to us the nature of his work in the streets while the great city is asleep, *e.g.*—

"One night we had a fearful storm of thunder and lightning. It was awfully grand, especially the latter. I happened to be at the Great Northern Railway Station, when a large number of cabmen congregated,

and while conversing with them, another cabman came up and said the lightning had struck his horse down, and he was so frightened that he couldn't bear to be alone. The men huddled together fearfully alarmed, the most wicked man the greatest coward, as is always the case.

"At length a man said, 'Well, sir, it's awful, ain't it? Do you think it is anything like the Day of Judgment will be?'

"'No,' said another; 'What are you talking about? The Day of Judgment will be worse than that, for the whole world will be burnt: won't it, sir?'

"I said, 'I want to hear some more of your opinions before I give my answer.'

"Another then said, 'The thunder will be louder than now, because it will wake the dead in their graves. That seems impossible, though, sir; but when you come to think on it, God can do anything. Why, he could blow the world to atoms.'

"The man whose horse had been struck down, said, 'Well, I thought the end of the world had come, and I wasn't prepared for it; that's a fact.'

"Another said, 'Then there will be those that be drowned in the sea, I suppose them will come, and all?'

"Several rejoined, 'Well to be sure; what a lot of people.'

"I then expounded a portion of St. Matthew xxiv.; 2 Peter iii., and other passages, showing them that the Lord Jesus 'will descend from heaven with a shout, and all his holy angels with him, and then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.' I reminded them of the old woman who always said her prayers in a thunderstorm, but at no other time, and of the sailor who only prayed in a storm at sea; and exhorted them to seek a change of heart by repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Such is the nature of Christian work among night cabmen. Prior to the passing of the new Act for closing public-houses between one and four a.m., there were among these nocturnal toilers, more often than now, young men of loose character, who served such thieves as frequented the thronged places of pleasurable resort. A man would thus become the employé of a certain person, and each would become acquainted with the other's ways, and be a party to his doings. The "fare" would be favoured with credit when "out of luck," until such time as he got "a pull." In many instances, however, they who work the night cabs are old and worn-out characters, whose hardships and woful appearance are enough to excite sympathy. Some of them are cripples, and others are afflicted with disease. A man will necessarily take to night work when no longer able to compete with younger rivals in the day trade. Their sufferings in frosty weather are especially severe, while they bravely maintain the struggle to keep home intact. They think any suffering preferable to entering the paupers' "house." "Sir," said one of this class, after receiving a large-type Bible, "My Bible has quite cured me of complaining, for when I read what my Saviour suffered, I feel ashamed to murmur." What the hardships really are, both of the night and day men, can scarce be

realised by the most painstaking fare. Some will for months occupy no other bedroom than their cabs, because able to procure no better accommodation; others, who adopt the system of paying a certain sum per day for their vehicle, will not, during sixteen or eighteen hours' work, receive sufficient to satisfy their master, and so may be compelled to raise money by extraordinary means. A man may even be under the necessity of pawning his clothes in cold weather, as well as other articles sorely needed by wife and children, in order to raise money demanded by his master. The cab and omnibus men deserve Christian sympathy. The expenditure of missionary effort among their ranks will in the long-run prove to be a valuable investment; for in proportion as these indispensable public servants are raised into a better condition will the public be gainers. If the men have earned a bad name, those who employ them have not been entirely faultless. As are the masters such the servants are.

In turning from cab and omnibus men to the police force, we may mark the improvement which has taken place in the men during the last twenty years, for the reform has partly been brought about by the well-directed efforts of Christian workers. The lot of the single policeman is now comparatively luxurious; but times were when the accommodation provided for him by commissioners was both scant and comfortless. The police quarters at the stations were confined, and at the best of seasons were not over clean, while the sleeping apartments were not allowed to be frequented at will. The company of men in each house was allowed only one common place wherein to eat, smoke, dress, and converse. Each man cooked on his own account, and the growth of good temper and courtesy was little favoured when two or more hungry fellows wanted a frying-pan simultaneously, or when the fireplace was not able to contain all the saucepans which required a position at the same time. The weaknesses of the men also appeared on the surface in various ways. Feasts and fasts were partaken of at the same board: one extravagant epicure might be seen taking a pound of beef at a meal, while another, erring in an opposite direction, might dine thrice off a single herring. These inconsistencies no longer characterise the section-houses, and single constables find their lot in London a garden of plenty and enjoyment when compared with the lot of their predecessors. The stations are now remarkable for cleanliness. There are washing-rooms and reading-rooms, while the old system of disputing about culinary utensils is superseded by a substantial daily repast, prepared by a competent cook, of which all the men partake at a fixed charge, the cost bearing a favourable comparison with that of the old system.

The constable on duty and the constable off duty so far differ as to constitute separate studies of the same person. It is said that a policeman who would attain perfection in his profession should not be a native of London, seeing a Londoner may be tempted to counterfeit sharpness or sagacity while lacking those natural gifts. Let your model policeman be a native of a provincial town, a person of respectable birth and of some education, and he will not be likely to disappoint his instructors. A writer in *The Quarterly Review*, who visited the drill at Scotland Yard, once wrote:—

"The eye had only to run along the 'gamut of men,' if we may so term the fresh recruits drawn up before us, in order to see from how many ranks of society the police brigade is reinforced. Smock-frocks, shooting-coats, frock-coats, tail-coats, some seedy and worn, some still good and fresh, denoted the condition in life of their owners, and the necessities to which some of them were reduced. Young men flushed with hope come from the provinces to push their fortunes, and after a brief struggle find themselves stranded, and accept this, the most readily obtainable respectable service. . . . . The policemen perfect in their natural drill next undergo a mental one. Drawn up in a line, a sergeant or inspector questions them as to their duties. 'Supposing you see two men fighting, what would you do?' Or 'If you were to see a house on fire, how would you act?' Sometimes the constable addressed answers the question, but more generally his interrogator does it for him. When drilled and catechised to the full pitch he doffs his plain clothes for a uniform, and comes out in the full bloom of a policeman. But he is still a neophyte, and before he is entrusted with a beat he attends at a police court in order to watch the manner in which trained constables conduct themselves in the witness-box. Having learned to give evidence clearly and briefly, to listen to ludicrous scenes without smiling, and to hear bad language with imperturbable patience, he is marched off to the division in which he has elected to serve, and with his armlet on his wrist, his staff in one pocket, and his rattle in the other, he patrols his beat."

One autumn evening it was our privilege to spend some hours in the section-house of a western suburb under most favourable circumstances. It was the day for holding a sort of annual festival, and the private part of the house was quite alive with pleasant-looking people in holiday attire. It was also the first and the last time of our listening to the spoken words of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. The wives and children of the constables gathered in strong force, and were in cheerful mood befitting the occasion. Though the supply of tea, cake, and bread-and-butter was large, it was not larger than the demand, and the kind city missionary who appeared on the scene as the general in command, found his energies heavily taxed in superintending the repast of his numerous dependents. There was the usual proportion of laughing and chaffing, but many of the company discussed graver matters while attending to the good things on the table.

What observer of life present at that memorable meeting could ever forget the event of the evening—the entry into the room of Mr. Noel? How sweetly that kind, placid face could yield to a smile in acknowledgment of kindly attention from those for whom he was ever willing to spend his strength. Those men who were acquainted with their visitor were evidently in love with his character, and our then newly-won acquaintance, the city missionary present, assured us that he believed Baptist Noel to be the greatest man in England. The address which followed was full of wisdom, admirably adapted to the occasion. "*If I were a policeman, I should like to go well armed.*" All he said turned on that aphorism, and a deep impression was produced by the unmistakable earnestness of the gifted speaker.

Of the manner in which Christian work was begun among the police

force something may be said. The work originated with a missionary in Spitalfields, who supposed it was his duty to devote a portion of time to promoting the welfare of a neglected class. Through calling at a certain station he heard of a constable who lay on a bed of sickness, and obtaining permission to visit the sufferer, the evangelist became the instrument of the man's conversion. The policeman died, and by following him to the grave with a number of comrades a ready introduction was gained as well as a favourable opportunity of benefiting others secured. The earnest evangelist soon became a favourite, and on pay days could often be seen distributing tracts and speaking words of Christian counsel to the men. A more widespread interest in what the stranger said and did was soon apparent. What did it all mean? Then came the uncommon and unlooked-for discovery—it was perceived to be truth indeed that some people really did care for policemen's souls. The question also suggested itself, If one division appreciated the Christian attention shown them, why were not other divisions looked after? "I hear sad complaints of you," said a Christian tradesman to the missionary; "my neighbour opposite says you have nearly ruined him. Till you got among the police they would go over to his house and have a jolly drinking bout. Now, he scarcely gets a call on pay day." Having proved his fitness for certain duties, the missionary was specially appointed to labour among the police, and on leaving Spitalfields was presented with a testimonial by a number of converts.

On being allowed to devote his whole time to the constables, this evangelist set about the task of completely mastering what he called police science. He associated with the men as frequently as opportunities allowed, and at all hours of both day and night. The gratitude of one constable was ensured by giving him a tract when St. Paul's clock was chiming the midnight hour, and by asking the pointed question, "If you should die before that clock strikes again, where will your soul be?" The men were not long in discovering that they possessed a real friend, and one worthy of being made a confidant in reference to their every-day trials and difficulties. Work among their ranks then became extremely onerous, two or more services a day being necessarily conducted. The chief commissioners, both the good Sir Richard Mayne and his predecessor, aided and sympathised in the good work, and showed a constant readiness to listen to any suggestions which might tend to promote the comfort of their officers; and hence, probably some thanks are due to hard-working evangelists for the comforts and improved dwellings which the men now enjoy.

Besides the services held for their special benefit at the stations or section-houses, the married police enjoy the privilege of being visited in their private homes. Great diversity of character exists among them. One who had lain in delirium for days became calm and restful on being visited and spoken to of Christ. Another appeared to be broken-hearted on account of a wicked life, and anxious to drink in such comfort as the gospel of peace can give. The needs of others are as various as their characters. Some who are just entering the service look for counsel suited to their position; others who are about resigning their situations to try the fortune of a foreign clime also listen to advice. Perhaps a whole family is found embarking for one of the

colonies, where the father hopes to thrive as he cannot thrive amid the hard competition of London. Often, too, can a policeman tell a remarkable life-story. One was encountered who in his youth had received a university training at Oxford. He was about taking honours at his college when, overtaken by family misfortune, he was compelled to relinquish the tempting paths of literature for the broad highway of commerce. When he started on his new career fortune smiled upon him. Securing a valuable appointment in the wine trade, he advanced rapidly until he was eventually taken into partnership, and at length he succeeded to the entire business. He amassed a large fortune, and could he have remained content, he might have lived in luxurious ease. Still thirsting for more gold, however, he embarked in a large speculation and lost all his capital. He now sank to the verge of starvation, and was only saved from utter destitution by accepting a situation in the police force. This severe reverse, joined to the heavy labour of his new position, so affected the poor fellow as to occasion premature death.

Not only strange histories, but startling adventures are met with. Once at midnight the police missionary was crossing a bridge in the London Docks when a splash and the call of a constable's rattle told that some sudden tragedy had occurred. It was a suicide, and the flesh tingled as it will do when aught more horrible than usual is happening. The truth was soon out. An unhappy creature called Plymouth Poll, who had not been sober for weeks, took a last dread leap in the darkness! The body was soon recovered, and in the room of a public-house hard by, persevering but fruitless efforts were made to restore animation. Of all the heart-breaking sights which a sin-cursed city can present, perhaps none equal in horror the dragging from the cold flood the lifeless body of a woman, whose vicious course of life led her to make a fatal attack upon herself. The darkness, the black, yawning water, the shrieks, oaths, and curses of the victim's degraded acquaintances who rush to the waters edge, make up a scene which none need desire to witness, for after having once seen it, who would not desire to blot it from his memory?

There is one other class of public servants which may be named in connection with the work in hand, viz., firemen. The number of fires in London during each year exceeds a thousand, and the number shows a tendency to increase. Gas, matches, and other conveniences are in a great measure responsible for this, and were the curfew obeyed which still tolls at Shoreditch and other churches, the city would, in all probability, enjoy greater immunity from fires than it does at present. In olden times, when houses were made of wood, the curfew must have been the means of preserving many a home from untimely destruction. However, that institution is gone for ever.

Before the organisation of the police force, the neighbours around the spot where a fire occurred were required to guard the ground, and were summoned to the scene of action by the beating of a drum. After the great fire, and prior to the founding of insurance offices, the citizens enacted various regulations, which may now serve to amuse the antiquary. Each parish was required to be furnished with such machinery as was then in vogue for conquering the enemy. There

was no lack of buckets, ladders, and shovels; while would-be sight-seers were required to stay at home until sent for by the Lord Mayor, whose presence on the scene was indispensable to impart due *eclat* to a considerable conflagration, and he commonly came up with an imposing guard of "company" men, whose duty may have consisted in seeing that no timbers or firebrands fell on the chief magistrate's coach. These picturesque exhibitions are now substituted by fire engines and trained firemen, the fire offices having united to establish the London Fire Brigade. The Brigade is now in a high state of efficiency; its movements and achievements exciting the surprise of all observant foreigners who visit England.

An evangelist who specially devotes his time to firemen has greater difficulties to encounter than are common to similar work among the police. The very nature of the firemen's calling tends to make them careless, and those among them who are disposed to attend public worship will not always find opportunities of following their inclinations. A certain missionary, when appointed to these duties, at once perceived the obstacles he should have to overcome. By way of commencement, he called at the chief station in Watling Street, carrying with him a number of publications, which he offered to lend. On his entering the establishment, the men, engaged in cleaning their engines, were unable to account for the intrusion of a stranger, who spoke what was to them the strange language of Christianity, and so treated the affair as a joke, and turned the business into laughter. At first, judging him by the pack he carried, the company half suspected the missionary of being a travelling jeweller, but when, instead of Brummagem trinkets, interesting books were shown them, a real interest was excited. The chief engineer, in a most respectful manner, selected a book, and the late unfortunate Mr. Braidwood politely welcomed the newcomer. In this manner was the ice broken. The routine at other offices was similar to this. At one of them, a man said he had no time for reading, nor for worshipping God, though he considered himself none the worse on that account; but when he proceeded to depreciate the Bible as a book of contradictions, he was rebuked by the others, who confessed that they should be better men if their lives were guided entirely by Scripture precepts. At another station there was scarce time to put down the pack, and to begin to speak to the officers, ere news of "fire" was flashed into the building, and in two minutes the engine was ready, horses were buckled to, and all sped away as if for dear life; "Ah, sir," called out one of the men, "we don't know that we shall ever come back, when we are going out!"

These men are extremely subject to accident; often is some strong fellow found prostrated on a bed of pain in the hospital. But whether at work or at rest, they are indispensable public servants, and as such deserve sympathy and Christian instruction at the hands of those whom they serve. Many whose duties oblige them to spend the greater portion of their time in the streets, cab and omnibus men, police and firemen, are being blessed by the all-reclaiming touch of Christianity, and in every instance wherein good is communicated, the public is a substantial gainer. Since we accept their services, let us give them something better in return, and show that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Real Contact with Jesus: a Sacramental Meditation.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.—Luke viii. 46.

OUR Lord was very frequently in the midst of a crowd. His preaching was so plain and so forcible that he always attracted a vast company of hearers; and, moreover, the rumour of the loaves and fishes no doubt had something to do with increasing his audiences, while the expectation of beholding a miracle would be sure to add to the numbers of the hangers-on. Our Lord Jesus Christ often found it difficult to move through the streets, because of the masses who pressed upon him. This was encouraging to him as a preacher, and yet how small a residuum of real good came of all the excitement which gathered around his personal ministry. He might have looked upon the great mass and have said, "What is the chaff to the wheat?" for here it was piled up upon the threshing-floor, heap upon heap; and yet after his decease his disciples might have been counted by a few scores, for those who had spiritually received him were but few. Many were called, but few were chosen. Yet, wherever one was blessed our Saviour took note of it; it touched a chord in his soul. He never could be unaware when virtue had gone out of him to heal a sick one, or when power had gone forth with his ministry to save a sinful one. Of all the crowd that gathered round the Saviour upon the day of which our text speaks, I find nothing said about one of them except this solitary "somebody" who had touched him. The crowd came and the crowd went, but little is recorded of it all. Just as the ocean, having advanced to full tide, leaves but little behind it when it retires again to its channel, so the vast multitude around the Saviour left only this one precious deposit—one "somebody" who had touched him and had received virtue from him.

Ah, my Master, it may be so again this evening! These Sabbath mornings and these Sabbath evenings the crowds come pouring in like a mighty ocean, filling this house, and then they all retire again; only here and there is a "somebody" left weeping for sin, a "somebody" left rejoicing in Christ, a "somebody" who can say, "I have touched the hem of his garment, and I have been made whole." The whole of my other hearers are not worth the "somebodies." The many of you are not worth the few, for the many are the pebbles, and the few are the diamonds; the many are the heaps of husks, and the few are the precious grains. May God find them out at this hour, and his shall be all the praise.

Jesus said, "Somebody hath touched me," from which we observe that in *the use of means and ordinances we should never be satisfied, unless we can get into personal contact with Christ;* secondly, *if we can get into such personal contact we shall have a blessing;* "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me;" and, thirdly, *if we do get a blessing, Christ*

will know it; however obscure our case may be, he will know it, and he will have us let others know it; he will speak, and ask such questions as will draw us out, and manifest us to the world.

I. First, then, IN THE USE OF ALL MEANS AND ORDINANCES LET IT BE OUR CHIEF AIM AND OBJECT TO COME INTO PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Peter said, "The multitude throng thee and press thee," and that is true of the multitude to this very day; but of those who come where Christ is in the assembly of his saints a large proportion only come because it is their custom to do so. Perhaps they hardly know why they go to a place of worship. They go because they always did go, and they think it wrong not to go. They are just like the doors which swing upon their hinges; they take no interest in what is done, at least only in the exterior parts of the service; into the heart and soul of the business they do not enter, and cannot enter. They are glad if the sermon is rather short, there is so much the less tedium for them. They are glad if they can look around and gaze at the congregation, they find in that something to interest them; but getting near to the Lord Jesus is not the business they come upon. They have not looked at it in that light. They come and they go; they come and they go, and it will be so till at the last they will come for the last time, and they will find out in the next world that the means of grace were not instituted to be matters of custom, and that to have heard Jesus Christ preached and to have rejected him is no trifle, but a solemn thing to be answered for in the presence of the Judge.

Others there are who come to the house of prayer, and try to enter into the service, and do so in a certain fashion; but it is only self-righteously or professionally. They would come to the Lord's table; they would attend to baptism; they would join the church; but they have baptism, yet not the Holy Spirit; they have the Lord's Supper, but they have not the Lord himself; they eat the bread, but they never eat his flesh; they drink the wine, but they never drink his blood; they have been buried in the pool, but they have never been buried with Christ in baptism, nor have they risen again with him into newness of life. To them to read, to sing, to kneel, to hear, and so on, are enough. They are content with the shell, but the blessed spiritual kernel, the true marrow and fatness, these they know nothing of. These are the many, go into what church or meeting-house you please. They are in the press around Jesus, but they do not touch him. They come, but they come not into contact with Jesus. They are outward, external hearers only, but there is no inward touching of the blessed person of Christ, no mysterious contact with the ever-blessed Saviour, no stream of life and love flowing from him to them. It is all mechanical religion. Vital godliness they know nothing of.

But, "somebody," said Christ, "somebody hath touched me," and that is the soul of the matter. Oh, my hearer, when you are in prayer alone never be satisfied with having prayed; do not give it up till you have touched Christ in prayer; or, if you cannot get at him, at any rate sigh and cry until you do. Do not think you have prayed, but try again. When you come to public worship, I beseech you, rest not satisfied with listening to the sermon, and so on—as you all do with

sufficient attention ; to that I bear you witness ;—but do not be content unless you get at Christ the Master, and touch him. At all times when you come to the communion table, count it to have been no ordinance of grace to you unless you have gone right through the veil into Christ's own arms, or at least have touched his garment, feeling that the first object, the life and soul of the means of grace, is to touch Jesus Christ himself ; and except " somebody " hath touched him, the whole has been a mere dead performance, without life or power.

The woman in our text was not only amongst those who were in the crowd, but she touched Jesus ; and therefore, beloved, let me hold her up to your example in some respects, though I would to God that in other respects you might excel her.

Note, first, she felt that it was of no use being in the crowd, of no use to be in the same street with Christ, or near to the place where Christ was, but she *must get at him ; she must touch him.* She touched him, you will notice, under *many difficulties.* There was a great crowd. She was a woman. She was also a woman enfeebled by a long disease which had drained her constitution and left her more fit to be upon a bed than to be struggling in the seething tumult. Yet, notwithstanding that, so intense was her desire that she urged on her way, I doubt not with many a bruise, and many an uncouth push, and at last, poor trembler as she was, she got near to the Lord. Beloved, it is not always easy to get at Jesus. It is very easy to kneel down to pray, but not so easy to reach Christ in prayer. There is a child crying, it is your own, and its noise has often hindered you when you were striving to approach Jesus ; or a knock will come at the door when you most wish to be retired. When you are sitting in the house of God, your neighbour in the seat before you may unconsciously distract your attention. It is not easy to draw near to Christ, especially coming as some of you do right away from the counting-house, and from the workshop, with a thousand thoughts and cares about you. You cannot always unload your burden outside, and come in here with your hearts prepared to receive the gospel. Ah ! it is a terrible fight sometimes, a real foot-to-foot fight with evil, with temptation, and I know not what. But, beloved, do fight it out, do fight it out ; do not let your seasons for prayer be wasted, nor your times for hearing be thrown away ; but, like this woman, be resolved, with all your feebleness, that you will lay hold upon Christ. And oh ! if you be resolved about it, if you cannot get to him, he will come to you, and sometimes, when you are struggling against unbelieving thoughts, he will turn and say, " Make room for that poor feeble one that she may come to me, for my desire is to the work of my own hands ; let her come to me, and let her desire be granted her."

Observe, again, that this woman touched Jesus *very secretly.* Perhaps there is a dear sister here who is getting near to Christ at this very moment, and yet her face does not betray her. It is so little contact that she has gained with Christ that the joyous flush and the sparkle of the eye, which we often see in the child of God, have not yet come to her. She is sitting in yonder obscure corner, or standing in this aisle, but though her touch is secret, it is true. Though she cannot tell another of it, yet it is accomplished. She has touched Jesus.

Beloved, that is not always the nearest fellowship with Christ of which we talk the most. Deep waters are still. Nay, I am not sure but what we sometimes get nearer to Christ when we think we are at a distance than we do when we imagine we are near him, for we are not always exactly the best judges of our own spiritual state, and we may be very close to the Master, and yet for all that we may be so anxious to get closer that we may feel dissatisfied with the measure of grace which we have already received. To be satisfied with self is no sign of grace, but to long for more is often a far better evidence of the healthy state of the soul. Friend, if thou canst not come to the table to-night publicly, come to the Master in secret. If thou darest not tell thy wife, or thy child, or thy father that thou art trusting in Jesus, it need not be told as yet. Thou mayest do it secretly, as he did of whom Jesus said, "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee." Nathaniel retired to the shade that no one might see him, but Jesus saw him and marked his prayer, and he will see thee in the crowd and in the dark, and not withhold his blessing.

This woman also came into contact with Christ *under a very deep sense of unworthiness.* I dare say she thought, "If I touch the Great Prophet it will be a wonder if he does not strike me with some sudden judgment," for she was a woman ceremonially unclean. She had no right to be in the throng. Had the Levitical law been strictly carried out, I suppose she would have been confined to her house, but there she was wandering about, and she must needs go and touch the holy Saviour. Ah! poor heart, you feel to-night that you are not fit to touch the skirts of the Master's robe, for you are so unworthy. You never felt so undeserving before as you do to-night. In the recollection of last week and its infirmities, in the remembrance of the present state of your heart, and all its wanderings from God, you feel as if there never was so worthless a sinner in the house of God before. "Is grace for me?" say you. "Is Christ for me?" Oh! yes, unworthy one. Do not be put off without it. Jesus Christ does not save the worthy, but the unworthy. Your plea must not be righteousness, but guilt. And you, too, child of God, though you are ashamed of yourself, Jesus is not ashamed of you; and though you feel unfit to come, let your unfitness only impel you with the greater earnestness of desire. Let your sense of need make you the more fervent to approach the Lord, who can supply your need. The woman came under difficulties, she came secretly, she came as an unworthy one, but still she obtained the blessing.

I have known many staggered with that saying of Paul's, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." Now, understand that this passage does not refer to the unworthiness of those persons who come to the Lord's Table; for it does not say, "He that eateth and drinketh *being unworthy.*" It is not an adjective; it is an adverb. "He that eateth and drinketh unworth*ily*," that is to say, he who shall come to the outward and visible sign of Christ's presence, and shall eat of the bread in order to obtain money by being a member of the church, knowing himself to be a hypocrite, or who shall do it jestingly, trifling with the ordinance: such a person would be eating and drinking unworthily, and he will be condemned.

The sense of the passage is, not "damnation," as our version reads it, but "condemnation." There can be no doubt that members of the church coming to the Lord's table in an unworthy manner, do receive condemnation. They are condemned for so doing, and the Lord is grieved. If they have any conscience at all they ought to feel their sin, and if not they may expect the chastisements of God to visit them. But, oh, sinner, as to coming to Christ—which is a very different thing from coming to the Lord's table—as to coming to Christ, the more unworthy you feel yourself to be the better. Come, thou filthy one, for Christ can wash thee. Come, thou loathsome one, for Christ can beautify thee. Come utterly ruined and undone, for in Jesus Christ there is the strength and salvation which thy case requires.

Notice, once again, that *this woman touched the Master very tremblingly, and it was only a hurried touch, but still it was the touch of faith.* Oh, beloved, to lay hold on Christ! Be thankful if you do but get near him for a few minutes. "Abide with me," should be your prayer, but oh, if he only give you a glimpse, be thankful! Remember that a touch healed the woman. She did not embrace Christ by the hour together. She had but a touch, and she was healed; and oh, may you have a sight of Jesus now, my beloved! Though it be but a glimpse, yet it will gladden and cheer your souls. Perhaps you are waiting on Christ, desiring his company, and while you are turning it over in your mind you are asking, "Will he ever shine upon me? Will he ever speak loving words to me? Will he ever let me sit at his feet? Will he ever permit me to lean my head upon his bosom?" Come and try him. Though you should shake like an aspen leaf, yet come. They come best sometimes who come most tremblingly, for when the creature is lowest then is the Creator highest, and when in our own esteem we are less than nothing and vanity, then is Christ more fair and lovely in our eyes. One of the best ways of climbing to heaven is on our hands and knees. At any rate, there is no fear of falling when we are in that position, for

"He that is down need fear no fall."

Let your lowliness of heart, your sense of utter nothingness, instead of disqualifying you, be a sweet medium for leading you to receive more of Christ. The more empty I am the more room is there for my Master. The more I lack the more he will give me. The more I feel my sickness, the more shall I adore and bless him when he makes me whole.

You see, the woman did really touch Christ, and so I come back to that. Whatever infirmity there was in the touch, it was a real touch of faith. She did reach Christ himself. She did not touch Peter; that would have been of no use to her, any more than it is for the parish priest to tell you that you are regenerate when your life soon proves that you are not. She did not touch John or James; that would have been of no more good to her than it is for you to be touched by a bishop's hands, and to be told that you are confirmed in the faith, when you are not even a believer, and therefore have no faith to be confirmed in. She touched the Master himself, and do not, I pray you, be content unless you can do the same. Put out the hand of faith and

touch Christ. Rest on him. Rely on his bloody sacrifice, his dying love, his rising power, his ascended plea; and as you rest in him, your vital touch, however feeble, will certainly give you the blessing your soul needs. This brings us to the second part of our discourse, upon which only a word or two.

II. THE WOMAN IN THE CROWD DID TOUCH JESUS, AND, HAVING DONE SO, SHE RECEIVED VIRTUE FROM HIM.

The healing energy streamed at once through the finger of faith into the woman. In Christ there is healing for all spiritual diseases. There is a speedy healing, a healing which will not take months nor years, but which is complete in one second. There is in Christ a sufficient healing, though your diseases should be multiplied beyond all bounds. There is in Christ an all-conquering power to drive out every ill. Though, like this woman, you baffled physicians, and your case is reckoned desperate beyond all parallel, yet a touch of Christ will heal you. What a precious, glorious gospel I have to preach to sinners! If they touch Jesus, no matter though the devil himself were in them, that touch of faith would drive the devil out of them. Though you were like the man into whom there had entered a legion of devils, the word of Jesus would cast them all into the deep, and you should sit at his feet, clothed, and in your right mind. There is no excess or extravagance of sin which the power of Jesus Christ cannot overcome. If thou canst believe, whatever thou mayest have been, thou shalt be saved. If thou canst believe, though thou hast been lying in the scarlet dye till the warp and woof of thy being are ingrained therewith, yet shall the precious blood of Jesus make thee white as snow. Though thou art become black as hell itself, and only fit to be cast into the pit, yet if thou trustest Jesus, that simple touch shall give to thy soul the healing which shall make thee fit to tread the streets of heaven, and to stand before Jehovah-Rophi's face, magnifying the Lord that healeth thee.

And now, child of God, I want you to learn the same lesson. Very likely when you came in here you said,—"Alas! I feel very dull; my spirituality is at a very low ebb; the place is hot, and I do not feel prepared to hear; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; I shall have no holy enjoyment to-day!" Why not? Why, the touch of Jesus could make you live if you were dead, and surely it will stir the life that is in you, though it may seem to you to be expiring! Now, struggle hard, my beloved, to get at Jesus! May the Eternal Spirit come and help you, and may you yet find that your dull, dead times can soon become your best times. Oh! what a blessing it is that God takes the beggar up from the dunghill! He does not raise us when he sees us already up, but when he finds us lying on the dunghill, then he delights to lift us up and set us among princes. Or ever you are aware your soul may become like the chariots of Amminadib. Up from the depths of heaviness to the very heights of ecstatic worship you may mount as in a single moment if you can but touch Christ crucified. View him yonder, with streaming wounds, with thorn-crowned head, as in all the majesty of his misery, he expires for you!

"Alas!" say you, "I have a thousand doubts to-night." Ah! but your doubts will soon vanish when you draw nigh to Christ. He never

doubts who feels the touch of Christ, at least not while the touch lasts, for observe this woman! She felt in her body that she was made whole, and so shall you, if you will only come into contact with the Lord. Do not wait for evidences, but come to Christ for evidences. If you cannot even dream of a good thing in yourselves, come to Jesus Christ as you did at the first. Come as if you never had come at all. Come to Jesus as a sinner, and your doubts shall flee away.

"Ay," but saith another, "my sins come to my remembrance, my sins since conversion." Well, return to Jesus, when your guilt seems to return. The fountain is still open, and that fountain, you will remember, is not only open for sinners but for saints; for what saith the Scripture—"There shall be a fountain opened for the *house of David and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem*"—that is for you, church-members, for you, believers in Jesus. The fountain is still open. Come, beloved, come to Jesus anew, and whatever be your sins, or doubts, or heavinesses, they shall all depart as soon as you can touch your Lord.

III. And now the last point is—and I will not detain you longer upon it—IF SOMEBODY SHALL TOUCH JESUS, THE LORD WILL KNOW IT.

I do not know your names; a great number of you are perfect strangers to me. It matters nothing; your name is "somebody," and Christ will know you. You are a total stranger, perhaps, to everybody in this place, but if you get a blessing there will be two who will know it—you will, and Christ will. Oh, if you should look to Jesus this day, it may not be registered in our church-book, and we may not hear of it; but still it will be registered in the courts of heaven, and they will set all the bells of the New Jerusalem a-ringing, and all the harps of angels will take a fresh lease of music as soon as they know that you are born again.

"With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;
The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King."

"Somebody!" I do not know the woman's name; I do not know who the man is, but—"Somebody"—God's electing love rests on thee. Christ's redeeming blood was shed for thee. The Spirit has wrought a work in thee, or thou wouldst not have touched Jesus; and all this Jesus knows about it.

It is a consoling thought that Christ not only knows the great children in the family, but he also knows the little ones. This stands fast: "The Lord knoweth them that are his," whether they are only brought to know him now, or whether they have known him for fifty years. "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and if I am a part of Christ's body, I may be but the foot, but the Lord knows the foot; and the head, and the heart in heaven feel acutely when the foot on earth is bruised. If you have touched Jesus, I tell you that amidst the glories of angels, and the everlasting hallelujahs of all the blood-bought, he has found time to hear your sigh, to receive your faith, and to give you

an answer of peace. All the way from heaven to earth there has rushed a mighty shock of healing virtue, which has come from Christ to you. Since you have touched him the healing virtue has touched you.

Now, as Jesus knows of your salvation, he *wishes other people* to know it, and that is why he has put it in my heart to say—Somebody has touched the Lord. Where is that somebody? Somebody, where are you? Somebody, where are you? You have touched Christ, though with a feeble finger, and you are saved. Let us know it. It is due to us to let us know. You cannot guess what joy it gives us when we hear of sick ones being healed by our Master. Some of you, perhaps, have known the Lord for months, and you have not yet come forward to make an avowal of it; we beg you to do so. You may come forward tremblingly, as the woman did; you may perhaps say, "I do not know what I should tell you." Well, you must tell us what she told the Lord; she told him all the truth. We do not want any thing else. We do not desire any sham experience. We do not want you to manufacture feelings like somebody else's that you have read of in a book. Come and tell us what you have felt. We shall not ask you to tell us what you have not felt, or what you do not know. But, if you have touched Christ, and you have been healed, I ask it, and I think I may ask it as your duty, as well as a favour to us, to come and tell us what the Lord hath done for your soul.

And you, believers, when you come to the Lord's table, if you draw near to Christ, and have a sweet season, tell it to your brethren. Just as when Benjamin's brethren went down to Egypt to buy corn, they left Benjamin at home, but they took a sack for Benjamin, so you ought always to take a word home for the sick wife at home, or the child who cannot come out. Take home food for those of the family who cannot come for it. God grant that you may have always something sweet to tell of what you have experimentally known of precious truth, for while the sermon may have been sweet in itself, it comes with a double power when you can add, "and there was a savour about it which I enjoyed, and which made my heart leap for joy!"

Whoever you may be, my dear friend, though you may be nothing but a poor "somebody," yet if you have touched Christ, tell others about it, in order that they may come and touch him too; and the Lord bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

The Object of Saving Faith.

BY G. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

WHAT an old fashioned subject! say some. It is as old as Adam. Yes, we reply, and older too. It is as old as the hills, say others. Yes, and older too. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills, it was brought forth; and when the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, this theme will remain, ever old and ever young. What a Puritanical theme! say some. Yes, we reply, and Apostolic, too. Its head and its hairs are white like wool, as white as snow, but

the hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness. Let not our subject therefore be regarded as unprofitable because it is not new, or cold because it is old.

What is the object of saving faith? This question supposes the need of salvation, that salvation has been provided for man adequate to his need, and that this one salvation is equally needed by all. It supposes this salvation to be received by faith, and consequently that in that salvation there is some one definite object of faith. What that object is, we have now to consider. This is a momentous enquiry at all times, and never more so than in the present age. If we can clearly ascertain what is the real and only object of saving faith, if we can draw a line, clear, sharp, and well defined, between what is saving as an object of faith and what is not, we shall be better able to go forward amidst the conflicting opinions of our day, separating the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the pure gold, putting on one side of the line all that is sound and saving, and tossing all the rubbish of modern times on the other, keeping up, in fact, the wide difference between gospel and law, grace and works, salvation and perdition.

I. *Salvation must be in the object of saving faith.* It must be either in the object of faith or in the faith itself. It cannot be in the faith because faith itself is nothing apart from its object. It must therefore be in the object. There is no believing without something to believe, as there is no knowing without something to know, no loving without something to love, and no doing without something to do. Neither has faith any effect upon its object, but all the effect is from the object upon the faith. Things are not therefore what we believe them to be. They are to us, not what we believe them to be, but what they really are. If I believe an artificial flower to be a real flower, or counterfeit coin to be real gold, or clouds to be solid mountains, or poison to be nutritious food, or an enemy to be a friend, it makes no difference in the things themselves, as experience soon testifies. On the other hand, if I believe the natural flower to be artificial, or the gold coin to be base metal, or the nutritious food to be poison, or the friend to be an enemy, they will not be to me what they really are, because I shall not avail myself of them as such. In the one case, we see that what we believe to be in an object must be really there; and in the other, that we must believe it to be there, in order that it may be what it really is to us. This shows that salvation must be in the object of saving faith. It must be contained in what we believe in for salvation; not the fact merely that there is salvation, but the salvation itself must be there. The fact that there is salvation is no part of the salvation. It simply teaches *that* it is, not *what* it is; and faith in the existence of a thing is not faith in the thing itself. Faith in the existence of a remedy is one thing, faith in the remedy itself is another. So faith in *a* salvation for man is one thing, faith in *the* salvation is another. It is the salvation itself as revealed in the New Testament that is presented for our belief. Faith cannot receive from an object what is not in it. If, therefore, salvation be not in the object, it cannot be in the faith. If mercy only be in the object, then mercy only apart from justice can come from it. If Christ be there as a model man only, nothing but an example of perfect humanity can come out of it. Salvation itself

must be in the object that salvation itself may come from it. If not in the object it cannot be in the faith of that object. If salvation be not in a text, it cannot come out of it; and if it be not in a sermon it is impossible that it should come out of it. Whether or not every sermon should have in it the way of salvation, it is quite certain that it must be in it before it can come out of it.

II. *The object of saving faith is contained in the Scriptures.* It is here, and here only. The Bible was given for this end. If we meet with it elsewhere it must have have come from the Scriptures. Inspired truth is inspired truth, find it where we may. Whatever cannot be traced to this source is not the object of saving faith. Salvation comes from this book, and from this book alone. This is both the object and the ground of our belief. We are to believe what it teaches upon its own testimony, and there can be no firmer ground of belief. It is a sure word to which we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place. There is no need, says an apostle, to ascend into heaven to bring down the object of saving faith from above, nor to descend into the deep to bring it up from thence, but it is nigh thee, that is the word of faith which we preach. It is in that word. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. We have the object of saving faith, then, in the divine word, not in human reason or tradition, and we have it in the plain declarations and common-sense interpretations of that word. Whether we have it in refined criticisms and learned annotations upon the Scriptures is always uncertain, but that we have it in plain and direct propositions, and in the full and concurrent testimony of the book itself, is always sure. The object of saving faith, therefore, depends much upon where it comes from. However beautiful, emotional, and rational other truths may be, they cannot save. Salvation is not in them, and therefore cannot come out of them. Whatever we bring to the Scriptures, and is not brought out of them, is not saving. Originality in preaching (so far as it applies to the subject, and not to the manner of its presentation), from the very fact of its originality, cannot save. So far as we have plain Scripture teaching in our sermons, so far we may rest satisfied that we have in them the object of saving faith.

III. *What is the object of saving faith made known to us in the Scriptures?* All Scripture is not the object of saving faith. All is proffered for our faith, but not all for saving faith. We are not required to believe all the truths of the Bible in order to be saved. That which is necessary to be believed in order to salvation is that part in which the salvation is said to be contained. There is no salvation without *Christ.* Christ, therefore, must be in the object of saving faith. If the only Saviour be not there, the only salvation cannot be there. There is no salvation without *Mediation.* This is the only method by which reconciliation can be effected between those with whom God cannot deal directly on account of justice, nor they with him on account of sin. This, therefore, which is an essential part of the object, must be in the faith. There is no salvation without *Substitution*, consequently no saving faith. There is no salvation without *Atonement*, and no real atonement but in the cross at Calvary. This, therefore, which enters into the salvation must enter into saving faith. There is no salvation without *Imputed Righteousness.* How, then, can we be justified by faith

unless the gift of righteousness becomes the object of that faith? There is no salvation but by *Grace*. This too, therefore, must be an object of faith. These truths are inseparable from each other, and are essentially one. They must be known to be believed, and in the right knowledge of them and belief of them salvation consists. The words of Christ himself are, "This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." The words of the chief of his apostles, are, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Of faith in him the Christ testifies, "If he believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins," and the apostle testifies, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." To these may be added the testimony of the beloved disciple, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Now the Christ of all these prepositions, the Christ to be known and believed, must be the real Christ as he is revealed in the Scriptures, for if it be another Christ, it is another subject altogether to which the predicates of salvation and eternal life do not apply, and of which they are expressly denied. What we maintain then is, that there must be a clear objective Christ before he can be subjectively received by faith. Salvation must be seen to be in him, before it is felt to be in us. We must not only see that God will forgive sin, but how he forgives it through the merits of his Son. We must believe him not to be merciful merely, but to be "faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," and this cannot be believed without believing in Christ as a real and full substitute on our behalf. This is the salvation, and must therefore be in saving faith. Is there no faith, then, but this that saves? Must this be the object of all saving faith? We reply, Yes! If the Scriptures are true, Yes! If the testimony of the best of men in all ages is to be trusted, Yes! If experience is to be our guide, Yes! If the testimony of the dying can be credited, Yes! If the effects of this faith and the effects of other faith for salvation upon the life and death of others can teach us, again we reply, Yes! There are those, we are aware and their name is Legion, who say, No! It is not necessary, they tell us, to believe in Christ in order to salvation or even to know him. Let men trust in the mercy of God for pardon, and they need not know on what ground they are pardoned; as though faith in the mere mercy of God were the faith of the gospel. It is not necessary, we are told, if we do believe in Christ, to believe in his Divinity in order to be saved through him. Is there any Christ left, we would ask, if we take his Divinity away? It is not necessary, say others, to believe any part of the work of Christ to be substitutionary, as his death for propitiation and his obedience for justification in behalf of others. What again, we ask, is left of Christ as he is revealed in the New Testament? There is no salvation in the object, and consequently none in the faith. There is nothing to connect the salvation with the individual who seeks to be saved.

If it be true that the Son of God became man; if it be true that the Father sent the Son to be the Redeemer of the world; if it be true that he took upon him the likeness of sinful flesh, and became a man of sorrows

and acquainted with grief; if it be true that the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all, pouring upon him the vials of his wrath that they might not be poured upon us; if it be true that he was more willing that the fierce anger of his Father for our sins should be upon him than upon us; if it be true that he died the just for the unjust to bring us to God, and by his stripes we are healed; if it be true that he gave a perfect obedience to the law we have broken that it might be set to our account for complete, instantaneous, and eternal justification as soon as we believe in him; if it be true that God the Father was so well pleased and glorified by this whole work on man's behalf that he has placed his Son for ever upon the throne of the universe in that person in which it was performed; if all this be true, and true it must be if there be any truth in God and in his creation, then no room is left for any other salvation, it covers the whole area, and precludes the possibility of any other; it is all in all. Nor is it possible to conceive how the faith which ignores all this could derive any benefit from it. Certainly it is not the faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

That such is the real and only object of saving faith, may be seen from another point of view. What the servants of God are commissioned to preach is the object of saving faith. They are commissioned to preach not the fact of salvation merely, but the salvation itself, and consequently it must be both known and believed. It was clearly and fully explained in the preaching of Christ and his apostles. Why was this, if it were not necessary to be believed in order to salvation? If it be not necessary to believe in a way of salvation, why make it the chief thing and the first thing in the ministry of the word? Why speak of Christ first and put the cross at once before the sinner, if it be not needful to saving faith? Why not simply declare that God is merciful, and preach his universal Fatherhood, if that will suffice? It would be a much shorter and easier way of dealing with the souls of men. It is what many are doing in our day. Why not do it? Because it was not the preaching of Christ and his apostles; because it is not the commission that we have received; and because we do not hold it to be a sufficient object for saving faith.

(*To be continued.*)

A Rare Providence.

RECORDS of the direct interposition of Providence in times of danger and fierce persecution come to us as welcome encouragement, even in our own times of peace. To find such things we have to turn aside from the broad, well-beaten track of general history and seek them in highways and byways comparatively little frequented. Many such life-histories shed cheerful gleams through the darkest era of Puritan persecution.

Directly associated with Monmouth's rising in the West, in 1685, was a person of the name of Story, who was sufficiently unfortunate to

be captured and imprisoned. During the early part of his confinement Story spent much time in trying to invent some means of delivering himself from the grasp of his enemies, and from those who were also working to discourage true religion in England. He happened to know a person of the name of Brough, who was a friend of the Chief Justice Jeffreys, and with whom Story once spent some hours in company with the Judge. The prisoner now turned his thoughts to his friend, and, on being applied to, he readily undertook to render any assistance within his power. Accordingly, Jeffreys was waited upon at one of the morning *levees* which he was accustomed to hold. Brough remained some short time among the crowd; but being a tall conspicuous figure, as well as a particular acquaintance of the Chief Justice, he was soon requested to enter the drawing-room. "I pray thee, Robin, to what is it that I must ascribe this morning visit?" said the judge. "To enquire after your lordship's welfare," was the answer. "No, no, Robin! I am not to be put off with such flams as that," replied Jeffreys; "Thou art come to solicit favour on behalf of some snivelling Whig, or fanatic, that is got into Lob's pound yonder in the West. . . . Thou mightest as well have spared thy labour." Brough now began to explain himself. All were not alike guilty; and besides, Story owed him, the speaker, one hundred pounds or more, and therefore it was hoped that he would not be consigned to death with others. Jeffreys was just about to start on that tour of butchery, which history has chronicled as the "Bloody Assizes," and Brough offered to accompany him; but to this proposition the other would not consent. "Take my advice," he said, "for once, and go thy ways home, and take not the least notice to any of what has passed. Particularly take care to give no hint to Story himself, or to any one capable of conveying it to him, that there has been any application to me concerning him; and though he should write never so often, give him no answer directly or indirectly. . . . . I'll see what can be done."

This counsel was acted upon, though in the meantime, Story languished in a western gaol, and supposed himself to be forsaken by man, as none of his letters were once noticed. Then came the dreaded day of trial. Story stood before the ferocious judge and heard a specimen of that judge's rhetorical powers—"What forlorn creature is that that stands there? It is certainly the ugliest creature my eyes ever beheld! . . . Ay, Story! I confess I have heard enough of thee! Thou art a sanctified rogue! A double-dyed villain! The common punishment is not bad enough for thee! . . . I'll give thee thy desert, I'll warrant thee!" No words, however, could convey even a faint impression of the nature of the ravings and bellowings which proceeded from the bench. It was as though some volcano had suddenly burst forth in violent eruption. The judge shouted, railed, and threatened until he foamed at the mouth, and until the strain on his lung-power seemed to interfere with his breath.

Yet all this time, and after the trial, some mysterious influence was working. The prisoner was respited, and sent from prison to prison until he reached Newgate, in London. In Newgate he was heavily ironed, besides being confined in a dark, loathsome dungeon, wherein, when the noontide sun was shining, he barely had sufficient light, even

while standing on a box to catch the rays, to make out a few verses in his pocket Bible. Again he seemed to be forsaken, and doomed to destruction.

But one day Story was startled by being summoned to appear before the King in Council. Very naturally, he wished to put himself in proper order: this, however, he was not suffered to do. Friends were not allowed to bring decent clothes. The prisoner must not even be shaved. He must appear before the King precisely as he was. A coach was brought, in which the prisoner, attended by a keeper, rode to Whitehall; and the keeper advised Story, in a confidential manner, to answer straightforwardly any questions which his Majesty might ask. The prisoner was in a frightful condition. He more resembled the ghost of a man, clad in polluted grave-clothes, than a living human creature. "*Is that a man?*" cried the King, in accents of horror, as the apparition-like being entered, and filled the presence-chamber with the fumes of prison-fever—"Is that a man?" Then James recognised him and said, "Pray, Mr. Story, you were in Monmouth's army in the West?" "Yes, an't please, your Majesty." "And you were a commissary there, were you not?" "Yes, an't please, your Majesty." "And you made a speech before great crowds of people?" "Yes, an't please, your Majesty." "Pray let us have some of your fine-flowed speech, some of the flowers of your rhetoric," continued the King. "I told them," replied the unabashed Story, "that it was *you* that fired the city of London, that you poisoned your brother, and that your Majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves." "A rare rogue! impudence in the height of it! a rogue with a witness!" cried James, in astonishment; "But what would you do, Story, if, after all this, I should grant you your life?" "Pray for your Majesty as long as you live." "Then," replied James, "I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not, for the future, represent your King as inexorable."

When, three or four years later, Jeffreys himself was in trouble, he, in turn, applied to Story for protection and shelter from the fury of the enraged populace of the Revolution. He did not apply in vain. Story could not have admired the character of a monster so utterly wanting in instincts of humanity as Jeffreys; he declared, nevertheless, that rather than have denied succour to the man who once saved him, he would have hazarded his very life.

The Model Superintendent.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

HAVING exposed the faults and foibles of Sunday-school Superintendents, we now propose to indicate the chief characteristics of those who may be regarded as models worthy of imitation. It is of the utmost importance that a superintendent should be perfectly competent to discharge the duties of his office. The non-success attending the labours of many a band of devoted teachers is due, to a great extent, to the inefficiency of their leaders. A well-officered school has the best guarantee of success, humanly speaking; nor do we

think it any reflection upon the sovereignty of God to say so. The Lord works by means of human agency, and commands his blessings upon the labours of those who are endowed with the essential qualifications for the specific work they have undertaken. Many Christian men have spent years of anxious but fruitless toil in spheres for which they had no adaptation, while their better qualified successors have enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity.

No sphere of Christian activity and usefulness is of more importance than the Sunday-school, and yet how seldom do we see the right men at the head of affairs! It is a matter of the utmost difficulty to find a duly qualified superintendent; hence many have been called into office, not on account of their peculiar fitness for the work but from the fact that they were the only individuals at command. Such men, we admit, have often laboured with commendable zeal and diligence, but their inaptitude has thwarted their best endeavours and disappointed the sanguine expectations of their co-workers. It is unfortunate that an inefficient man, when once elected to office, becomes blind to his own failings, and persistently retains his office, even when the services of another are available. We have known instances of this perversity where the results have been most lamentable. The superintendent has failed to command the confidence of the teachers, the classes have been disorganised, and the school, instead of proving a power for good, has become a scene of disorder and a scandal to the church. An annual election of officers is in many cases most desirable, as it affords an opportunity of change till the right man comes to occupy the right place; and every true Christian will feel it no dishonour to vacate a position for which he is adjudged unfit by those competent to form an opinion. The modest estimate we should form of ourselves, and the submissive spirit we should ever cherish, will constrain the dignified surrender of place or power, for the glory of God and the common weal.

It is to be deplored that many teachers have committed the serious mistake of electing a superintendent because he happened to enjoy the reputation of being rich and occupied a palatial dwelling. The church at large is too much influenced by the world's beatitude—"Blessed is the man who has plenty of money," forgetting that character not coin, piety not position, are the qualities which should commend a candidate for Christian service. Mr. Bounce may be an important individual in his way, and his patronage may be prized by the members of "the cause," but he is not, therefore, a fit man to conduct the Sunday-school. Of course it must be admitted that his influence will command the attendance of the respectable children in the neighbourhood, but we have yet to learn that the value of souls is increased in the ratio of the cost of the clothes and jewels which cover and adorn the body.

The superintendent of a school should be chosen for his personal worth and his fitness for the office, from his experience in the work. It should be the ambition of every teacher to become qualified for the office of superintendent, and to labour with all diligence in his special department until summoned to take the reins of government by the voice of his fellow labourers. As in an ideal regiment, every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and is competent to command if the officers should fall at the post of duty, so should it be in the Sabbath-school. This would be one of the best guarantees of discipline, because those who are most competent to command know how to respect authority and yield obedience to their superiors.

Our model superintendent is a man who remembers the fact that he was once a boy, and this enables him to tolerate the frailties incident to childhood, and to form a correct estimate of their moral value. He does not expect boys to be grave as their grandsires. His sympathies are intense, and his scholars love him in return. He controls the school without difficulty, because the children yield a ready obedience to his commands.

He is cheerful without being flippant. His face is a transparent medium through which the kindliness of his heart is seen. We cannot understand the man who, in the presence of children, is as gloomy as the moon in a November

fog, or as crabbed as though he had been weaned on cream of tartar. Let cheerfulness be maintained, but let it not degenerate into levity. We would not sanction the appointment of a man whose laugh is a giggle, and whose manner betrays a want of self-respect, for he would fail to command esteem and enforce discipline. It is possible to maintain cheerfulness without levity, and to be sober without being morose; but there are Christians who supplement the decalogue with the prohibitory command—"Thou shalt not laugh," and as to anything cheerful, like the monks of La Trappe, they impose upon themselves the vow of silence. In a beautiful world like this, where the sun kisses the flowers into beauty, and evokes the choral symphonies of the feathered tribe, the man who neither laughs nor sings is certainly out of place; and in the midst of children, whose affections instinctively embrace both flowers and birds, no one can be "at home" unless beauty and song are the apt exponents of the inner life. Heartiness, joyousness, and sympathy with the young are as essential to a model superintendent as trees and fields, and the glad sunlight to the beauty of a landscape.

To cheerfulness, tempered by sobriety, our model friend unites devoutness—that chastened experience of the Godward side of our nature. Like the prophet of Horeb, he knows the bliss and power which come from divine fellowship, and therefore he seeks a renewal of his intercourse with heaven before he comes forth on the Lord's day to command the marching host. In every leader this must be maintained, even at the cost of the surrender of cherished idols, the abandonment of fond pursuits, and the sacrifice of earlier friendships. To dwell in the sunlight of the smile of God, to be energised by the divine strength, are blessings too great to be estimated by comparison with aught this world can yield; and he who is in earnest for eternity will account wealth, pleasure, and fame as trifles beneath his notice. The words of the Lord Jesus, spoken eighteen hundred years ago, "He that will come after me let him deny himself," are, alas! scarcely audible above the din of business, or are heard only in feeble echo; and yet all true success is measured by our surrender, in obedience to the mind and will of the Lord Jesus.

Prayer becomes a constant habit to the devout man, and his success is the divine response to his earnest pleadings at the throne of grace. The difficulties and vexations of his responsible office are mainly met in the solitude of his closet; he transacts more business with God than with man. Everything is sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

In ruling he is firm without being harsh. His kindness does not blind his eyes to the disobedience of his scholars, or lead him to tolerate a course of conduct inconsistent with true discipline. Having a reason for his commands, they are enforced without resorting to fiery threats, or angry denunciations. The scholars know he is not to be trifled with, and obey accordingly. A look from him is more efficacious than a lecture from a man of vacillating spirit.

But his firmness does not involve a disregard of the opinions of his fellow labourers. He knows how to conciliate their prejudices without compromising his own conscience, and always submits his plans in such a way to their judgment that he commands their approval and enlists their co-operation. He is firm because he is acting constitutionally and has the teachers at his back; an obstinate tyrant never attains such firmness as he.

Strictly methodical in all he undertakes, he is never unduly excited. He is calm in his self-possession, and has a reason for everything he attempts and for all the methods he employs. Possessed of these qualifications, his teachers can trust him, and their co-operation is most hearty and thorough. He sets them such an example that they are elevated by it, and the tone of the school rises to a higher standard. The influence of the superintendent pervades the whole staff, and creates a holy and earnest feeling, which becomes the mainspring of power. All are imbued with the spirit of consecration, and strive to keep "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." The classes are well sustained by efficient teachers, and every year there are accessions to the church.

Happy is the man who combines these qualities, and happy is the school which commands his services.

We trust no worker will be discouraged if, in comparing himself with this ideal, he is conscious of not having reached it. It is far from our purpose to damp the ardour of any already engaged in the work, or to dissuade those who desire so good an office. Those who have had any experience in the Sunday-school must admit that we have indicated only the most essential and easily attained qualifications. To be successful a superintendent must be equal to the model we have endeavoured to pourtray. Should he stand condemned by his own just verdict, let him resolve to "go on unto perfection." The artist who contemplates a Raphael or a Michael Angelo may become conscious of his own shortcomings, but he will derive a healthy stimulus in his devotion to his art. It may be a trite remark, that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," but its application to Christian work is most apparent. Let our superintendents view their work in the light of eternity, anticipating "the joy which is set before" them when the results of their labours will be disclosed in "the day of the Lord," and we venture to affirm they will "magnify their office," and spare no effort to become perfectly qualified for the discharge of its important functions.

"Talking to the Children."

AS we but seldom give our young friends papers designed for their exclusive benefit, we this month select a couple of stories from Dr. A. Macleod's "Talking to the Children," an attractive little volume published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The book is certain to find favour with the young.

BEAUTIFUL.

There is another road we all like to travel—I shall name it the road beautiful. Old and young of us are all fond of beauty, and we desire to be beautiful ourselves. It is not a wrong desire. God has put it deep down in every heart. It is a joy to him when we grow up beautiful, and he has laid down a great line of way, the line of loving-heartedness, on which the most heavenly beauty may be reached. But there are side lines, not made by God, where beauty parts from that which makes it beauty. My second warning, therefore, is, *Beware, in life's journey, of those breaks where beauty parts from loving-heartedness.* Here is the right road where beauty and the loving heart go together—Christ's road. There is the wrong one, where beauty turns away from love. On the one, love makes heart and face beautiful with divine beauty; it fills the heart with sweetness, and purity, and humility. And these are the great and best beautifiers. On the other, beauty goes the wrong way, the way where love is not; and the heart is filled with pride, and scorn, and envy, and hate, and at the end of this way the beauty is all dead and gone. There was, about thirty years ago, a very beautiful child in the same city I referred to before; everybody said of her when a child, "How beautiful she looks!" and she looked very beautiful. At school the other girls were struck with her beauty. She was all over beautiful, and had beautiful hair, beautiful eyes, a beautiful face and figure, her very feet were beautiful. But although the loving Christ had made this beauty, the beautiful girl would not travel on the same line with Christ's love, she turned aside on a line of her own; she would go where pride, and vanity, and scorn of others were. As she grew into womanhood there grew up in her heart pride in her own beauty; she said to herself, "I am more beautiful than Jane, or Mary, or Margaret, by my side." She ceased to love Jane and Mary

and Margaret. She did not care to remember that Christ might love them very dearly: she cared neither for Christ nor them, she cared only for herself; it was herself she admired and worshipped. As she looked at herself in the glass she said, "I am more beautiful than my sister, more beautiful than ever my mother was." As she said such things, love for her sister and her mother took flight and left her heart. She could no longer love mother, sisters, or school companions. The poor, vain, empty soul of her loved only herself. Her beauty was her snare, and took her away, first from Christ and then from human love. But then came God's wrath upon her wickedness. She became a fine lady, had a fine house, a coach, many servants—had the same hair, the same eyes, the same face and figure. But somehow the beauty had all departed. She was no longer beautiful—Mary, Jane, and Margaret, and all her sisters had grown up to be very beautiful. There was a quiet harvest-evening-like beauty still resting on the face of her mother, but nobody thought the proud daughter beautiful. People spoke of her as haughty, unfeeling and hard, but never more as beautiful. The path she chose to travel on seemed good to herself, but the end of it was death. For want of a loving heart in it her beauty had died, and as for admiration or love, she had neither the one nor the other from man or woman, from angels or God.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

Two young men were one day looking earnestly at a large factory in a certain town. They had come hundreds of miles to see it, and to get into it. There was a secret there which they wanted to find out—a machine which a clever man had invented, which was doing work nothing else could do so well. And these young men had resolved to obtain a sight of this machine, and find out its secret, and make drawings of it, and then come home and make a similar machine for themselves. And their plan was this: they put aside their fine clothes and put on the clothes of mechanics, and in that dress meant to ask for work at this factory, and work until they found out the secret. But they had just arrived, and they did not mean to apply till next day. One of the young men had the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible every morning. And next day the chapter happened to be that one in Exodus where the Ten Commandments are. He had read it many times, and always to the end; but this morning, when he got to the Eighth Commandment, he could not go further. A great light flashed up from it and smote his conscience. Right up it came out of the words, "Thou shalt not steal!" He read them again, and every word seemed to kindle into fire—"Thou shalt not steal!" He laid the Bible on his knee, and took himself to task. "Is it not stealing I have come here to do? I have come all this weary way to search out a clever man's invention, and make it my own by stealing it." His agitation was very great. But he turned to his companion and said, "What we have come here to do, if we do it, will be a theft—theft of another man's thoughts, and skill, and honour, and bread." Then he took up the Bible again, and opened it in the Gospel of Matthew, and read: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And he said, "If this machine were ours, if we had spent years inventing it, and had succeeded in getting it to work, should we think it right if some stranger were to steal into the factory on a false pretence and rob us of the fruits of our labour?" His companion was angry at first. But by-and-by he acknowledged that it would be wrong. And they came back to their home without the secret. God's word was a lamp to their feet to help them to depart from that evil.

Reviews.

Our Own Penny Hymn Book. Passmore and Alabaster.

We have made a selection from Our Own Hymn Book of hymns suitable to be used at Evangelistic services, and at special gatherings where strangers are present unfurnished with books. A large hymn book is too expensive to give away, and a mere sheet may hardly be sufficient, a penny book is therefore desirable. We believe that our book is the best of its kind, for most of those of a similar character contain hymns which no congregation will ever sing, and pieces set to peculiar measures quite unknown to common assemblies. *Our friends will do us good service if they will get a copy of this new penny-worth, and recommend its use at special meetings.*

Thoughts on the Essence of Christ's Atonement. By William Froggart. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The essence of the atonement is "Christ's living and dying testimony for God,"—so says this author. "He was never the object of penal displeasure," is an astounding assertion in the face of the Scriptures which reveal the Lord Jesus as bearing the "chastisement of our peace." The book is as full of error as an egg is full of meat. The author lives at Coventry, and thither his book will most appropriately be relegated by us.

Israel in Egypt, or the Nursery for Canaan. By T. J. Taylor. Published by the Author, 105, Cator Street, Peckham.

It is a great mistake not to have had a publisher in the "Row" for this book, for it is worth publishing, and nobody is ever likely to journey into the remote regions of Peckham to discover the *terra incognita* of Cator Street. As the production of a working man it does the author great credit, indeed it would do no dishonour to a professional writer. It is intended for young people in Sabbath-schools, and is calculated to furnish them with much useful Scriptural knowledge.

The Gospel Pulpit. Vol. XII. Sermons by Mr. J. C. Philpot, late of Stamford. J. Ford, Red Lion Square, Stamford, and J. Gadsby, Bouverie Street, London.

Although we are far removed from the party which clustered around Mr. Philpot, we have no hesitation in saying that their leader was a Master in Israel, and a great proficient in his own line of things. In dissecting the heart, and declaring the symptoms of soul disease, he was at home, and no man was his superior. Of bondage, despondency, conflict, backsliding, and despair, he could speak marvellously, and we have read his utterances with great profit; deeply regretting at the same time that he did not enter more fully into the liberty of the saints, and dilate more at large upon the high privileges of the believer. He is gone to his rest, and we will observe the rule *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Those who can treat such sermons as these with contempt are not worthy of much better treatment themselves.

Christ in the Tabernacle, with some Remarks on the Offerings. By Frank H. White. Illustrated by twelve chromo-lithographs. Third thousand. Partridge and Co.

In reviewing a former edition of this most excellent book we made some playful remarks upon the illustrations, which were somewhat inferior; in this edition this defect is removed, and the chromos are perfect gems. Our beloved friend writes as one who loves his Lord, and delights to see him in the types of the law, and at the same time as one who loves souls, and yearns to lead them to Jesus. We hope his book will circulate to ten times its present number; he must have incurred considerable expense in bringing out the illuminated plates, and we trust he will meet with pecuniary recompense, although we are sure that he will not be content without far higher results. If our College had no other son besides Frank White, she would still have reason to rejoice in the Lord's blessing on her work.

The Tabernacle, or Easter Sunday with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, by a chance Visitor. Price 3d. William H. Clark, 49, Newington Butts.

THE author of this tract is well known in the literary world; he here gives a short account of what he saw and heard at the Tabernacle. The subject is not new to us, and we have not much to say upon it, but the author writes with the kindest feelings.

Memorials of the Rev. Francis A. West, being a Selection from his Sermons and Lectures, with a Memorial Sketch by one of his Sons, and Personal Recollections by Rev. B. Gregory. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

THE memorial of one who was a Methodist minister, the son of a Methodist minister, and a native of that wonderful town of Kettering where the birth of a great divine is an every-day occurrence. The life is well and succinctly written: Mr. Gregory's critique is judicious, and the sermons are admirable Methodist discourses. Francis A. West was no mean man, no shallow declaimer, no mere professor; his experience was of the kind which breeds Calvinists, that is to say deep-thinking believers; it helped to make him the great-hearted Christian which we are sure he was. The following paragraphs are a portrait of the man, and give us a glimpse into his inner life:—

"In short, he was a manly man. Simple, direct, modest, but courageous and independent; true to the very core, far more strict and severe towards himself than towards others; such he appeared to us, before whom he went out and came in, who saw him under all the many aspects of his character, and under continual changes of circumstance; who always respected him, often admired him, and have loved him truly all our lives. His piety was of the same robust type. The reverse of sentimental or emotional, it was deep-seated and truly practical. His own words are: 'I bless God that he has given my mind a natural tendency to lean *on principles;* and though I have to grope and grapple in great darkness and with much toil till I reach them, yet afterwards I have great repose—a blessed sense of security. It seems as if an impregnable wall was thrown around me. My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.' This was written when a young man, but it was true of him all through life. To this anchorage he clung more closely as his powers failed. His views of himself became more and more humbled towards the close of life. On one occasion, after an unusual silence, and in evident depression of mind, he said to a friend, with tears in his eyes, '*I dread the judgment;*' adding, 'I have had lately such views of my own heart that I tremble to open it to the eye of God. But,' said he, looking up, and smiling through his tears, 'I have a *Divine Saviour.*'

"As showing his settled frame of mind, while conscious of the rapid approach of death, the following document may be quoted. It was written after disease had made serious inroads on his constitution, and when both body and mind were much shaken. Yet it will be observed that there is not the shadow of doubt or hesitancy in its tone:—

"'I do hereby solemnly give my immortal soul wholly into the hands of my precious Saviour, who, by his voluntary humiliation in my nature, did graciously undertake to redeem it, by suffering (in its room and stead) the just and deserved penalty of the righteous law; dying for my sins, the Just for the unjust. And, in token of his having perfectly satisfied the law, he rose again from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God, pleading the merit of his death on my behalf. On that death do I ever rely, both now and in the last day. This is my exclusive plea. Into his hands, with simple trust and hope, assured of his faithful promise, I cast my guilty soul, having no other hope, and yet having no fear or doubt. To his love I am indebted for all my enjoyment and all my hopes. To him I ascribe all merit and all grace. I *have* nothing, I *am* nothing. I gladly ascribe all to Christ. In the matter of my salvation he is all in all, eternal life. To him I give the glory of my salvation, and that he has kept me in the measure of his grace for so long a time. To me he has committed his Gospel to preach

to others, often with his conscious approval and blessing; oftener had I been more diligent and faithful. The Lord pardon my sins in this solemn respect.'

"These were almost his last written words. Let them be the last-mentioned here. The Saviour's name, and the Saviour's praise, and the sinner's plea, will most fitly close this record of a devoted life."

We find in a foot note a list of week-night lectures delivered by Mr. West to Sunday-school teachers; it is so suggestive that we subjoin it for the use of any brethren who may be running dry.

Subjects for lectures . . to the Sunday-school teachers in the Liverpool South Circuit, designed to prepare for school lessons on the following Sabbath.

Jan. 7. *A great cure brings many patients.* Matt. viii. 2—4; Mark i. 40 to the end; Luke v. 12—15.
„ 14. *Where there's a will there's a way.* Matt. ix. 2—8; Mark ii. 1—12; Luke v. 17—26.
„ 22. *Troubled waters, healing waters.* John v. 1—16.
„ 29. *Taking another's, not always stealing.* Matt. xii. 1—8; Mark ii. 23.
Feb. 5. *Two hands unlike made alike.* Matt. xii. 9—13; Mark iii. 1—5; Luke vi. 6—10.
„ 12. *Great doings with little noise.* Matt. xii. 15—21; Mark iii. 7—12.
„ 19. *The Heathen for once greater than the Jew.* Matt. viii. 5—13; Luke vii. 1—10.
„ 26. *The only son of his mother.* Luke vii. 11—18.
Mar. 5.—*The Servant in prison, and the Master at large.* Matt. xi. 2—15; Luke vii. 18—30.
„ 12. *Very sinful, very penitent, very happy.* Luke vii. 36, to the end.
„ 19. *A great fact and a great puzzle.* Matt. xii. 22—45; Mark iii. 19—30; Luke xi. 14—28.
„ 26. *A figurative sermon and a literal application.* Matt. xiii. 1—9; Mark iv. 1—9; Luke viii. 4—8.
Apr. 2. *Many illustrations of one subject.* Matt. xiii. 24—53; Mark iv. 26—34.
„ 9. *A great storm and little danger.* Matt. viii. 18—27; Mark iv. 35, to the end; Luke viii. 22—25.
„ 16. *One man possessed and many swine lost.* Matt. viii. 28, to the end; Mark v. 1—20; Luke viii. 26—39.
„ 23. *The Master dines with the servant.* Matt. ix. 10—17; Mark ii. 15—22; Luke v. 29, to the end.
„ 30. *The dying live, and the living are healed.* Matt. ix. 18—26; Mark v. 21, to the end; Luke viii. 40, to the end.
May 7. *The blind see and the dumb speak.* Matt. ix. 27—34.
„ 14. *Twelve preachers ordained at once.* Matt. x.; Mark vi. 7—13; Luke ix. 1—6.
„ 28. *The life of the greatest Prophet a prey to a dancing girl.* Matt. xiv. 1—12; Mark vi. 14—29; Luke ix. 7—9.
June 4. *Little for many, yet plenty to spare.* Matt. xiv. 15—21; Mark vi. 35—44; Luke ix. 12—17: John vi. 3—15.
„ 11. *Firm waters to firm hearts.* Matt. xiv. 24—33; Mark vi. 47—53; John vi. 16—21.
„ 18. *Many sick and all are healed.* Matt. xiv. 34—36; Mark vi. 53, to the end.
„ 25. *Common bread and bread from heaven.* John vi. 22, to the end.

Present Issues. By Rev. Robert W. Memmenger. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The work of an American clergyman, who evidently sighs after the union between church and state, which blights so terribly the Christian unity and purity of this land. He says, "Some specific church organisation must, in the end, hold supreme power." True, we say, the truth will prevail; and the one church will be composed of immersed believers. As to this federation of churches which he advocates, a "Christian republic" made up of states of different denominations moulded into one, and united to the state, we exclaim "Save us from it!" If our brother had any experience of the bondage and injustice of such an arrangement as must follow if you bow your neck to any human yoke, he would flee, as from a plague, from the arrangement which he so strenuously advocates. Whoever may confederate, our Baptist brethren in America will be strangely different men to what we hold them to be, before they could be harnessed to any such state car as the author would have the American churches drag forward. The book is worth reading for the insight it gives as to the religious life of an Episcopal church in America. We agree with but few of its views, and miss with sadness the Bible element alike in word and spirit. There is no savour of the pure gospel in the book, and the opinions enunciated as to "man's will" and power are as opposed to what we deem the scriptural ones as light is to darkness.

Sermons to Children, preached in Christ Church, Brighton. By the Rev. JAMES VAUGHAN. Containing numerous Anecdotes and Stories. Dickinson and Higham.

RATING the references to infant baptism, which are doubly absurd when mixed up with so much clear gospel teaching, we are greatly pleased with these sermons. They are less stilted and artificial than the excellent addresses of our late venerable friend Dr. Alexander Fletcher, but have all his vivacity and winning power. We have sent a copy to our Sabbath-school, and superintendents cannot do better than follow our example. The book is in the fifth edition, and well deserves to be. The following story will serve as an illustration of Mr. Vaughan's style when preaching to children:—"I will tell you now about God's redeeming a little girl in another way. Her name was Alvi, but she was always called Allie. She was three years old, and one day little Allie jumped upon her father's knees, and said, "Pa, when's spring?" Her papa stroked her little curly head, and patted her on her cheeks, and she looked up, and smiled, and said, "I fat as butter." She said again, "I loves my pa, I does; I loves my pa." And her papa loved her very much. She said, "When's spring, pa?" The father said, "Why do you want to know when spring is? Do you want to see the pretty flowers, and hear the birds sing, and play in the sunshine?" She said, "No, pa; me go to church in spring." "Do you wish to go to church, Allie?" "Very much, pa." "Why, Allie?" "God there! God there!" "And do you love God, Allie?" "Oh, so much, papa, so much!" "Well, my dear," papa said to little Allie, "to-morrow is spring—spring will be to-morrow." And little Allie jumped down from her father's knees, saying, "To-morrow! to-morrow!" And she went about the house singing, "Allie is so happy! to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow. Allie is so happy!" That night Allie was very tired; she wanted to go to bed an hour before her proper time. During the night, she fell into a burning fever, and they sent for a doctor. When he came he shook his head, and said, "Too late! too late! Nothing can be done." They sent for four doctors, and all said, "Too late! too late!" And when the morning came little Allie was dead—she was gone to heaven. Her mamma stood and looked at her, and thought of what she had said the day before—"To-morrow, to-morrow, Allie; so happy to-morrow!" and she wiped away her tears at the thought. So God "redeemed" little Allie!

The Human Mind. A System of Mental Philosophy for the General Reader. By JAMES G. MURPHY, LL.D. William Mullan, Belfast.

MENTAL Philosophy needs to be clear as well as deep to be suited to our taste. We think it well at times to examine how we think, and reason, and feel, if it were only to be reminded how little we know of ourselves; and when our metaphysical writers have agreed upon some one arrangement of the powers of the human mind, and upon the several laws of its operations, we shall be much more disposed to receive instruction from them. The book before us is not so much a consecutive treatise upon the subject as an explanation of the whole of the varied terms which are usually employed in connection with it. The work is pervaded by a healthy tone of morals and a becoming reverence for revealed truth, and we hope, therefore, that it will fully accomplish the author's design.

Notes.

ON Saturday, Aug. 16, the secretary of the Orphanage reported to us that all bills were paid, but upon balancing the account he found only £40 left upon the current account. Now, as we need £100 every week, this was by no means gratifying tidings. Our brook Cherith is certainly running rather low, and threatens to dry up; but the Lord of the waterfloods is the God of our Orphanage, and at his

bidding the brook will overflow its banks in an incredibly short time; we are therefore under no concern. At the same time, it is our duty to report our condition to our friends. The seaside months are always the worst for all our funds, for while they are taking rest away from home the most thoughtful are apt to forget the demands of charity; we would therefore suggest to our readers that, whether they are at home, or on the sands, or among the heather, they should say to themselves, "There is Spurgeon with more than two hundred orphans around him, and his stock is running short; I must aid him, for he has quite enough to do to manage so many institutions, without having to look out for funds."

Our friend John Ploughman requests us to give notice that he is preparing his Penny Sheet Almanack, and hopes to have the patronage of our readers. We decline to say much by way of recommendation, for we know Mr. Ploughman too well to praise him; but we hope our readers will examine his Almanack for themselves.

The Interpreter has now reached its ninth part, and we thank those friends who have encouraged us by their high encomiums. We are doing our best, and are glad that our work is valued by those for whom it is intended. We wish their number had been greater.

The Jubilee Singers had a grand reception at the Tabernacle, every inch of available space being occupied, and hundreds being turned away from the doors for want of room. The melodies which in the bad old times were the favourites of the poor slave were rendered by our emancipated friends in a manner altogether unique; we have never heard anything like it; it was pure nature untrammeled by rule, pouring forth its notes as freely as the wild birds in spring. The people were charmed. Our intercourse with the choir was a very pleasant one: we were struck with their simple, earnest, child-like piety. They are travelling for a noble object, they deserve the help of all Christian men, and wherever they go we hope they will obtain a hearty welcome. They cleared about £220 for their University buildings by their one effort at the Tabernacle.

The students of the college have reassembled, and are all happily labouring at their studies. Our venerable tutor, Mr. George Rogers, celebrated his golden wedding, Aug. 28, amid the hearty love of us all. Few such men are to be found. Patriarchal in age, but juvenile in spirit, full of wisdom and free to dispense it, living to do good, and doing it abundantly. Under God's blessing this eminent man has been the cornerstone of our College from its commencement, and at an advanced age remains so, being blessed with unabated energy, and enjoying the unbounded esteem and love of us all. We know of no better living specimen of the old-fashioned Nonconformist; he is essentially Puritanic, both in theology and spirit; and, though an Independent, he no more resembles a modern Congregationalist than cheese resembles chalk. It was a happy circumstance which brought him under our eye, a still happier providence has continued his life and vigour to this time, and the happiest fact of all is that he and his excellent wife are both among us in peace. At the time we write we hear that the young men of the College are getting up a presentation, which will have been made before this month's magazine is in our readers' hands. All honour to our venerable friend.

Messrs. Brass have obtained the contract for our new College buildings, at the estimate of £9,200; the land will cost £1,200 more; and after allowing for fittings, purchase of library, architect, extras, and so on, we have need of about £5,000, or rather less. For this we are asking in that quarter which has never failed us, and never will. "The silver and the gold are mine," saith the Lord of hosts. The house is purely for the service of God, in the training of young ministers, and we feel sure that he will provide for his own household. He will issue his royal orders to certain of his stewards, and they will hand out the precious metal from the treasury.

On the 21st of August the boys of the Orphanage had a treat at our friend Mr. Priest's farm, Lower Morden. This faithful lover of the orphans received the children; friends from Melton Mowbray supplied the pies (alas, our beloved helper, Mr. Tebbut, has gone home), and Mr. Dougharty carried all the party in his vans. All these friends deserve our warmest gratitude, and we hereby render them our best thanks.

Mr. Dobson, of our College, has settled over the Baptist church at Deal. We hope that our friends who visit that quiet watering-place will encourage him.

Having lately visited Eastbourne, we are pleased at the healthy appearance of the work in the Iron Chapel, under Mr. Babbington. The friends will have uphill work for a while, but the town is growing, and when the debt is somewhat reduced the church will be in prosperous circumstances. How we wish that persons

with means who visit this delightful town would aid the struggling church. The same remark may be made in reference to Ventnor, where a chapel is most pressingly needed by the friends who have gathered around Mr. Wilkinson.

Mr. Marsden, of our College, will settle at Mansfield. Mr. Buckingham has removed from Belfast to Bannoxtown. Mr. Ward, of Rye, has sailed for America.

We are expecting a visit from our friend Mr. McKinney, who has settled in the United States.

Mr. Groombridge has written us a most encouraging letter from Chin-Kiang; we trust that he may have many years of successful labour among the Chinese.

Mr. Rolls has had a hearty recognition at Bushey, at which Mr. Rogers presided, and the other tutors, and Mr. Medhurst assisted. We look for great results at Bushey from Mr. Rolls's earnest work.

Our venerable friend, Mr. Cornelius Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, has closed his long and useful life. He had completed an honourable ministry of fifty years in his native town, and passed away amid the respectful regrets of all the inhabitants and the deep affection of his church. He was a man of large and loving heart, with a vivacious mind and interesting manner of utterance. He was our friend in our youth, and preached for us in London in after days. He used with a merry laugh to tell the story of a lady who came to hear us at New Park Street, but putting her head inside the door, and seeing the vast form of Cornelius Elven, she retreated, exclaiming, "No, no, the man has too much of the flesh about him, I cannot hear him." Peace to his memory. We weave no fading wreath for his tomb, but we catch the gleaming of that immortal crown which the Master has placed upon his brow. He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr J. T. Wigner:—July 21st, ten; by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 28th, ten; July 31st, twenty-seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Davis	0	5	0
Two Christians (Colombo)	5	0	0
D. J. L.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Tolmie	0	5	0
Mr. L. McIntoch	0	4	0
M. G.	0	5	0
A Friend (Dover)	0	5	0
Mrs. Snell	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery	3	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. C. Pedley	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mrs. Ware	0	7	6
Mr. Bantick	1	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0
A Washerwoman's Mite	0	2	7
Mr. S. Willson	2	2	0
Miss F. Du Pre	10	0	0
Mrs. G. Jolley	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	5	0
Profit of Excursion of Bible Classes	6	12	6
Sale of Hymns	0	7	0
Miss Day	0	5	0
A Friend in Shropshire	5	0	0
Mr. Scivwright	1	0	0
Mr. John Baker	1	0	0
Miss Winslow	2	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	5	5	0
Misses Congreve	2	2	0
Mr. Price	0	10	0
Mr. Scott	0	12	0
Mrs. Sumner, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
Lillah	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., July 20	30	2	9
" " " 27	30	2	9
" " Aug. 3	40	0	3
" " " 10	39	3	11
" " " 17	36	7	0
	£241	4	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. MacDougall	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Hudson	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Silbery, at Brockley Road, New Cross	1	8	8
Odd farthings and halfpence taken at Metropolitan Store	0	7	4
A Plough Boy	0	2	6
Mrs. Sarah Jacob	2	0	0
Mr. James Scott	25	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A thankoffering for Morning Portions	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertshaw and friends	0	10	0
Mabel	3	0	0
Mrs. S. Tutcher	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Tutcher	0	10	0
Mr. A. K. Gray	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	10	0	0
Mrs. Buxton	2	0	0
Mrs. G. Brown	1	0	0
A thankoffering, J. E. C.... ...	0	10	0
Rev. T. Carine	1	0	0
Mr. Vickery	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Newport Pagnel	0	1	0
Miss H. Corlo	0	5	0
Sunday	5	0	0
Athlone	0	5	0
Mr. S. Willson	2	2	0
Rebecca	0	2	0
Mrs. G. Jolley	0	5	0
T. and C. Luff	1	0	0
Mr. E. L. Wallis	1	1	0
Mr. James Brandon	0	10	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Mr. Carr	2	0	0
Miss Blackshaw	1	1	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	5	0
Miss E. Brunkworth	0	5	0
Dora	0	3	0
Mr. J. Huntly	7	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	10	0
Mrs. McBean	3	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. Lawrence	0	7	0
Goods sent for sale, per Mrs. Evans ...	1	5	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	3	0
Mrs. D. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cubey	1	15	0
Mr. James Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mr. Scott	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
The Misses Dransfield				3	3	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop				2	2	0
Per Mr. J. T. Dunn :—						
Friends at Welham	0	16	6			
Collected at the Mission Hall, Medbourne	1	11	2			
A Friend...	0	10	0			
				2	17	8
Collected by Miss C. Jesson :—						
Mr. H. Stanyon	0	10	0			
Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10	0			
Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0			
Mrs. C. B. Robinson	0	10	0			
Mrs. Hill, Melton Mowbray	0	10	0			
The Misses Bennett	0	5	0			
Mr. Conyers Smith	0	5	0			
Miss Cooper	0	2	6			
Miss Eames	0	3	0			
Mrs. Eames	0	5	0			
Miss Raynes	0	2	6			
Mr. Barrow	0	2	6			
Mrs. Hardie	0	2	6			
A Friend, Market Harbro'...	1	0	0			
A Friend, " ...	0	5	0			
A Friend, " ...	0	5	0			
C. Jesson	1	2	0			
				6	10	0
Annual Subscriptions, per F. R. T. :—						
Mr. W. C. Parkinson ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Parkinson	0	5	0			
				0	10	0
Miss Watts, per Mr. Davis				2	2	0
Mrs. Green				5	5	0
				£120	10	2

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—Provisions :—Sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward.

Clothing :—50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield.

Mr. Lawrence, 5s.; Mr. Gardener, per Mr. Ponsford, 20s.; Collecting Card, Charles Plant, 3s.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Cremer	1	0	0
Mr. A. Eythorn	0	10	0
Mrs. Pratt	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	10	0	0
Inverness	1	0	0
Mrs. Bull	2	0	0
A Stone from Stirling	2	0	0
Mr. G. Davidson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	20	0	0
M. S.	0	10	0
Mr. R. Knewstub	1	0	0
Ragged School Teachers	0	10	0
The Earl of Shaftesbury	5	0	0
Ellan	0	1	0
Kent	0	1	6
A Reader of Sermons, Glasgow ...	1	0	0
T. A. J.	1	1	0
A Friend, Fiskerton	0	2	6
Mrs. Barrand	1	0	0
Mr. C. M. Hardy	2	2	0
A Churchwoman	0	2	6
Mrs. F. Fuller	1	0	0
S. A. B.	0	1	0
A. S.	0	2	6
Mrs. Ware	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones's Class	14	0	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
Mrs. Scott	9	10	0
Mrs. Mannington	1	0	0
Mr. S. Willson	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Z. Z.	0	10	0
W. M.	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0
Mr. John White	1	0	0
A Subscriber	0	1	0
Mr. G. Gager	1	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	0	0
Rev. Thomas Jones	1	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hollings	1	0	0
Mr. John S. Cumming	2	0	0
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
R. F.	0	8	0
Mr. G. N. Sturges	0	10	0
Mrs. Brockie	1	0	0
Miss Sims	0	2	6
Mr. Scivwright	0	5	0
G. M. R.	0	10	0
A Thankoffering, E. H.	0	5	0
Mr. John Baker	0	10	0
Mrs. Broughton	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Brown...	2	0	0
Mr. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. Sadler	0	10	0
A Constant Reader, per Mr. Vickery ...	0	5	0
Lillah	5	0	0
	£101	4	6

Further Contributions Received by H. Ryland Browne towards College Buildings.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per Rev. T. Tarn, Peckham:—		
Collection	4 1 0	
Rev. T. Tarn	1 0 0	
		5 1 0
Rev. Mr. Henderson, Wandsworth Rd.		1 0 0
Per Rev. W. Smith, Brentford		12 6 0
" " J. Collins, Penge		4 2 6
"South Shields," per Rev. N. Dobson, Baptist Chapel, Mile End Road:—		
Collection	12 10 0	
J. H. Bruce, Esq.	2 2 0	
Robert Smeary, Esq.... ...	1 1 0	
Dr. Williamson	0 10 6	
Messrs. L. Wright and Son	0 10 6	
Mr. F. C. Ormsby	0 6 0	
		17 0 0
Per Rev. J. H. Barnard, Highgate:—		
Mr. J. G. Strahan, Stroud ...	3 0 0	
Mr. A. Benham, Redhill ...	3 3 0	
Mr. Thomas Adams, Birmingham	3 3 0	
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Harwood, Boston, U.S.	3 0 0	
Mr. G. Tomkins, New Southgate	2 2 0	
Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co., London	2 0 0	
Mrs. William Piper, Beechwood, Highgate	2 0 0	
Mr. W. Roberts, Stroud ...	2 0 0	
Mr. E. J. Everett, Norwood	1 1 0	
Mr. L. Addington, St. Martin's Lane...	1 1 0	
Mr. Bristowe, Highgate ...	1 1 0	
Mr. W. C. Clarke, Cardiff ..	1 1 0	
Mr. S. F. Flint, Chipping Norton	1 1 0	
Mr. R. G. Oliver, Regent St.	1 1 0	
Mr. G. S. Dobson, Wood Green	1 0 0	
Mr. Webb, Woodford... ...	1 0 0	
Mr. G. H. Quincy, Boston, U.S.	1 0 0	
Mr. P. Terry, Hatton Garden	0 10 0	
Mrs. Palmer, Highgate ...	0 10 0	
Mr. J. Edmonds, Nottingham	0 2 6	
		32 10 0
Per Rev. C. L. Gordon:—		
Mrs. Jeffries	0 1 0	
Miss Jeffries	0 2 6	
Mrs. Chapman	0 4 0	
Miss Rich	0 5 0	
Miss Keely	0 10 0	
Mrs. Tabram	0 3 0	
Mrs. Lawrence	0 1 6	
Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith ...	0 7 0	
Miss Clinch	0 10 0	
Mrs. Sawyer	0 1 6	
Miss Sawyer	0 1 6	
Miss M. A. Brinkworth ...	0 1 6	
Miss A. E. Smith	0 10 0	
Miss J. Hears	0 4 6	
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas ...	1 12 0	
Mrs. Bisager	0 2 6	
Mrs. H. Neems	0 2 6	
Mrs. Harris	0 1 6	
Miss E. Nowth	0 1 0	
Mrs. Dalton	0 5 0	
Miss J. Dee	0 1 6	
Donation of the Church ...	2 0 0	
Miss E. Dee	0 1 6	
Mrs. H. Brinkworth... ...	0 6 6	
Mr. Buckingham	0 2 0	
Mrs. and Mr E. Burford ...	0 4 6	
Miss A. Smith...	0 1 6	
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh... ...	0 2 0	
Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown ...	0 10 0	
Mrs. Millard	0 1 6	
Mr. and Mrs. S. Antill ...	0 5 0	
Mr. and Mrs. Skelton ...	1 0 0	
Mr. C. L. Gordon	0 10 0	
		10 15 0
Per Mr. Jabez J. Hayman:—		
Mr. Edwin Freshfield ...	1 0 0	
Mr. John Norbury	1 1 0	
Mr. Thomas Goddard ...	0 10 0	
Mr. G. F. Hodgson	0 5 0	
Mr. S. Newton	0 10 0	
Mr. Thos. Taylor	0 5 0	
Mr. Josiah Missent	0 5 0	
Mr. Chas. Jellinan	0 5 0	
Mr. Wright	0 2 0	
Mr. Curtis	0 2 0	
Mr. S. J. Fletcher	0 5 0	
Mr. Wilson	0 1 0	
Mr. S. Quintin	0 5 0	
Mr. Ducat	0 1 0	
Mr. J. Mountcastle	0 5 0	
Mr. T. W. Starkey	0 5 0	
Mrs. Nash	0 3 0	
Mr. Evan	0 2 0	
Mrs. and Misses Harris ...	0 2 6	
Mr. Richardson	0 10 0	
Misses Warren	0 5 0	
Mr. Read	0 2 6	
Mr. Brown	0 2 6	
Mr. Dancer	0 2 6	
Mr. Morris	0 3 0	
		7 0 0
Per Mr. Acomb, Chippenham		2 15 0
Per Mr. Greer		1 0 0
Per Mr. Smith, Haddenham		3 0 0
Per Mr. L. Palmer:—		
A Friend	0 10 0	
Mr. Knighton	0 10 0	
Mr. J. Palmer...	0 5 0	
A Friend	0 10 0	
A Friend	0 2 6	
Mr. J. Mobbs	0 0 6	
Mr. W. Thompson	0 2 6	
Collection at Wollaston ...	2 19 6	
Wollaston	0 5 0	
		5 5 0
Per Mr. Pidgeon		0 3 0
		£107 3 6

Colportage Association.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Subscriptions:—		
E. B., quarterly	25 0 0	
Miss Bishop, do.	5 0 0	
Portsmouth District, per Rev. J. B. Burt, quarterly	7 10 0	
Sheppey District, per W. Baker, quarterly	5 0 0	
Cheddar District, per R. Clark, Esq., quarterly	10 0 0	
J. F. Toone, Esq., for South Wilts District	5 0 0	
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.		7 0 0
Donations:—		
Miss Du Pre...		40 0 0
R. May, Esq.		5 0 0
Mrs. Thompson		0 10 0
Mrs. Harris		0 3 6
		£110 3 6

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1873.

Harlan Page; or, Personal Work for Jesus.

AN INTRODUCTION, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR venerable friend, Cornelius Elven, of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, has finished his long and honourable career as a preacher of the gospel, and has gone to his reward. We were requested by a dear friend to "*weave a chaplet*" for his memory, but having few or no materials, we have been unable to do so; both heart and hand are willing, but the facts which, like amaranthine flowers, should fashion the *immortelle*, are not at hand, so that affection cannot perform its task. Our departed friend was a prophet honoured in his own country, for he exercised his useful ministry in his native town, and in the place wherein he was born devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. When we had just commenced our youthful pastorate at Waterbeach, Cornelius Elven, as a man of mark in that region, was requested to preach the anniversary sermons in our little thatched meeting-house, and right well we remember his hearty compliance with our request. We met him at the station as he alighted from a third-class carriage, which he had selected in order to put the friends to the least possible expense for his travelling. His bulk was stupendous, and one soon saw that his heart was as large as his body. He gave us much sage and holy advice during his visit, advice which came to us with much the same weight as Paul's words came to Timothy. He bade us study hard, and mind and keep abreast of the foremost Christians in our little church; "for," said he, "if these men, either in their knowledge of Scripture, or their power to edify the people, once outstrip

you, the temptation will arise among them to be dissatisfied with your ministry, and, however good they are, they will feel their superiority, and others will perceive it too, and then your place in the church will become very difficult to hold." We felt the common sense of the observation, and the spur was useful. The sermons of the day were homely, very homely in style, and pre-eminently practical. We remember his reading the narrative of Naaman the Syrian, and his pithy comments thereon; but one thing above all others fixed itself upon our memory, and when we heard of the good man's departure it came before us with great vividness; he told us anecdotes of the usefulness of addressing individuals one by one about their souls, and urged the duty upon us with great earnestness, quoting again and again from the life of a certain HARLAN PAGE. From that day to this, being busy with a thousand matters, we have never looked up the biography which he so strongly recommended; but though it must be now some three and twenty years ago since we heard the sermon, our first thought, when we learned of the death of Cornelius Elven, was HARLAN PAGE. We sent at once for the little book, and it has refreshed us greatly to read it; and as we wish every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* to know all about HARLAN PAGE, we take this early opportunity of advising them to get the little book from the Religious Tract Society. Perhaps many of our friends will smile and reply, "We read the book years ago," and our answer will be, "Then read it again." Our own belief is that a book which is popular with one generation is often forgotten by the next, and that it is a good thing to bring it again under notice. We do not know of a more stimulating work for the common run of Christians, or one more likely to be of lasting service to them; and therefore with more than common earnestness we press its perusal upon all who value our judgment.

Mr. Harlan Page was an American mechanic of very ordinary abilities, who laid himself out to win souls for Jesus by personal conversations and by writing letters to individuals. His success was great, and, though he was no preacher, his power for good far exceeded that of most ministers. He lived only to lead sinners to Jesus, and probably brought himself to an early but honourable grave by the zeal which burned within his soul, and quite consumed him. He was no orator, but he knew how to pray and prevail. To gather children into the Sabbath-schools, to speak to wayfarers, to importune the careless, and encourage seekers—these were his daily occupations in every instant that he could spare from his workshop. One of his first efforts was to give away little cards, upon which he had printed striking words of warning to the impenitent, and his last office was in connection with the Tract Society of New York, which was happy enough to secure his priceless services. His whole biography is full of pleasing incidents of usefulness, but we have thought it best, instead of attempting to abridge the whole, to give our readers parts of a chapter of the work, which may be regarded as a summary of the whole; and having thus introduced Harlan Page, we will let his actions speak for themselves.

"It may not be unimportant to bring together some of the characteristics of his efforts to honour Christ in the salvation of individuals

as illustrated in the preceding history. It was the burden of his heart, and the purpose of his life. When engaged in his usual business, the religious welfare of persons, with whose state he had become acquainted, was generally pressing on his mind; and it is now known, that for several years before he died, he almost always had by him a memorandum of the names and residences of a few individuals with whom he was to converse. On these he would call, as he went to and from his office, or religious meetings; and if no names were on his list, he felt that he was doing little good. He also uniformly had in his hat some awakening tracts, that he might present as he should judge them adapted to the state of those he met. Not unfrequently he would seize a few moments from his usual occupation, to go out and address some individual; and when the business of the day was closed, he hastened to some meeting or other religious engagement for the evening. It is believed that an entire month has frequently elapsed, during which he did not sit down for an hour, even in the bosom of his own family, to relax his mind, or rest. Every evidence of good accomplished gave him new joy; and every opening for usefulness added a new impulse to his efforts. He felt that, under God, the eternal joy or woe of immortal souls depended on his fidelity. Each evening and each hour brought its duties, which he felt could not be neglected or postponed. The present duty was still before him; and though "faint" he was still "pursuing." His labours on the Sabbath were not less exhausting than on other days, and he doubtless thus failed of obtaining that "compensation for toil" which the animal constitution requires, and which is essential to a long life.

When urged, at the close of a day of fatigue, to spare himself and spend the evening at home, he would say, "Don't attempt to persuade me away from duty. I have motive enough within myself to tempt me to enjoy repose with my family; but that will not save souls." A little previous to his last sickness, as he returned from church, coughing, he was asked if he had not spoken too much in the Sabbath-school: "Perhaps I have," he replied, "but how could I help it, when all eyes were fixed, and the children seemed to devour every word I said?"

It was not uncommon, at different periods of his life, for him in sleep to imagine himself addressing the impenitent, and to wake in a high state of excitement and in tears, occasioned by the deep sympathy he felt for their perishing condition. It is also known, that, when he saw no manifestations of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he would be at times in deep distress, would wrestle more abundantly in prayer, renew his efforts to arouse Christians to duty, and awaken the impenitent; and, more or less, conversions were almost always the result.

In short, it was not the great object of his spiritual life himself to be happy in religion, but rather by persevering labours and holy self-denial—like the apostle who testified that he died daily—to glorify God in winning souls to him. He ardently desired to devote the whole undivided efforts of his life to this work, and nothing but the duty of providing for the support of his family prevented it.

He had the most clear view of the necessity to every man of being born again. As soon as an individual came into his presence it seemed to be the first question of his mind, "Is this a friend or an enemy of

God?" The next thing was, if impenitent, to do something for his conversion, or, if a Christian, to encourage him in duty. Whatever else he saw in an individual, he felt that it availed him nothing unless he had received Christ into his heart by a living faith. This he felt and urged to be the sinner's first, great, and only duty in which he could be acceptable to God. This was exemplified at a meeting of his Sabbath-school teachers, when he called on each to know whether he thought he had a well-grounded hope in Christ or not, and recorded their several replies. Among them was an amiable young merchant, whom he highly respected, and who seemed not far from the kingdom of God.

"Have you a hope?" he tenderly inquired.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then I am to put down your name as having no hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I write down your name as having no hope."

The young man pondered on this decision and record of his spiritual state; was troubled, and soon came to our brother, saying, "I told you to put me down as having no hope, but I cannot say that." He is now a member of the church, and a decided supporter of all her institutions.

He brought his efforts to bear upon individuals, and followed up impressions made. All the triumphs of the gospel, he knew, consist in the conversion and sanctification of *individuals;* and he was not satisfied with merely praying and contributing for the salvation of the world as a whole, or having a general impression made on the minds of a congregation. His intense desire was, that *individuals* should be turned from sin to God. Not unfrequently he would observe in the congregation a person unknown to him, who seemed to give solemn attention to divine truth; ascertain who he was, and seek a personal interview; and, *in all cases*, if he left an individual to-day in an interesting state of mind, he would endeavour to see him again to-morrow, and follow up the impression at brief intervals, till there was no longer encouragement, or he had evidence of true conversion.

He had a clear sense of obligation, both in the sinner to repent, and in the Christian to devote all his powers to God. He felt, and laboured to make others feel, that if any one neglected duty, the guilt was all his own; that God was ever ready to receive the returning prodigal; and that if any withheld their hearts, or aught they possessed from him, in the day of judgment they would be speechless. This sense of obligation he urged with unabating fervour. His heart was intent that it should be *felt*, and *immediately carried out* in an entire consecration to God.

"Brother," said he to a Christian who watched with him, "when you meet impenitent sinners, do not merely say calmly, 'Friend, you are in danger;' but approach them with a holy violence, and labour to 'pull them out of the fire.' They *are* going to perdition. There *is* a heaven and a hell."

As a brother from Boston, to whom several of his letters were addressed, had called, and was about taking leave, he asked the dying man if he had any particular thought on his mind to express as he

bade them farewell. "Ah! I can say nothing," he replied, "but what has been repeated over and over; but could I raise my voice to reach a congregation of sinners, I would tell them, 'their feet shall slide in due time'—they '*shall slide*'—there is no escape but by believing in Christ."

He not only endeavoured to alarm impenitent men, but to bring them to a decision that they will be the Lord's.

While in his native place, he was absent one evening till so late an hour that his wife remonstrated with him for unreasonably tasking his own health, and separating himself from home. "I have spent this time," said he, "in trying to persuade your poor impenitent brother to give his heart to Christ." That impenitent brother was soon brought to accept of mercy, pursued a course of theological study, and is now serving God in the ministry.

On another occasion, while residing in New York, he had gone to a religious meeting, and returned late in the evening, when he was reminded of the danger that his protracted efforts might be more than he could ultimately sustain. "I have been standing this hour," was his reply, "at the corner of the street, labouring with Mr. H—— (one of the teachers of his Sabbath-school), and trying to persuade him to submit to God." Within a few hours the young man found peace, soon resumed his studies, which he had been pursuing for other ends, and he is now a devoted minister of Christ, gathering a flourishing church in one of the principal cities of the west. A letter from this young clergyman, received as these sheets were going to press, thus confirms this brief statement:—

"The name of brother Page will ever be associated in my mind with all that is worthy of imitation in the Christian character. By the persuasions of an acquaintance, I was induced to engage as teacher in his Sabbath-school; and though I was then destitute of faith, he welcomed me, and won my confidence and love. Very soon he began to address me with the utmost apparent tenderness and anxiety in reference to my own salvation. His words sunk deep into my heart. They were strange words; for though I had lived among professors of religion, he was the first who, for nine or ten years, had taken me by the hand, and kindly asked, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Do you *intend* to be a Christian?' 'Why not *now?*' Each succeeding Sabbath brought him to me with anxious enquiries after my soul's health. On the third or fourth Sabbath he gave me the tract, 'Way to be saved,' which deepened my impressions. At his request I also attended a teachers' prayer-meeting, conducted by him, where my soul was bowed down and groaned under the load of my guilt. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Page took my arm as we proceeded on our way to our respective homes, and urged upon me the duty and privilege of an immediate surrender of my heart to Christ. As we were about to part, he held my hand; and at the corner of the street, in a wintry night, stood pleading with me to repent of sin and submit to God. I returned to my home, and for the first time in many years bowed my knees in my chamber before God, and entered into a solemn covenant to serve him henceforth in and through the gospel of his Son. God was pleased, I trust, by his Holy Spirit, to seal my vows. If I have since had any

Christian joy, or done anything to advance the cause of Christ, it is to be attributed to the Divine blessing on the faithfulness of brother Page."

He expected success from God, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, in answer to prayer. He felt that humble, self-denying effort, made in God's strength, he would own and bless; but that for this he would be "enquired of" by his people. He loved prayer. Besides prayers at social meetings, with the families and individuals he visited, and on special occasions, frequently recurring, he regularly not only conducted family worship, accompanied by singing, but every morning and evening prayed with his wife as they retired and rose, and also poured out his heart to God alone in the closet. For the latter duty, when in his native place, he often retired to a consecrated spot in a grove, near his father's house. If one of the household were about to take a journey, the family assembled and commended each other to God, which was frequently done on other occasions of special interest.

His prayers were usually short and fervent, and confined mainly to those topics which pressed with special force upon his mind. At all times prayer seemed to be a privilege, and the throne of grace a resting-place, and a solace to his heart. There is no doubt that it was by continual and fervent prayer that he imbibed that glowing sense of eternal things, that love to souls, and that heavenly unction which were at once the spring of his fidelity, and, under God, the ground of his success.

So anxious was he that there should be more prayer in the churches, and such were his hopes, that, if the duty were properly presented, it would be felt and practised, that he united with a brother, whose means were as limited as his own, in paying fifty dollars as a premium for a tract on prayer—himself drawing out minutely various hints to guide those who might write.

In his mind there was no jarring conflict between perfect obligation on the part of man, and perfect dependence in his relations to God. He knew both were revealed, momentous, eternal truths, and left all embarrassing questions of their consistency to be settled by God himself. It was enough to hear God speak, and to obey. He prayed as if all the efficiency and praise were God's, and laboured as if duty were all his own. His sense of dependence threw him on his knees, and his sense of duty summoned him to effort; and prayer and effort, and effort and prayer, were the business of his life. Blessed day to the church when this endless source of contention and controversy shall thus be settled in every Christian's heart!

He was uniform and unwearied. I know not who has made or heard the charge of inconsistency in his Christian character. Those who knew him best, best knew how supreme in his heart was the business of glorifying God in the salvation of men. I have well considered the assertion when I say, that, during nine years in which we were associated in labours, I do not know that I ever passed an interview with him long enough to have any interchange of thought and feeling, in which I did not receive from him an impulse heavenward—an impulse onward in duty to God and the souls of men. No assembly, even of professed Christians, from which the spirituality of religion was

excluded, whether met for social enjoyment, or in furtherance of some benevolent design, received his countenance; nor was he satisfied with what too justly seemed the strange anomaly of excluding Christ from the hours of social intercourse, and then, as it were, atoning for the sin by closing the interview with prayer.

The only remaining particular, which it seems important now to mention, is his fruitfulness in devising means for doing good. Of this point the history of his life is but an exemplification.

As the father of a family, he laboured for the spiritual welfare of all his household, especially for the early conversion of his children. Of thirteen individuals, who resided in his family at different times in the city of New York, twelve became deeply anxious for their salvation. One of these was a Roman Catholic, whose attention to family worship was forbidden by her priest; one who was hopefully reclaimed from her backsliding, has since died; and six others gave, and, so far as known, still give evidence of saving conversion to God. Of his fidelity to his children, the testimony contained in the following expression of filial gratitude from his son in transmitting, by request, the letters he had received from his father, will be excused:—

"In reviewing the letters I received from my father," he says, "I see everywhere an expression of the tenderest solicitude, both for my temporal and eternal welfare; and oh! for some of that ardent desire for the salvation of souls to bear me forward in duty which impelled him onward, till he ceased his toils on earth, and entered on his rest in heaven.

"I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to my father's fidelity to my own soul. Well do I remember his endeavours, in my early childhood, to lead me to the Saviour—his prayers—his entreaties—and the anxiety with which he followed me, year after year, while under the paternal roof, and when away, till he could speak to me no more. His kind voice I shall no longer hear. His affectionate smile of approval, or tears shed over my waywardness, I shall no more see. His kind intercourse with the members of his family, we shall no more share. He will no more call us around the hallowed family altar, lead us in the hymn of praise, and in pouring out the soul to God. He is in a more endeared, a happier, and holier sphere, enjoying the smiles and presence of his God and Redeemer. Pray for me, that I may have grace to follow his example, as he followed Christ, and at last to unite in his songs."

Many pious young men were by him sought out and directed towards the ministry.

To the cause of missions, both in our own and pagan lands, he was stedfastly devoted. He not only turned his eye away from the accumulation of property, as the object of his life, but felt the duty, and claimed the blessedness to his own soul, of imparting for the cause of Christ a portion of what he had. On his dying-bed he mentioned to Mrs. Page that five dollars, which before his sickness he had subscribed to a benevolent object, remained unpaid. "We have consecrated it to God," said he, "and I had rather it should be paid. You had better pay it, and trust him."

His familiarity with the character and religious bearing of all the

Society's publications, and with the general state and wants of the community, rendered him skilful in selecting publications appropriate to the different fields and circumstances for which they are designed, and also in giving an impulse and a wise direction to the feelings and efforts of Christians who were continually calling for the transaction of business; and in all, it abundantly appears that he felt that the efficiency was alone with God, and that he mingled continual prayer for the gift of gifts, the accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit.

Is it wonderful that God should bless his efforts?—that in each church with which he stood connected, individuals when relating their religious experience, should be heard referring to his faithful endeavours as the means of bringing them to Christ?—that a revenue of souls should have been gathered from the place of his nativity; thirty-two teachers he brought publicly to profess Christ from one of his Sabbath-schools, and nine of them have set their faces towards the ministry?—that thirty-four souls should hopefully have been gathered by him and his fellow-labourers from one ward of the city; and fifty-eight, in connection with his efforts and those of a few endeared associates, have been brought to join themselves to the people of God from the tract and Bible houses?—that individuals should come to his dying-bed, and thank him, with tears, for his fidelity to their own souls? Is it wonderful that, in speaking to her who is now his widow, of his early departure, and looking back on his work on earth as ended, he should, with the solemnity of eternity on his countenance, say—"I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my own direct and personal instrumentality"?

Look at the influence of such a Christian life on a large scale. Suppose every Christian laboured, not to say with such talents, but with such a heart to the work. Suppose there were ten such Christians in every evangelical church throughout our land, and God should equally bless their labours! how would they rouse their fellow Christians to duty! how would they search the highways and hedges and by God's grace compel the ungodly to come in! how would they instruct the rising age! how would they hold up the hands of faithful ministers! how would the Holy Spirit be shed down in answer to their prayers! how would their influence penetrate through every vein of this great community! and how soon would living piety here pour its influence on every benighted land! Such a light as would then shine could not be hid. It would illumine the world, and Christ would come and possess the nations."

The Taverns of Paddington.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

NOT until a comparatively recent date have the aggressive forces of Christianity ventured on disputing the ground with the enemy by seeking trophies of victory in public-houses. Viewed from any standpoint the public-house mission is a daring innovation. When first proposed some years ago, the scheme appeared to be novel, and even Utopian; so that while ordinary people were disposed to smile derisively at the broaching of such an idea, many friends of missions and true helpers of the poor doubted the expediency of carrying Gospel pearls into places where they would probably be trampled under foot. These happily groundless fears may in part have arisen from popular misapprehension as to the true nature of public-houses, and also of the sentiments of those who conduct them; for as regards this department of knowledge, the majority of easy-going people are likely to be in a condition of complete ignorance. Public-houses widely differ in character, and only in a few exceptional instances are they worthy of being denounced as altogether bad, while not a few are as respectably conducted as the nature of taverns will allow, closing on Sundays and discouraging excess by every means. The characters of the landlords differ as widely as their houses. Unworthy characters are found among them, as they may be found among all other classes of tradesmen; but happily, numbers of men with sterling traits of character are found in the publican ranks.* Then why should not the Gospel be carried into taverns as well as into squalid courts and alleys? As places of public resort, taverns would seem to be just the very places where those characters may be encountered whom the City Mission seeks to reclaim. If religion be out of place in a public-house, there must be something radically wrong somewhere, and to reiterate as some are in the habit of doing this popular opinion, is to condemn an influential trading community in a very sweeping manner, even though the opinion may come from persons who as nominal Christians see no harm in the calling of the licensed victualler. To raise objections on the ground of the two things being opposed to each other, is simply to associate public-houses with what is bad, and with what is bad alone.†

It is believed that no class of tradesmen more readily listen to Christian advice than publicans. They are also both sensitive and hospitable, and were not their profession too often stigmatised as altogether bad by certain people, one obstacle to a reformation would be removed. As some, however, still persist in associating the public-house trade with depravity alone, Mr. Landlord may too often prefer

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* We do not hold ourselves responsible for the way in which Mr. Pike puts the matter. We would not join in condemnatory sentences; but, for all that, the evils of the trade are incalculable.—Ed.

† But a common public-house is not the place in which a person of such character would choose to live. The evils of the trade could not be endured by such; if they stayed in it they would be under daily trial.—Ed.

leaving religion untouched, and so avoid being classed among hypocrites by the unthinkingly severe. Yet strange as the anomaly may perhaps appear, there are Christians even among publicans. Here is one, for instance, who professes religion, closes on Sundays, and subscribes to the funds of the London City Mission. There is another who speaks a good word for the tracts whenever they are distributed in his bar, while his daughter is a successful Sunday-school teacher. Yet another is met with who so strongly advocates "fair-play," that he desires to be allowed to pay for the literature given away in his house for philanthropic purposes. So far are publicans from being advocates of Sunday labour, that many, perhaps the majority who superintend their own trade, would welcome an agitation which would secure them their portion of weekly rest. On this head my friend the missionary, whose work I am about to describe, thus testifies:—"The publicans, as a body, are not unconscious of the evils of their trade. They groan under the present state of things. Their desire to have the Sunday as a day of rest is general; and to secure this great boon and right for themselves, their families, and their assistants, they would gladly submit to some pecuniary loss. Many public-houses, however, are in the hands of capitalists, who employ active barmen and showy barmaids to serve and do the laborious part of the work. The unseen but powerful capitalists are the persons most opposed to any movement to secure a relaxation in the hours of business, especially on the Lord's-day. The Legislature and the press are not willing to view the whole subject as affecting the publicans primarily, and, through them, their customers. Reform in this direction is further off, I fear, than it was a year since. All depends now on the efforts of private individuals and evangelical societies." My friend ranks high in the favour of certain landlords, as, indeed, he ought to do; and the fact of his being so seldom interfered with in a somewhat obstrusive work, speaks something for the genial nature of publicans in general.

Feeling considerable interest in the work of tavern visitation for evangelistic purposes, I some time ago cultivated the acquaintance of a missionary in Marylebone, and gave to the public the fruits of a brief study of his operations.* Having since become acquainted with another missionary in Paddington, I now purpose detailing something of what he has also effected in the good cause.

From what many of us know of City Mission work, we shall, perhaps, suppose that the public-house visitor must be a picked man —a man in some respects a head and shoulders above his compeers. Such as are partially illiterate may become excellent workmen in ordinary districts, and many such could be named whose labours are evidently much owned of God. He, however, whose beat includes a large number of taverns, must not only have tact and kindliness, but also a large amount of information, both Biblical and secular; indeed, it would be difficult to name any literary accomplishment which such a man is not able to utilise. It is indispensable that he be a ready textuary, that he be acquainted with the ordinary infidel arguments

* See the chapter entitled "Sunday Night in the Taverns," in "The Romance of the Streets." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

against the Gospel, and be possessed of ready wit. He must also be one who is not easily ruffled in temper, while he must have an eye to perceive, and a hand to seize, opportunities as they occur. An agreeable testimony is offered when it said that neither of the public-house visitors already named betrayed symptoms of falling short of the standard described.

Being no stranger to the efforts now put forth in public-houses, I felt curious to look yet further into the working of this remarkable agency. I therefore arranged to meet the missionary who has charge of the Paddington district, the time being a fine Saturday evening in August. Though you may never have met him before, you can readily detect the City Missionary, and he will tell you himself that it is impossible for persons of his profession to conceal their calling. It was not long ere my friend involuntarily convinced me of his peculiar fitness for his chosen work, for he seemed fully aware that to succeed in anything one must have a liking for the work undertaken. His circuit embraces four hundred houses of call; formerly, a thousand houses were included in the area, and out of that large number not more than half-a-dozen landlords have offered any opposition to his aggressive operations. Estimated at its best, this is necessarily an arduous and a difficult calling, and fortunate is the missionary when his labours are encouraged by the advice and kindly assistance of a sympathising superintendent; such exactly is my friend's felicity. Not only has each publican in Paddington been gratuitously supplied with "Prayers for a Week," each has also accepted a copy of the New Testament, all being the gift of Mr. Ellis, Barrister-at-law. Besides such extraordinary donations of a more expensive kind, the distribution of tracts and other publications regularly proceeds; two thousand tracts, and two hundred and fifty copies of religious periodicals being the allowance received monthly from the committee of the London City Mission. While it is not easy to estimate the influence which one devoted man may thus be able to exercise, the fact speaks for itself when houses here and there are found closed on the Sabbath, in deference to the evangelist's advice; or when donations to good objects are made in return for benefit received. An instance has occurred in which a publican willingly suffered a loss of eight hundred pounds a year in his receipts through closing on Sundays. There are comparatively few landlords who do not appreciate what is being done for themselves and their customers. Sometimes, when a member of the trade is laid aside, or when any person in whom they feel extra interest falls sick, landlords will do their best to supply them with Christian instruction and consolation by acquainting the missionary.

Walking with my companion from the Bishop's-road station, the streets are found to wear that busy aspect supposed so well to harmonise with the last night of the week, though the quietness of preparation for the Sabbath would to our mind be far more appropriate. One looks into one, and then another, of the taverns of the larger order thickly studding this "good drinking neighbourhood," and can only account for the lavish expenditure of substantial architecture and decoration by remembering how large a proportion of the wages of certain persons goes in drink. The field is indeed white unto the harvest, and

I am glad to find that my companion considers himself well adapted for the work he has undertaken, seeing he has been acquainted from childhood with the manners and customs of licensed victuallers. He confesses to having been born in a public-house, and while the bar constituted the first infant-school he attended, the duly gilded announcement, "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Company's Entire," was the first complete sentence in English with which his opening mind was enriched. That the son of a publican should desire to promote the publicans' benefit, and should thus become an active witness for Christianity among the class to which his father belonged, some will think sufficiently strange. A more striking anomaly is found in the fact that my friend's family were succeeded in the public-house by a teetotaller, and one who remained such until death. The anomaly-hunter will find wares ready-made to his hand in bars, and in scenes behind the bars.

We are now out on a special mission, and my companion, who does not usually visit on Saturday evenings, but has made this an extraordinary occasion, is equipped for service with a bundle of tracts in one pocket, a Bible in the other, and a black leather case which encloses *The Cottager*, *The Sunday at Home*, and *The British Workman*, all to be distributed among tavern proprietors and their servants. We now come up to a large corner establishment or restaurant, where two waiters loitering at the side-door are soon in our confidence, and admiring a large engraving in *The Cottager*, of "A Dinner Party at the Zoo." With tact, readiness, and good nature, some necessary Christian lessons are conveyed; for the city missionary, who has a genius as well as a heart for his work, is the most surprising object a novice is likely to meet with during an evening tour through London streets. Those waiters, for instance, can laugh and chat; laughing and chatting seem to make up their native language; but they can look serious too when some good thing is sent direct to their hearts. Leaving these and turning the corner, we enter a capacious bar, a place which strikes one as being an interesting portion of the territory we are so strangely invading. The area being large and the company numerous, the servants can allow us but small attention, though each takes a paper, and returns a kindly recognition. The landlord here so unmistakably favours the work of Christian visitation that a collecting box for the funds of the City Mission is constantly kept in use. There is a Babel-like confusion of conversation, combined with a clatter and clinking of pots and glasses, which at first is likely to make one involuntarily ask if this be not a strange place wherein to speak of Christ and to read his words. What do the people themselves think about the question? Mr. Landlord, who is far too considerable a person to be visible other than in his representatives, says by his general approval, "Do these people whatever good you can." As regards the servants, they really do value the attentions paid them, and would, if examined, acknowledge their obligations. But what say the people, the wider constituency of public-house customers? Opinions differ among these witnesses on this, as on all other questions of the age. Listen a moment to those two young fellows who are pushing their way towards the bar; they are

quietly expressing to one another their disapproval of obtruding religion into a public-house. *Per contra*, turn your attention to that gentleman in an opposite corner, and who is too far removed from the last speakers to catch their observations. He looks like a man who prides himself in knowing what's what, and now he advances the outspoken opinion that "Religion aint no disgrace to nobody." The tracts, of which there is an abundant supply, are now in requisition. Here is one called "Peaceful and Happy." "Ay, 'Peaceful and Happy;' that's your style, governor;" and the man, who maybe thinks that it ought to be his style, accepts the little messenger, confessing that the *brochure* does not describe his condition. Then there is the history of "Polly Pond, the Miner's Wife;" and the "ladies' tract" is well received by those for whom it was prepared. "'Sounding Brass;' 'Sounding Brass.' Who will have that?" One here, and another there, until that finds favour also. "'Poor Tom;' where is he to be found? 'Poor Tom'—any one here named Tom?" "My name's Tom." "Ah, there you are." The namesake of "Poor Tom" is a tall, wiry-looking man, not far advanced past middle age. He takes the tract with a show of civil satisfaction, and as his name corresponds with the title, he finds much to say; and with considerable volubility, proves to the company that he can form an opinion for himself. He had even heard a sermon from the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and having once been coachman to a well-known shipowner, at Tottenham, who fitted up one of the first missionary ships, he appeared to think he had more than ordinary claim on our Christian regard, and complained of my companion's want of consideration in not having called upon him at his own house, and hoped to enjoy the pleasure of seeing him before long. It may be remarked here, once for all, that in this and other instances, the private addresses of several persons were taken down, to be visited at their homes during the ensuing week.

There is no one in this bar who ventures to decry the word, which is boldly, and it may be said, nobly spoken. Would any one fully realise the weight and authority of God's truth. they would do well to embrace an opportunity of hearing it proclaimed to a rough congregation, like that of a tavern bar on Saturday night. There is no time for trifling or for showing off; for, distrusting the best words he can command. the evangelist will again and again fall back on the very words of Scripture. To say that I myself, as an admiring on-looker, was instructed and edified is not to say much; and hence the encouraging comments, too lowly spoken to reach my companion's ear. came as a welcome testimony. "I hold with a man like that," said a young man of the mechanic class, to another of his own station; "And so do I, there's no kid about it," was the ready answer. These bar frequenters are illiterate and devoid of taste; but they can prize honesty and courageous endeavours to do them good. Oppose their prejudices by direct appeals to the Bible, and you may often gain an easy conquest over them.

"A good beginning," I said, when we again breathed the pure air of the street.

Well, yes, my companion thought so too. He signified that the work

must be taken as it comes. At times some profitable conversation is secured; at other times he is doomed to disappointment.

Pursuing our way, we next confront a large establishment which, as an omnibus station, and in other respects being a house occupying a commanding position, is said to be worth twenty thousand pounds in the open market. Though a regular attendant at public worship, and one who encourages his *employés* to copy a good example at least once on the Sabbath, Mr. Landlord does not wholly close on the day of rest, the receipts being too large to allow of his making the sacrifice. Though not numerous, the company here retains some special traits of interest. There stands a man at one end of the bar, with a half-finished glass of ale before him, who strikes one as being "a character." He is of middle age, and his countenance still bears those traces of refinement which arise from education. Instinctively, it would seem, he stands alone, and so keeps aloof from the vulgar herd of the street. Our entrance seemed to awaken him into good humour, for he at once became quite affable, his conversation being free from any profane or even coarse expressions. "Give me the cast of your eye!" he cried, in rapid, authoritative tones. My companion at once looked the man straight in the face, and received his thanks for being so readily obliging. This stranger, who seemed to have made the human eye a special study, said that while the features in general might alter, the expression of the organs of vision remained virtually the same throughout life. He grew really excited on this harmless topic, and laid down many rules for the preservation of sight, which were not without interest and value to students. Yet, after he had observed how divers periodicals were handed over the counter, the tracts appeared to occasion him some perplexity. Who were we, and in what did our business consist? We might belong to a respectable species of colporteurs, or we might be of a genus of which he had never heard in the great world of money-getting. When he was offered a tract he rather awkwardly hesitated, and then, in a polite undertone, declined taking one, because—well, yes, if the truth must be told, his features seemed to say—because "I have no money to-night." When assured that the distribution was entirely gratuitous, he gladly took a copy, though even then he manifested signs of impatience at remarks upon religion, or concerning what in his vocabulary was equivalent—theology. Another person in this house, second only in interest to the genteel-looking stranger, was the barman, whose face brightened when the missionary went up to the counter. The poor fellow was in trouble, being about to resign his situation in consequence of being physically unequal to the heavy toil and the excessively protracted hours attached to Sabbathless weeks. The hours of service required of the *employés* in some of the more frequented taverns are amply sufficient for a double set of hands, and were landlords more humanely sensitive in this direction, a double set would be provided where one set is now overtaxed. The position of these people is frequently not far removed from slavery. They have no time for self-improvement; there are no opportunities of attending public worship, for were they to attend, as sometimes desired, they would find it impossible to keep awake through the sermon. To the mind of a man like our friend the barman, the ordinary working

hours of bricklayers and carpenters are as easy as could be desired. With the weekly half-holiday those hours preclude all necessity for opening museums and picture galleries on the Sabbath, consequent on want of time to attend them during the week. That barman, a smart, good-looking, active young fellow, said he would be glad enough to get a situation at twenty-three shillings a week, and escape the thraldom of the bar.

Still pursuing our way, we are everywhere civilly received, the *employés* in the bars of the larger houses still giving us a genial welcome, but to refer to every character met with would be impossible in a limited space. Here is seen, in one group, a respectable-looking widow, a modest-looking girl, and a young fellow who is treating them to stout. Though the widow, as a portly person, can evidently take her couple of glasses without inconvenience, the girl holds the glass daintily in her gloved hand, laughs at every witty remark of her protector the gallant swain, and affects coyness in general. These accept our tracts, and listen respectfully to what is said. Then we encounter a woman who, coming in for a jug of beer, says she is glad to see the missionary abroad, while in the same place is a cabman much depressed in mind consequent on his child having been lately drowned in a water-tank, and his heart being soft, he listens to kind Christian advice with apparent thankfulness. The tracts are still eagerly received by old and young, only one man during our evening round openly refusing to accept the Gospel message; many of the people even manifest a kind of pride in showing tracts received on former occasions, and take some trouble to explain that the papers are never destroyed. The children, also, are always remembered, and in one house a little girl comes forward to seek her portion of religious literature.

In front of one bar, among the crowd, stands a young man, who, being civil, and even complimentary, assures us he detected our business as soon as we entered. His mind is stored with texts of Scripture, learned at a Sabbath-school, and his views of the plan of salvation are also in the main correct—too correct, indeed, to suit the taste of an argumentative individual standing by, whose judgment is probably more trustworthy as regards beer than as regards theology. Two or three yards away, several workmen, with pipes and pots, surround a large barrel, and one of these, observing what attention others are receiving, grows jealous, suspecting he will be overlooked, and so steps forward to attract notice. These men speak their mind in a rough and ready manner, and with a pleasant freedom from improper language. Speak of man's duty in reading the Bible; one of these declares that he does not know that he ever read a chapter of Scripture during his life. Speak of man's corrupt heart; another says that he knows his heart is evil because it has again and again led him astray. He may give up drinking for a time, to put himself financially straight, but then his evil heart, as he confesses, leads to his again breaking in upon the store. Uneducated, outspoken men who will confess so much as this may be nearer to the kingdom of heaven than their respectable neighbours suspect.

Such was our experience in the larger taverns. We now turned attention to houses of a much inferior class, and situated in the back

streets, each being a rendezvous of dustmen and others, who, as a thirsty clan, are considerable customers. The landlord of one of these places is mentioned as ranking among the few who opposed the operations of the missionary on the occasion of his first calling. The house itself immediately strikes one as being a decidedly unpleasant place. Mr. Landlord being an intemperate, depraved character, the customers are also of a low order; and one might be excused for feeling ill-at-ease in the evil precincts of such a bar. On looking round the frowzy interior, nothing is discovered which tends to make vice more sightable. Everything repels one by its frowning gloom; the company, even, consisting of a man and woman, separated by the length of the bar, being the most uncanny people met with during the evening. Mark well that man, if he really be a man. To the unassisted eye he resembles a reeking bundle of rags, whence issue forth sounds of imbecile merriment, the laughter evidently being provoked by my companion's kindly enquiries after Mr. Landlord's health. Poor old creature! We must regard him with pity rather than with contempt, even though he wear the drunkard's uniform, and does not, to judge by external evidence, patronise soap and water at the most prosperous of seasons. He laughed internally, making little noise, and another fit of merriment occurred on his taking a tract, and listening to some remarks addressed directly to himself. He seemed to think religion, and all connected with religion, the funniest things on earth. Anon, he refers to his "missus" and "gal," making one shudder involuntarily to hear of such a creature's possessing either wife or daughter. Yet while the Son of Man comes to seek such as are lost, who shall say that the Gospel is spoken to such outcasts in vain?

In other beer-houses the usual fraternity of dustmen were found congregating in force. Though in many instances they were noisy and profane, the fact must be placed to their credit, that they offered no direct incivility or opposition to our progress; they were even pressingly hospitable, and seemed unable to understand the fortitude and self-denial on our part which successfully resisted their importunity to partake of a rich Saturday night concoction of ale and ginger-beer. This dustmen's district, as it may be called, was formerly very effectively served by one who some years since went to his rest, and it was striking as well as affecting to find how the good missionary's memory is cherished and honoured by the rough people who were once his constituents. In one beer-house, and then in another, men and women paid voluntary tributes of respect to the memory of Henry Pearson.

The men patronising their favourite houses, are often found with their wives, muddling their brains and squandering their resources by drinking inordinate quantities of spirits and beer.

The reader will perhaps now admit that the beer-shop on a Saturday night is not only a legitimate sphere of missionary action, but is a place likely to supply some phases of street-life alike useful and interesting to legislators and philanthropists. The house we are now entering is crowded, the hour-hand of the clock is fast approaching eleven, and some of the company have taken rather more than is good for them, though no cases of far-gone drunkenness are observable. The women are numerous, and are of the slatternly genus, but, unthrifty

as they are, they can speak a good word for the well-remembered Henry Pearson. "Polly Pond," as "a lady's book," finds favour among them, as do other similar productions. An old fellow comfortably reclining on a bench shows a disposition to be boastful of his good sight and reading powers, but is soon compelled to apologise for his inability to spell out a couple of lines from "Poor Tom." Yes, it is true that he is growing old, and his eyes are becoming treacherous, and so, holding the tract at arm's length, he remarks, "Well, sir, yer see, I've 'ad a little beer to-night." How much drink under such circumstances might be accounted "a little," it was not possible to learn, though his wife admitted, "He've 'ad a good deal, sir." They were not willing to admit that they ever committed any flagrant sin. "Though we hev a little beer, we don't do no 'arm; we don't thieve, nor rob nobody," remarked the woman who spoke before. "Ah, but drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," replies my companion.

As we elbow our way about the crowd in the hot, smoky atmosphere, the tracts continue to be civilly received, and remarks, both humorous and otherwise, are offered for our enlightenment and entertainment. One dark-complexioned gentleman, whose height does not greatly exceed five feet, evinces considerable irritation at being publicly pointed out as "an old snob." Then followed honourable explanations: in his youthful days that man was taken by the hand and started in life by the good missionary Henry Pearson, and Henry Pearson placed him at the shoemaking craft, besides giving him much valuable instruction and advice. It may not be desirable to have one's private history proclaimed from the housetops, or what may be equivalent, to have one's secrets published in a thronged beerhouse on a Saturday night, but with a look combining scorn and injured innocence, the late "snob" insists that "a man *must* rise." Had his knowledge been greater he might have named several worthy men who have risen, and risen none the less honourably because they also once were called "snobs." Go where you may, you find members of two of our most useful crafts, those of the tailor and the shoemaker, subjected to odium on account of their calling. What is the reason for this?

We did not conclude our evening round without gaining at least one welcome piece of information. Itinerants who visit among the lower orders in the manner described have abundant reason for encouragement, and have grounds for the hope of God's one day reviving his work in the world. How must civilisation have progressed even among the masses since the times of early Methodism, when ribald mobs sought every opportunity of opposing and maltreating those who desired their present and eternal good. The very words of Scripture are now spoken or read in public-houses by men whom even the most depraved respect for their work's sake. To accompany one of these evangelists for the purpose of watching his work is sure to excite your admiration, and may also prove bracing to your finer instincts, by strikingly revealing the hidden power lying within the words of Inspiration. In our late visit we were more than well received, and more than civilly treated. The worth of holy things was openly

recognised. One brawny fellow, who begged for a copy of "Mother's Last Words," stoutly maintained that that highly popular tract was the best thing in our language, and a production which no man, however steeled his heart, could listen to without tears; a rash affirmation, perhaps, as coming from one whose acquaintance with literature was not of the broadest kind. Who, however, could do otherwise than respect such a man's opinion? I was glad to hear that preference for a good little book boldly spoken in a London beershop, at 10.45 p.m., on a Saturday night.

It is not too much to say that the most demoralizing scene we visited during the entire evening was a music-hall in a main thoroughfare. There, indeed, we saw an agency in active working order, warranted to ruin young persons surely and swiftly. The confusion and noise in the gilded and expensively-decorated bar were indescribable, while in the great hall, the admission to which was one shilling, there were, perhaps, over a thousand persons present. There were brilliant lights, sensual scenery, skilfully-performed music, and questionable songs, besides intoxicants *ad libitum*, such as each chose to order. What more potent means could be devised for encompassing the moral overthrow of the young, especially of inexperienced and unsuspecting girls, who are too often blindly led into the fatal arena? One need not hesitate in denouncing tavern music-halls as breeders of moral pestilence, and as an abuse of the liberty awarded by the State to licensed victuallers. Undoubtedly such places should be summarily dealt with by the legislature. In no well-ordered community should low concert rooms and drinking-saloons be allowed to combine and work together in their work of corrupting the people; and were the licensing powers of each parish handed over to the vestry, those whose families are imperilled by the present state of things might have a chance of checking a growing evil. Very few publicans, comparatively, have music licenses, so that, happily, these remarks affect but a small section of the trade. Concerning the Christian visitation in general of their houses, I repeat that the mission is a noble attempt to reach the masses, many of whom, perhaps, would not be easily reached by any other road. The public needs only to become more fully acquainted with the working of the public-house mission, to award it their support, their sympathy, and, above all, their prayers.

Cannock Chase.

TWO DAYS AT THE CAMP, BY W. R. SELWAY.

SO long as it is necessary to maintain a large number of men in a highly civilized community, whose labour, such as it is, shall be wholly of an unremunerative character, and who form a class separate and apart from the rest of the people, with hopes and aims differing from that of their fellows, and maintained at the public expense for a definite duty, it is of the highest importance that not only should the implements with which they are equipped be of the best and most serviceable

character, but the men themselves trained in all that pertains to their calling. Hence it becomes necessary to mass thousands of men, drawn from the lower grades of society, in one spot, that they may learn more effectively the arts of their profession. Cannock Chase, to the eye of a civilian, seems admirably adapted for such a purpose; its hills and valleys and broad plains, more or less undulating, covered with heather, the bilberry, bunchberry, fern, and other moorland plants, afford no indication of the rich mineral treasures lying deep below, which at various spots are being brought to the surface for distribution over the country. The sands and gravels, relics of former sea-beds and beaches, afford admirable drainage for the surface-water, while many streams furnish the necessary supplies for the soldier and his steed.

On the occasion of our visit, we found the camp in two divisions, with a very considerable stretch of heath between them. The bell-shaped tents, arranged in beautifully regular lines, with the horses of the cavalry tethered in long, straight rows, with the artillery, the control, the engineers, and the hospital tents, &c., form a picture so novel and striking as not readily to be forgotten; but our presence in so unwonted a scene was not to witness military display, or to be initiated into the mysteries of a soldier's career, so much as to ascertain what, if any, provision had been made for the moral and intellectual welfare of the men who were thus to spend a month away from their usual haunts, to undergo a good deal of physical labour, but to have much idle time hanging upon their hands. The soldier carries no more in his kit than he can well avoid, as his time is to be spent on the march or in the camp. When not on duty he is cleaning his accoutrements, lounging in his tent, or, it must be said, too often drinking in the canteens, or away from his officer's eye, in the beer-houses of the neighbouring town, which on Sunday evening presented an aspect but little creditable to the British soldier or to modern civilisation. It must not, however, be supposed that there are not bright exceptions, as we found a number of the Guards met together every evening for prayer under a hedge-side near their camp; but the only provision made by the authorities, beyond the daily supply of food, is that of the regimental canteen, into two of which we looked, and could discover nothing for the men's comfort but barrels of beer. In the midst, however, of the principal camp we discovered a small colony of tents; one, a kind of shop or canteen, where hot tea and coffee were being rapidly disposed of, eatables of a plain but good kind, lemonade and other similar drinks, needles and thread, paper and envelopes, and other multifarious articles useful to the soldier, were being sold. Alongside was another, having the inscription, "For soldiers only;" but obtaining permission to enter, we found a number of rudely-constructed tables and seats, the former being covered with the London daily newspapers, the *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, &c., numerous religious and temperance publications, sundry materials for pleasant but harmless games, inkstands, pens, &c. In connection with these tents were three other smaller ones, used as store and sleeping-places for the attendants, while in the open ground at the rear, large boilers and a camp oven were in active operation under the care of a stalwart cook, who, like his comrades, had been a soldier; and near the entrance to the reading or recreation tent

was a covered van, such as is used by travelling gipsies, a most unusual appendage to a camp, in which dwelt the presiding genius and active spirit of the whole, in the person of Miss Robinson, of Guildford, who having spent a month in this van amid the rain and fog of Dartmoor, during which time her clothing was never thoroughly dry, had come on to this camp, and was now happily rejoicing in sunshine. Miss Robinson, "the soldier's friend," had kindly placed herself at the disposal of the National Temperance League, whose committee was very desirous to do something for the comfort and welfare of the men while in camp, and to counteract in some manner the terrible temptations to which they are exposed. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, kindly gave his unqualified authority, and ordered that the generals commanding should afford every facility; thus, probably for the first time in the history of the British army, has a civilian establishment, unconnected in any way with the War Office, and for the sale only of unintoxicating drinks, been permitted to enter a camp. The Temperance League provided the funds and arranged as far as it could be done in London, all the preliminaries, but the work could not have been carried out without Miss Robinson's devoted zeal; her previous knowledge of the wants and feelings of the soldier enabling her to do just what was required, and at the right time. Not only have the tents (there is one in each camp) furnished supplies of food and drink, but, by means of a waggon, large quantities of hot coffee have been served as early as five o'clock, to regiments lying from two to three miles away, to the great comfort of both officers and men. At Dartmoor, as at Cannock, the Temperance tent has been used each Sunday evening for divine service or prayer-meetings; while during the day, Bibles, religious publications and books are upon the tables for the free use of any soldier who chooses to come: on our visit, about two o'clock on Sunday, it was nearly full of men, either reading or writing. The Post Office has a receiving-place at the camp, but refused Miss Robinson's request to issue Post Office Orders, and as soldiers appear to be unable to keep money in their pockets, it became necessary that she should herself undertake the duty of remitting money for the men. From Dartmoor more than one hundred pounds was sent from a great number of men, some of the amounts being very small; the amount sent from Cannock bids fair to be even greater. These sums have for the most part, doubtless, been saved from the public-house. The confidence of the soldier in his friend is shown by his bringing his open letter with the money he wishes to send, which Miss Robinson takes to the town, obtains the order, encloses it, secures, and posts. Thus, what the *Times* denominated "a novel experiment," has been most successfully carried out; the men have been provided with creature comforts of a wholesome character, with pleasant recreation, moral training, and spiritual guidance. The cost in money has been large, that of time and energy has been greater; but then it has demonstrated that the soldier, like every other human being, is to a great extent a creature of circumstances, and is willing to avail himself of help when it is offered to him.

We found on the Sunday that divine worship was conducted in the camp by ministers of the Established Church, by the Wesleyan

chaplain, and by a Presbyterian; the Roman Catholics being marched to a hapel of that persuasion in the town. At head-quarters the sight was brilliant and imposing as the men marched up to attend service upon a piece of tolerably level greensward, having in the background the general's tent, and behind a steep sloping bank, forming a kind of amphitheatre, covered with civilians. The Life Guards in their bright and glittering helmets, headed by their band, playing martial strains, were the first to arrive; these were quickly succeeded by men of various regiments, until some thousand or twelve hundred men were massed around three sides of a square: at the upper and open side a small table, brought from a neighbouring tent and covered with a railway rug, indicated the preacher's position; on either side were the respective commanding officers and their suites, in very varied but strikingly brilliant uniforms, while all around was a dense mass of civilian onlookers, and away almost as far as the eye could reach, stretched over the Chase, the white tents of the First Division of the camp, amid which were here and there dense masses of horses, where the Artillery, Life Guards, Engineers, &c., had their quarters. The clergyman, a reverend canon from the neighbouring cathedral, whose name it is not necessary to mention, having taken his stand at the improvised desk, commenced the services in a full, sonorous voice, which augured well that every one in the great crowd would hear. Two or three campstools had been found for as many ladies, all the rest of the congregation, of course, standing the whole time: on a previous Sunday the worthy bishop had kept them in that position for more than an hour and a half. Having a place immediately behind the preacher, we were enabled carefully to observe the men, very many of whom appeared to join with great interest in the service, which, it is needless to say, was conducted somewhat after the manner adopted in churches, the preacher making a most judicious selection from the Book of Common Prayer, and reading with emphasis and feeling a chapter from the Gospels. The singing was disappointing, for although hymn books were handed round to most of the soldiers, and the tunes were the familiar ones of "Rousseau" and "Singing for Jesus," but very few of the men sang, although a few officers near us did so with a will: had it not been for the Guards' band, which played the airs, this part of the service would have been very dull. The preacher took no text, but proceeded to address the men on the importance of regarding little things, and whatever the effect might have been upon others, we came away feeling that of all little things, that address was certainly of the smallest. Some good advice and instruction were given, such as might have been useful amongst a class of boys in a day-school, but it was a miserably lost opportunity of proclaiming the gospel to a vast crowd of military and others.

General Lysons, commanding the camp, is extremely rigid in prohibiting any preaching or addresses by other than the authorised ministers. A worthy "brother" mounted a little knoll in the midst of the tents, nearly a mile from head-quarters, and having vigorously rung a bell for some time, to gather a congregation, was in the act of singing a hymn, when an orderly, galloping up, peremptorily stopped the proceedings by ordering the would-be preacher off the ground and the men to their tents;

no objection is, however, made to the distribution of tracts and to personal intercourse with the men.

Services in camp are of two kinds, parade and voluntary; to the former all the men who can be spared from duty are marched under the guidance of their officers, and must hear whether they like it or not; at the voluntary services, of course only those attend who choose to do so. A preacher appointed to labour in a camp has, if he does his duty, no idle life, as the men are scattered over a wide extent of country, and many visits have to be paid to their tents, as well as to those in hospital, in addition to the more public duties. We found the excellent Wesleyan chaplain, the Rev. Richard Hardy, holding a parade service in the First Division camp at nine o'clock in the morning; to these services not only are the Wesleyans marched, but men of other dissenting persuasions attend also; this being ended, the preacher had to walk across the Chase to Brindley Heath, between three and four miles of very toilsome country, to the Second Division camp, where another service was held; a third service was appointed for the same camp in the afternoon; and in the evening, after a walk back to the First Division, a fourth service, each in the open air, and all standing; the latter service was succeeded by a prayer-meeting in the tent of the National Temperance League, which was soon crowded with red and blue coats, who overflowed and stood all round the outside as far as earshot extended. Here the singing was hearty enough, putting to shame the bated breath of the morning service. The gospel was faithfully preached, and the prayers of the soldiers were deep, earnest, and thoughtful. Mr. Hardy writes of this day:—"After more than thirteen hours' absence, I reached my lodgings, very weary, but very grateful to God for the manifestations of his presence and power so blessedly experienced by us. My conviction is, that the godly men will finish the month spiritually stronger and better. In each camp, meetings are quietly held every night. Many would be startled to come upon some secluded spot, or, if wet, under the canopy of some overshadowing trees, and listen, first to the singing, then perhaps to the reading of some passages of Holy Scripture, and then to prayer, so pleading, realising, prevailing, that you feel to such prayer the promise in the Word is present life and blessing in the heart. The men are seated, lest it might be supposed a service was being held, instead of a mere group for mutual edification."

China's Cry and China's Need.

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY.

Part III.—Conclusion.

HITHERTO we have confined ourselves to detailing the causes and symptoms of China's suffering. We now propose to speak of the treatment which we believe will alone meet the case, and effect a radical cure.

Some will remark that we have drawn a sad picture in what we have

written concerning the "Cry" of the people of China, and doubtless are anxious to hear what we have to say about the "Need."

As sad as the symptoms may appear, "the half hath not been told." They are but symptoms of that great psychological malady, "Sin," for which we know but one remedy, namely, "*the Gospel;*" which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. i. 16.) As to this matter, we speak very distinctly and decidedly. Good diplomacy will doubtless secure greater international advantages and facilities for commerce. The instillation of Western science and art may tend to make the Chinese more like a European people. The introduction of western appliances, such as telegraphs, locomotives, and steamships, would certainly enable them to open up the hidden wealth of their vast country, and so improve their position amongst the nations of the world. But all these things, as powerful as they may appear, would fail to deliver the people from the thraldom of Satan, and impart that Divine light and truth which we hold to be the one true secret of the lasting success of every nation.

Some have said that we need but teach the Chinese our western sciences, and introduce our modern improvements, in order to overcome their ancient conservatism and barbarous customs. This has to some extent been tried; and with what success? Has it been found that those Chinese who have adopted western appliances, or studied western science and art, have been led to give up their heathen customs and reform their mode of living? Our experience, together with the experience of all who have examined this subject, answers "No." The deep-rooted aversion to foreigners, ignorance of spiritual things, filth, treachery, deceit, and inhuman customs, have been found to survive all the teaching of this kind which could well be imparted. True, the Chinese seem to avail themselves of every opportunity of improving their "defences," by enlisting the services of foreign officers to drill their troops, and of others to assist in the manufacture of cannon and arms, and the building of iron ships; but still, this is done with a view of ultimately being able to drive "the foreign devils into the sea."

Those who look to commerce to convert the Chinese, look in vain. One of the greatest blights which has ever visited the people of China is the result of foreign commerce—the traffic in opium. Neither can we hopefully look to those of our fellow-countrymen who go to China for trading purposes to bring the Chinese to the knowledge of truth. We mourn as we see the baneful influence foreign merchants exercise upon the Chinese. Were it not the constant remark of outsiders, and of the Chinese themselves, I would not dare to advance a word upon this point; but it is well known that some of the very worst Chinese in all China are to be found in connection with foreign merchants at free-ports. One of the greatest hindrances to our missionary work in China is the practical denial other foreigners give to "vital Christianity." I seek not to speak unkindly; but unflinchingly, as a servant of God, I am bold to speak the truth. I do so because many at home have been erroneously led to believe that the merchant-service is the harbinger to the gospel; whereas it is quite the reverse.

As regards educating the Chinese in the knowledge of western science and art, with a view of ultimately leading them to "the truth;"

our hopes are equally vain. Not for a moment would we be found to speak disparagingly of such work. It is our duty, as a people, to make known truth in every department of knowledge, as widely as possible, so that the concomitant blessings of truth may be enjoyed by as many as possible. But if we look to this alone, to lift up the Chinese from the pit of spiritual darkness and superstition in which they have been living for ages, then we look in vain. This scheme has been tried, but has failed to effect the purpose for which it was intended. It may have succeeded in polishing and imparting a western refinement to the Chinese; but like polished steel, they have been left as cold and as hard as ever. And of all the people in China, the most polished and refined are the most difficult to approach—the least impressible by Christian truth—and amongst the most artful and renowned scamps in the whole country. Personally, I had much rather deal with a plain, unsophisticated country Chinaman, or an ordinary tradesman from the city, than with a first-class Chinese graduate of the Han-lin (College) in Pekin, who has been tutored in both eastern and western civilization.

Teaching their hands to fight, and placing it in their power to destroy human life at a much greater rate than they are now able to do, seems to give the faintest hope of all, of ever raising them to true greatness. To improve their abilities to shed blood, and so foster a spirit of revenge and cruelty, is not the way to improve either the social or spiritual condition of any people. It is perfectly well understood that the Chinese employ foreigners and adopt foreign arms, with a view to the defence of their own country. It is right, doubtless, that they should do their best to preserve to themselves "the flowery land." We do the same at home. So did Israel, both in the wilderness, and in Canaan. But let it not be said that the importation of foreign ideas concerning "defences" will even one iota meet the pressing need of the people. It will tend to augment it rather than otherwise. No, nothing will meet that great "need" but the "gospel." This we cease not to affirm. Not because it is ours to preach the gospel, but because we know it is the only thing that will ever effect the salvation of China. What has this gospel, which is our boast, done in ages past? Let history tell. How dark the lands which have never witnessed its glorious beams of light. How bright are those where its rays have all but dispelled the darkness of superstition and error! Into how many thousand ears has its happy sound entered, and made the heart to thrill with joy! What gladsome homes has it made! To the dark and sinful soul it has been the bursting forth of day. To the prodigal in sin it has brought God near, and presented him in his most lovely character. To the Hindoo mind it has exposed the infamy of human sacrifices. To the dweller in Raratonga it has become the salvation from cannibalism. To the Chinaman it has shewn the folly of ancestral worship. In fact, point where you may, it is the hope of the lost, and the joy of the saved. And what it has accomplished in nations, homes, and individuals in the past, it is able to accomplish now and in future years in the far-off land of Sinim. Whilst we deeply deplore the sad state of China, we rejoice that "HELP HAS been laid upon One that is MIGHTY" (Ps. lxxxix. 19); "Mighty to save;" (Isa. lxiii. 1); "A Saviour, and a great one." (Isa. xix. 20.) And it is to the gospel of his salvation that we look

for China's redemption, for "beside him there is no Saviour." (Isa. xliii. 11.)

But it is "good-news" which NEEDS MESSENGERS to proclaim it. It is seed that must be sown before it can grow up and produce fruit. It is Gilead's balm which must be applied. We never hear in our day of the gospel starting up spontaneously amongst any people. God has designed the blessings of the gospel to flow through human channels to the nations of the earth. God says to his servant, "Go, preach" (Mark xvi. 15); and to the sinner, "Hear, and your soul shall live." (Isa. lv. 3.) At times he has used angels to *proclaim* his messages. Once he sent his Son "to *preach* the acceptable year of the Lord, and the gospel to the poor" (Luke iv. 18, 19); and told the people by the Spirit to "*Hear* him." (Luke ix. 35.) The same plan of *proclamation* is still to be carried on, for we are commanded to "Go" into all the world and "*teach*" and "*preach*" the gospel. Teaching and preaching, then, are the two methods we must adopt in making known the gospel to the Chinese; and upon these points permit me to offer a few suggestions.

There are several ways in which the first of these methods can be adopted. First, by SCHOOLS. School-work will ever hold an important place in missionary-service. As concerns China, let the instruction in schools be given in the Chinese language only. By no means teach the children—especially boys—English. Some of the most dissolute young men amongst the Chinese in Shanghai and other ports have been educated at Protestant Mission Schools, where they learnt English. The dear brethren doubtless thought that a knowledge of English would give their pupils an entrance to foreign literature and enable them to read English authors; so that their value would be enhanced, as native helpers in the gospel, if afterwards, God chose to convert them. What has been the consequence in many of these cases? Why, their knowledge of English at once secured for them lucrative situations as compradores,* assistants, and interpreters in the merchant service; where, in addition to their natural vices, they have added all the unbridled licentiousness of a western world.

Establish schools wherever you can; but impart all your information in the Chinese language. The schools which are yielding the most profit to the churches now in China, are those where the children are "written to the school" for a certain period. A *written* statement is drawn up, stating that the child shall live upon the school premises, be fed, taught, and otherwise provided for, for a certain number of years. This document is signed by the parents, or guardian of the child, the missionary, and the "go-between," or witness. In all cases this should be strictly carried out. Otherwise your scholars are never safe. Besides, much of the trouble you have taken with them is entirely thrown away by the evil influence the parents exercise upon them when they return home at the end of each day.

Native doctors in China busy themselves by spreading reports that foreigners kidnap children and use them up for medicine—hence, they say, the potency of foreign medicine. At times, these are sufficient to cause us to break up our day-schools where we have them, and send the children home. More often than not, the intimidated parents keep them

* A comprador is a kind of broker between the Chinese and English merchants.

away on such occasions. A boarding-school offers a practical denial to all such reports, for the children may at any time be seen, and the care and attention paid to them made apparent by their improved condition.

Secondly, by teaching adults. By no means is your teaching confined to children in schools. Adults need to be taught "line upon line; here a little and there a little;" by pictures, familiar illustrations, and by practical exemplifications of the Truth in your own life.

PREACHERS.—The second method, that of preaching, can of course be conducted in chapels and streets, just as at home. Although the work is somewhat different, inasmuch as the congregation is ever changing during your address, so as to cause you to re-commence several times, and although you are continually interrupted by frivolous questions, yet, a constant repetition of "God's remedy for sin" ultimately makes itself felt.

But the method of preaching includes other departments of labour.

COLPORTEURS find China a fine field. Although it is such a vast country, and possesses such an enormous number of walled cities and towns, yet they are all more or less accessible from the sea-border, by the numerous canals and navigable rivers which run in nearly every direction. Apart from this, it is open to the Colporteur to preach the Gospel and sell the word of God and tracts, and, if he chooses, to remain a day or two, in any city or town in all China. This we consider to be a great privilege, when we remember that in Japan, a short way off, the missionaries are not permitted to preach, even in free ports.*

Colporteurs in China never need carry much luggage of their own, in travelling even to distant cities. When Mr. J. Hudson Taylor asked me to go to T'sing-Keo, a city twenty miles or so north of the old mouth of the Yellow River, beyond Bibles, Gospels, and tracts, I only took with me my Chinese bed, in which was an English pillow, New Testament, some sulphate of quinine in a bottle, a little tincture of opium, and a tooth-brush. This was for a journey of two hundred miles and more, which we accomplished in eight days and a half, walking most of the way. A certain society at home requires its Colporteurs in China simply to sell the Word of God, and not to preach; and also strictly forbids them to either sell or distribute tracts. My experience is entirely against all such work. Because, without some explanation, the word of God is a sealed book to the Chinaman. I made it a rule, and carried it out so far as I could, never to sell either a Gospel or Testament to any Chinaman, without both first and afterwards preaching the Gospel, or giving away an explanatory tract, that he would understand. When I could, I did both.

MEDICAL MISSIONS present to us another method of preaching the truth. This seems to have been the method Jesus adopted in making it known. Not only did he himself follow this plan, but, immediately after telling the disciples to go and preach that the "kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. x. 7, 8), he tells them to "heal the sick." Mark, Jesus did not give some to "preach" the

* I was there in 1870, and again in July, 1872, on my way home; and this was what the Missionaries told me then. I have since heard of great changes having taken place, but what has been done I cannot say, not having received any trustworthy information.

message, and others to "heal the sick"; but those who preached were those who should afterwards heal. This is what is meant by the term "medical missionary." Not one man to heal and another to preach, but where both preacher and healer are represented in the same person. The medical work must ever be regarded as a handmaid to the gospel. The attention of the sufferer is already directed towards the physician, who improves the power he already exercises upon his patient, and speaks of the love of Jesus. The patient has derived benefit from the physician, and the ear is open to the same voice, which has won the heart by reason of the relief he has brought to the body. I saw this in China, and was conscious of my personal influence over all my patients. During the month of August last I was assisting Dr. Owles in his medical mission work in Liverpool, where I often preached to the patients before seeing them in the consulting-room. Then I felt the all but irresistible power which God had given to me over the poor sick people. The ear was open to all that was said. The hearts of many had been won by kindness and relief. Had another than the one who prescribed, preached, the chain of influence would have been broken. This is often the case in China, simply because many of the medical men known as medical missionaries do not preach the gospel. Ever since God put the desire into my heart to go to China, it has been as a medical missionary. Nearly three years in that country enabled me to learn the Mandarin dialect, to travel as a colporteur hundreds of miles away into the interior, from free ports, and be engaged in preaching and selling the Scriptures, and also as a medical missionary on a small scale, when residing in Hang-Chau and Nankin. I have returned home purposely to complete my medical studies at the London Hospital, and hope, after professional qualification, to return to the field of labour. I trust that 1875 will find me once more in China. I can scarcely imagine a finer field for medical missions than China. The non-professional people there (those who know anything about it) for the most part are convinced of the superiority of foreign practice over their own; and when it is gratuitous are glad to avail themselves of it. This statement has been corroborated by innumerable instances in the history of medical work in China. Our one great enemy is the "native doctor," who spreads abroad the awful reports about foreigners kidnapping children, scooping out their eyes, and cutting out their hearts, and then boiling them down for medicine. I take occasion to give positive denial to the unwarrantable rumours which have been started in England, that the English doctors, who work amongst the Chinese in China, have by reason of their blunders given just cause for these reports. Dr. Maxwell, of Formosa, gave no cause in his practice whatever for the disturbance there in 1868. Nor did Mr. J. H. Taylor, in Hang-Chau in 1867, when the doctors of that city threatened to sack our mission-premises there. It is the reverse. It is because foreign doctors in China are so successful in their treatment of natives that they are so inundated with all kinds of patients, which causes the native doctors, who see these things, to gnash their teeth with pent-up hate, which at times manifests itself in rumours too horrible to relate, but which I hear are true of the native doctors themselves. And are we to stop

such a good work because we are opposed? No! Never! Medical mission work is of Christ's establishment, and in his name and in his strength we will carry it on—even in China.

By these four mediums, then, the gospel may be made known; viz., Schools, Preachers, Colporteurs, and Medical Missionaries. To prosecute these various works, and especially the second and third, China NEEDS YOUNG MEN. Strong, active young men, of unquestionable piety, who, actuated by the "love of Christ" (2 Cor. v. 14), are willing to go out, "being held from above." *From* God and *for* God. If they cannot go out in simple dependence upon him, and trust his faithfulness, then let them stop where they are. For the life of a faithful missionary in China, especially in the interior (and it is there men are wanted), means trial and denial of nearly every kind. But let this be remembered, that "God is not unmindful (unrighteous) so as to forget your work and labour of love." (Heb. vi. 10.) Neither is he less honourable than an earthly master, who faithfully remunerates his servant for his service, and supplies him with everything needful to carry out that service. If you count it any hardship to part with the comforts of home, and the delicacies of an English table, and in lieu of all these things, to sleep in a Chinese bed laid on battened earth, or on barrows or mats, and to eat rice, slugs and bacon fried in lamp-oil, then take care that you are not found in the interior of China. Luxurious hotels with feather beds and all the delicacies of an English table, may be found in English cities, but most certainly they are not in Chinese. Repeatedly I have thanked God for giving me a cover to my head, when lying down at night on the mud floor of a mud-hut. But we are persuaded, when God has called a young man to China, all these matters will be of third-rate importance, if entertained at all. Souls are perishing, brother, in hopeless sin! Men are dying, ignorant of Christ who came to save them. Buried in filth, manacled and borne down by heavy chains of superstition and idolatry, men, women, and children are living out wretched existences. And MEN are NEEDED; true-hearted, genuine men, manly men, full of Christ, to go to the rescue of those who live in the power of Satan, and at their Master's command to "loose them, and let them go." (John ix. 44.)

Strong words have been uttered against sending young men to China as missionaries without a "college training." College training is very desirable, but it is not the only qualification. For much of foreign missionary work (and home, too,) college training is unnecessary. But even where desirable it must never be substituted for personal piety and Christlike zeal. Not that it is so; but we hear certain people cry out far more when men lack college training than when they lack a true spirit of holy devotion. You seldom hear a word said about our city missionaries at home lacking college training; and from what I know of both kinds of work—at home and abroad—it requires far more ingenuity and knowledge to deal with men in Whitechapel than ever it does in Nankin. Yet a city missionary, with a London School Board education, if he is a good and useful Christian, is deemed equal to his work. Why should there be such an outcry for college-training in missionaries going abroad? Is it that the intellectual standard shall not be lowered? Is it simply to have none but educated

gentlemen go out? and so save the circle from the sound of an untaught lip? Oh! sirs, God forgive us if we seek to establish a missionary aristocracy abroad.

The mission of which I have the honour to be a member, has been singled out by some—Carstair Douglas, of Amoy, China, for one (see "Memoir of the Rev. W. C. Burns," Appendix)—as being composed of a lot of uneducated people. Uneducated or not, this I can truthfully say, than no one mission in China has accomplished more, or been the means of establishing so many stations in the same time. as the China Inland Mission. Although we have been called by a certain English nobleman (God forgive him), "the sons and daughters of a lot of Whitechapel costermongers and greengrocers," of this I am proud, that every member of the mission, since the last embarkation in 1870, can speak the language fluently; and some of them a number of dialects. And they have, more or less, all been owned of God in the conversion of sinners.

It does not require much deep mental acumen to overcome the mysteries of the Chinese language. Any young man under twenty-eight years of age, with an ordinary amount of intelligence and perseverance, can obtain sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language in ten months to enable him to preach either in the chapel or streets. We are well aware he will speak better at the end of the fifth year than he does at the end of the first. When in China, we did not find that it required a remarkably well-furnished mind to converse with the Chinese. There is no need to be well up in the first six books of Euclid to answer the shrewd question, "Does it ever rain in your honourable country?" Or, "Does the same sun and moon shine on your country that shines on ours?" So let no young man think himself disqualified on the ground of lacking a college-training. If he possess sufficient mental ability and perseverance to acquire the language, so as to speak it intelligibly, then he will be able to "preach the Gospel." In doing this, he will be doing just the ONE thing his Master told him to do. (Mark xvi. 15.) We are not told to go and translate abstruse works into Chinese, or impart secular instruction. We are told to go and "*preach the Gospel.*" Preach it to the very best of our ability, and leave the work of translating scientific works into Chinese to others. It is no real part of a missionary's work.

It must not be thought that we wish to despise education; we do no such thing. Education is invaluable in every calling, especially in the foreign missionary. By all means seek to send out educated men, other things being equal. But by no means make education the *sine qua non*, and reject those who fall short in this department *only*. Sensible young men, with perseverance and energy, mixed with patience and politeness, and full of Christ, are the men to take the Gospel to China.

But how many young men does China need? Fifty? a hundred? a thousand? Yes, far more. No country in the entire world is so needy as concerns the knowledge of the truth as China. It possesses 400 millions of precious souls. At the best computation, there are about two hundred male Protestant missionaries, and these are confined for the most part to the free ports on the coast. They reach at most but twenty millions or so; whilst the remaining 380 millions, mostly in the vast interior, are beyond the sound of the Gospel—having no

opportunity of hearing it. It is for these 380 millions that I plead. Oh, brother, is it true that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"? Is it true that Jesus shed his blood to save sinners, and that these know it not? Rests there a doubt upon your mind as to God's will concerning these 380 millions? Listen,—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to *every creature*." Whether God has ordained them all to salvation or not, is quite another matter. One thing is certain, God wills that each of these should hear the gospel. You have nothing to do with God's predestination. That is his work, not yours. It is for you to *preach*, and for him to *save*. He has more than once declared his desire that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Moreover, he has, through his Son, given his express commands to us to go and preach the gospel to each one of those 380 millions of Chinese, in that he has said, "to every creature." Do not shirk the responsibility, and say that the truth will permeate into the interior in the ordinary course, and reach them in time. Oh, sirs! these 400 millions in China are dying at the rate of a million a-month. Dying without God. Passing away to return no more. Without the knowledge of Christ, and in the vast majority of cases without having enjoyed even a single opportunity of hearing about him. And "how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15.)

This brings me to the last point, namely, China NEEDS the SYMPATHY and HELP of the CHURCH at home.

The church is the granary where the seed of truth is stored. There is the mine in which the precious metal is found. Grain was never given to be *kept* in granaries, but to support life. "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." (Prov. xi. 26.) No more were gold and silver given to remain in the earth, but to be circulated amongst the families of men. And so the blessings of salvation, like rivers of waters, were intended to flow to all nations free. It is well that water is not in the power of man to give, as bread is. Water flows freely from the hand of God to all, and we are far more dependent upon this for the maintenance of life than we are upon bread. Were it not so, many of us would perish. These two pillars which support human life were used by Christ to show forth the character of the salvation he came to work out. Let the church of God take a lesson from this teaching in the 5th and 6th chapters in St. John's gospel, and send out sowers laden with good seed to sow the world over. I hold that this ought to be the distinctive feature of every church—to send out men to all parts to proclaim the truth. It ought not to be left to missionary societies, but the churches upon their own responsibility should send out men. The church at Jerusalem sent out Barnabas to Antioch. (Acts xi. 22.) Afterwards the church at Antioch sent out Barnabas and Saul to Asia Minor. (Acts xiii. 3.) So now, individual churches ought to take upon themselves the responsibility of sending out from their own midst. This kind of work would create a healthy and blessed influence in every church where done. A deep personal interest would then be taken in the condition of the distant heathen. As it is now, this work is thrown upon missionary societies. Missionary societies are provisional necessities for idle churches. There is

in consequence but little active interest taken in foreign missions in churches as there ought to be. For one, I should rejoice to see churches acting independently of these societies; accepting men—suitable men—from their own midst for the work; and making themselves responsible for their maintenance. Far more men would then go out. I know a small Baptist church, not a thousand miles from Oxford Street, London, from, and by whom, a young man was sent to China in 1864. Though they are but few in number, and comparatively poor, yet they support one of their own members in Ningpo. They can point to him and say, "Though we could not go ourselves to China, we have sent a man, and he shall represent us there. We will prop him up with our support whilst he labours for Christ. We stand at the pit's mouth, holding on to one end of the rope, whilst our brother is hanging on to the other end, in the pit." God has blessed, and will bless all such work. Depend upon it, "the liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. xi. 25.) If a comparatively poor church like the one mentioned, with less than 150 members, can send a man to preach the gospel in China, what can a church with 500, or 1,000, or even 2,000, members do? A worldly maxim if you will, but it is true—"where there's a will, there's a way." The church at home is full of power and resources; but, like a drowsy lion, who, to use a Chinese expression, "has eaten to the full," needs to be shaken to be awaked; awakened to a sense of its responsibilities, its priviliges, and power. I would that I could, next Sunday morning, with a trumpet, peal out the note, "380 millions in China, and no gospel," into the ear of every Christian as he or she sits in the pew listening to the preacher. "A million a-month dying in China without God." Ministers of the gospel, deliver yourselves, by being faithful to your congregations on this point of personal effort in mission work abroad. Members of Christian churches, remember that you and I will one day stand at Christ's judgment-bar; to be judged, not so much for the things we have done, as the things we have left undone and ought to have done; not so much for positive as for negative sin. For "if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not his trumpet, and the people be not warned: if the sword come, and take *any* person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand." (Ezek. xxxiii. 6.) You knew that "the wicked shall be turned in hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Ps. ix. 17.) Having been a partaker of the grace of life, you knew of the "blood that saves." But you have forgotten the command to go and "preach to every creature:" hence, he who knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke xii. 47.) That time has not yet come, so "withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee." (Proverbs iv. 27, 28.)

God help you all to remember poor China. China! poor China. Pray for her; and for those who labour there. Help those who are going, and help more to go. At the last, you shall see the fruit of your labour, at God's right hand in heaven. And Jesus, pointing to some blood-washed Chinese, shall say to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it

unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto ME.' (Matt, xxv. 40.)

[P.S.—For the encouragement of those friends who are interested in China, I might mention that, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3rd, I had the pleasure of witnessing the departure of my brother, Mr. C. H. Judd (who has been in this country a year, from China), his good wife, their little boy Freddy, and an adopted Chinese child, Mŏi-moi; Miss Bowyer (also late of China), Mr. Henry Taylor (from Mr. Lydiatt's, Birkenhead), Mr. F. Baller (from Mr. Frank White's, Chelsea), and Mr. Mitchell (of Loughborough), for China, in the good steamship "France," which will take them, we trust, safely to New York. From thence they go to San Francisco, by rail, where they will take the American Pacific boat to Yokohama, in Japan, and thence to Shanghai. Our brethren, Messrs. Baller and Taylor, have been some time in Mr. Guinness's Institute, Stepney Green. Mr. Mitchell's is a remarkable case. Three years ago he was stirred up about the condition of China. His mother asked him what he could do to help? Last year our brother Judd was giving an address on China, in Loughborough, when Mr. Mitchell was again aroused. Last Monday he heard of Mr. Judd's leaving for China. He at once decided to accompany him. He paid for his own passage and outfit, and arrived in Liverpool on the morning of their starting. I bade our brother farewell on the bridge of the tender which brought me back. I affectionately commend our dear brethren and sisters, especially our brother Mitchell, to the prayers of God's faithful. (Eph. vi. 18.)

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On the Training of Children.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE training of children is a task as difficult as it is important. It cannot be left to chance, or the most disastrous consequences will ensue. The sculptor, when once he has conceived his ideal, must labour with consummate skill and patience to evolve it from the marble block. Each stroke of the chisel must have a specific design, and each feature must be exactly realised to preserve the symmetry of the whole. A careless or a random blow would spoil the labour of months or years, and nothing could possibly repair the injury. This but faintly illustrates the difficulty and danger which beset the work of those who are committed to the moral culture of children; and yet how few parents seem to realize this! Many betray no anxiety whatever, and bestow no pains to train their children in the way they should go. They leave their tender charge to the influence of a nurse or a domestic, and secure their own temporary ease at the risk of the moral ruin of their offspring. So thoughtless are some that they even educate their children in the most pernicious vices known to civilized society, and many estimable Christian parents unwittingly adopt the most certain means of training their children in the wrong way. Can we wonder

at the consequences? It is bad enough when children are left to themselves, but it is far worse when their parents become their tutors in sin. The law is unceasing in its operation, and inevitable in its issues —"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and yet many act as though, in morals, the natural order was reversed, and set themselves to "gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles."

In the present paper I shall confine myself to the illustration of the way in which children are directly encouraged in the indulgence of selfishness, revenge, and deceit.

1. SELFISHNESS.—This vice is directly opposed to the example of Christ, and is foreign to the genius of Christianity. It is the germ of a thousand evils, and the source of nine-tenths of the misery in the world. The first lesson in this vice is generally administered in this wise:—Master Tommy is seated at the dinner table; his mother is anxious that he should take the meal provided, but he is reluctant to do so. Instead of polishing it off like a stalwart navvy, he begins to treat it in the same fashion as a labourer would a hod of mortar. This reluctance is not ascribed to a natural instinct, but is set down to obstinacy or ill-temper. The fact is, he had a large basin of bread-and-milk for breakfast, a custard for lunch, and two or three biscuits beside. The only wise course in such a case is to leave nature to work her own cure; but mamma, after offering various inducements to the plethoric child, concludes that he is not well, and will "be worse if he goes off his food." She then talks to him somewhat after this fashion:—"Tommy must eat his nice dinner. It will make Tommy strong. Eat it up, there's a darling!" Still there is no disposition to yield manifested, and then comes the final assault: "If Tommy doesn't eat up his nice dinner, the black sweep will come and gobble it all up!" Tommy's eyes are directed towards the chimney, and rather than allow the sooty individual to supplant him, he begins to clear his plate at a rate rather suggestive of choking. The end has been gained, but at what a cost! The child has been taught and encouraged to risk his own health or life rather than allow another to share what nature has taught him he does not require. The chances are that he will despise the noble virtues of charity and benevolence, and grow up a selfish and an avaricious man.

Had the plate been removed when the satiated child showed no disposition to eat, a few hours' abstinence would have worked a cure, or the opportunity might have been seized of teaching the duty of yielding to the voice of nature and the privilege of ministering to the necessities of others.

We would urge mothers to observe this simple rule—never allow your children to take what they do not require, nor encourage the indulgence of a selfish spirit to gain an end you may deem desirable.

2. REVENGE.—The human heart loves to assert itself, and is ever ready to mete out vengeance for real or imaginary wrongs. While selfishness is indulged, revenge is inevitable. The most assiduous care is demanded on the part of educators of the young, to check the natural propensity to revenge in children, and to foster a spirit of gentleness and forbearance. Many parents would have been spared years of

anxiety had they not failed in their duty towards their children in this respect. They have encouraged their little ones in the exhibition of a revengeful spirit, and even assisted them in the performance of the act of vengeance. An illustration will prove this. Little Mary Jane, a clever child, aged three years and a half, in her effort to cross the room succeeds in running her head against a table. Her screams soon command the attendance of the household, and as soon as mamma has learnt the cause of the sorrow, she sets herself to stay the sobs and tears of the injured pet by *scolding the table* and assisting Mary Jane to *whip the naughty thing* with papa's ruler. The child cudgels the mahogany with surprizing zeal, and having satisfied her spirit for revenge, she toddles off with an air of satisfaction for the victory achieved. The house resumes its wonted quietness, and this little episode is soon forgotten. The following day the doctor is hurriedly summoned to attend one of the elder children who is bleeding profusely from a scalp wound. After dressing it, amidst the hysterical sobs of the bystanders, he enquires how it happened, and is informed that the children were playing in the nursery, and one of them offended Mary Jane by hiding her doll. This was more than she could endure, and, seizing the saw from Master Tommy's tool chest, she dealt him a severe blow on the head. When the excitement had subsided, Mary Jane was whipped and put to bed. The poor child was called by all sorts of hard names, and serious fears were indulged as to her future. Of course, mamma failed to see any connection between this fratricidal attempt and the training for which she was responsible.

The moral we must urge is this—Never encourage a vicious propensity to quell the tears of your children.

3. DECEPTION.—Deceit is the primal sin, and soon asserts itself even in the youngest child. There is scarcely a sin which is not committed by the art of deceit. The greatest villains in society are the most accomplished deceivers. The crowning title of Satan is, "The Deceiver." If the disposition or the power to deceive were removed from the race, Satan would lose one of the mightiest engines of his diabolical warfare.

Is it not strange that mothers are amongst the first to encourage their children in the arts of deceit? The first lesson is given generally under these circumstances. Master Charley is very ill, and the doctor has prescribed a nauseous draught, against which poor human nature revolts. Mamma has exhausted her power of persuasion and her patience, too, in her efforts to induce the little invalid to swallow the potion. Scolding and threats fail. At length the following expedient is devised:—"Do swallow the medicine, there's a darling child! It's so nice! (Mamma puts the cup to her lips, and *pretends* to taste it.) Oh! it's beautiful! Now Charley, taste it!" Charlie falls into the snare, believes his mother's testimony, and swallows the draught! His wry face soon betrays his consciousness that he has been deceived.

The lesson is not lost upon him. He speedily adopts any mean artifice to secure his own pleasure, and glibly utters the ready lie to conceal a fault.

Our counsel is, never resort to the art of deception even in the most

trifling matters, but rather err on the side of candour in all your dealings with your children.

Does my reader think these cases extreme and exceptional? Alas! they are too true. There are comparatively few parents, we fear, who make the moral culture of their children a subject of anxious thought and earnest prayer. The most obvious principles are ignored, and the children left to develop and mould their character according to a natural bias and the influences which surround them. Solomon enunciates an important principle when he affirms, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." God has invested parents with supreme power in dealing with the mind and morals of their children, and has entrusted them with an authority which makes the parental relationship a shadow of the Divine. The abuse of this power, and the neglect of this authority, are fraught with evil consequences impossible to over-estimate.

Does my reader imagine I have attached too much importance to the incidents I have mentioned? I must be allowed to differ, and to reaffirm my conviction that such trifles enter into the formation of character, and exert a powerful influence which is felt through life.

Martin Tupper very truly says:—

"There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray."

* * * * * * *

"Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil.
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come,
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil."

Why we cannot unite with the Anglican Establishment.

From a Lecture by Pastor W. Sampson, of Folkestone.

WHEN one looks at this body, which the lecturer, to whom I now reply, identifies with the one fold of the Catholic Church, there is so much in it unlike Christ, that the temptation to enter it is very small indeed. Thank God men are often better than their creed, and rise far above the system with which they identify themselves. It would be superfluous to acknowledge the goodness, the devotedness, of many members of the Establishment. It is their piety that has preserved it, and not one word shall fall from my lips, that even a perverted ingenuity can construe into a charge against the individual members of the system. I frankly acknowledge that the great difficulty I have had in making up my mind to speak on this subject to-night, was the fear that I might give pain to some godly, pious people, whom I would not willingly injure on any consideration. But when I found that the whole body of Nonconformists are spoken of as being outside the one fold of Christ's Catholic Church, duty forbade me to let the statement go by unchallenged, and if in discharging that same duty, and shewing why we as Nonconformists do not belong to that body, for which this title has been assumed, I am obliged to say things that may press hard on some: I do so, not willingly, but because in the interests of truth it is needful

to say them. And it is quite time that members of the Establishment should know that many things are done openly in it, that seem to us not only inconsistent with the character of a Church of Christ, but utterly opposed to the character of Christ himself. I speak not now of those evils that may be inherent perhaps in every establishment. It is, perhaps, essential to an establishment that it should claim for itself many things that belong to the nation. It is, perhaps, a necessity of the contract made between the two parties, the Church and the State, that by the very condition of the union, the church should have exclusive privileges. Of these things I do not now intend to speak. I do not want to enter into a discussion of the abstract merits of the union of Church and State. But look, a lecturer stands here and prays that we may return to the Communion of which he is a member. Well, apart altogether from our conviction, that a State Church is not good either for the Church, or the State, we say there are special reasons why we should differ from you. See, my dear sir, I might say to the lecturer, your church, the one fold, &c., is so constituted that I,—Nonconformist though I am, might go into the market to-morrow, and if I only had the money, I might buy the right of putting into scores, and hundreds of churches, any clergyman I chose, to act as pastor of the little flock gathered around him there. I take up the *Times* newspaper almost any day, I look through the advertising columns of Church newspapers, belonging to any and every party in the Establishment, for there are parties even here, and it matters not to what party the paper belongs,—I shall be pretty sure to find in it advertisements offering for sale the right of presentation at the next vacancy, and you all know I am not exaggerating in the least when I say, the inducements to purchase set forth in these advertisements usually are,—there is "good trout fishing," "a meet for hunting in the neighbourhood," "population very small," "no Dissenters in the village," "the present incumbent very old." Have we not all seen such advertisements? may we not see them day by day? Think of it, realise to yourselves what these things mean. The matter has come lately before the public. Many of you have read the description of the sale, when Falmouth Rectory was put up for sale, or rather, let us be particular, the right to present the living to some one when a vacancy occurs. Now it so happens that the right was not sold; it is still in the market. Suppose for a moment or two we transform ourselves into an auction room and put this living up for sale. "Gentlemen, I am honoured with instructions to submit to public competition the right of presentation to the valuable living of Falmouth. Gentlemen, it is not every day such an opportunity for making a splendid investment presents itself. This church was made a parish in the reign of Charles II., and in the 22nd year of that most religious king an Act was passed which gives to the parson of Falmouth and his successors for ever, a tax of 16d. in the £ on all houses, shops, warehouses, cellars and outhouses, then and thereafter to be built. Be good enough to see, then, gentlemen, what an extraordinary property this is. As the town increases and prospers, and no doubt it will increase and prosper much, so this property will increase. 16d. in the £, gentlemen, on all houses, shops, &c., now existing and that may hereafter be built. And, gentlemen, this is not all: every coasting vessel that passes the Black Rock shall be obliged to pay the parson 2s. Every other vessel 2s. 6d. Every year, the parish and the trade are extending, and really I cannot tell you to what extent it may grow. Now, gentlemen, it is this property, this really extraordinary property, that I have to put up for sale. I am very glad to see so many gentlemen present to-night. Doubtless, you have sons whom you are anxious to see settled well and respectably in life. Such a chance as is presented to-night rarely offers. Let me tell you, gentlemen, that the present income of this property is £1,700. £1,700 gentlemen, absolutely safe, certain to increase. And, gentlemen, there is no doubt that possession will very soon be given. The present incumbent, gentlemen, is 77 years old, and he is very infirm. We have the authority of Holy Writ to say, 'the days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by

reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away.' Yes, gentlemen, 77 years of age. Yes, the silver cord will soon be loosened, and the golden bowl be broken. And now this valuable property is offered. Who'll bid? who'll bid? Don't hang back, gentlemen. Say something. Seventy-seven years old! £6,000 says one, £7,000 says another. Oh! but that's not half its value. Come, come, don't be afraid. I know, gentlemen, there is a great outcry in Falmouth about it, but they can't help themselves, and depend upon it, even if disestablishment come, vested interests will always be respected. Come, what shall I say? Thank you, £8,000, it is going, gentlemen, £8,000, £9,000, well we're getting on, £9,000, still below its value, gentlemen, £9,000 for this property, £1,700 a year, and the incumbent 77 years old. Don't be afraid, any one of you may bid. Why, the biggest blackguard in the room may have it, if he'll only give money enough." But a truce to this. I tell you I have scarcely exaggerated one bit. Some of the words I have used, are the very words the auctioneer is reported to have used. *Is it not awful?* Oh! I can fancy in that auctioneer's room, the devil himself leering with malicious joy, as the terrible scene is being enacted, and if it were possible for sorrow to be in heaven, must not the angels who rejoice over one repenting sinner, weep, weep sad and bitter tears? Oh Christ! Christ! Christ! thou, who when on earth didst drive the buyers and sellers out of the temple, saying, "My Father's house shall be called a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." Oh Christ! they sell for gold the right of preaching thy blessed gospel! they sell for gold the right of baptising into thy holy name! they sell for gold the right of breaking the bread and pouring out the wine in memory of thy agony and shame! they sell to the highest bidder the right of burying thy saints "in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection!"

And well might we shrink from the awful scene. But remember that this scene was enacted just one month ago to-day, and every week similar scenes may be witnessed. And do not say, it is too bad to refer to those things, they are mere abuses, that men in the Establishment are disgusted with them as much as you are. Are they? I ask, then, what steps do they take to remedy it? I know when men recognise abuses, they set to work to create a public opinion to remedy them. What, I ask, are you doing to alter this state of things? Don't tell me you do not like to call public meetings and create excitement; you can pack the biggest hall in London to overflowing, and get your leading men to speak there, lest, perchance, a single word should be struck out of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. But where has a meeting been called to denounce an evil like this, or what steps have you taken to remedy it? Shall we be blamed, if we say your silence in the midst of it gives consent to it? You are responsible for the evils you take no steps to cure.

I refer to one point more, and only to one point more. We do not care to unite ourselves with this Church because we find to our intense sorrow that it is by its clergy, by its ritual, by its practice, leading this country back to Rome. How much farther it will go in this direction I know not, but I confess I cannot contemplate the future without a feeling approaching to alarm. Let me ask you to listen to the following extract from the *Weekly Register*, a Roman Catholic Journal. Speaking of progress, it says:—

"In England the work of conversion has continued during the past year with steady and not very slow steps. To name, or even indicate individuals who have been received during the past twelve months would be foreign to our purpose. This much we say (and say with truth), the fact being known to many Catholics in London, that the number of converts in London alone has been upwards of 2,000 during the past year, and they have during the last few weeks increased very much. Many, we are informed, have joined us, who are all but Catholics, and who had little need of instruction before they made up their minds to take the final, the long deferred, but the all-needful step. From every Ritualistic congregation in London there is a continual stream of

converts drifting towards us, and the number would be increased had we priests sufficient to look after those who are hesitating as to their future step in the right direction. In various parts of this country, different Anglican clergymen have been received into the Church to the number of some ten or a dozen, and at least as many ladies connected with the Anglican sisterhood have followed in the same direction. And of every twenty Anglicans who join the Catholic Church not less than seventeen have been prepared for the step by the teaching they have heard from Ritualistic pulpits, and by the practices they have got accustomed to in Ritualistic churches. Not only laymen but Anglican clergymen, have been seen devoutly hearing mass at Catholic churches, rather than go to their own places of worship where what they considered heresy was taught."

Is there one of us in this hall to-night surprised at this testimony? I think not, it is but what we all expect; and I am uttering but the sad truth when I say, that it seems that the one aim of the most active party in the Establishment is to bring the English Church as closely as possible into perfect uniformity with the Church of Rome. I have books at home—manuals for the young, for candidates for Confirmation, for preparation for the Communion—manuals that evidently have a large circulation; and written by leading members of the Ritualistic party, in which the Romish doctrines of the priesthood, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the transformation of the bread and wine into the actual body and blood of Christ, auricular confession, the power of the priesthood to forgive sins, are openly and unblushingly taught; and there is not a church belonging to the Establishment of this country but might be occupied by men teaching the doctrines for opposing which our fathers died, and the fires of Smithfield were lighted. The Bennett judgment has unprotestantised the English Church. And the *Church Times* is perfectly right when it says, "We are not blind to the practical effects of the judgment. It is a great advantage to the less courageous members of the High Church school to know that they can preach, without any fear of Civil and Ecclesiastical penalties, the primitive doctrines of the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and of Eucharistic Adoration. It is a great disadvantage to Monsignor Capel and his colleagues to have one of their favourite weapons wrested out of their hands in that they can no longer allege that English Catholics who preach these tenets are disloyal and alien from their own Church."

It must not be forgotten that, by that judgment, any man and every man in the English Church may preach the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Eucharistic Adoration; and the highest Court of Appeal in the land has decided that in so doing he will not be acting in opposition to the teaching of the Church. We cannot be united with a Church which will and does teach such doctrines for the Gospel of the grace of God.

And now I must draw rapidly to a close. The question has been publicly raised, and the prayer in this hall offered, that we Nonconformists might yet return to the one fold of Christ's Catholic Church. If the words are used in the only sense that can properly attach to them, we protest against the lack of charity that excludes from that fold Christian men and women simply because they are Nonconformists. With all humility and reverence, but with all confidence, we avow our belief that Christ the Good Shepherd has admitted us himself into his fold, and we will let no man come between us and our Saviour. If the words are used to mean the Church of England as by law established, we protest against the presumption of any man or of any party arrogating to itself a title that can only justly be applied to the whole. If the words are so used, then we on our side are obliged to show reason why we do not wish and should not wish the prayer to be fulfilled. The Church of Christ should not be a political organization, as this Church is. The Church of Christ should be pure, or should attempt at least to be pure: this Church admits the infamous traffic in livings, traffic in the very souls of men. The Church of Christ should teach only the word of God; this Church teaches the doctrines of Rome, and

therefore we cannot unite with her. Many other reasons I might have given. Let these suffice. I know full well that in occupying this position, and saying what I have said to-night, I shall lay myself open to many charges. Men who, with honeyed words upon their lips, can manifest the real lack of charity which excludes all Nonconformists from the one fold of Christ's Church, will doubtless charge me with being very uncharitable. Those who are members of a political Church, a Church made what it is, and continued as it is, and that cannot be altered from what it is but by political action, may call me that terrible thing, a Political Dissenter. But these things will pass unheeded by. I tell you what it is, brethren. The time has come when it is needed that we speak out. The rapid progress which this semi-popery is making amongst us calls for more earnest devoted Christian outspokenness. It seems to me as though a most determined effort is being made to induce Nonconformists, and especially Wesleyans, to amalgamate with the Church of England. One gets up and in persuasive tones declares that John Wesley lived and died not only a Churchman, but a Churchman holding the views that now distinguish the modern Ritualists, and from it the conclusion is deduced that Wesleyan Methodists ought to be Churchmen and Ritualists too. Another, not so wise and prudent perhaps, but animated with the same design, tries to *frighten* the Methodists into the Church, and when he cannot succeed, says, (and I give my authority for the statement: it is Mr. Barlow, J.P., a leading Methodist of Bolton, in Lancashire): "Well, your John Wesley is burning in hell, for his schism from the Church of England." Yes, depend upon it, there is a battle yet to be fought in this England of ours; a battle in which, when once it is begun, we shall have to draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard. Be it ours to be prepared for it; prepared by an intelligent apprehension of the great principles involved in the conflict; prepared by a knowledge of the skilful use of the great weapon, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God: prepared by lives of holy, unselfish devotedness, to the great cause we hold so dear; prepared by loving sympathy with him whom we delight to follow as the Captain of Salvation. So prepared, we will fight the good fight of faith, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints. And so fighting, we shall come off more than conquerors through him who loved us and gave himself for us.

Mission Work in Philistia.

Acts VIII. 26—40.

REMARKABLE and immediate blessing attended the Spirit-taught and directed preaching of the Apostle Philip in this neighbourhood, which seems to have been placed upon record to teach Christians to be always ready to make use of present circumstances in leading others directly and individually to a knowledge of their Lord and Master; and although Gaza, Askalon, Ashdod, Ekron, and many other places in the Philistine plain, are familiar to most readers of the Old Testament, yet in modern times no one seems to have taken sufficient practical interest in the spiritual welfare of its inhabitants to establish any permanent mission in the neighbourhood.

Gaza is a town of some 16,000 inhabitants, and in the surrounding districts there are sixty towns and villages; while to the south-east, along the borders of Egypt, nearly 50,000 rather lawless Arabs form their camps in about 7,000 tents. Yet in modern times no systematic effort has been made to preach the gospel to them.

This large population professes the religion of Mahomet, with the exception of a few families belonging to the Greek Church. An Evangelical School has

however been opened within the last few months at Gaza for boys, taught by a young Syrian from Antioch, and attended by some thirty-five pupils, nearly all of whom are Mahometans.

But no provision has yet been made for female education in the neighbourhood, and another wide field is there opening up for English Christian motherliness, prudence, principle and tact. Several ladies of private means are carrying on work of this kind very successfully in different parts of Syria. A recent lady traveller well remarks: "What praise do not such devoted women deserve for the energy and self-denial they exert? Far away from their own circle of relationship, their sole wish is to raise to better things a population immersed in ignorance; but this is rendered still more affecting by their locality in a land where once shone in its fulness the grace and mercy of our God and Lord." And elsewhere: "I often think of the reproach contained in the reply of the poor Bedouin woman, who on hearing the simple principles of Gospel faith as unfolded to her by Miss W., replied, 'No one ever told us of these things.' Age had prevented her joining those she belonged to in their daily wanderings, and the hours went slowly by in awaiting their return, and the solace of their talk. May God grant a blessing on those words then spoken to her, and seemingly received with a reproach that they had never reached her ears before—to be a consolation and a hope which would bear her above her trials of dreary solitude! This reproach causes a fearful responsibility to rest upon ourselves." See "*A Lady's Ride through Palestine and Syria*." S. W. Partridge & Co., 1872.

Oh! that some large-hearted, true, godly women, with means at their command, might but hear their Master saying, "This is your place: cultivate Gaza for me!" Trained *native* female teachers, with some knowledge of English, may be obtained from Jerusalem and Beyrout, who may be employed in school work and visitation.

Procrastinating hopelessness has paralysed many of our efforts for Palestine, although 1840 years ago, He, who came from heaven to preach glad tidings to the poor of this very land which he claims as his own, commanded his disciples to look for *immediate* results to their work of faith and labour of love, saying, "Say not ye, there are yet four months unto the harvest; for I say unto you, LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would thrust forth more labourers into his harvest."

An English missionary would be quite safe at Gaza, but should have a native catechist to work with him. Three Englishmen have resided at Gaza for eight years, in charge of the telegraph between Alexandria and Constantinople, who are friendly to mission work. They report that they have found the town healthy, though rather hot in the height of summer for two or three months, when they usually sleep in tents near the sea. But, doubtless, as elsewhere, some more satisfactory way of securing ventilation may be discovered. Provisions are good and cheap, house rents low, and necessary expenses about half what they are in any ordinary English town at present.

W. D. Pritchett, Esq., of Bishop's-Stortford, on whose heart has been laid the soul needs of Gaza, has been, for the last four years, travelling as a volunteer distributor of the Arabic Scriptures, through the less known camps and corners of the land, beyond Jordan, from Damascus southwards into Egypt, through the ancient kingdoms of Og and Bashan with their many ruined cities, and in the wild countries of the Ammonites, the Moabites, Edomites, and Philistines. By one who has had ample opportunity of observation, he is said to be one of the best practical economists in money matters; and his own services in the proposed Gaza mission will continue to be gratuitous.

His proposed coadjutor says, "I know the people sufficiently well, together

with their habits and customs, to feel quite at home with them. Not having experienced a day's illness during the three years and a half I have spent in Syria, and having laboured among the people with an acceptance that is in every way encouraging, the path that Providence has planned for me is not to be mistaken."

Help for the GAZA MISSION may be sent to the care of Messrs. H. Gaze & Sons, Tourist Directors, 142, Strand, London.

Reviews.

John Ploughman's Talk. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR friend "John Ploughman" has now become the familiar acquaintance and counsellor of a vast host. His book has just reached one hundred and ninety thousand, and the sale is still brisk. It has been translated into Dutch and Swedish, and has had a large circulation in those languages: it has also been republished in the United States. It has been the lot of few writings in modern times to be so widely sold; we trust its homely precepts and plain speech will do good among the people for whom it was written.

What we saw in Egypt. Profusely Illustrated. Religious Tract Society.

A CHEERFUL, chatty account of Egyptian ways and wonders. As you read it you seem to be listening to the late experiences of some friends of your own, and you are thus led to feel an unusual interest in the adventures related. These are common-place enough certainly, in these days of travel, yet the book has a freshness about it which will secure its being read by young people, and they cannot fail to derive instruction as well as pleasure from its perusal.

Uncle Max, the Soldier of the Cross. A German Tale. By Mrs. GEORGE GLADSTONE. Religious Tract Society.

A LITTLE story about cross-bearing. "Uncle Max" is a deformed cripple, and, like all such afflicted ones, is tenderly sensitive to scornful or contemptuous remarks upon his personal appearance. As a true soldier of the cross, however, he learns "to suffer and be strong in the strength of Christ." The story is very interesting, and the various characters sketched are life-like and instructive.

The Captives. By EMMA LESLIE. Sunday School Union.

ANOTHER tale by Emma Leslie. This time the scene is laid among the ancient Britons, at the time of the Roman dominion and the uprise of Christianity. The authoress always tries to impress the youthful mind with right principles.

The Kindling Fire Counsels for Young Christians. By P. W. DARNTON, B.A. James Clarke and Co.

A LITTLE book, but a wise one. Young believers are honestly admonished and earnestly instructed by Mr. Darnton in the duties required of them as followers of Jesus, and members of his visible church on earth. The treatise is so very small that it is likely to be read, and is also the more likely to be circulated among the class needing such counsels.

The Inner Circle; a Memoir of Helena Maud Stephens. G. J. STEVENSON.

A LITTLE memorial of a young Welsh girl who by faith entered into the higher life. It is a pleasing account, and deserves to be read by all young people who desire to know the highest joys of the life of faith. It costs only twopence.

Hayslope Grange; a Tale of the Civil War. By EMMA LESLIE. Sunday School Union.

HANDSOMELY bound, tastefully illustrated, and interesting and profitable in matter. The hero of the story sides with the Parliament and the Puritan party from motives of patriotism, and is therefore banished from the Grange by his father, who is a sturdy Royalist. His sufferings for principles are at length rewarded, and the story winds up most happily.

English Mediæval Romanism. By the Rev. HENRY J. ALCOCK, M.A. James Miller, Berners Street.

THIS design of this book is to show what Romanism now is by what it once was. This would be an unfair argument but for the fact that Romanism everywhere and at all times is essentially the same. It can put on different appearances, indeed, according to times and circumstances, but that is one of its essential characteristics. Its claims are unaltered, and it has never disavowed any of its former principles and decrees. Its portrait is here taken from its full-grown age, prior to the Reformation, and chiefly in the light of its own documents, by which the greatest fidelity of description is secured. It is a moral likeness, rather than doctrinal or political, and that in which Romanism is least known. Nor is it the moral, or rather immoral, influence of its teaching upon the people, so much as upon the teachers themselves, that is here exposed to view. And if it be now what it ever was, and the same effects may be expected from the same causes, what a fearful insight is given into the innermost recesses of the whole system. "By their fruits ye shall know them." There is no need for Romanism to be tried by any other test than this. As moral truth advances, it must decline. We have no fear, therefore, of its gaining a second empire. We agree with our author when he says:—"I do not hold the gloomy views of many men infinitely wiser than myself respecting the present state of things. The Bible Society has done its glorious work too effectually to permit the return of a national Romanism, whatever may be the oversights of men in power. The snug little talks of Dr. Manning and his button-holing members of the aristocracy, who never had the advantage of a scriptural education in their youth, has produced, and yet may produce, great evil. But the heart of the middle classes, the true strength of the country, is sound, and in my opinion the middle classes will take care that matters do not pass a certain limit." Certainly, if Romanism, which has always grown better in darkness than in light, can rise to its former dimensions with the Bible in the hands of the people, it is better than we had supposed it to be. Its unchangeableness, however, will be its fall. In all false Christianity it may still find congenial minds and hearts, but, armed with plain gospel truths, "one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

Jesus, his Life and Work, as narrated by the Four Evangelists. By HOWARD CROSBY. Henry Heath, No. 110, William-street, New York.

THIS is an elegant volume, with good type, and well-executed engravings. The principal incidents in the life of Jesus are carefully arranged, and faithfully narrated. It is more, however, a life of Jesus of Nazareth than of the Christ of God. It is more moral than doctrinal, more sentimental than spiritual. There is less of his teaching than of the circumstances by which it was suggested. Many find their highest religious exercises in the contemplation of the life of Christ; we prefer to view it as part of the great scheme of redemption, and preparatory to the great central truth of his atoning death. The facts of the life of Christ should not be considered, we think, apart from their design. They are recorded, not as mere matters of history, but as vital and unchangeable truths. We should like to have seen more of this, amidst much that is devout, instructive and good.

Ethel's Strange Legacy. By Mrs. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. S. S. Society.

A VERY improbable story, of which we fail to see the moral. It is the old affair of a queer lodger turning out to be a rich uncle, and saving a distressed family.

Little Books by John Bunyan. Grace abounding to the chief of sinners. Blackie and Sons.

MANY times have we read this remarkable autobiography of John Bunyan. It is calculated to be a great blessing to those who are sorely tempted, especially while they are seeking peace by Jesus Christ. The charming simplicity and deep sincerity of the narrative hold you bound as in a spell, and to those who have been in the same distress it will be eminently consolatory.

The Holy Bible, with Explanatory Notes, References, and a condensed Concordance. Illustrated with more than Nine Hundred highly-finished Engravings. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London and New York.

A MARVELLOUS book, crowded with illustrations, and those of the best kind. It bears the palm as a Family Bible. The artistic talent displayed in the engravings must have cost the spirited publishers an immense sum, and we wonder how they can afford to sell the work at the price at which they offer it. There are notes to it, but the illustrations are the grand feature, and they are incomparable. This is the Bible which we select to give as a present to newly-married couples, and we would give every wedded pair a copy if our purse were but long enough.

Matthew Henry's Commentary: in Nine handsome Volumes. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a noble edition of Matthew Henry, in large type, and beautifully bound. It is out of sight the cheapest edition published. No words are needed from us as to the value of Matthew Henry's work; it is still the best commentary in the English language for general readers, and he who studies it will see new beauties in the sacred word. If every other book must be taken from us but one, we would hold on to Matthew Henry's Bible to the last. Students who apply to us and send a stamped envelope for reply, shall be put in the way of getting it at the lowest rates.

Eda May; or, the Twin Roses. By A. D. BINFIELD. Sunday School Union.

A NICE book for little girls. The contrast between a spoilt and selfish child, and a dear, self-denying little maiden, is forcibly shown, but it is a pity that the excellence commended is made to appear more as a natural amiability than as the work of the Spirit of God in the heart.

Four Lectures delivered at the Town Hall, Folkestone, by Rev. William Sampson, upon the Ritualistic Controversy. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Price 3d.

THESE lectures are trenchant blows from a well-wielded hammer. If there were a Sampson in every town, there would soon be wailing in the temples of the Philistines. The Folkestone priest will need to invoke the help of Saint Michael and all angels, especially those from below; for his hold upon the sane part of the population must be terribly shaken. Mr. Sampson's lectures are remarkable for the absence of all bitterness, and the presence of great earnestness: he is at once courteous and courageous; he smites terribly but not unfairly. We can hardly wish "more power to his arm," but we congratulate and thank him most heartily. "May his shadow never be less." We have made an extract, which will be found on another page of this month's magazine.

Arthur's Victory. By A. E. WARD. Sunday School Union.

A VERY good and pleasant story. Arthur passes through the vexations and annoyances of school life into the greater trials and temptations of the world of business; and, though these last are many, and very bitter, he is sustained by faith in Christ, and at last is more than conqueror through him that loved him.

Loser and Gainer. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Sunday School Union.

A VERY pleasant tale, full of good teaching. That all "sin brings sorrow," is proved beyond a doubt in the sad experience of the hero and heroine of this story. They sin and suffer, but happily they repent and are forgiven. The young reader is never for a moment left in doubt as to where he must look for help to walk in the "more excellent way."

Notes.

THE Annual Meeting of the Orphanage was a joyful occasion, and the amounts brought in sufficed to float the Institution, nor into very deep water or large funds, but into a sufficiency for a few weeks. For the rest, the Lord will provide. We owe many thanks to donors of goods and books, and if any are omitted from the

list, we offer hearty apologies, and trust they will excuse a very busy man.

The foundations of the College Buildings are being dug out, and the concrete is being put in: we hope to lay the foundation stone before the issue of next month's magazine.

The presentation to Mr. Rogers, upon the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding, was a delightful occasion. We do not know that we ever more thoroughly enjoyed a meeting. The hearty love of the students and friends, and the placid grandeur of "the old man eloquent," were equally striking. We have before us copious notes of the meeting and the speeches, but being unusually pressed for time we are forced to let them go down the stream of time, as many precious things have gone before. At the close of the meeting a gold watch was presented to Mr. Rogers, and a silver urn to his excellent lady.

The Colportage Society now employs nineteen colporteurs. This is growth; but if good people knew the worth of the agency they would soon increase the number to ninety or more. No better work is done under heaven.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1874 will be ready by the middle of this month, price one penny.

The Sunday School Union have proposed that on Lord's day morning, October 19th, between seven and eight, all teachers should engage in private prayer for God's blessing on their labours, that the afternoon of that day should be made a special service, and that in the evening teachers should meet for prayer. On Monday evening the churches are requested to offer prayer for the Sabbath-schools. Copies of the circular can be had on application to 56, Old Bailey, London. We earnestly hope that all Christians will join in this union of prayer, and that a large blessing will be the consequence.

As elections are very numerous just now, it is to be hoped that no Nonconformist will vote for any man who will not aid in the disestablishment of the Anglican church. Liberal and Tory alike are useless to us if they will not do this much for us. When evangelic truth was preached from her pulpits we might be quiet, but now that on all sides images are set up in her churches, and full-blown Popery is restored to her pulpits, we are bound to demand that this shall no longer be the national church. Let those who approve of Ritualistic mummeries pay for them themselves, and have the credit of them; but to lay this synagogue of heresies at the door of us all, as our own national church, is abominable. Let any Christian churchman go into a Ritualistic church and see the idols and the fineries for himself, and he will not think it possible for any man to speak too strongly upon the subject. The Romish church itself now falls short of many of the Tractarian superstitions. O Lord, how long!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September, 4th 22.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Wellington	1	1	0
Mr. E. Shrimpton	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Thankoffering from T. H.	2	0	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	0	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
A. B. C.	5	0	0
Mr. Snell	1	0	0
Mr. Gloag	5	0	0
Miss Garnett	1	0	0
Miss Susan Garnett	1	0	0
The Widow's Mite	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0
Mr. M. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark	0	5	0
S. B. T. E.	0	2	6
Mr. Ball	5	0	0
At Orphanage Meeting	0	10	0
D. R. E. F.	0	10	0
Per C. H. S.	1	10	0
G. A. E.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Sheppard	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner	2	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	0	10	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fisk	5	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	0
Mr. S. Powney	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. R. Cory, per Mr. A. Sharp	10	0	0
A Sinner Saved by Grace	3	0	0
Mr. Buchanan per Mr. Buckingham	0	10	0
Mrs. Reid	5	0	0
Mr. Avery	0	7	4
Mrs. Hibberd	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickmore	2	0	0
A Friend, Scotland	20	0	0
H. E. G.	11	0	0
Mr. G. Kingerlie	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader, Northampton	0	2	6
Dr. Simpson	10	0	0
Miss Leigh	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
W. Tregare	0	10	0
Mr. John Lee	2	0	0
Per Mr. J. T. Dunn :—			
Miss Ling	0	5	0
Mr. Savory	0	1	0
	0	6	0

			£	s.	d.
Weekly Offerings at Tab.,	Aug.	24	12	3	8
,, ,,	,,	31	60	4	6
,, ,,	Sept.	7	31	0	6
,, ,,	,,	14	40	0	3
			£261	2	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. McMurtry	0	13	0
Mr. Cockrell	5	0	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Thankoffering from T. H.	2	0	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0
Friends at Ellington, per A. W. ...	0	8	0
W. H.	5	0	0
Mrs. Kempster	1	0	0
A Friend, Colchester	0	10	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	3	13	8
Mr. John Whitehead	0	10	0
E. V.	0	2	0
Mr. Court	0	5	6
Mr. Verdan	0	5	0
Mr. Wigney	0	15	0
W. J. B.	1	0	0
Collection at Tabernacle	167	12	1
S. N.	0	1	0
E. Jude	0	2	0
D. C.	0	1	0
Mr. H. Young	2	2	0
Captain Ives	5	0	0
A. B. C.	0	2	0
Mrs. Archer	0	13	1
Mrs. Baldock	0	9	0
Mr. Ball	5	0	0
Mrs. Lahee	1	1	0
Per Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
A. B.	2	0	0
Psalm xlii. 5	0	5	0
G. H. B.	2	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Lewin	0	4	0
A Day's Rations	2	0	0
G. A. E.	1	0	0
In College Box	0	2	6
Mrs. Peskett	0	8	0
A Churchman	1	0	0
Communion Service, Tunbridge Wells	0	9	0
Mr. J. Hurnard	2	0	0
A Widow's Thankoffering	20	0	0
Mrs. Winter	2	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Amos	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	6
Mr. R. T. Thomas	0	5	0
Old farthings and halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	8	7
Mrs. Holmes	2	0	0
S. B. E. T.	0	3	0
M. Campbell	0	2	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fisk	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per Rev. R. Layzell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Cowell, ditto ...	0	10	0
Miss Evans	0	3	6
J. R.	20	0	0
Mrs. Camps	1	0	0
Mrs. Camps' Family	0	5	0
Mrs. Augar	0	5	0
Miss Dowsett	1	0	0
Mr. S. Pownoy	0	5	0
B. B.	1	0	0
Miss Winslow	1	0	0
Friends, per Rev. W. Sampson	5	0	0
A Sinner Saved by Grace	3	0	0
Mr. W. Hall	0	10	0

			£	s.	d.
Per Mr. A. Sharp :—					
Messrs. Salmond and Son ...	3	0	0		
Mrs. J. O. Macqueen	1	0	0		
Mrs. B. Evans	1	0	0		
Mrs. Keen	0	10	0		
L. B.	1	0	0		
T. J. B.	1	0	0		
Mr. R. Cory	10	0	0		
				17	10	0
A Gentleman at Clifton				5	0	0
Dr Green				1	1	0
Mr. G. Duddridge				0	10	0
Mrs. Parkin				1	0	0
Mr. John Edwards				10	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Sledge				25	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill				0	17	0
Mr. G. Faulkner				0	6	0
Miss Helen David				0	5	6
Mrs. David				0	11	5
Mrs. Whittett				1	0	0
A Thankoffering for Weekly Sermons ...				1	0	0
Mr. J. Lamont				0	10	0
Mr W. C. Quilter				25	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. E. Henderson ...				0	10	0
Mrs. Webb				0	17	0
Mrs. Mayne				0	12	6
Mrs. Robinson				0	18	0
Mrs. Copping				0	15	0
Mrs. Woolley				0	2	6
Mrs. Tyrer				5	0	0
H. E. G.				10	0	0
Miss Laing				0	10	0
Mr. G. Kingerlee				4	10	0
Friends, per Mrs. A. Cameron				1	0	0
Romans i. 1				0	1	0
1 Peter i. 3				0	1	0
Prudence r. Dress				0	1	0
Mr. Thursby				0	9	0
Part of the Lord's Tenth				0	5	0
S. B.				0	19	9
M. T.				1	0	0
Mr. W. Jones				0	10	0
Mr. W. Lee				2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs R. Taylor				5	0	0
Mr. T. B. Smithies				5	0	0
Mr. Hall				1	1	0
Annual Meeting at the Orphanage :—						
Collecting Cards and Boxes :—						
Master C. Spurgeon	1	5	0			
Miss Court	0	10	0			
Miss Powell	0	10	0			
Miss Gillard	0	9	0			
Miss Abbott	0	12	0			
Master Fordham	0	3	6			
Miss Read	1	4	2			
Miss Young	1	13	6			
Master A. Read	0	17	3			
Miss Jephs	2	0	0			
Master C. W. Ledger ...	1	3	8			
Master Straw	0	12	0			
Miss Hallett	0	19	0			
Mrs. Jumpson	0	18	6			
Miss Barker	0	6	5			
Miss Lovegrove	0	7	0			
Mrs. H. White	1	0	0			
Miss Bonsor	1	8	0			
Mrs. Parker	2	15	0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Samuel	3	9	0
Master Lancashire	2	5	0
Mr. Priestly	0	18	0
Miss Wilson	0	2	0
Miss F. Court	0	12	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
Mrs. Osborn	0	4	0
Master Davis	0	6	5
Mr. W. Perkins	0	10	0
Miss Fryer	1	5	0
Master Buleraig	0	7	6
Master S Buleraig	0	2	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	10	6
Miss Verrell	1	0	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	9	0
Mr. Luff	1	1	0
Mrs. Davies	1	15	6
Mr. Simmonds	0	12	7
Mr. Geo Eley	0	14	6
Miss Chilvers	1	12	0
Mr. H. Hobson	16	0	0
Miss F. Langton	1	17	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Miss Cockshaw	0	5	6
Miss Allum	0	4	1
Miss Maynard	0	18	0
Mr. Hobbs, per Mr. Thorn ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Miss Hurlock	1	15	1
Mr. C. Howes	0	2	1
Mrs. Hubbard	1	14	11
Miss Hudson	0	14	10
Mrs. Sanderson	0	10	0
Mrs. Pope	1	0	0
Miss A. Moulton	0	2	0
Mrs. Marsh	1	4	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	0	0
Mrs. Piner	0	5	6
Miss Hughes	0	12	3
Mr. Carrick	1	0	0
Miss A. F. Phillips	2	7	0
Miss Helen Phillips	2	3	0
Mr. Hawkins	1	0	0
Miss Gobey	0	4	9
Miss Parker	0	10	0
Miss Hughes	0	8	7
Miss Weakes	0	5	8
Mrs. King	1	1	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	1	0	0
Mrs. Tiddy	2	5	3
Mrs. Bailey	0	11	6
Miss Smith	0	12	2
Mrs Romang	2	0	0
Miss M A Wells	0	4	0
Mr R. Evans	10	0	0
Mrs. Hill	0	15	0
Mr. W. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	5	0	0
Miss Harden	0	14	6
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. Coe	0	2	0
Mr. Cass	1	0	0
Mr. Crofts	1	0	0
Miss Parker	1	7	9
Master Everitt	1	10	0
Mrs. Cornell	0	10	6
Miss Keys	1	11	0
Miss G. Passmore	3	2	0
Master H Passmore	1	18	0
Mr. G. Crombie	0	6	0
Mrs. Allum	0	14	0
Mrs. Raybould	0	10	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	2	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	8	0
Mrs. Bowles	0	12	0
Miss Darkin	0	5	0
Miss Butcher	0	8	6
Miss Richardson	0	8	6
Mr. Reddin	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Miss Coombes	0	10	0
Mr. Green	1	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Croker	1	0	0
Miss Lillie Croker	0	2	6
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss Greenwood	5	0	0
Miss Roan	1	5	9
Mrs. Archer	0	13	1
Mrs. Prebble	0	13	7
Miss Loosely	0	5	0
Mr. Doddington	0	6	2
Miss C. Smith	0	15	6
Master Lancashire	0	1	8
Master McKibbin	0	8	0
Mrs. Waghorn	0	4	8
Miss Court	0	4	0
Mrs. Taunton	1	2	10
Mrs. Cockshaw	0	7	1
Miss Conquest	0	4	2
Master Glassborrow	0	5	7
Miss L. New	0	4	4
Miss Annie Dunn	0	3	7
L. B. K.	1	3	2
Mrs. Ferrar	0	14	3
Master F. Newark	0	1	1
Mr. R. Mills	0	9	3
Mrs. Davies	0	6	5
Master Newark	0	0	9
Miss A. Patrick	0	2	2
Mrs. Wilson	0	15	0½
Mrs. Kentfield	0	4	11
Mrs. Hardy	0	16	10
Miss Parker	0	4	11
Miss Everett	0	3	11
Mr. Gobby	0	9	3
Miss Gobby	0	3	6
Master Dunsdon	0	6	2
Miss Black	0	15	2
Miss Burdon	0	9	11
Miss Raybould	0	12	6
Master G. Conquest	0	4	7
Mrs. Buswell	1	13	3
Mrs. Kerridge	0	4	6
Miss Marsden	0	2	7
Robert Street, New Cut, Ragged School	0	3	10
Miss H. Tucker	0	10	6
Master Randford	0	5	9
Mrs. Mallison	0	2	6
Mr. E. Johnson	0	13	2
Nellie and Willie's Savings	0	9	7
Miss Brown	0	14	0
Mrs. Cottle	0	4	9
Miss Newark	0	0	7½
Miss Higgs	26	5	5
Mrs. Neville	0	5	11
Miss Burman	0	6	1
Miss Blake	0	12	8
Mr. Mitchell	0	3	10
Mrs. Piner	0	3	3
Master Bruce	0	1	9
Miss Descroix	1	2	6
Master Hanson	0	5	0
Miss Wallington	0	3	6
Miss Evans	0	1	7
Master Punkhurst	0	4	3
Master Delacourt	0	1	10
Miss Gain	1	7	4
Master Wallace	0	19	11
Mrs. Hicks	0	3	0
Mrs. Collings	0	5	6
Master Scott	0	2	6
Master C. Pankhurst ...	0	3	11
Mrs. Butler	0	9	6
Miss O. E. Rooke	0	2	10
Miss Alice Heeson	0	11	3
Master R. Padbury	0	9	2
Miss Drake	0	11	0
Mr. Sinclair's Children ...	0	15	10½

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	9			
Mr. Griffin	1	14	9			
Mr. Saxby	0	2	5			
Master F. Horne	0	10	0			
Mrs. Gisbey	0	3	6			
Mr. Shears	0	3	9			
Miss Maynard...	0	6	9			
Miss E. Cooksley	0	9	9			
Master Charles White ...	0	7	3			
Master Tom White	0	7	11			
Mrs. Smith	0	4	9			
Mrs. Romang	0	18	4			
Master Romang	0	7	0			
Master Sanderson	0	5	0			
Master Rainbolt	0	7	6			
Miss Sidery	0	10	4			
Miss Ansell	0	2	10			
Mrs. Knapp	1	19	1			
Master Mitchell	0	6	10			
Miss McKibbin	0	5	7			
Master Reed	0	9	9			
Mrs. Weekes	0	2	8			
Master F Turner	0	13	0			
Miss Law	1	11	9			
Miss Fairey	0	5	9			
Miss Joyce	0	13	6			
Mrs. Chote	0	16	8			
Miss Foskett	0	14	0			
Miss Thompson	0	18	7			
Miss Soper	0	1	4			
Miss Quennell	0	4	9			
Mr. Northcroft	0	3	8			
Miss M. Jones	0	8	2			
				213	1	7½
Mr. Rowton's Stall	15	2	9			
Mr. Tuttle's do.	3	17	5			
Collection	11	8	11			
				30	9	1
Annual Subscriptions:—						
Mr. W. Champion				1	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer				50	0	0
Mr J. J. Dalton				1	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—						
Mr. W. J. Palmer	2	0	0			
Mr. J. Long	1	0	0			
Mr. James Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0			
Mrs. Blackman...	0	1	1			
				3		1
				£768	6	10½

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS:—Some Fruit and Vegetables, Mr. Phillips. Basket of Eggs, Mrs. Grange; Vegetables for the Ramsgate Home, Mr. Hogbin; Box of Bi-cuits, Anon; Basket of Apples, Mrs. Doggett; 16 gallons New Milk per day for 6 days, Mr. Keevil, 2 Tins of Honey; Anon.

SUNDRIES:—Library Case and Books, Mr. Dalton; Some Remnants of Cloth. Anon.; Box of Fancy Goods for Sale-room, Anon.; Ditto, Mrs. Gloag, Two Loads of Rock-work for Garden, Messrs. Doulton.

Donations, etc.—Per Mr. Charlesworth:—Mr. McKenna, 10s.; Widow's Thankoffering for Answered Prayer, £1; 287 Coins from Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, £3 16s. 11½d.—Total, £10 6s. 11½d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Field	5	0	0			
Miss Winslow	4	0	0			
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0			
E. L	1	10	0			
Mr. W. Ottey	2	2	0			
Mrs. Elder	1	0	0			
A Friend	0	2	0			
A Domestic Servant	0	5	0			
Mr. E. Daniel	2	0	0			
Mr. G. Whitty	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Everingham	0	10	0			
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0			
Mr. C. Gladish	2	0	0			
M. S. A.	1	0	0			
G. and E. Hacksley	0	2	6			
H. W.	5	0	0			
Mrs. Paffinder	0	3	6			
Miss Pavey	1	0	0			
Mrs. Haywood	0	5	6			
Mary Ann	0	5	0			
Mrs. Kelsey	0	10	0			
Mr. J. Betts	5	5	0			
M. K....	0	5	0			
Mr. R. E. Williams	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0			
Miss H. Gordon	1	0	0			
Mr. R. Hall	1	0	0			
Mr. Murray and Friend...	1	10	0			
Mr. Ball	5	0	0			
A Thankoffering, per Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0			
Mrs. Gloag	10	0	0			
Mr. J. Benzies	0	10	0			
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0			
Mr. W. Chater	10	0	0			
Mr. J. Plimsol	0	6	0			
Mrs. Gladstone	5	0	0			
A Sermon Reader...	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	6			
Mr. W. Fisk	5	0	0			
Miss Wade...	5	0	0			
Miss Eliza Fergusson	1	10	0			
Mr. Rouse	2	0	0			
Mr. W. A. Long	20	0	0			
Mr. Bird	5	0	0			
A Working Man and his Friend ...	2	0	0			
A Sinner saved by Grace	4	0	0			
Mr. G. Stephens	0	10	0			
Dr. Harvey...	0	5	0			
M. M. H.	0	5	0			
Miss C. Coleman	1	0	0			
Mr. J. Thomas	0	10	0			
Mrs. Parkin...	0	5	0			
Mr. John Edwards	10	0	0			
Mr. W. H. Wilson	0	2	0			
Miss M. Green	0	2	6			
Collected by Mary Woolford	0	13	0			
Mr. C. Allard	1	0	0			
Miss Laing	0	10	0			
Mr. G. Kingerlee	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Briggs	0	10	0			
Mr. Thompson	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Jones	1	0	0			
Mrs. S. Saunders...	1	1	0			
A Reader (Madeira)	0	2	6			
Annie	0	10	0			
Mr. Hudson, Wedding Present ...	1	0	0			
				£140	2	6

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. Mr. Llewellyn				7	8	3
Per Rev. H. C. Field, Wolstanton:—						
H. C. Field	0	10	0			
Miss Marsh	0	10	0			
A Friend	0	10	0			
Mr. Abington	0	10	0			
Mr. Williams	0	5	0			
Mr. Deaville	0	5	0			
Mr. Billington...	0	5	0			
A Friend	0	2	6			
Mr. S. Liversage	0	2	6			
Mrs. S. Liversage	0	2	6			
Miss S. Liversage	0	2	0			
Miss Mary Liversage ...	0	2	0			
Mrs. Holdridge	0	2	0			
Mrs. Wedgwood	0	5	0			
Smaller Donations	0	4	6			
				3	18	0
Rev. C. Hewett, Brenchwood Green				0	10	0
Per Rev. J. F. Frewin, Collection at Wellington Hall				2	4	0
Collection at Cranford Chapel ...				1	8	0
Per Rev. J. Near				1	4	0
Per Rev. R. Layzell, Ashdon:—						
Mr. J. R. Cowell	1	0	0			
Mr. W. Hales	1	0	0			
Other Friends	1	14	0			
				3	14	0
Per Rev. W. McKinney, Port Jervis, New York State				10	0	0
Per Rev. C. A. Davis, Manchester:—						
Collection at Chapel	21	0	0			
By Collecting Card:—						
Miss Nellie Spencer	1	15	8			
Miss Annie Spencer	1	19	10			
Miss Nellie Fincken	0	11	0			
Miss Hannah King	1	6	6			
Miss Clara Johnson	0	3	6			
Miss Sarah Ann Lewis ...	1	0	0			
Miss Emily Davies	1	0	0			
Miss Alice Webb	0	12	0			
Miss Mary Marshall ...	0	11	6			
				30	0	0
Per Rev. Mr. Jeffrey:—						
A Friend	0	10	0			
Ditto	0	10	0			
Ditto	0	10	0			
A few Friends at Rosebank	1	5	0			
Mr. J. Leiper	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Watson	0	5	0			
Mrs. Allison	0	2	0			
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0			
Collection at Evening Sermon (by R. Jeffrey), in the United Presbyterian Church, Stonehouse ...	4	7	7			
Mr. Steven	1	0	0			
Mr. Dunn	0	2	6			
Mr McDowall...	0	2	6			
A Friend	0	3	6			
Mr. Borland	0	5	0			
Mr. Lockhore	0	2	0			
				10	17	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. J. R. Chamberlain, Bath ...				7	2	0
Per Rev. J. W. Genders, Luton:—						
Half Proceeds of "Service of Song," given by Rev. Walter J. Mayers ...				6	7	8
Per Rev. F. J. Benskin, Princes Risboro'				5	8	9
Mr. Mason				1	1	0
Mr. Owers				1	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson, per Mr. W. H. Elliott				0	10	0
Per Rev. E. A. Tydeman:—						
A Friend	1	0	0			
Mr. W. H. Gill	0	10	0			
Miss Jenkins	0	2	6			
Mr. W. White	0	10	0			
Mr. M. Tucker...	0	10	0			
W. Pound	0	5	0			
Mr. Harvey	0	10	0			
Mr. Breeze	0	2	6			
Miss Reeve	0	2	6			
Two Friends	0	2	0			
Mr. B.	1	0	0			
Mrs. Woolridge	0	5	0			
Mr. Davey	0	5	0			
Mrs. Giles	0	10	0			
Mr. Cawsey	0	5	0			
Misses King	0	5	0			
Mrs. Kitto	0	2	0			
Mr. Babb	0	2	6			
Mr. J. Babb	0	1	0			
Mr. Hawkes	1	0	0			
Mr. Watts	0	10	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Babb	0	10	0			
Mr. Steer	0	2	6			
Mr. and Mrs. Ellis	1	0	0			
Mrs. Crossing	0	5	0			
Mr. Cox	0	1	0			
Miss Knight	0	1	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Cann	0	5	0			
Mr. Glasspool	0	2	6			
Miss Babb	0	2	6			
Mr. Anderson	0	2	6			
Small Sums	0	5	3			
				10	17	3
Rev. E. Henderson				1	0	0
Per Rev. W. Whale, Ipswich:—						
Collection at Evening Service	2	10	0			
Mr. E. Edgley	2	0	0			
Mr. J. Neve	0	10	0			
Mr. R. Girling	0	5	0			
Mr. W. G. Archer	0	5	0			
Mrs. M. Ward...	0	5	0			
Miss M. Everett	1	0	0			
Miss C. Goodlug	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Whale	1	0	0			
Mr. S. H. Cowell	0	10	0			
Mr. J. Nichols (Birminghnm)	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Crouch...	0	10	0			
				10	0	0
Per Rev. T. W. Medhurst				10	1	10
				£124	5	10

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering from T. H.	2	0	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
H. C.	0	9	0
Mrs. Dix	30	0	0
G. A. E.	1	0	0
A Country Friend	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fisk	5	0	0
Mr. Ball	5	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer	20	0	0
Mrs. Reid	2	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly) ...	7	10	0
Sunderland, per Mr. J. Smith	2	18	0

	£	s.	d.
J. Duncan, Esq.	25	0	0
Subscriptions:—			
Mr. A. Boot...	0	18	0
Miss Ellis	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. C. Haddock	2	2	0
Mr. C. Waters	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader, Nova Scotia... ...	2	0	0
Part of the Tenth	0	5	0
	£108	14	0

An Improved Knapsack for the use of the Colporteurs, kindly designed and presented by Mr. W. A. Peirce, Woolston.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

A Guide to Killiecrankie.

BY PASTOR W. BROCK, JUN.

I DO not introduce under the above title any second-hand edition of Black or Murray; but a native of the place, into whose company I was thrown by wet weather and good fortune combined. My friend is one of the agents of the Scottish Tract Society, and, from all accounts, is as indefatigable a colporteur as he is an excellent cicerone.

The day when I called on him was, happily for me, the last of the month, and John was at home making up his account of sales and stock. On the wall hung his great wallet, about double the size of an ordinary knapsack, and as broad as the broad back that has carried it over hill and dale for eighteen years. Well is that wallet known for twenty miles and more hereabout, and "weel respectit" is its owner in many a lone cottage of Rannoch and Strathtay, far from spiritual fold or shepherd. Scarcely a homestead in the district but has seen the tempting array of books and periodicals spread out on the table for choice and purchase; and even proprietors and wealthy southern visitors have been glad to welcome the colporteur and his goods. Sixteen pounds a month—his average takings—represent many a rough mile travelled, and many a heavy burden borne. "Indeed, John," says his wife, "you take far too weighty a load with you." But John smiles a smile of manly superiority, and evidently does not intend to lighten his load by so much as a single tract.

I spent the next day in the Glen of Killiecrankie, and on its hillsides, with this notable guide. The new batch of books had not arrived, and he was free to combine this act of kindness to a stranger with a

number of miscellaneous pastoral visits. The mists lay low upon the hills, and the grander portion of the scenery had to be taken on trust; but for an almost incredible picture of variety and beauty, commend me to these Fascaly woods in autumn! The oak leaves still retained their green, and the firs showed dark upon the hills; but the carpet of ferns was bleached to brown, and the graceful birch branches glistened almost white, and from chestnut and rowan tree bright red and yellow tints flashed out, like gleams of sunshine on a dark and cloudy day. Beneath ran the far-famed Garry, once red with English blood, and choked with English dead, now rushing with a full stream to meet its sister Tummel, and then to flow onward to the Tay. And though the skies were frowning, and rain fell along our path, nothing could destroy the charm of that October day among the woods, especially, as my guide suggested, when I had "a Highlander at my side." For John is a keen observer of nature, and has his lesson to draw, generally in three divisions, like those of an orthodox sermon, from roots of trees and thatch of houses and stones upon the road. Sometimes his "points" are rather startling, as I felt when I met him next day with a big scythe in his hand, and was accosted with the greeting, "Now, if I were Death, come to cut ye down, wad ye be ready?"

Crossing the river at the bridge, and paying a flying visit to the Falls of Tummel, our first halt was at a Highland cottage on the hill, with its "but and ben," the wood fire crackling under the great open chimney, the kail-pot swinging above, and the lord and master of the whole sitting by the fireside. Here our business was private, and had to do with the purchase of a goat, which we found browsing in the pasture below. The negotiation failed hopelessly, the owner wanting exactly double the price offered; but it concluded with the usual "word in season"—"Duncan, it's to be hoped *ye'll* no be among the goats at last!" whereat Duncan, an old schoolfellow of my guide, laughed a short laugh, and went indoors.

The next "interior" proved still more interesting. A sharp descent brought us to the bottom of the glen and the village of Killiecrankie, and climbing the braeside beyond, we came by a row of stately beeches to a long low cot, bright with its yearly coat of whitewash, and with fuchsias adorning the windows. Stooping our heads at the entrance, we found ourselves in a primitive dwelling, built a hundred years ago of rough unhewn stones, mortared together, like a country wall, and the open rafters of the roof perilously near your head. Beyond, in an inner room, was a hand-loom, for the master of the cottage is a weaver, and neighbours wanting woollen garments, bring their wool of divers colours here, and get the cloth woven as they wish. The big hearthstone, the racks of dishes, the hams hanging behind the fire, the hearty housewife, made together a homely scene; and to give a centre to the details of the scene, a damsel of eighteen, knitting busily, stood by the dresser, the picture of contentment. "She has bought a copy of the 'Anxious Enquirer' lately," said my guide, having evidently good hopes of his young friend. Such are the simple homes into which the colporteur finds his way, where he does his good work, and finds his frequent reward.

Killiecrankie is, of course, associated in all men's minds with the

death of Claverhouse, and the bloody rout of the English troops in 1689. We saw the various spots of interest—the "Soldiers' Leap," from rock to rock, over the foaming current, only possible with a deadly enemy at your heels; the greensward on the hill at the opening from the glen, then overspread with trees, down which the Highlanders swept, barefooted, on the royal troops issuing from below; the well, still full, at which Claverhouse's horse was drinking when the fatal shot struck his master in the back, and the knoll above, where, they say, at last he died. But those same hills witnessed other scenes, of which, as we proceeded, the colporteur gave me long and touching accounts. Here were enacted the stages of his own conversion. It was like reading "Grace Abounding" to listen to his story. There was the farm where he worked as a lad, only getting to church five times in as many years; and there the fields in which he reaped, and there the men with whom, when boys, he fought, and played, and went to school; and a clear character they gave him for having been "a light one" in his youth, full of song, and jest, and carelessness. But there, too, was the tree under which, at midnight, he had poured out his prayers for mercy, and the road where he had walked with godly companions, getting words of good cheer; and somewhere else, the vision seemed to come to him of a man of goodly presence, standing before him, as he prayed; and yonder, too, was the very house where light dawned, and the knoll to which he climbed in his new-found joy, and leaped and danced to think that he, too, was among the saved. One can understand, after hearing these experiences, the delight of such a man to carry along the very glens where his youth was spent, and among the very people to whom his great change was known, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

My friend is no Baptist, but a stout son of the Free Kirk. Baptists, indeed, do not abound in these parts; but there are churches of our body at Tullymet and Blair Athol, and a good deal of underlying sympathy with our views. "If you keep *within the lids of the Bible*," said one man to me, "there's no sect has so much right with them as the Baptists." And this leads me to a visit paid on the following day to another Highland home, but for which this paper would never have been written.

The good colporteur, finding that I was a Baptist, had hinted to me that it was scarcely less than a duty to call on a certain Annie Sims, living with her brother James, in the heart of a wood not far from the meeting of the rivers. Annie, he said, had been "in the way" for seventy-three years, having been baptised in the river Tay at Dunkeld when sixteen years of age, and it was not every day that you could meet with such a case of faithful pilgrimage as that. So, through rain and mire, I found my way up a cart-track to the cottage, and making known my errand, gained a speedy admission.

Three chairs stood beside the hearth, on which the wood crackled cheerfully. On one of the chairs sat an aged woman, her body bent with the injuries caused by a fall, but with a face smooth and bright like a girl's, and a happy voice that charmed you at once. The brother, a man of eighty-four, took his seat opposite, and we were soon in for a "crack." Yes, she had been a church member all those years, and was

now hoping for the blessed end. She remembered her baptism well—Mr. Macleod preached from a boat in the river to the people on the bank, and someone else baptised the candidates. It was nearly twenty years since she had been in the church; she could not move from the house, and should never leave it now. But she had her Gaelic Bible, and could read it easily, with her glasses, and Mr. B. (the colporteur) often paid her a visit, and brought her books. Then the talk took another turn. Where was the visitor from? From Perth or Edinburgh? What! from London? Ah, the brother had been there, thirty years ago, and a wonderful big place it was; but they kent of nacbody there now but Mr. Spurgeon, and they had his sermons every month, and sent them on to friends in Ireland. And did I know Mr. Spurgeon; and how old was he; and how many bairns had he; and how many would his Tabernacle hold; and could they all hear him and see him when he preached? Now the communion question came up. Mr. Spurgeon admitted persons to the communion who were not baptised, did he? The answer was "Yes;" hereupon a difference of opinion ensued, the brother, a Presbyterian, highly approving; the sister questioning, "There were sae mony deceivers about now; the church at Tullymet had great need to take care whom they admitted." "Ay, but they mak it no longer the Lord's table, but their ain," objects the brother. And then we went to higher thoughts and future times, when all shall be one, sitting down together at Christ's table, in his kingdom. Prayer followed; and as we said good-bye, the aged believer repeated once and again her favourite text, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

I had reached the door, when a hospitable thought struck Annie, and she called after me, "We have *nae bottle* here, but we can gie you a cup o' tea, gin ye will tak it." Then we parted, and the cottage was soon lost to sight among the trees. But in how many such corners of our land, hidden from the eye even of the church, the jewels of our Lord lie, waiting his hour to be set in their own place upon his crown.

I promised Annie that I would tell Mr. Spurgeon, when I saw him, of his readers and friends on the top of that distant Highland brae. I fulfil my promise in this way, that others may share in the thankful impression with which I left Killiecrankie and its neighbourhood, grateful that in secluded glen, no less than in crowded city, the Lord has his witnesses, and the world has its lights.

Work in the Army and Navy.*

BY W. R. SELWAY.

AMONGST women have the most devoted labourers in the fields of Christian usefulness ever been found. Amid the dim haze of the earlier periods of history, when the light of the church but feebly

* "Active Service; or, Work among our Soldiers," Hatchards. "Report of National Temperance League, 1873," Tweedie. "Third Annual Statement of Christian Work in the Royal Navy, 1873."

glowed during a long period of outer darkness, may be descried not only women who sought to keep alive their own love and devotion in the retirement of the cloister, shunning the evils of a world they felt too powerless to correct, but here and there one, who by acts of mercy testified her love to the Saviour. But it has been reserved for the present century, and more especially the latter half of it, to show that women, however gentle and refined by nature or by education, surrounded by the luxuries of warm and loving hearts in cheerful and happy homes, can, at the call of duty, when the voice of the Master has been heard bidding them go forth to labour, sacrifice all for him who has for them sacrificed so much; and in order that others may be made partakers of their joy, cheerfully give themselves to toil in unwonted spheres, counting no labour too great, no inconvenience worthy to be named, so that some poor sufferer, either in body or in mind, may find alleviation of bodily pain, and be pointed to the only remedy for diseased souls.

The age has reason to be proud of these noble women, whose names crowd upon the memory, who, finding paths opened up, have not hesitated to tread them. Some have gone to receive their full reward; others, while still toiling, are doubtless gathering up some foretaste of the future, in the happy results of their self-denying devotion, not the least of which would be to see their example followed by many others, for the labourers are still all too few to "combat with sin," and to "labour for the Lord." Every woman would be benefited, and every Christian woman's heart expanded, by making herself acquainted with the heroic devotion and patient labours of Agnes Jones amid the suffering poor in the Liverpool Infirmary; of Mrs. Ranyard, in her visits to the haunts of poverty and vice; of Mrs. Meredith, in her arduous labours among the female prisoners of the metropolis; of Mrs. Bartlett, in her warm-hearted and zealous endeavours to teach her sisters the way of life; and of many others who are the salt of the earth, and who show that when animated by love to the Saviour, no work is too heavy to be undertaken, and no way too rough to be pursued. Christian zeal has, in numerous instances, wrought out for itself new modes of action, and formed fresh fields of usefulness with the happiest result. Of such efforts, those for the benefit of soldiers and sailors are not the least useful or interesting. It has often been found that woman can work where man would not be tolerated, and that the kind influence of a gentlewoman will frequently touch and subdue the most stubborn nature; this has proved to have been strikingly the case in the endeavours of Miss Sarah Robinson to reach the minds of soldiers, and of Miss Agnes Weston in her dealings with the sailors in Her Majesty's service. It is possible that if either of these ladies could be called now, without previous warning or training, to take the positions of usefulness they have achieved for themselves, they might shrink from the task, and it would not be matter of surprise if either of them had done so; but here they stand, examples of what may be accomplished by the patient, plodding zeal which has its groundwork in Christian love.

How has it come to pass that a lady, delicate in all her tastes and surroundings, in imperfect health, having a weak body, which is a perpetual care, should have been enabled to make her way into the

barrack-room, and the military recreation-room, and not only win the rough men to regard her with affection, but have caused the iron rod of military rule to be relaxed, so that her presence and work, once barely tolerated within the barrack-square, are now subjects of commendation from high military authorities? The answer is short, but one very difficult of practical adoption: steady, patient work, which only so far recognises difficulties as incentives to yet more judicious efforts to overcome them.

The work has, of course, grown. Miss Robinson did not spring fully equipped into the field; she found a sphere of usefulness, and did not wait for any great society or extensive organisation to put her in the way, but simply entered it. "1865," she writes in her journal, "will always be a memorable year to me, as that in which I began my real barrack-work—visiting soldiers in their rooms. I had been much occupied in correspondence, lectures, and meetings in different places, but I felt, after all, this did not reach the *worst men*; so that those who need Christian effort the most are left entirely without it unless we visit them." Her mode of operation appears to have been to disarm the prejudice existing in many quarters against direct religious work from other than the recognised chaplains, to obtain permission to give a lecture to the men on some neutral topic, and then to visit the barrack rooms, asking the soldiers individually to attend, using this opportunity to give a tract, a small book, or what all seem greatly to admire, illuminated text cards, to be put into the letters they send home. In this way access was obtained, the men were pleased with the kind sympathy shown, and gratefully received the words of advice and counsel, while those in hospital were often much cheered by her visits, and comforted by the words of Scripture she was enabled to read to the sufferers. For the encouragement of Sunday-school teachers, the following extract from her journal should be given, relating to the case of a young man to whom she had been useful. She adds: "After that I read with him every day, and I believe he was really converted, not so much from anything I said, as from the old Sunday-school teaching coming back to his mind. He had been a wild lad, and no doubt his teacher thought all was thrown away on him, but here was the seed springing up after many days. When I talked, he would say, 'That's just what my teacher told us.' If teachers could only see such cases, they would be encouraged to go on. Nearly every case of good among soldiers I have seen, has been from my words reviving the old impressions received from praying parents and teachers, sometimes from books and sermons." On another occasion, being sent for at the urgent request of a dying man, who was very deaf, she was enabled to speak to the whole ward, through the necessary effort to make him hear. "He was a Roman Catholic, and had been a moral man, but was very ignorant. I never felt so strongly how blessed it was to be able to tell any one that the work has all been done for us, and all we need is to accept salvation as freely as it is offered. I felt thankful it was necessary to speak so loud, for thus all were able to hear. I just read a text here and there, and tried to make it plain, and prayed with him. I did not see him again. About half-an-hour before he died, he asked to have the Bible read, and told the orderly he was not afraid to die now, for all his trust

was in what Christ had done." Many months afterwards, a soldier told Miss Robinson that, lying sick in the hospital that night, the words spoken to his dying comrade had been the means of his own conversion.

It need hardly be said that this work of barrack visiting is not all pleasure, nor without its discouragements; thus, in handing papers round to a number of men, a soldier was observed to snatch one from a comrade, and to light his pipe with it, but Miss Robinson was equal to the occasion. Before leaving the room, she went behind this man, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said, "Friend, I ask fair play for these papers. Read them first, if you use them for pipe-lights afterwards;" whereupon all the men laughed to witness the discomfiture of the culprit. The writer, on asking Miss Robinson if she suffered at all from insult or annoyance from the rudeness of the men, was informed that this very seldom happened, and when it did, almost always from young recruits. On one occasion, as she was descending the stairs, after having conducted a meeting, a raw youth behaved in an insulting manner, thinking probably that he had her at a disadvantage on the stairs, but she instantly seized him by the collar, and gave him the choice of going with her back to the room, and apologising before the men, or of being marched off to the guard-room; he chose the former alternative, and has never since been other than most respectful in his conduct. At Devizes, where she went to work amongst the militia, she was asked to go up a ladder to the sleeping quarters of a number of the men. The sergeant met her, and advised her not to go, as "the men were probably up to some nonsense." She determined, however, to proceed, telling him, "The men should not say I refused to go where I was asked." The sleeping quarters were two large lofts, opening into each other; all the men were there, some cleaning their rifles, most lying on their beds smoking. "When I appeared," she says, "there was a laugh, and some rather uncivil remarks. I said at once, 'Now, my lads, you have asked me up here, and I shall expect you to behave yourselves: I'll stand no nonsense from any man.'" Finding all silent, she began to tell the story of Gadara, and declares she never had a more interested audience, adding, "The episode of the mad pigs always enchants the Wiltshire mind."

The great bane of the soldier's existence is the fatal facility afforded him for obtaining intoxicating drink, and to this cause may doubtless be attributed the fearful fall of many a young soldier; but it has been Miss Robinson's blessed privilege to be instrumental in reclaiming not a few. One of these she sought out at the request of a widowed mother, and found him a wretched object, depressed from drinking, and his face bruised and swollen from fighting. She induced him to meet her at the mission hall, where, after private conversation, she prayed with him; and, going out of the room into the lobby, he exclaimed, "Isn't it too late? isn't it too late? you don't know how bad I am!" "I spoke," she says, "of Christ's uttermost in saving; we cannot get beyond that. Just then a cavalry soldier whom I knew came past, so I stopped him, and said, 'You can tell us something of God's goodness; this comrade thinks he is too far gone for Christ to save him.' The man at once said, 'I was twelve years a drunkard,

after being religiously brought up; He has saved me. *Trust him*, comrade.' The prodigal was brought back, and although personal intercourse could not be kept up with him, as the regiment was ordered away, yet by correspondence it is known that he has been doing well ever since." The correspondence for soldiers who cannot write, but yet wish to communicate with their friends as well as to soldiers who have been moved to a distance, or abroad, is not one of the least arduous of this devoted lady's self-imposed labours, nor is it one of the least useful; many a truth is in this way carried direct to the heart of the man, and many a waverer strengthened and encouraged by counsel from a warm heart, when all around him is dark, and temptations abound. A letter from home is always most endearing to the absentee, and how much the pleasure is enhanced when it is received from one whose sympathies have been enjoyed, and whose Christian counsel has been a means of blessing, none probably but those who have experienced can realise.

Miss Robinson was impelled, by her dire experience of the evils resulting from drinking, to become a total abstainer, and, from seeing that almost all cases of falling away were due to drink, and the men themselves having a strong conviction (which all who have mixed with soldiers have heard) that it is difficult, if not impossible, for a man to be a Christian in the army except as an abstainer, so great are the temptations of the public-houses, and the bad company it involves to a soldier, Miss Robinson not only sets the example, but urges the men to follow the same course, and has found in hundreds of cases that teetotalism has prepared the way for conversion; being at the same time fully aware that abstinence from drinking is but an outward reformation, or, as she expresses it, "It is but laying aside the weight; running the race is quite a different thing." Drunkenness being the cause of by far the larger proportion of the punishments borne by the soldier, it would be well for him if he could be weaned from the habit of drinking, and as this habit conduces to other vices, and induces a great amount of disease, and many premature deaths, it is a question closely affecting the taxpayer, whether the army would not be more efficiently manned at a less cost were the men teetotallers. But these are not the motives which lead Miss Robinson to persuade men to give up drink; she regards teetotalism as a means to an end, an instrumentality to remove or prevent a physical evil, and that the men saved from the temptations besetting them may be the more open to receive impressions from the teaching that may be brought to bear upon them. Hence, the National Temperance League having formed a branch in the army, Miss Robinson threw herself heartily into the work, and it may be interesting to state that regimental temperance societies exist in 140 regiments, having an aggregate number of 7,730 members enrolled as total abstainers. As each of these completes the first year of abstinence from drink, a card of honour is presented to him with some little ceremony: of such cards 1,938 have been issued, and very many of them are now to be found neatly framed, hanging at the bedheads in the barrack room. This work, during the year 1872, necessitated Miss Robinson writing no less than 2,200 letters of counsel and advice to soldiers in all parts of the world.

When the National Temperance League decided to try the experiment

of providing non-intoxicating beverages for the soldiers during the recent Autumn Manœuvres, Miss Robinson most cordially gave up two months to this service, dwelling one month at Dartmoor, and one at Cannock Chase, sleeping and living during the whole of this time in a travelling van, cheerfully enduring an amount of inconvenience from which many a healthy man would have shrunk; the discomfort necessarily incident to a camp life being much enhanced by the great amount of rain which fell while the troops were encamped. At the conclusion of these labours, she reports:—"Our working hours were from 4 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. The average daily quantity of coffee was 150 gallons, and although some regiments were not reached at all, the benefits of our temperance commissariat were felt by thousands of soldiers and large numbers of the officers. The entire takings were £873 3s. 9d., chiefly in pennyworths, and from the low price to soldiers, the proportion of profit is so very small as not to touch the heavy expenses of transport, wages, hire of tents, waggon, &c., amounting to over £300. The number of letters written in our tent I should roughly estimate at 5,600. There were 240 post-office orders procured for the men, amounting to £170 10s. 2d., besides about £10 worth of small sums sent home in postage stamps. As to direct temperance work, we had no time for speeches or for organising meetings.* "Deeds, not words," was our motto; yet a great quantity of temperance and religious literature was distributed from our tents, and 140 names were enrolled in our pledge-book. But what I feel is of the greatest importance, we have proved by this experiment—1st. That the thing *can be done*, in spite of croakers; 2nd. That the soldiers appreciate it, even the non-abstainers preferring tea and coffee to beer, when procurable."

Miss Robinson commenced to work almost, it may be said, under military ban, by getting access, as opportunity afforded, into an infirmary or a barrack-room to speak to the men; to let them see by the interest she exhibited in their bodily welfare, by kindly attention to the children and women in the quarters of the married, as well as by earnest religious exhortation and prayer, that she sought only their true welfare. She had to overcome also not a little of that prejudice against all civilian interference which seems natural to the military mind, and this she has so well succeeded in doing, that now she is welcomed in almost every barrack, her name occasionally appearing in official orders, and many Christian officers cordially co-operating with her in religious and temperance work. A general officer, as well known for his eminence in science, as for his piety and total abstinence, some time since referred at a public meeting to "the very great work which had been done in the army by Miss Robinson, of Guildford." Her reward, however, is not the commendation of men, however prominent, but in the evidence that God has been pleased, as he always has done and always will, to honour self-denying and faithful labours by the blessed results which have followed.

It is somewhat singular that the Christian work in the Royal Navy should have been brought about, although quite unintentionally, by a

* The temperance tents were used every Sunday for religious services for soldiers only, and were in every case well attended.

soldier. Its origin is so well explained by Miss Weston, and her own readiness to enter upon work, so soon as she had herself entered upon Christian life, is shown in such a manner as to encourage others to enter upon any path of unmistakable duty, that we venture to quote from one of her own letters:—"It was, I suppose, about ten years ago that I was asked by a friend if I would form one of the 'Carus Wilson Society' for corresponding with soldiers. I was but recently converted myself, and anxious to do something for Christ. It seemed to me at first strange to correspond with persons whom I had never seen, but I felt powerfully led to the work, why I did not know then, but I see now. I commenced by writing to about half-a-dozen soldiers, in India and elsewhere, but the number increased until, between this work and a number of correspondents in the Guards, I had about two hundred; this went on until the naval work gradually displaced it. As the soldiers with whom I corresponded left the army, I did not fill their places on my letter list with other names, and now my allegiance is transferred from the red to the blue jackets." One of her letters, written to a soldier in a regiment ordered to India, and addressed to him at Suez, was being read aloud to a pious seaman as the troop-ship proceeded down the Red Sea, when the new companion exclaimed, "Do you think that the lady would write such a letter to me, and send me some tracts? Nobody cares for we sailors." That question was sent home from Bombay, and Miss Weston lost no time in gladdening the seaman's heart by a letter of cordial sympathy and encouragement in his Christian course. He sent the names of others, all longing to feel that, though far away from home, and exposed to temptations strong and many, they had a friend in Old England whose letters would follow them wherever they went. "Since my mother died," says one, "I have had no one who cared to hear about my troubles, or to point me to Jesus; but now he has given me a friend, and I thank him day and night for it." The work so spread that, in 1870-71, about one hundred and fifty letters were *written* monthly, and despatched through the post to individual Christian seamen and Marines, each being addressed by name, and finding them in all parts of the world. In addition to the manuscript letters, about one hundred and fifty packets of tracts and other religious reading were sent monthly to the men, that they might have reading for themselves, and be enabled to distribute the seed amongst their shipmates. Sailors who had themselves felt the comfort and consolation of such a correspondence, became anxious to extend it to others, who might also benefit by such an effort; hence names of new correspondents poured in, and letters continued to increase in number until it became impossible to write enough to meet the demand, and then resort was had to the printer, and a monthly printed letter of original matter was prepared, and in the same way addressed through the post to the *individual*, so that each might feel that a chain of sympathy bound him to England wherever he might roam. At the present time it appears that no less than three thousand of these silent missives are despatched from England each month, the labour involved in which must be very great, especially when it is remembered how extremely difficult it is to keep an accurate list of ships and men, and to follow them from station to station.

The list of correspondents comprises men in no less than one hundred and ninety-four of Her Majesty's ships. These are scattered all over the world, form parts of Flying, Channel, and detached squadrons, and guard ships; lie at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Sheerness, or are in the Mediterranean, Cape, East Indian, Chinese, Australian, Pacific, or West Indian squadrons; many gun-boats are found among them, whose crews are small, and their service often difficult and dangerous, and where the Christian seaman is specially alive to the comfort of sympathy, in the shape of letters, &c. These printed letters by no means take the place of, but are merely supplementary to, the written ones (all of which are indited by Miss Weston's own hand), being a monthly remembrance to each man; the eagerness with which they are looked for, and the disappointment if the expected mail fails to bring them, are the best proofs that they are welcome visitors, while the earnest words of seamen, as they have told me that "such a letter was the means of their deciding for Jesus," and such another, a blessing and cheering to their souls, prove that the Spirit, in the multitude of his instruments, even used this humble one. I have reason to know that they are read by officers of all ranks, as well as by men and boys; and thus my desire from the commencement, "to say an earnest word to each soul ALONE," is fulfilled. A Christian friendship is not only maintained with home, but a kind of holy freemasonry is begot amongst the men who are recipients of these letters, as a seaman on the coast of Africa writes, "When we sight a ship, we look on your list, and if she stands there we know that your friends are on board, and your friends must be our friends all the world over, and when we meet we have happy times with God's work and prayer." A seaman writes from China—"Whilst we were in Yokohama thirteen of us from the 'Barosso,' 'Alaska,' and this ship, met together to ask the Lord to pour out his Holy Spirit on these ships, and to turn many from their evil ways, and this seems to me to be the beginning of the answers to our prayers. I trust that by the blessing of God many of them may be induced to turn unto the Lord with full purpose of heart, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and we know if they do they will be safe for time and throughout eternity. 'God moves in a mysterious way,' for one who by his talk and conversation led me to think that he was deceiving himself, by trying to obtain salvation by the works of the law, has cast all his doings and righteousness away as filthy rags, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and he has become a fellow-worker with me; for he used to think it was only weak-minded men who signed the pledge, and that he could do without the drink as well without signing; but now he has signed as an example to others, so that we may be enabled to say to every one of our shipmates, 'Come with us, and we will do you good,' &c. I must now conclude, praying that the time may soon come when teetotalism shall flourish in the navy."

Miss Weston's desire is to have a friend on board every ship in Her Majesty's navy, and hopes the number of correspondents will increase, "as they are all Christian, or sober, steady men, from three thousand to any number God pleases."

Work of this character cannot be carried on any more than that of any other kind, without money; but neither of the ladies whose labours

we are endeavouring to chronicle trouble themselves on this score; being fully persuaded the work is the Lord's, they are sure the necessary funds will be provided. "On the 1st of January, 1872," says Miss Weston, "not one penny remained to my credit, after the paying of expenses. I laid the case before the Lord: the result was a cheque the next day, and money has since flowed in. With a fixed purpose to stop the work rather than encounter any debt, I have gone on, looking step by step to the Lord. I can truly say 'he has supplied ALL my need.'"

As time rolled on, and brought with it the return to England of the ships having on board her correspondents, Miss Weston not only felt a desire to keep alive the work in the minds of the men, but to aid them in resisting the temptations which beset them on coming ashore; and the men naturally wished to make the personal acquaintance of one whom they had known so long without seeing her; and so it became necessary to spend much time at the great ports to meet the men as they came home, and to engage in reading and speaking with them. This duty speedily grew, and it becoming impossible to converse with them individually, meetings were held, at first small, then larger; and those who have had the privilege of hearing one of those clear, earnest, touching addresses, no longer wonder at the power which unites the rough Jack Tar to this refined and gentle lady, or that the Bible readings and prayer-meetings conducted by her at Portsmouth and Plymouth are largely attended by officers, seamen, marines, artillery, dockyard police, &c. "I have been looking forward to this day for two years," said a marine, "and to tell you what a blessing these letters have been to me."

"Any account (writes Miss Weston) of my labours in the Royal Navy would be incomplete without mentioning the invaluable adjunct to home mission work—temperance. We do not, as some dear Christians may think, put temperance in the place of the gospel, or in any way, as connected with the Spirit's work; but in this drink-cursed country we know by experience of human life that it is best for many to give up altogether that which is such a snare. Our seamen, possibly, are not more inclined to drink than landsmen, but when on shore their temptations are great, and a sadder sight than a fine man-of-war's-man helpless as a baby through drink, I have rarely seen. Officers of high rank tell us that the defaulters' book reveals that the root of most of the ill-doing which has resulted in various grades of punishment is DRINK. I have seen multitudes of Christian abstainers, men whose hearts are the Lord's, who are safe for eternity, and who tell me that the giving up the drink was followed by the attendance upon means of grace, with a clear head, and that then and there the Spirit revealed the Saviour to them. Letters are received from many, saying "that it was a happy day when they gave up the drink," and still better, some of these men are beginning to enquire about higher things still.

The Royal Naval Branch of the National Temperance League has much of Miss Weston's sympathies and labours, but in subordination to her life-work of winning souls to Christ. The concluding words of her last report well set forth the relative positions of both kinds of work, in each of which there is abundant scope for labour. "I ask," she says, "the earnest prayers of all readers of this little report that

the Spirit of God would own and bless all work done for the bodies and souls of our seamen and marines, that they may be brave and true to their Queen and country, and, far above all, that they may be savingly converted to Christ. This is what we want, we have no lower standard: while, with respect to drink, we would say, 'Do thyself no harm.' With respect to their never-dying soul, we have but *one* message, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

In the Royal Navy there are about 5,000 officers and men who have signed the pledge of total abstinence from strong drinks.

The letters received from both officers and men, from the admiral to the man before the mast, abundantly testify to the value of this direct personal work of an ardent and devoted labourer. Pages might be filled with quotations. Perhaps, however, it may suffice to give one from Admiral ——, who writes:—"I beg to assure you that you have my sincere wishes that success may attend your noble efforts on behalf of the spiritual welfare of our seamen." Also from a warrant officer, who says:—"I stand nearly alone in this large ship, and when one begins to reflect on the numbers who are living heedlessly and unconcerned, it makes one feel their grave responsibility, as I do my own. Oh, that I might *live* Christ! I do not feel at all adapted to talking, but want to live, so that I may be a living witness, and neither a lukewarm nor dead one. Our ship is under repair, prior to proceeding on her annual cruise, so you may imagine that we are pretty hard at work. What a blessing the gospel ship has no rotten timbers, no thin iron plates, but is always in sea-going trim; always the same, and the Captain never changes, for he has commissioned her (the ship) for all time. This ought to make our hearts glad, seeing we have a Captain who is true, sure, stedfast as a rock, and who has undertaken to pilot us—half way? Oh, no, but all the way through! Oh, then, that we might love him as we ought to do! May he help us, keep us, and bless us, for Jesus' sake."

It has often been a source of disquiet and grief to missionaries living among uncivilised men, that sailors, when on shore in distant lands, should be too often teachers and exemplars of vice; but these men-of-war's men will doubtless, in not a few cases, become true missionaries, carrying the power of their religion with them into the homes of the untaught people with whom they may be brought in contact while cruising from port to port, or from island to island.

Nothing but a burning zeal for Christ, and the earnest desire to extend his kingdom, could support anyone under the heavy labour, mental strain, and frequent discouragements which these ladies are enduring; their fields of usefulness would have appeared to an onlooker to be most unpromising. Soldiers and sailors have, alas! been too notorious for drunkenness, profanity and ribaldry, but they are human: beneath the red or the blue coat beats a heart as amenable to the influence of Christian sympathy as that of the most tender of humankind. Experience has shown that the rough exterior of these men in many instances contains a spirit as gentle and meek as that of a woman, though combined with courage which knows no fear, and laughs at danger; the same is true the world over; and although it is not every woman who can undertake work precisely similar—as it is not given perhaps

to any two to do any work in exactly the same manner—yet in every street in our metropolis is there many a heart running farther and farther from all holy impulses for lack of a Christian hand and a Christian word, and innumerable spheres of usefulness might easily be found by those who would seek for them. Drunkenness, demoralisation, and vice, unhappily abound in our midst, eating as a deadly cancer into the heart of the community; children are still being reared in such haunts of vice as to continue to fill our penitentiaries and gaols. Much has been done, more is being done; but will not every reader of these pages earnestly enquire, "What is there that I can do?"

The Taverns of Paddington.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part II.

IF the commencement of the public-house mission was not so auspicious as the too sanguine anticipated, its earliest fruits gave promise of a more plentiful harvest in the future. It is to my mind both remarkable and encouraging that the first coster whom the pioneer tavern-missionary accosted in a London bar, should have become a Christian; and should afterwards have died, exclaiming, "Christ died for poor me, and he has made it all right now, and I shall go up to him." I think there is something equally consoling in the fact, that the landlord of the first house entered by the first-appointed missionary to the publicans, should have surrendered to the gospel. The man showed a disposition to be violent and abusive, and the best welcome he afforded the missionary was to seize him by the arm, and, with curses, to push him out of doors. On falling ill, this man became glad of the Christian attentions so lately abused, proved himself a really changed character, and died at length a triumphant death.

My friend himself gained the acquaintance of a landlord who doggedly set himself against Christianity, and refused to see any Christian friend, until persuaded to do so by a brother publican, to whom the missionary had been made useful. The sick man listened to the gospel message, repented, and believed. Change of air being necessary in his still weak state of health, friends advised his removing to a shooting-box which he owned a few miles out of London. "No," he replied, "I cannot do that, for, if once I get down there, my old companions will surround me, and the temptation will be too strong." The sincerity of his conversion was seen when he sold the estate, together with his dogs, horses, and guns. This man likewise subsequently died rejoicing in a good hope through Christ.

Having now given in detail some impressions taken during a Saturday evening's round in company with an energetic public-house missionary, some other particulars of the every-day work of the same agent may very properly follow. I give my friend credit for being a ready wit and smart at repartee. He is well aware that no evangelist can have better opportunities of utilising general knowledge than one

in his position, and he shapes his action accordingly. Supposing, *e.g.*, that, as in the present instance, the battle-field is Paddington, he will take care to store his mind with such local history as can be readily found, as well as with other miscellaneous information. He knows when certain streets and squares were erected, what persons of note in bygone times resided in the vicinity, and he can speak about the fashionable taverns and pleasure-gardens as they existed in the times of Queen Anne. He recollects what duels were fought when the area was in a great part open fields, and he can recite many interesting inscriptions on tombstones in the parish church. It may not always be expedient to press religion on a stranger's notice at the first moment of meeting, and hence the gift is profitably cultivated which enables a man to become an entertaining companion on the shortest notice.

It is well known that many of the more considerable publicans are holders of very valuable property in a commercial sense. Immense sums are expended in the erection of large taverns, and still greater capital would be necessary to purchase the lease and goodwill of establishments occupying commanding sites. Concerning the landlords of these establishments, we may safely confide in the testimony of men who as evangelists spend their time among them and their customers; and these men assure us, that taken as a whole, the upper class of publicans are a good, moral-living and hospitable race, who attend well to their families, and generously support the licensed victuallers' institutions. Still, the truth must be confessed, that some few others of the publican world are scarcely alive to any sense of propriety, and care little whose ruin they encompass if only their own ends are gained. Of the want of moral principle among such we are able to judge from a notice like the following, exhibited to tempt those whose besetting sin is drinking, to indulge in greater excess:

"For this day only. Notice! On Sunday, April 8th. Meux's splendid porter 2½d. per pot; Finest Old Tom 3½d. per quartern; Jamaica rum 4d. per quartern. Not less than a pot of beer, or a quartern of spirits at the above prices. No change will be given."

Characters who can descend to this low procedure require managing with considerable tact. My friend is no stranger to odd, or even to tragic occurrences, which happen in his wide district. Fancy, for example, that you see a company of enterprising roughs who have planned a novel kind of "lark." They watch Mr. Landlord leave his house—the one they themselves frequent—then immediately enter, overpower the landlady, and regale themselves to the full with spirits and cigars. Fancy, further, that when these gentlemen are prosecuted, their indignant "pals" cease using the prosecutor's house, and so oblige his retiring to another part of the town. All this has been known to occur. An unfortunate barmaid has even had a preparation of pepper thrown in her eyes for the sake of facilitating a robbery.

But we may look a little further into my friend's work, which, being extremely diversified, meets with ever-varying success. To-day, a beam of sunshine darts down suddenly and unexpectedly; to-morrow, comes rebuff and discouragement. The reader must now suppose the time to be a little after nine on a Sabbath evening; the place being a narrow, uninviting street at the west end of the town. In the sombre shade of

this thoroughfare stands one of those public-houses of questionable repute, where people assemble who have more than a taint of suspicion resting on their character. The landlord of a den like this must be judiciously and kindly dealt with. You cannot respect him; but to excite his ire by telling him so would be to defeat your own purpose. The missionary, however, who has common sense as well as tact, and knows how to ingratiate himself into the confidence of landlords and their subordinates, of every shade of temper, walks forward into an inner room, where are congregated some thirty men and women of loose moral habits, and whose business is dishonesty. They are taken suddenly by surprise, occupied as they are in their Sabbath recreation of gaming, drinking, and, perhaps, concocting plans for future depredations. "Hallo; who's this cove?" calls out one of the most sensitive of the gang in sentinel-like tones. "All right, gentlemen; don't disturb yourselves," is the reply; "I've brought you some capital little books." There is ever something tempting in books even to the most illiterate. Those who cannot read them, like looking at the engravings and asking what the pictures are about. The case of tracts is at once opened, several pairs of eyes curiously watching the process. "Who'll have this?" calls out my intruding friend, holding up that readable poetical production, "Oh, if I were the Squire?" "That's my tract," answers an idle-looking fellow, who at once accepts the paper. But that black case contains an ample supply of "ladies' books" also, and care is taken to distribute these wisely and liberally. Now there comes uppermost another readable-looking article, "Trust the Pilot." "Ah, ah!" cries a sailor, or a quondam sailor, among the throng, awakened into consciousness by a nautical allusion. "Ah, ah! Why, the gen'l'm's got his eyes on a brother tar. Hand that here, and give us one for a mate."

In such a company the tracts are almost invariably well received, and a text of Scripture is usually repeated in each instance. The seed thus sown will sometimes show signs of yielding fruit even at the moment of sowing. See, now, there is a man who is revolving in his mind some words from the New Testament he has just been hearing. "Guv'nor!" he cries, "you told me when you gave me this book that if I'd believe in Jesus Christ I should be saved. Now just tell me how we're to do that?" Rejoicing in any favourable signs, and especially glad to hear a straightforward question asked in such a godless company, the evangelist compliments the man for being honestly open, and is proceeding to reply more particularly, when the clatter and confusion of tongues well-nigh drowns his voice, and at least prevents his being heard.

"Silence, there!" roars one of the most interested of the audience, while another, prompted to interfere by love of order, threatens to break the heads of any who do not cease talking. "Silence, there! question's asked, and gen'l'm's goin' to give a answer."

One who can provoke a crisis like this, needs to be in command of both knowledge and wisdom. Without desiring to pay compliments, I may say that I have never observed a city missionary fail in showing a readiness of utterance at the proper time. In the present instance a concise explanation of the Gospel followed, made plainer by being

accompanied with what all easily comprehend—an illustration from daily life. All in that room had heard about the fever which had broken out in the workhouse yonder. Now, suppose there were two men in one ward, and both alike ill, both alike lying at death's door. The doctor knows of one medicine which will cure them, and of only one, and that is infallible. Strange to say, while the restoring draught is freely offered to both patients, one, while knowing of its healing power, refuses to drink, and consequently dies. The other is more eager to recover, he knows that this is his only chance of life; he dreads death; he drinks and lives. Well, now, everybody is infected by a worse poison than typhus, for all have sinned. Yes, all have sinned, and unless we go to the Physician of souls we shall surely die of our disease. Jesus Christ is the physician who offers the water of life, and unless we go to him, unless we drink and live, we shall surely perish. It is not possible to record all which was spoken on either side, nor were all alike willing listeners. Interruptions came from the players, and were peremptorily opposed by "Shut up" from one who was interested, while another would call out, "Go on, gov'nor, he's a fool, and can't understand; never mind 'im." Difficult work is that to speak to a congregation of outcasts; but realising the importance of sending truth home to their hearts, the good evangelist counts himself happy when able to rise to the occasion.

But some progress is surely being made; a spirit of enquiry is awakened, for numbers gather round to see and hear what is going on.

"Look here!" cries an ill-dressed man, who is at least possessed of curiosity, if not of a longing after good, "Look here, I wasn't always the cove I am; I once had a good suit of toggery. Well, in them days I was 'vited to go and 'ear a parson called F——, somewhere up Maida Hill way. He preached on two women; one he said was Martha, and t'other he called Mary. He told us just what sort of women they were. One of the women stuck to her work like a brick; but the other dropped her broom, and began to jaw, just like a woman. Now, what I want you to tell us, gov'nor, is this: The parson said in one place, 'One thing is needful,' and he never told us what it was, and I could never make it out. It's been up and down in my mind many a time. You explain that to us, like you did that other question, and let's 'ave a illustration."

Good illustrations always tell by striking home to the heart. The people now listen to an account of a ship in a storm. She strikes on a rock; she springs a leak; she threatens to sink, and drown her crew. What is the "one thing needful" for a sinking ship? "A life-boat!" Yes, that's right; a life-boat. "I'm a wreck," continues the speaker, "that woman's a wreck; the great waves of sin are fast drowning us. 'One thing is needful.' There is a life-boat for us, a refuge for us, a Saviour for us. He is able to save unto the uttermost. A drowning man once cried out, 'Lord, save me!' and immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him. It was the 'One thing needful.'"

Characters whom we too readily regard as so far sunk in moral degradation as to be irrecoverable, are not beyond the reach of God. They are not indisposed to listen to the Gospel, if the truth be presented in a becoming way. It might defeat his purpose were their instructor to

approach and cry out indignantly, "You are going to hell!" But if he will point out to them the road to heaven, he will get willing listeners even in a thieves' rendezvous. "Good night, gov'nor," cry out the men, "come again soon, and give us another stunning lecture."

My friend now goes further afield, and probably does not proceed far without meeting with one of the most obstinate members of the human family, who is prejudiced against religion because of the inconsistencies of Christian professors. The gentleman's servant, as we meet with him in tavern parlours, is a study worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. He is pompous, affected, and prouder than his master, and were his acquaintance with English more perfect he would not be more entertaining. One of these will look with disfavour on Christianity because the bishop of so-and-so, the duke of this or that, and my lady something else are one and all inconsistent. *They* ride in their carriages to church; *they* indulge in every kind of luxury; they do many other things which Jeames cannot emulate. Anon, another objector to the tracts appears. He is a Romanist, and dislikes Protestant tracts, because there is nothing in them about "the mother of God." These all call for kindly persuasion, argument, and warning. Though the good results springing from the constant effort put forth are smaller than we could wish, they are still large enough to bring encouragement and reward.

Probably the missionary is not more unpopular with any class than with those fast young men who, though frequenters of taverns, affect gentlemanly airs, and make brave endeavours to atone for want of understanding, and general emptiness of mind, by foppish display and claiming to come of a gentle stock. Let us notice a couple of this description who appear on the scenes during a Sabbath evening in summer. The neighbourhood is wealthy, being bounded by one of the West-end parks, and streams of well-dressed people are going and coming in all directions, and enjoying the air. The two fast youths enter a large tavern where my friend happens to be standing. Look well at them, and your eyes must be untrained, indeed, in observing different phases of street life, if you do not instantly see through the disguise which the cheap tailor and the haberdasher have been able to provide. Beneath the thin veil you detect low-bred vulgarity exhibited rather than concealed by their affected manners and pretentious words. While some specimens of this species may work for their bread, others procure what cash is necessary for meeting daily engagements in ways they prefer not to have explained; but, in either instance, they are small fry whose recreation consists in persecuting unwilling barmaids with "attentions" and small talk. The poor girls could do well without this patronage, and would be more determined in resisting it, were they not compelled to keep an eye upon their employer's profit. If you inspect the hats and canes of these gentry—and they expect everybody to look at them—you may reasonably ask yourself if the manufacturers of such superb articles should not rapidly rise in popular estimation. There is surely no doubt about the finish and the style. The very movements of these gay butterfly personages are calculated to attract observation. Their actions speak truer language than their tongues. What practice must be needed ere one can assume that graceful posture in public; and who else beside the man at your

elbow could rap his nose just like that with the head of a dainty cane, or drink a glass of ale from first to last so precisely like a connoisseur? Well-dressed, handsome barmaids are potent forces with the little minds of these little men.

"A beautiful evening, Miss," remarks one of the fast little men, in blandest tones. "We're just taking an airing round the park. Suppose you don't often get out? Great pity! Your company would have much enhanced our pleasure. Female society greatly adds to the beauties of nature. Any evening you're likely to be disengaged, and will honour us with your company, it will greatly add to our felicity." The girl bows; my friend, meanwhile, harbouring doubts as to the wisdom of offering tracts to these full-blown gents. He begins to question whether he will not be annihilated in the blaze of so much display. However, he ventures to be sufficiently bold to offer a tract, "The Lamp Kept Always Burning." The fast little man shapes his features into an expression of high disdain; he smiles sarcastically, and then speaks in the best wit his little brains can muster. "What a queer title—'The Lamp Kept Always Burning.' I suppose that is intended for young married men who stay out late at night and keep up their poor wives burning the candle?" Then he does worse than make small puns; he waxes profane, and provokes some well-deserved rebukes, until, weak as he is morally and intellectually, he perceives the policy of apologising, and even of promising to read the tract. Barmaids who are beset by customers of this sample, if they themselves possess any strength of character, value the talk of such worthless admirers as they value the meaningless chatter of parrots. They shrink in disgust from their familiarity, and regard them with supreme contempt.

My friend, however, cannot afford to regard any one of his constituents with aught ranking lower than pity. He knows that if some of these youthful pretenders could be followed in their life-course, a few more years would show the bloom and even the gaiety of life to have vanished. There is no longer any romance linked with life when a man's dissipation and general fastness of living have come to an abrupt termination by wearing out the frame. See yonder man with a broken arm, standing in front of a bar where a number of "pals" have "treated" him into semi-senselessness. That man has let slip fair opportunities. The tide of life, which taken at the flood would have led on to fortune, has subsided never to rise again; and what is still worse, his parents are descending with their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. "This is a friend of ours," remarks one of the men, alluding to the broken-armed simpleton. "He's been in a good bit of pain, so we thought it would be a charity to give him something to drink, and so you see we've made him drunk. Can you do anything for him? His case is a real one, take our word for it. We wouldn't tell a lie." "The money you've spent during the last hour would have helped him far more than anything I can do," answers my friend. "Well, so it would, that's true, only we didn't think of it till you gave us these tracts," adds the man.

Now look into a poor home, where are a broken-hearted mother and a stricken father, the man lying ill in bed. "O sir, it must be my

son you mean," cries the old man as my friend seats himself by the bed and refers to the broken-armed simpleton. "He's not been home since Sunday. He often stays out all night, and there is no telling what company he is with. I was a linen-draper once, and comfortably off, but our son cost us in one year between seventy and eighty pounds. He went into the army, and the navy, and has given us no end of trouble and sorrow. He has met with a dreadful accident now, but it hasn't made him better. Soon he is going to be married to a very respectable and good young woman, who has saved some money, and supports her old mother in the country. We all hope he'll be better then, and start in business and get on." The poor old people became much affected when kindly spoken to, and were addressed in the words of the twenty-third Psalm. That "a very respectable and good young woman" should be closely associated with such a scene is one of those anomalies of life too often met with in London.

It will not be supposed that the aim of the public-house missionary is merely to benefit the customers of publicans. He looks well after these, and is rewarded by attracting the attention of casual passengers, but his mission is also a special one to the publicans themselves and to their servants. Among these he has an extensive auditory, and, through advising them, he sometimes becomes their valued counsellor and friend. He can tell of publicans who have become Christian converts through his instrumentality, and of barmaids and barmen who have admitted that only by reading what has been put into their hands, and by acting upon the advice offered, have they been saved from the ruin to which they are continually exposed. There is another class to whom the precepts of the Bible come like life-salvation, the widows of deceased publicans, who, occupying coveted business positions, attract an inconvenient number of undesirable admirers. These women are peculiarly subject to annoyance from shameless and worthless adventurers, who come with proposals of marriage, and to be of service to such unprotected females is to reap at least some reward. "I hope God will keep me from making a fool of myself," exclaimed one woman who was thus tormented. Hence, admitting his honesty of purpose in visiting them, the publicans commonly encourage their friend's visits, there being but one house out of four hundred wherein objections to his calling are raised. The licensed victuallers are far from ignoring religion. Their chief school is conducted on Christian principles, having a duly qualified chaplain, and an annual sermon, while every child who leaves the institution is presented with a copy of the Bible.

To give in detail every instance of individual good received—the fruits of this mission—which has come within my knowledge, would too greatly extend this article. Hopeless as it may seem to go into taprooms to distribute tracts among the profane, the sensual, and the illiterate, or to invade "parlours," to drop the good seed of the Kingdom among the fast living and the opinionated, experience proves that the work is not fruitless. In front of yonder bar stands a young man half intoxicated, but still able to take home a well-deserved rebuke for using profane words. Is *he* quite a lost character? If any are too far gone to be recoverable, surely you may conclude they are such as he. Now he becomes sufficiently communicative to give

his name and address. He is a well-to-do middle-class man, living in his own house, and respectably connected. On being visited he is found to be in an exceedingly dejected state of mind, and he makes an open confession: "I am a ruined and lost man! My wife has been crying ever since Sunday night! I can never trust myself again! I cannot tell what possessed me! I always go to church and my children to a Sunday school. When I went out the night you met with me I had no intention of taking anything to drink, but meant to attend a place of worship. No one persuaded me to go to a public-house, and I cannot tell what led to so much wickedness. After you left I got into the worst of company, and was so drunk that I couldn't walk home. My poor wife was frightened when she saw me, and she says I called her the most shocking names, and threatened to ill-use her. If I go out alone I may do the very same thing again."

What good signs are fear and grief in a transgressor! That man was counselled with the wisdom of the good Old Book, and though the peace which he needed, and which his friend longed to welcome, was long in coming, it did come at last, and the man, lately overtaken in a fault, became a changed character; he grew anxious for the conversion of his friends, and not long since he undertook a long journey for the sake of offering Christian consolation to an ailing relative.

Many striking and pleasing circumstances come directly beneath the notice of my active friend, the tavern evangelist. Numbers of private histories with which he necessarily becomes acquainted are of a character such as render it neither prudent nor kind to give them publicity, while of others a bare outline has to suffice, so as not to give unnecessary offence. He points out a certain house where there lived a widow, who, to personal charms, added the more substantial attraction of a thriving trade, and four thousand pounds in ready money. This woman was wooed, and actually won, by a rascally French adventurer, who at once left his wife to mourn over her folly in having heeded his beguiling words. As a welcome set-off against this, is the case of a man, who, having forsaken the religion of his fathers during thirty years, was reclaimed to God and virtue by means of a word spoken in a tavern, one Sabbath evening, whither he had gone to procure some refreshment. Here is found a quondam publican, who relinquished his trade after reading a book lent him by the indefatigable agent.* Still more pleasing is it to find, in another place, a Christian worker—a publican's daughter—who, having a tract district of her own, is a regular visitor among the poor.

Seeing so much as he does of life, and well understanding the power of the Gospel, as well as the obstacles which truth has to overcome, my friend, I am delighted to find, is neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He is a hard worker, and is fully alive to the magnitude and importance of the warfare engaged in by the City Mission; and yet he is not accustomed to take too sombre views of the condition in London. Seeing what he does, he thinks truth is spreading, and is destined to prevail. If we ask what are the chief discouragements

* And a very sensible man too, for this article shows what sort of a trade it is. The most friendly eye cannot but mark the awful perils which surround it.—Ed.

in a work like this, we find out that there are many hindrances. There are the writings of a deistical bishop, whose sense of honour does not prevent his spreading abroad among the people a set of imbecile opinions. There are the vagaries and fooleries of Ritualism, and the grovelling notions of divine truth held by the extreme broad-churchmen. Many of the poor are themselves as fully alive to the evils besetting them as are their instructors. Some of them, after embracing the Gospel, will, even in cases of sorest need, avoid applying to a minister at all, through fear of being attended by a Ritualist or a Jesuitical Romaniser. My friend tells of one good woman, who herself dispensed to a dying daughter the bread and wine, commemorative of Christ's dying love: she did this rather than risk having the unwelcome services of an assuming ecclesiastic whose religion had no worthier foundation than priestcraft and millinery. If she sinned by acting disorderly, who, in such times as ours, will venture to cast a stone at her? *

After what has been said, it is hoped that none of my readers will question the need existing for an agency like the public-house mission, on which the divine blessing is manifestly resting. We may one and all congratulate the church on being able to command the services of skilful and earnest men, who seek for spoil in places so unlikely. Seeing what I have seen of their daily procedure, I believe in the sincerity of these men. Indeed, I have never doubted their devotedness to a high service, finding it difficult to suppose that an Englishman with able hands and common sense would choose the thankless profession of a city missionary merely for the sake of gaining a livelihood. What does England, as a nation, owe to modern town missions? Far more than the busy merchant or excited place-hunter allows himself time to calculate. To what depths of ruin would "the dangerous classes" have sunk by this time had no missionary reclaimers set up their meetings among them, and had not such gained the confidence of the people by visiting them, and by attending the bedsides of their dying friends and relatives in close courts and alleys? And, to keep to the immediate subject in hand, what would the taverns of London become if they were cut off from every Christian influence, and if religion were to be set aside as so "out of place in a public-house," as some still loudly insist?

What public-houses might be, or what they really should be in a Christian country is not the argument, and no word-picture of the kind need be attempted. Many taverns are far more respectably conducted than some persons are aware of, and there are such persons as Christian landlords. What, however, the gin-palace or low beer-house is capable of becoming in less scrupulous hands we also know. Is not the gin-palace a centre of evil, a place where the unholy passions of our fallen nature riot without check or hindrance? Is it not there that the depraved vent their blasphemy, and as slaves of lust or crime inflame their grovelling propensities by the readiest means at command? Is it not there that the simple and the unsuspecting are beguiled to take their fatal first step towards destruction,

* We see no disorder in it if she and her daughter were believers. It is flat Popery to suppose that a minister's presence is necessary at the communion.—Ed.

and do not the young there find the fences already broken down—the safeguards of virtue which fond parents had set about them before sending them forth into the uncertain world? Under the exciting influence of the reigning tyrant, Alcohol, is not female innocence betrayed or surrendered, and a thousand crimes committed which degrade men to the level of devils? Who, then, would not have the warning voice raised even in the public-house, so that the hand of a Christian friend may at least bring some back into the good old way, or may be laid on the shoulder of some young, unsuspecting thing, to warn her from the precipice, on the edge of which she stands in unsuspicious gaiety? We can hail with acclamation a victory won even in a field like this; and while not classing landlords as a body with encouragers of vice, we know that some of them sink to that low level, and we also know that whether a landlord will have it so or not, bad characters of every name make a rendezvous of the public-house.

The Christian visitation of public-houses is a mission worthy of the church. Nevertheless, how little is being done for want of labourers, and at a time when the people show a readiness unknown to former ages to listen to the Gospel! What are our great provincial towns doing in this special work? What is Scotland—the land of hope in these days of Ritualistic declension—doing? We found no missionary to the Edinburgh whisky shops. Never in the history of the church were there louder calls to work while it is called to-day. Opportunities are here, they are quickly passing, and the night cometh when no man can work.

[These two papers upon tavern-visitation have been painfully interesting to us. We would not for a moment discourage the workers in such an atmosphere, but how needful is it to keep our fellow-men from entering into it! Will it always be so? Is the nation given over to drunkenness? It behoves Christian men to see that they make no gains by the ruin of souls, and use their best endeavours to discourage excess in every class of society.—ED.]

John Thomas.*

IT is the misfortune of some men to remain misunderstood until long after their departure hence. Human nature looks at a man's failings while he lives, and at his virtues when he is dead. It may be that a man's character is hidden from those who misjudge him, because his critics are not sufficiently shrewd to discover the secret spring of his motives.

John Thomas, the colleague of Dr. Carey in the mission-field of India, has commonly been accounted a weak, well-meaning man, whose connection with the great enterprise in its earliest stage was a mistake and a misfortune. People have looked at the erratic disposition which,

* The Life of John Thomas, Surgeon of "The Earl of Oxford" East Indiaman, and first Baptist Missionary to Bengal. By C. B. Lewis, Baptist Missionary. (Macmillan and Co.)

preventing the man from persevering in any given course, became the occasion of his becoming burdened with debt, and they have half-despised him as an adventurer who tried missions after failing at everything else. Such a verdict will probably be rejected as cruelly unfair by persons competent to weigh the ample evidence now forthcoming of the man's sterling faith and enthusiastic earnestness.

John Thomas's boyhood foretold the troubles of his after life. His temper was restive and his habits were desultory. At one time his friends, who lived at Fairford in Gloucestershire, were concerned at his making only slight progress in learning; at another time they were distressed because he ran away from home. Nor were the misgivings of friends allayed when, at the period of going out into the world, he was apprenticed successively to nearly a dozen masters, and to each in vain. He found no occupation suited to his inclinations until he was entered as a medical student at Westminster Hospital.

The sins of Thomas's early life entailed bitter memories in after days, though probably he painted himself blacker than he really was. In his medical capacity he obtained an appointment in the navy, and met with exciting adventures. Once he was carried ashore insensible, being stricken with fever; and a dream he experienced at this time is sufficiently remarkable to be recorded:—

"I thought the violent pains of my head continued till I expired; and then I felt an utter freedom and separation of the soul from my body. The moment of departure was sensibly distinguished by a total exemption in one moment from all pain of body. As soon as I was clearly satisfied that my death was over, I heard a sound of words, as though a voice had uttered them, to this very purport: 'There; *now* you *see* the immortality of the soul!' My feelings were at this time exercised in such a manner, that though I could never recollect it clearly, yet I know it was unutterable. I thought myself filled with joy and freedom. I thought myself in the midst of immensity, and capable of sweeping through immeasurable distances in a moment with ecstasy and vast power. I saw myself surrounded with appearances which, whether they were angels or souls, I do not remember to have determined; but I was filled with inexpressible awe and admiration. This most delightful of all sensible enjoyments endured but for a short time, when I began to think whether that was heaven, and what *I* was in heaven for; when, on a sudden, the Almighty spoke, and in a moment I saw the world beneath me consuming in flames of fire; and feeling the scorching of that fire, I became lost in dreadful astonishment and fear. And so ended the vision."

Leaving the navy he practised as a surgeon in London, and married in 1781. Soon after he became converted through the instrumentality of Dr. Stennett. Subsequently he gave way to backsliding, being in the meantime, so far reduced in circumstances as to get imprisoned for debt, while nearly every available article he possessed was pledged for money. From this low estate he was partially delivered by obtaining a surgical appointment in one of the Honourable East India Company's vessels. Such was the early experience of one of the earliest of medical missionaries; a man who was the first to preach the gospel to the idolaters of Bengal.

Of the low standard of morals common among the European populace of Calcutta ninety years ago we need scarcely speak. Europeans not only disgraced the Christian name, they even reflected dishonour

on humanity, the chaplains of the East India Company being no exceptions, ministers as well as laymen being greedy of gain and careless in morals. Thrown among a profane company on board his ship, John Thomas commanded respect by his upright, religious walk, and medical skill. Then came life's sacrifice, when on reaching Calcutta he relinquished his appointment, in consequence of an irresistible longing to preach the gospel to the natives. Impetuous and uncalculating, he entered into an arrangement with Mr. Grant, a resident, to learn Bengali, and to labour among the natives at Malda, a station two hundred and fifty miles from the capital, where his patron owned a factory.

This pioneer missionary's history, until the date of his return to England and connection with Dr. Carey, was a strange mixture of weal and woe, of extravagant elation and of unnecessary depression. He had known the stings of poverty, but past experience did not prevent his throwing up a lucrative appointment to undertake with the enthusiasm of a new convert the preaching of Christ to perishing tribes. He had formerly been unfortunate in his profession, but he did not now hesitate to sacrifice fair prospects when he was just beginning to prosper. The few Christians with whom he associated as little understood John Thomas as John Thomas understood them. A half-educated man, lacking common prudence, bold and outspoken to a fault, he soon offended his patron and friends by the persistency with which he advanced and defended his religious tenets, and a breach occurred which time could not heal.

During the years of his residence in Bengal, between 1786 and 1792, John Thomas did no mean work, taking into account the private troubles which worried him, and the difficulties he had to overcome. He faithfully preached to Europeans and not without results. He learned the language and gained such an acquaintance with the native sacred books as astonished the Brahmins with whom he came in contact, and he would have anticipated his future colleague, Dr. Carey in publishing the Gospels in Bengali, had he not been crippled for funds. He may have been a hasty man, indulging in vain and even in superstitious imaginings, lacking common prudence and business tact, nevertheless, he was self-sacrificing and devoted to the cause upon which he set his hand and fixed his heart. Enthusiastically attached to one idea—preaching Christ to the heathen—he returned to England to awaken his countrymen into action, when to his delight he found that his brethren were already discussing the subject of missions. Thus the surgeon who had borne untold hardships as a solitary witness of Christianity among the myriads of an Indian district, opportunely appeared in London to become the valued co-worker and adviser of those who were forming the Baptist Missionary Society.

On his return to India with William Carey what a strange, chequered path he traversed. His acknowledged surgical skill won many friends, and opened up many opportunities of usefulness which were never neglected. Even when wanting money he never turned a deaf ear to the appeals of others more destitute than himself, and his accumulated burden of debt arose from unfortunate trading transactions rather than from wrong conduct. Generous, profuse, and uncalculating he might

be, but he was never actuated by dishonest motives; for not a little of the misery he endured came as the penalty of stern adherence to principle. How he toiled and hoped against hope in oft repeated attempts to earn sufficient cash to satisfy the just claims of importunate creditors, many will now learn for the first time. He tried indigo-growing, and anon, a sugar plantation. Then the idea possessed him that he would practise his profession, or even edit a magazine. Alas! the chill wind of failure withered every project, and not seldom was the poor medical missionary reduced to pitiable straits of poverty. Yet the manner in which he yearned for the salvation of the heathen was wonderful to see. His apostolic zeal knew no bounds. He never spared himself, but laboured with that earnestness which commonly ensures an early grave. In the closing months of his life, he solemnly relinquished trade, since all his mercantile endeavours had ended in disaster. He assumed the native dress and went up and down the country delivering his glorious message. Returning wearied and discouraged to Serampore, he found one of the brethren prostrated by fever, and instantly forgetting personal trouble and fatigue, he watched by the sick bed through the night. In the morning letters arrived from England which were read and answered without thought of rest. Then followed the exciting time of the first Indian converts breaking caste. The poor physician's soul was thrilled with such extraordinary joy that reason reeled, and for the time became disthroned. He recovered, and seeing it was still necessary to supply temporal wants by engaging in trade, he resumed business while dreading a return of his disorder. In the meantime the rest he longed for was only a few months distant. He died in triumph in October, 1801, at the early age of forty-four.

Mr. Lewis's memoir is a well-written story, and is likely to be read by all who desire to rightly understand the early history of modern missionary enterprise in India. We must deal tenderly with the memory of John Thomas. He bore a noble character, marred by many weaknesses which brought their own punishment by embittering his life. As the first Baptist missionary to Bengal it was his honour to instruct the first converts who professed Christ in that great province of Great Britain. Let us honour his virtues and avoid his failings.

The Force of Prayer.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

LONELY wanderer, while you stray
Through the world's uncertain way,
In the dark and cloudy day,
Cast on God your care;
He whose very name is Love,
Whom no change can ever move,
Deigns to bid you from above,
Try the force of Prayer.

Prayer can win the ear of heaven,
Prayer the bonds of death has riven,
Prayer 'gainst Satan's wiles has striven,
Broken many a snare;
Prayer has stayed the mid-day sun,
Prayer the victory oft has won,
And the coils of hell undone:
Try the force of Prayer.

He who wields creation's frame,
Who on mercy's errand came,
Bears a name 'bove every name,
Loved the hour of Prayer;
On the mount his prayer availed;
In the desert never failed;
In Gethsemane prevailed:
Try the force of Prayer.

Burdened sinner, though you know
Sin embitters every woe,
And you dread the gulf below,
Yield not to despair;
Jesus pleads before the throne,
Once for all he did atone,
Now he makes your cause his own:
Try the force of Prayer.

When the cares of life abound,
Earthquake-shocks prevail around
Knell to knell repeats the sound,
Tears for tears prepare;
He who walked upon the sea,
Rules the storm for me and thee,
Lo! he counsels, 'Lean on Me;'
Try the force of Prayer.

When the end appears in view,
Jordan's waves roll darkly too,
And you know not what to do,
To his cross repair;
Do what millions more have done,
Trust his mighty arm alone,
Make this anchorage your own,
Try the force of Prayer.

When we reach our better home,
Where no storms can ever come,
And recount the wondrous sum
Of God's blessings here,
All to grace will date their gains,
All will own, in joyful strains,
The force that loosed their heavy chains
Was the force of Prayer.

Rev. Samuel Thodey.

A Golden Sentence.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." John iv. 34.

THIS text contains in it *much consolation for those who are desirous of salvation; more of example to those who are saved; and most of all of matter for praise concerning our Lord himself, who is its spokesman.*

I. Let us begin by noticing that THE TEXT CONTAINS MUCH OF CONSOLATION FOR THOSE ANXIOUS ONES WHO WOULD FAIN FIND MERCY THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

You who are trembling under a sense of sin will perceive that *the work of saving souls is called by Christ "his Father's will."* I know you are very prone to imagine that Christ is full of pity but that the Father is austere, severe, an avenging judge; you slander your God by such a supposition. "The work of mercy is the will of him that sent me," saith Christ, "all that I am doing when I am seeking the soul's good of a poor sinful Samaritan woman, at the margin of this well, is according to my Father's mind." Christ was not, as it were, introducing men to a mercy from which God would fain keep them, but he was bringing to reconciliation with God those concerning whom the benevolent will of God was that they should be saved; and more, concerning whom the effectual will of God was that they should also be brought into covenant relation with himself, and should enjoy eternal life. Sinner, if thou gettest into the garden of the Lord's grace thou hast not come there as an intruder. The gate is open; it is God's will that thou shouldst come. If thou receivest Christ into thy heart thou wilt not have stolen the treasure; it was God's will that thou shouldst receive Christ. If with broken heart thou shalt come and rest upon the finished sacrifice of Jesus, thou needst not fear that thou wilt violate the eternal purpose, or come into collision with the divine decree. God's will has brought thee into a state of salvation. One of the most vain fears that a man can entertain is the dread that the Father will be unwilling to forgive; or the equally absurd fear that he may possibly find a decree of God shutting him out when he is anxious to be reconciled. Where God gives the will to come to Jesus, we may be sure that the eternal purpose has gone before. O awakened sinner, thine anxious desire, thy prayerfulness, thy longing for God, are but the shadows of the divine will upon thine own will. Imagine not that thou canst get the start of God in the race of mercy.

"No sinner can be beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is almighty, preventing and free."

If thou desirest, God has long ago desired. If thou purposest in thy heart God has long ago purposed. Thou needest never be troubled about divine predestination. The Gospel which we preach is that to which thou shouldst give thine attention. Rest assured that God has never spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth, and said, "Seek ye my face in vain." He has never passed a secret decree in the

council-chamber which shall contravene the open promise of his mercy. "Whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." If thou comest to Christ and castest thyself upon him, thou needest entertain no suspicion that thou art violating the will of God, for salvation is the will of God which Jesus Christ has come to fulfil.

Another consolation is here given to every seeking soul, namely, that *Jesus Christ is sent into the world on purpose to save.* If I know that I am sick, and that a physician has come into the street on purpose to heal, I feel no difficulty about inviting him into my house. If I know that I am poor, and that a princely almoner has come with plentiful liberalities to distribute to the poor, I have no difficulty in asking of him: why should I, if I know that he has come with the very object and intent to do that which I want him to do? Now, wherever there is an empty sinner a full Christ has come on purpose to fill that empty sinner. Wherever there is a thirsty spirit the river of life is poured out on purpose for that thirsty soul to drink. If thou hungerest after Christ rest assured that Christ has met with thee, and discerns in thee one of those whom he came to call. He would not have made thee hunger, nor made thee thirst, nor made thee feel thine emptiness if it had not been his intention to remove thy hunger, slake thy thirst, and fill thine emptiness to the full. Look upon the Saviour as being commissioned by his Father to save sinners. Never indulge the thought that he came to save better ones than thou art, and that thou art just beyond the pale of his mercy, but instead thereof let thy sinfulness, thy nothingness, thy conscious weakness, thine utter ruin and hell-desert —let these inspire thee with a surer hope that thou art such as Jesus Christ came to deliver. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. Who more lost than thou art? Believe, then, that he came to seek and to save thee, and cast thyself upon him, and thou shalt find it so. Here, then, is a double comfort: it is both the will of God and the mission of Christ that sinners should be saved.

Perhaps the greatest consolation to a despairing sinner which this text affords is *the delight which Jesus Christ experiences in the work of saving souls.* It was his one object. From of old he looked forward to the day when a body should be prepared for him that he might come into the world to redeem. When the fulness of time was come he was no unwilling servitor to our souls. "In the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God!" Down from the portals of the skies the Saviour came with glad alacrity, willing, panting to save. When he was on earth he was nothing loth to seek out the guilty; nay, it was alleged against him, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." He could have healed the leper, if he had pleased, while he stood at a distance, but he chose to touch him when he healed him, to show how near he had come to humanity, that he did not shrink from it, but that it was his delight to come into contact with all the woe and suffering of our fallen race. He did not retire from sinners to guard his holiness in solitude. He did not surround himself with a bodyguard to keep off the throng, but there he was among them, surrounded by a press of common folks, many thronged him, and some touched him who received healing virtue through their believing touch. He was at the beck and call of

everybody. He had not time so much as to eat, and when he did, through weariness, seek a little rest, they followed him on foot and persecuted him with their entreaties; yet he was never angry, but always full of compassion towards them. He was a willing Saviour; and found his soul's delight in winning souls. That great crowning work of suffering and death by which souls were effectually redeemed was no unwilling service. He said he had a baptism to be baptised with, and that he was straitened until it was accomplished. The cup was bitter as hell, but he longed to drink it. His death was to be at once the most ignominious and the most painful that could be devised, and yet he thirsted for it. "With desire, Lord, have I desired to eat this passover," said he. He did not hide himself away when he was wanted, but he went to the garden, and Judas knew the place, and when they sought him he said, "Wherefore have ye come out to seek me as a thief with lanterns and with staves?" He was willing to yield himself up. No bonds could have bound him, and yet he bound himself. They could not have dragged him to the cross, nor myriads like them, but he went like a lamb to the slaughter, and like a sheep before her shearers was he dumb, and opened not his mouth. All that wondrous passion upon Calvary was a free-will offering for us; it was a voluntary sacrifice to the fullest possible extent. What if I say that even in his deepest agony Christ had a joy unknown? I think we have too much forgotten the wonderful joy which must have filled the Saviour's heart even when going to the cross. Beloved, you cannot suffer for others, if you have a benevolent nature, without feeling joy that you are taking the suffering from them: and we know that it was because of "the joy that was set before him" that he "endured the cross, despising the shame." As he dived into the black waves of grief he could see the precious pearl which he counted to be of greater price than all, and that sight sustained him with a latent joy, if I may so call it, which did not sparkle at the time, but which lay there slumbering within his soul even when "he was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." And now that Christ has gone up on high, poor trembling sinner, he has no greater joy than this, in seeing of the travail of his soul in souls redeemed by him, both by price and by power, from death and sin. Jesus wept over Jerusalem because it would not be saved, but Jesus rejoices greatly over sinners who repent. This is his joy, and his crown of rejoicing—even ye poor tremblers who come and look to his cross and find life in his death, and healing in his wounds.

I cannot bring out the comfort of this text to you as I could wish. Words fail me, but I would urge those of you who want to find peace and faith, to make a point of thinking very much about Christ. We not only lay hold on the cross by faith, but it is the cross which works faith in us. If you would think more often of the mercy of God, and the will of God, and the mission of Christ, and the lovingkindness of Christ, your soul would probably be led by the Spirit, by that course of thought, to believe in Jesus. Your dwelling constantly upon your sin, and your hardness of heart, has a great tendency to drive you to despair. It is well to know your heart to be hard, and your sin to be great, but as a man is not healed by

simply knowing that he is sick, and is not likely to get his spirits comforted by merely studying his disease, so you are not likely to find faith by raking amongst the filth of your fallen nature, or trying to find something good in yourselves which is not there, and will not be there. Your wisest course is to think much of Jesus, and look to him. You will soon find hope in him if you look for it there. You will soon discover grounds for comfort if you look to God in the person of his Son. If you regard the will of God as it is revealed on Calvary, and read it in the crimson lines written adown the Saviour's pierced body, you will soon perceive that his will is love. Turn away from the wounds which the old serpent has given you, and look to the brazen serpent. Look away from your own death to the death of Jesus, and, recollect, that your repentance apart from Christ will only be a legal repentance, full of bondage, and will be of no avail to you. As old Wilcocks says, "Away with that repentance which does not weep at the foot of the cross." If you do not look to Jesus Christ when you repent, your repentance is not an evangelical repentance, but a repentance which needeth to be repented of. Do, I pray you, receive the truth which I have put before you, or, rather, which the text so plainly presents. The salvation of sinners is the will of God, the work of Christ, and the joy of Christ. Is not this good news?

II. But I said that the text was MUCH MORE AN EXAMPLE TO BELIEVERS, and so it is.

Every word here is instructive to the follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. "As he is, so are we also in this world," and the more we become like him the more have we attained to that which God would have us be.

Note in the text, first of all, *Christ's subserviency.* He says, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." He says nothing about his own will. Thus early did he say, "Not my will, but thine be done." The man of the world thinks that if he could have his own way he would be perfectly happy, and his dream of happiness in this state or in the next is comprised in this, that his own wishes will be gratified, his own longings fulfilled, his own desires granted to him. This is all a mistake. A man will never be happy in this way. It is not by setting up his own will, and crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" but perfect happiness is to be found in exactly the opposite direction, namely, in the casting down of our own will entirely, and asking that the will of God may be fulfilled in us. "This is my meat," says the sinner, "to do my own will." Jesus Christ points to another table, and says, "This is my meat, to do the will of him that sent me; my greatest comfort, and the most substantial nourishment of my spirit, are not found in carrying out my own desires, but in submitting all my desires to the will of God." Beloved, our sorrows grow at the roots of our self will. Could a man have any sorrow if his will were utterly subdued to the will of God? In such a case would not everything please him. Pain, if we did not kick against it, would have a wondrous sweetness; losses would positively become things to rejoice in, as affording opportunities for patience; we should even take joyfully the spoiling of our goods. When we have conquered ourselves we have conquered all; when we have won the victory over our own

desires, and aversions, and have subdued ourselves, through sovereign grace, to the will of God, then must we be perfectly happy.

Notice in the text, however, in the next place, not only subserviency, but also *a recognised commission*. O Christian, cultivate full subserviency to the divine will, and let it be your desire also to see clearly your commission from on high. It is the will of God; ay, but it is well for us to add "The will of *him that sent me*." If I am a soldier, when I am sent upon an errand I have not to consider what I shall do, but, having received my commands, I am bound to obey. Do not many Christians fail to see their commission? It has come to be a dreadfully common belief in the Christian Church that the only man who has a "call," is the man who devotes all his time to what is called the "ministry," whereas all Christian service is ministry, and every Christian has a call to some kind of ministry or another. It is not every man that will become "a father in Israel," for "ye have not many fathers;" it is not every man who can become even an instructor, or an exhorter, but each man must minister according to the gift he hath received. Ye are a nation of priests. Instead of having some one man selected who becomes a priest, and so maintains the old priest-craft in the Christian church, Jesus our Lord and Head has abolished that monopoly for ever. He remains the one great Apostle and High Priest of our profession, and we in him are made, each one of us, through his grace, kings and priests unto God. You are each of you, as believers, sent into this world with a distinct commission, and that commission is very like the commission given to your Master. In your measure the Spirit of the Lord is upon you, and he has sent you to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. Into the atonement you cannot intrude, Christ has trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with him, but in the place of service you will be no intruder, it is your dwelling-place. You are called to follow Christ your Lord in all holy labour for souls. "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you;" is not this a part of his dying commission, not to the Apostles only, but unto all the saints? Let us endeavour to recognise this. When Christ was sent of God he did not forget that he was sent. He did not come into this world to do his own business after he had once been sent to do his Father's will. So you and I must not act as though we were living here to make money, or to bring up our families, and make matters comfortable for ourselves. We are, if we are Christians, sent into the world upon a divine errand, and oh! for grace to recognise the errand and to perform it.

Further, notice *the practical character of our Lord's observations on these two points*. He says, "My meat is"—what? To consider? To resolve? To calculate? To study prophecy as to when the world will end? To meditate upon plans by which we may be able one of these days to do something great? Not at all. "My meat is *to do* the will of him that sent me." The meat of some people is to find fault with others who do Christ's will, they never seem to have their mouths so well filled as when remarking upon the imperfections of those who are vastly better than themselves. This is like glutting one's self with carrion, and is unworthy of a man of God. Did you ever

know a man whom God blessed who had not some crotchet or singularity? I think I never knew such a man or woman either. Whenever God blesses us there is sure to be something or other to remind men that the vessel containing the treasure is an earthen vessel. Foolish people are so fond of crying, "Look at the meanness of the vessel!" as though no treasure were contained within. Were they wise they would understand that this is a part of the divine appointment, that we should have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. Could *you* do God's work better, think you? I wish you would try! It is generally true that those who cavil at others, find it inconvenient to walk in any path of usefulness at all.

There are others, of a somewhat better disposition, who find it their meat to project new methods. They invent grand schemes. There is a house to be built for God's people to worship in, and they always know how to build it, so many people are to give so much, and so many so much; the practical part of the business being how much they will give themselves, but upon that point they have remarkably little to say. They are always talking of some grand scheme or other for impossible Christian union, or some magnificent but impracticable Christian effort. Our Lord was practical. You are struck in the whole of his life with the practical character of it. He was no visionary, and no fanatic. Though his holy soul was on fire as much as the most fanatical zealot that ever lived, all his plans and methods were the wisest that could possibly be arranged; so that if men had sat down in their coolest prudence to devise schemes, had they been rightly led they must have devised the very schemes which this warm-hearted, passionate Saviour carried out. He did not theorise, but act. My dear brethren and sisters, I hope we shall earn the same commendation. Many Christians are too fond of mysticisms, quiddities, oddities, and strange questions which minister not unto profit, I heartily wish they would try to win souls for Jesus in the old-fashioned Bible way. Every now and then some particular phase of truth crops up, and certain Christians go perfectly mad about it, wanting to pry between leaves that are folded, or to find out secrets which are not revealed, or to reach some fancied eminence of self-conceited perfection in the flesh. While there are so many sinners to be lost or to be saved, I think we had better stick to preaching the gospel. As long as this world contains millions of those who do not know even the elementary truths of Christianity, would it not be as well for us first of all to go into the highways and hedges, and tell men of our dying Saviour, and point them to the cross? Let us discuss the millennium, and the secret rapture, and all those other intricate questions by-and-by, when we have got through more pressing needs. Just now the vessel is going to pieces, who will man the life-boat? The house is on a blaze, and who is he that will run the fire-escape up to the window? Here are men perishing for lack of knowledge, and who will tell them that there is life in a look at the crucified One? He is the man who shall give men meat to eat; but all others, though they may carry a dish of most exquisite china, will probably give them no meat, but only make them angry at being tantalised with empty wind. Christ's satisfaction of heart was of a most

practical kind; he was subservient to God as a commissioned servant, and busy with actually *doing* the will of God.

But the gist of the text lies here. *Our Lord Jesus Christ found both sustenance and delight in thus doing the will of God in winning souls.* Believe me, brethren, if you have never known what it is to pluck a brand from the burning, you have never known that spiritual meat which, next to Christ's own self, is the sweetest food a soul can feed upon. To do good to others is one of the most rapid methods of getting good to yourselves. Read the diaries of Whitefield and of Wesley, and you will be struck with the fact that you do not find them perpetually doubting their calling, mistrusting their election, or questioning whether they love the Lord or not. See the men, preaching to their thousands in the open air, and hearing around them the cries of "What must we do to be saved?" Why, brethren, they had no time for doubts and fears. Their full hearts had no room for such lumber. They felt that God had sent them into this world to win souls for Christ, and they could not afford to live desponding mistrustful lives. They lived unto God, and the Holy Ghost so mightily lived in them that they were fully assured that they partook of his marvellous power. Some of you good people, who do nothing except read little Plymouthy books, and go to public meetings, and Bible readings, and prophetic conferences, and other forms of spiritual dissipation, would be a good deal better Christians if you would look after the poor and needy around you. If you would just tuck up your sleeves for work, and go and tell the gospel to dying men, you would find your spiritual health mightily restored, for very much of the sickness of Christians comes through their having nothing to do. All feeding and no working makes men spiritual dyspeptics. Be idle, careless, with nothing to live for, nothing to care for, no sinner to pray for, no backslider to lead back to the cross, no trembler to encourage, no little child to tell of a Saviour, no grey-headed man to enlighten in the things of God, no object, in fact, to live for; and who wonders, if you begin to groan, and to murmur, and to look within, until you are ready to die of despair? But if the Master shall come to you, and put his hand upon you, and say—"I have sent you just as my Father sent me; now go and do my will," you will find that in keeping his commandments there is great reward. You would find meat to eat that you know nothing of now. Let us have practical Christianity, my brethren. Let us never neglect doctrinal Christianity, nor experimental Christianity, but if we do not have the practice of it in being to others what Christ was to us, we shall soon find the doctrines to be without savour, and the experience to be flavoured with bitterness. Christ found joy in seeking the good of the Samaritan woman. Her heart, hitherto unrenewed, satisfied him when he had won it to himself. Oh, the joy of winning a soul! Get a grip from the hand of one whom you were the means of bringing to Christ; why, after that, all the devils in hell may attack you, but you will not care for them, and all the men in the world may rage against you, and say you do not serve God from proper motives, or do not serve him in a discreet way; but since God has set his seal upon your work, you can afford to laugh at them. Do but win souls, beloved, through the power

of the Holy Spirit, and you shall find it to be a perennial spring of joy in your own souls.

But, notice: our Lord says, in addition to his finding it his meat to do God's will that he *also desired to finish his work*. And this is our satisfaction, to persevere till our work is finished. We shall never be content—

> "Till all the blood-bought race
> Shall meet around the throne;
> To bless the conduct of his grace,
> And make his wonders known."

You do not know how near you may be to the completion of your work. You may not have to toil many more days. The chariot-wheels of eternity are sounding behind you. Hasten, Christian! Use the moments zealously, for they are very precious. You are like the work-girl with her last inch of candle. Work hard! "The night cometh wherein no man can work." "I paint for eternity" said the painter; so let us do, let us work for God as those whose work will endure when selfish labours shall burn as wood, hay, and stubble in the last tremendous fire. To finish his work! To finish his work! Be this our aim. When the great missionary to the Indians was dying, the last thing that he did was to teach a little child its letters, and when someone marvelled to see so great a man at such a work he said he thanked God that when he could no longer preach he had at least strength enough left to teach that poor little child. So would he finish his life's work, and put in the last little stroke to complete the picture. It should be our meat and our drink to push on, never finding our meat in what we have done but in what we are doing and still have to do: finding constantly our refreshment in the present work of the present hour as God enables us to perform it, spending and still being spent. Never let us say, "I have had my day; let the young people take their turn." Suppose the sun said, "I have shone; I shall not rise to-morrow." Imagine the stars in their beauty saying, "We have for so long a time shot our golden arrows through the darkness, we will now retire for ever." What if the air should refuse to give us breath, or the water should no longer ripple in its channels, or if all nature should stand still because of what it once did—what death and ruin would there be! No, Christian, there must be no loitering for you; each day be this your meat, to do the will of him that sent you, and to finish his work.

III. And now, lastly, I have not strength, neither have you the time, to consider THE GLORY WHICH JESUS CHRIST SHOULD HAVE FROM US, when we know that he could truly say, "It is my meat to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work."

How could he ever have loved us? It is strange that the Son of God should have set his affections upon such unworthy beings. I should not have wondered, my brother, at his loving you, but it is a daily marvel to me that Jesus should have loved me. It is a wonder of wonders that he should come to save us; that when we were so lost and ruined that we did not even care about his love, but rejected it when we heard of it, and despised it even when it came with some degree of power to our hearts, that he should still have loved us notwithstanding

all. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful"! Yet, so it is. He has no greater delight than in saving us, and in bringing us to glory. Shall we not praise him? Do not our hearts say within themselves, "What shall I do, my Saviour, to praise? Wherewithal shall I crown his head? How shall I show forth my gratitude to him who found such delight in serving me?" Beloved, may the love of God be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given to us.

Let every flying hour confess
We bring the gospel fresh renown;
And when our lives and labours cease
May we possess the promised crown.

From this day forth may it be our meat and drink is to do the will of him that sent us, and to finish his work.

I leave the text with you, my brethren in Christ, and may God give you grace practically to carry out its meaning. I leave it with you, ye unconverted, and may it be as cords of love to draw you to Jesus, Christ and his shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen.

Trial of Godless Worldlyman.

FOR THE YOUNG.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS.

I CHANCED one day to enter the Court of Conscience, where I witnessed the trial of a notorious prisoner, Godless Worldlyman. The court was occupied in every corner with a crowd of thoughts and memories, who looked on and approved or condemned as the trial proceeded. (Rom. ii. 15.) The judge was there seated on the bench; at the table before him sat the recorder and the pleader Emmanuel; on either side were ranged the officers of the court. Conviction had charge of the prisoner, and the executioner Justice stood sword in hand.

Worldlyman being placed at the bar the clerk read the indictment, to the effect that the prisoner had broken the laws of the king, had withdrawn himself from his service, entertained the king's enemies, and had induced others to do the like. The prisoner pleaded not guilty; and the judge ordered that the witnesses should be called.

First came those on the prisoner's side. Lightheart stepped into the box and said the prisoner was an excellent and harmless man, had committed neither theft nor murder, had never done harm to anyone, and was acknowledged to wear a respectable character; that his motto had been a short life and a merry one, that every one must sow his wild oats, and no sensible man would condemn a little harmless mirth.

Lightheart stepped down and the next witness was called. His name was Neverprofess. He said, as to the charge against the prisoner of having thrown off his allegiance to the king, it was beside the mark, for he had never made any profession of allegiance; he did not see how he could be blamed for not doing what he never professed to do. The judge remarked that this only made the prisoner's guilt the greater.

The next witness was Longface, whose evidence was to the effect that the prisoner lived in Hypocrite Alley, not many doors from himself: that he was a good man, never known to smile; had always been grave, demure, solemn; and

the man who could pick a hole in his character must be of a thankless disposition indeed. The judge said this witness and Lightheart did not agree, and that a gloomy manner did not make a good man.

Formalist was the next witness. The prisoner was well known to him: he had always been regular in churchgoing, he went through the mud, he closed his eyes during prayer. He read a chapter every day, he never went to bed without first kneeling, and when he rose he knelt again unless he had overslept himself. A man so religious he was sure could never be proved guilty of the charges laid against him. The judge said, "They draw near to me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

The next witness was named Charity. He testified that Worldlyman had been known to give his old boots and cast-off clothes to the poor, that his name might be seen in large letters in many subscription lists, and he believed that though he had acted imprudently in a few trifling matters, as the indictment said, the judge would in consideration of his charitable disposition, and remembering that charity covers a multitude of sins, acquit him. To which the judge said, "Charity hides from a man the faults of his friend, but almsgiving does not conceal a man's sins from God."

The witnesses on the other side were then called. The first was Homepiety who had nothing good to say of the prisoner. Formalist, said he, had described him as a demure and saintly man, but this was the mask he wore abroad; at home the mask was laid aside. It was said of him that he was a saint abroad and a devil at home, and this was true. He had constantly broken the fifth commandment.

Honest came next. He said the prisoner was accustomed to charge more than the true value for his goods, that he was always ready to take an unjust advantage, that his weights and measures were false, so that though he might never have picked pockets and prowled the highways as a robber, he was guilty of breaking the eighth law of the king.

Next Hatenot was called. He said the prisoner had indulged in hatred and malevolent passions, that he had wished those who displeased him dead and lying in the grave, and this came under the sentence of the law book, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

Holyday next appeared and said, that the choicest means of grace had been misused by the prisoner, that he had considered God's worship a weariness and had snuffed at it, that he had abused the gospel, had made holy things an occasion of more sin, and had broken thus the fourth commandment.

Purespeech bore witness that the prisoner had indulged in blasphemy, in cursing and swearing, and in taking God's name in vain, for all which he would not be held guiltless.

Cleanheart said he had fostered impure imaginations, and though he ventured not upon the sins themselves, yet the delighting in this impurity of heart was the breach of the seventh commandment.

Last came Love-God. He said, "My Lord, had the prisoner been innocent of these things, he could not be acquitted; for the first and great commandment has never been fulfilled by him. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy soul and with all thy strength.'"

The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say. He blushed and wept, and when he could control his grief he cried with sighs: "My Lord, I am guilty. Every word of the accusation is true, and more. I have broken the laws and rebelled against God. I am undone and deserve to die; but, O my Lord, mercy! I cry mercy."

The judge assumed the black cap, and said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Justice, take the prisoner."

When Justice laid hold of the prisoner, the pleader Emmanuel rose, and said, "Stay thy sword." He turned to the judge, and said, "Pity the prisoner and spare him." The judge replied, "The law knows no pity." Emmanuel spoke

again: "My Father, the prisoner is thy creature, made in thine image, my heart yearns towards him. I cannot see him die. Let the sword of Justice enter into my soul. I will die for the sinner; my life shall go for his."

The Court was struck with deep silence. The prisoner stood amazed, his eyes riveted on the prince, for he could see no one else. The rest looked at the judge, wondering what turn things would now take.

The judge rose and addressed the prisoner. "Since thou art tried and found guilty, sentence is passed on thee: but my Son has offered his life for thine. Be it so. I accept the substitute. Die, O Emmanuel, and thou, O sinner, live."

A burst of emotion sounded through the Court. The divine prince rose and delivered himself to the executioner, and was led to death.

As for the prisoner, I have since heard that he is a new man, that he can think of none but Emmanuel, that he often weeps in secret at the memory of him, and that there is not a man on earth who has so great a love as he for the prince who bled and died on his behalf. And I am not surprised.

Dr. Cuyler.*

THE little eighteenpenny books, now being circulated in this country, by Dr. Cuyler are deservedly becoming popular favourites. The doctor well understands the power of short sentences; and good things, strikingly put, abound in his pleasant pages. The Empty Crib, is a biography of a novel kind, its subject being an infant who died when five years of age. Many a bereaved mother will thank the American doctor for what is a gem of its kind, but for our own part we do not see particularly much in it, except its tenderness. The book was written while the author was learning a lesson in quietness before God, and few will complete the perusal without tears. We now give a selection of extracts from the little works of our esteemed friend.

MAKING MONEY AND PAYING THE FARE.

One man, for example, is entirely absorbed in making money. When this becomes a greedy appetite, the money-lover must pay for it with daily anxiety and worry, and he runs the fearful risk of being eaten up with covetousness. A greed for wealth grows with years. When the rich miser of New York tottered out into the street at fourscore, and a friend asked him how he felt, the old miser replied eagerly, "I feel better to day; *stocks are up.*" Ah! what a *fare* that old millionaire had to pay for travelling farther and faster than others on the road to wealth! It shrivelled up his very soul. Gold may be a useful servant, but it is a cruel master. It is not easy to own *it* without its owning us. When one man makes it a rich blessing to others, thousands make it the ruin of their souls. Love of money drew Lot to the fertile valley of Sodom, and he "paid the fare thereof," in the destruction of his family. Love of money made Gehazi a knave: he "paid the fare" in an incurable leprosy. Love of money was one of the two sins for which Judas paid with the suicide's rope, and everlasting infamy. No man can make money safely and wisely, unless he holds his earnings as a trust from God. What would it profit you to win the wealth of an empire, if you should pay for it the price of your undying soul? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Heart Thoughts.*

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* Heart Thoughts. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Heart Life. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Heart Culture. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
The Empty Crib: A Memorial of Little Georgie. With words of consolation for Bereaved Parents. By Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. With Introductory Letter by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B. (Dickenson and Higham.)

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Perhaps we may discover that some very respectable people are often very destructive incendiaries. If I invite a group of young men in my house to surround a card table, I may simply design to furnish them an hour's amusement. But perhaps a lust for gambling may be latent in some young man's breast, and I may quicken it into life by my offer of a temptation. There is a fire in that pack of cards! And I deliberately place that fire amid the inflammable passions of that youthful heart. On *me* rests the consequences of the act, as well as upon him I lead into temptation. The motive does not alter the result by one iota.

"For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

At four o'clock we stood in the door-yard of my friend, with smoked glass in hand: and as one of us was watching the blazing sun, he exclaimed, "There she comes!" When a boy I had read of this very eclipse, and of the moment when it should begin. It *did* begin at the precise second predicted forty years ago! Such is the punctuality of the truth-keeping God. And will he not be equally faithful in keeping his spiritual promises? "Wherefore dost thou doubt?" The shadow came over the sun *gradually*—even as I have seen the shadow of a growing sin leap over a bright Christian character. The landscape around us began to look yellowish and ghastly. The grass seemed to be getting sick. Over the trees played a weird, lurid light, and every leaf hung perfectly motionless. "Oh! see how queer those flowers look! And those currant bushes! It looks as if nature was *getting the jaundice!*" An odd thought; and yet I do not know of any other idea that would more truly describe nature's ghastly hue. . . . "TOTAL!" we all exclaimed together. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, came down an awful shadow as of a black wing, filling the whole heavens. It was ineffably frightful. Coleridge's lines flashed into my mind in a moment:

"The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out;
With one stride comes the dark."

To the north the horizon was dyed with a rich orange hue. But above us and around us the air seemed to be filled with fine black particles. It was so dark that I could not recognise a countenance a hundred yards off; and yet it was not the darkness of an ordinary evening. It was the darkness of death! Above a group of trees before us a flock of birds flew wildly to and fro, as if panic-stricken. A couple of cows went lowing past the gate—the only sound in the awful stillness. Just over the fence, a half-dozen chickens had composed themselves to roost in a cherry tree. A dozen stars were twinkling in various parts of the heavens. The air was still as midnight. . . . At two minutes after five, as we stood gazing on the black orb, with its magnificent corona, a flash of golden light burst forth from the northern limb. It was the most thrilling instant I ever knew, and the most splendid spectacle I ever witnessed. As if God said, "Let there be light!" a sheaf of dazzling rays burst forth in a twinkling! The whole sky lightened instantaneously. Methought that "the sons of God" must have seen something like this when on Creation's morn the first flood of radiance broke on black chaos at the almighty Voice. He spake and it was done! "Thou makest darkness, and *it is night!*" "Thou coverest thyself *with light* as with a garment!"—*Heart Life.*

CONTENTMENT.

Look at your mercies with *both* eyes; and at your troubles and trials with only half an eye. Study contentment. In these days of inordinate greed and self-indulgence, keep down the accursed spirit of grasping. What they *don't have* makes thousands wretched. Keep at some work of usefulness. . . .

Work for Christ brings heart-health. Keep your heart's window always open towards heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows.—*Heart Culture.*

QUIETNESS BEFORE GOD.

Quietness under God's discipline is simply the willingness to let God have his own way. It is ready to go where he sends us, to bear what he lays upon us, to sit still just where he places us. Why should we try to get away from his blessed discipline? When you would fill a vessel with water from a hydrant or a rain spout, you do not remove the vessel while the stream is pouring in. It is filled by *sitting still.* And if God's storms are filling your heart with heaven-descended graces, why should you seek to move away from beneath its blessed outpour? If God is refining your heart, why seek to be taken out of the furnace. We have seldom met with a finer illustration of this grace than was presented by an aged lady, who after a busy life of doing good, was at length laid upon her bed, pain-worn and helpless. A good minister went to see her, and asked if, after her active habits, she did not find her confinement hard to bear. "No sir," said she; "not at all. When I was well, I used to hear the Lord say, day by day, 'Betty, do this, and do that,' and I used to do it as well as I could. But now I hear him say, 'Betty, lie still and cough.'" Which of these two acts of obedience was the more difficult to perform, we leave our readers to testify from their own experience.—*The Empty Crib.*

THE DEATH OF GEORGIE.

. . . . He looked up to his mother, and his nurse Nanie, and whispered "Does Jesus love me? What will Jesus *say* to me when he sees me?" We flattered ourselves with the vain hope that he might survive until the next day, and accordingly I left him, to fulfil a most important pulpit engagement. The little fellow kissed his hand to me, and his feeble "Good-bye!" were about the last words that ever fell from his lips. The agonising convulsions presently came on; and soon after sunset, our glorious boy lay cold and silent on his pillow. Our Sabbath evening was his bright and endless Sabbath morn.—*Ibid.*

Unbelief.

UNBELIEF is of various kinds. It is also bad, worse, or worst, according to the motive from which it springs.

The worst kind of unbelief is that which grows out of a bad life. There are men who, having in youth broken through all restraint, followed their evil passions, become mixed up and enamoured with worldly pursuits, blunted all their finer feelings, and in general rendered themselves hard, callous, brutish, and reckless, find it most convenient to become sceptics. Nothing is more natural. If I have defied the laws of God all my life, and as a consequence, have laid myself open to just punishment, how soothing it will be if I can persuade myself that there will be *no* punishment. If I have allowed my body to become the abode of all that is bad, and shut out from my nature all that would make me fit for heaven—how consoling if I can persuade myself that there is no heaven!

What a fool a wicked ool is! With what calmness does he shut his eyes to the inevitable! The wild ostrich of the desert, when hunted, is said to hide her head in a bush or in the sand, and shutting out from her view her pursuer she imagines that because she can't see him he can't see her. She could do no better thing to ensure her destruction! When punishment is dogging the steps of the sinner, hanging over him, ready to drop upon and crush him, will

it make any difference whether he shut his eyes to it or no? O misguided man, hast thou brought thyself to a state of comfortable unbelief? Do warning admonitions fall upon thee like hail upon a steel roof? Then, while it is not mine to say thou hast sinned away thy day of grace, yet reason and revelation alike declare that there is not a more dangerous and awful condition than thine. Thou hast been for years shutting out of thy mind God and his law—persistently hast thou kept the door closed and barred; how hard will it be for them now to enter. Here are several rooms where machinery is fitted up: but the uppermost room in which the finest and most delicate works are placed is closed, the bands connecting the works with the engine are broken, the dust and damp have accumulated, rust and decay have for years been clogging up the wheels, shafts, and spindles. Go up into that room, try to start the machinery. Can you? No! It is out of gear, it is rusted up, it is useless. What a trouble it would be to make that machinery go. How little of good is left in it. Oh, how hard for an *old* sinner to turn to God; he says, "Let me alone in my sleep—let me alone in my rust; don't, don't stir me. I can't bear it. This ease is so comfortable." The fool says in his heart there is no God; because he has become corrupt and abominable in his doings, and because for so long a time "God has not been in all his thoughts." Were it not that "nothing is too hard for the Lord," we might be disposed to say of such a one, "Let him alone, don't waste time upon him—it is quite useless, he is lost!" Yet the Lord is long-suffering, and full of compassion, and it may be, if the sinner, even *this* sinner cry, the Lord will have mercy upon him. Let him cry mightily unto God to help him, for assuredly he cannot help himself.

The second class of unbelievers is not much better than the first, though perhaps they are more likely to recover from the disease, seeing they generally have youth on their side. I refer to those who become doubters from vanity and pride of intellect.

We reckon ourselves a wise and enlightened generation, and our enlightenment takes the special form of going down and meddling with (or "muddling" with) foundation truths. Literary and debating societies abound, and young men of magnificent intellects having sharpened their wits on the grindstones of the Philistines (without, however, having asked counsel of the Lord), try their keen-edged logic on all that past generations have venerated. These young Iconoclasts having cut (not their wisdom teeth but) the cords of faith, (beg pardon, credulity), rejoice in, nay, wallow in perfect freedom of thought. "Those old fogies, our forefathers," say they, "what duffers they were—how charmingly simple in their ignorance. Groaning and droning over their prayers and their psalms, and never daring to open any book but that old-fashioned Bible. Well, well, we've got past that, one book is as good as another, and the man who makes himself acquainted with all literary productions, gets a glorious expansion of intellect which emancipates him from the thraldom and bigotry of a narrow-minded religion. With what docile gullibility have past generations swallowed the notion of a God, and all the absurdities and old wives' fables that follow, when a little common sense would have prevented such moonshine being credited. Who ever saw this so-called God, who ever knew anybody that did see him—and what need is there of a God? Does not science prove that all things have been evolved, by a system of laws operating in the ages, and by the affinities of particles and natural selections, producing the various forms of life we see. Away, then, with these absurd and——."

Hold, friend! not so fast, wait a bit, let me speak. You love logic I see. Well, come with me. Let us travel in imagination across the ocean; here we are in America. Now we will dive into the vast forests, and go where man has never trod before. On we plod for days and weeks. This will do; let us stop at the foot of this giant tree. How solitary is all around. We are surely the first human beings that have ever visited here. But you, being the sharper of the two, reply, "Are we, though—what's this?" and, stooping down, pick up a couple of rails fastened together by a rusty nail. "You are mistaken, we

are not the first visitors to this spot; look at this." "Well," I reply, "what of that?" "Why, that could not get there of itself; somebody must have put it there." "How do you know; did you see that somebody?" No." "Do you know anybody who saw him?" "No, but my own sense tells me that two pieces of wood nailed crosswise could not get there of themselves." "Why not, might it not have happened somehow?" "How happened?" "Why, by the law of affinity, by natural selection—wood to wood you know." "Now you're trying to gull me. Could two pieces of wood fasten themselves together by a nail; besides, how could the nail make itself? Stupid! I think you must be cracked, or else the wood is akin to your head! Don't you see there's design, contrivance, mechanism; and how could that happen without a designer and worker to execute it? It's against all common sense to suppose it possible for those two rails either to put themselves together so, or to get there without some one having brought them; therefore I conclude, and I think these rails demonstrate to an absolute certainty, that somebody has been here before us."

"Right, friend; you've hit the nail on the head this time. Now, look at this tree. Observe its massive trunk, admirably adapted for holding its great boughs; see how its gnarled roots strike all ways into the ground, that it may be firmly held against the blast. Yet that is but one thing; the roots perform another function; through their many thousand mouths they take from the soil innumerable atoms, which even now are marching in wonderful regularity up the great trunk, and each one will find its way to the exact spot designed for it for the building up of the tree. That which is for making bark will not go to leaf—that which is for branch will not by mistake go to blossom, but every single particle will traverse its intended course, and rest in the exact spot which it is best adapted to fill. Is there no design here, no contrivance, no skill?" "Yes," you reply, "but this is only development. This is a gradual process of uniting particle to particle, according to a law of natural selection, as I said, but the other operation was different; in that there were existing substances interfered with and fastened together by a third in an unnatural way."

Granted; but, wherein is the difference? Here was a man who took materials already in existence, and put them together, fastening them by a piece of iron, which also pre-existed, and the result you take to be proof of skill and design. Supposing the man had made the nail and the wood out of nothing, would not that be evidence of still greater skill and more wonderful design; or, supposing he had power to set in operation certain existing forces by which he developed the wood and iron gradually from nothing, would not that be yet more marvellous? and yet, further, imagine that he had *created the forces* by which he developed the wood and iron, would not that be the most wonderful of all? Do you know of any man who can perform such wonders? Are they not above man's power altogether? Has not some one, some wonderful One then been at work? Will you tell me that all this has happened somehow—by a power which made itself—according to laws, which laws made themselves. You could not swallow my suggestion about the two rails, and yet you are rather proud of your own nonsense about this great tree—nay, the whole forest, and the world itself. Verily, the gullibility of Atheism is great. Talk about the credulity of Christians! We do believe in a few marvels, and our swallow may be somewhat large, but never was the most capacious Christian gullet guilty of the gullibility of the Atheist. Here is a bolus for you:—"Everything we see and everything we don't see, this great world and all the other worlds there may be, made themselves, out of particles, by a system of laws, and the particles and laws made themselves—out of nothing!" Behold the *reductio ad absurdum* of Atheistic logic!

Liverpool. A. Dracon.

Reviews.

Types and Emblems, being a Collection of Sermons preached on Sunday and Thursday Evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. Spurgeon. Price 3s. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

We hope this volume will please our friends. Of the matter we can say nothing, but the printing and binding are commendably done, the size is handy, and the price is within the reach of the many. Several readers have told us that they think the selection from the sermons have been wisely made by the publishers if they aimed at giving the more striking specimens of our preaching. Our publishers tell us that the whole of their first issue was taken up by the trade, and they have the work again on the press. We cannot quarrel with a public opinion of so practical a nature.

Man a Special Creation; or, the Preordained Evolution of Species. By William Sharpe, M.D. Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

An interesting argument against the theory of Mr. Darwin. Those who combine with their love of the Scriptures a propensity for studies in Natural History, will read this work with much pleasure and profit. Many curious facts are narrated, and are brought to bear upon the question of the origin of species. It is a very praiseworthy attempt to defend the declarations of the Bible.

Our Own Sheet Almanack for 1874. Partridge and Co. One Penny.

Our esteemed brother, W. J. Mayers, has prepared this almanack with much care, *and devotes all the profits to the new College Buildings.* It is a good sheet almanack—indeed, we do not know a better. Any congregation taking two hundred and fifty for £1 can have special matter inserted, and a title adapting it to their own use, by addressing, Walter J. Mayers, Kelvedon House, Queen's Road, Battersea Park, S.W. We wish our esteemed friend a circulation of tens of thousands.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore & Alabaster.

This is an old acquaintance, and has now for many years enjoyed a very large share of public favour. We do not think this year's production is worse than its predecessors; we always try to do our best. Our friends had better get it and review it for themselves; we cannot review our own productions unless we imitate Cobbett's style and say, "If any one wants a good penny Almanack, let him buy mine at once."

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack, fo 1874. Price One Penny. Passmor and Alabaster.

This is now on sale. If employers o labour would introduce it to their workpeople we think they would be doing them good service. The almanack is meant mainly for the working classes, and inculcates thrift, sobriety, and kindness to animals, in a style which they can understand.

Incidents in my Sunday-school Life, or Short Chapters for Teachers and Scholars. By Lillie Montfort. Wesleyan Conference Office.

A number of pleasing incidents. Nothing very thrilling or unusual, but good, gracious and practical.

Notes on the Parables, according to literal and futurist principles of interpretation. By Mrs. Machlachlan. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

These interpretations will delight the brethren who hail from Plymouth, for they are oracular and dogmatical in the highest degree, and about as far-fetched as the comments of Origen. When we reached a point at which the authoress feels it needful to warn us that the gospels are Jewish in their teaching, we judged it time to have done. Systems of interpretation which find it necessary to depreciate inspired books give very clear evidence that their origin is not from above. When we peruse such nonsense we ask, what next? And what next?

The Reformation. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WE commenced reading this volume with the impression that he must be a bold man who thinks he can make a book on this portion of church history after D'Aubigné's famous work. "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" The author has, however, quite justified to our judgment the attempt he has made. It is a capital digest of the subject, with a good index and tables, and forms a first-class book for general readers as well as for students. We find nothing new, but are glad to have the old facts in so convenient and admirable a form.

Introduction to the knowledge of Holy Scripture. By the Rev. SAMUEL GREEN. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

A BOOK for teachers and senior scholars in Sunday schools. A small volume after the style of Dr. Angus's "Bible Handbook," and likely to be very useful from its cheap and condensed form. We welcome it warmly, and commend it heartily.

Christ Crucified. By ADOLPHE SAPHIR. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street. 1873.

MR. SAPHIR is too well known to need any commendation from us. He is always found at the cross, or not far from it. Here, especially, where the subject is Christ crucified, he stands immovably: not as some would say, under the shadow of the cross, because with him the cross has no shadows, but in the midst of its glories, changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. Such teachers never need go beyond the plain meaning of Scripture for the confirmation of their views; they always speak much of their beloved brother Paul; and by looking at all Scripture doctrines in their relation to the cross, have no difficulty in perceiving their relation to each other. Their writings are both learned and simple, deep and yet clear. We rejoice in them, as most valuable, because most useful in the present age.

Vivian and His Friends; or, Two Hundred Years Ago. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

A STORY of the plague of London, which has already appeared in the "Sunday at Home." The name of the author is sufficient guarantee for the godly tone; the story itself possesses absorbing interest. Illustrations abound, and the binding of the book is very attractive; it would make a very handsome present.

An entirely New Series of Scripture Texts has been issued by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE texts are printed on very large sheets of paper (size 35 inches by 22½ inches), and are very suitable for the walls of mission rooms, schoolrooms, refuges, &c. We are best pleased with the one entitled the A B C of the gospel of the blessed God. It contains the three texts, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God; Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." Our specimen is mounted on canvas, varnished, with eyelet holes, and if hung upon a wall would preach the gospel for many years. It is printed in chocolate colour, and costs 1s. 6d. Other colours are the same in price. There are seventeen varieties of texts. Here is an excellent plan of doing good.

Biblical Cyclopædia; or, Dictionary of the Old and New Testament. By WM. JONES, M.A. London: Wm. Tegg.

WE have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be a valuable addition to the library of all those who aspire to a correct and extensive acquaintance with the sacred writings. It is a Biblical library in itself, and is precisely adapted to those who, from necessity or choice, are seeking one book in the place of many. It is not a mere dictionary of words, but a dissertation upon their meaning, more or less extensive, according to their position in a sound theological system. We have turned to several test-words, and found them to be quite in harmony with our views. We recommend it strongly both to teachers and taught.

Wonderful Works of Christ. By a Clergyman's Daughter. Second Series. Religious Tract Society.

We do not remember having seen the first series of these most instructive conversations, but we like this second series immensely. The children talk about the miracles as we fear no children ever do, and so far the machinery of the book is rather unnatural: but the instruction given is most precious. We cannot imagine a better book for a mother who wants to give her children a holy and interesting Sabbath evening's lesson. Instead of further remarks, we subjoin an extract upon Peter's walking on the sea, which to us is the very *beau idéal* of suggestive commenting in simple language:—

"What made him want to go?" asked Charlie. "I would rather have kept safe in the boat."

"He was influenced, no doubt, by mingled motives. Perhaps, being so impulsive, he had shown most terror at the first sight of the figure moving towards them on the waves, and now he may have wished to prove how heroic he could be. There was, we may be sure, love to the Saviour, and a desire to be near him; but mingled with these were more selfish feelings—among others, I think, a desire for pre-eminence, a wish to push himself into notice—something of the same spirit which led him at a later day to utter those boastful words, 'Though all shall be offended, yet will not I,' words followed by a sadder fall than the one that overtook him now."

"I notice he says, 'bid *me* come,' not bid *us*; he was evidently only thinking of himself," said Lizzie.

"Mark the love and wisdom of the Saviour's answer. He does not chill his impulsive disciple by a refusal, though he knows the faults that lurk in Peter's desire. He permits him to learn this needful lesson. Yet it is but by a single word that he answers Peter's request—a word which, while it does not refuse the trial, in no way promises success."

"Peter said, '*Bid* me come *unto thee*,' and our Saviour only replied, 'Come,'" observed Herbert.

"Yes; the 'come' is no command, only a permission. Peter had said 'unto thee,' but our Lord gives no such definite invitation. The result was now to depend entirely on the disciple's faith. How strong that faith seemed at first! He clambered down the side of the rolling vessel, his feet touched the heaving waves, and he stood upon them. With eyes fixed on the Saviour, he took the first few steps in safety; then, as the great billows rolled towards him, and he saw them rising and falling between him his Master, Peter forgot the secret source of his strength, and while gazing into the yawning gulfs of the angry sea his heart sank with fear, his faith wavered, and he began to sink.'

"And yet his faith did not altogether leave him, said Herbert, thoughtfully, "for even in that terrible moment he believed in Christ's power and love—he cried at once, 'Lord, save me.'"

"But could he not swim?" asked Charlie, "He was a fisherman, you know."

"He could swim; in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel we have proof of that. One writer on this miracle remarks, that Peter, in his terror, forgot his usual resource; while another says, 'In this his peril, his fisher's art profits him nothing; for there is no mingling of nature and grace in this way.' Probably some sense of his sin and presumption may have flashed on Peter's mind, and made him feel that he would honour Christ by seeking help only from him."

"How graciously Christ rebuked him," said Lizzie. "The Lord recognised his faith, weak as it was. He did not call Peter 'unbelieving' but 'of little faith.'"

"And the Saviour says also, 'Wherefore didst thou *doubt?*' not 'wherefore didst thou *come?*'" added Herbert. "And then you forgot one thing," said Charles, "The Saviour helped Peter first, and rebuked him when he was safe. I do think that was the kindest part of it. Yesterday, when I rolled down that hollow and fell among the brambles, nurse kept on scolding me all the time that she was helping me out, and I didn't feel half so much obliged to her as I should have done. But Jesus saved Peter *immediately*, and then after that he told him of his fault."

The book is very prettily got up, and is so good that we hope the "clergyman's daughter" will give us more of the same kind.

Homes Made and Marred: a Book for Working Men and their Wives. Religious Tract Society.

A Book to give a newly-married couple, and if it should lead them both to be teetotallers so much the better. It aims, however, at something higher, even at their conversion. The sad tale thrills the reader, and leaves, perhaps, too melancholy a feeling upon the mind; but there are some who will never be made to fly from sin unless they see the horrible results which it may produce. Bad temper in the wife in this story drove the husband to the publichouse, and led on to the ruin of the family. God grant that such a scene may never occur in actual life to any of our young readers; but, alas! it may do if sin be not conquered by the grace of God.

Notes.

We laid the first stone of the new buildings for the Pastors' College on Tuesday, October 14, and the day will ever be one of the brightest recollections of our heart. Our loving people from seven in the morning to ten at night never ceased to pour in their offerings, each one saying a kind word to the pastor as the money was given. Happy is the minister who has such a people. Mainly by small sums the amount was made up to £1,000, and the ministers and students brought in another £300. We began the day with prayer, and the students continued the devotions right on. The day was fine, the people enthusiastic, the speakers in good trim, and all was as we could desire it, best of all the Lord was there. Our enterprise is now going on to completion, and if all our readers were now to send in their help we should soon crown the edifice. This will be done, and again we shall have to magnify the God of grace. Never before was any work in our hands carried out with so little trouble.

It is delightful to read the account of the meetings of the Baptist Union at Nottingham; evidently the divine presence was enjoyed. The address of Dr. Landels on Ritualism was a splendid deliverance. "There is a future for you Baptists," said Neander, and we mean to realise it by the Lord's gracious help.

Like many of our readers, we were amazed to find the *Christian World* charging us with believing in the damnation of infants. Never did we give any man an excuse for such a calumny; we loathe the notion as we detest murder. The newspaper writer must have very sore withers, or he would not kick out so wildly at the touch of our hand. We accept his handful of mud as the evidence that his conscience pricked him. As to the editor of the *Christian World*, much as we dislike his theology, we cannot believe that he approves of such an assault; we have always found him a gentleman, and therefore we expect the *amende honorable* at his hands before this reaches our readers.

A new Baptist interest is to be raised in Aldershot. One of our College men is to commence in a few days.

The friends who have met at Palmerston Hall, Wimbledon, have bought the hall, and made it their permanent place of worship. We have apportioned them £200, but they greatly need further aid.

It was a great joy to us to journey to Bradford to assist in the opening services of the new chapel of our brother, Mr. J. P. Chown. We had a good season in St. George's Hall, and the Lord was there. It is interesting to record that before we reached Bradford Mr. Chown's friends had cleared the new chapel of all debt, and therefore the collections were divided between the Bradford Infirmary and the Stockwell Orphanage. Our share is to be £125, and we are truly grateful for it; it cheers us at a time when subscriptions come in but slowly.

At Bedford, on October the 22nd, we preached in Mr. Howard's great implement house to three or four thousand people. The collections were divided between the Baptist and Wesleyan churches. We are coming nearer, for we both hate Ritualism and neology. Both denominations have definite views on the great gospel doctrines, and abhor the looseness of "modern thought."

The Sunday-school teachers at Tabernacle have had a very gracious season of special prayer, and are looking for a great blessing. The setting apart of a time for intercession by the Sunday School Union was a most wise and holy thought, we feel sure that throughout all Sabbath schools which duly observed the occasion the largest blessings will follow. O for living teaching, and the quickening of youthful hearts into immediate conversion to God!

We are requested to state in connection with the China Mission that a letter awaits J. J. S. at 422, Holloway Road Post-office, from T. P. H., 82, Dempsey Street. We may add that we hope the papers upon China will lead friends to help Mr. Hudson Taylor's Inland Mission, and any sums sent to us will be punctually forwarded.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. T. Wigner:—September 29th, fifteen. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 2nd, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 20th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. Simpson Annan	5	0	0
Mr. James Richards	0	6	0
A Widow	0	10	0
J. G. P.	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Wilkes	5	0	0
A Widow's Thankoffering, A. K.	5	0	0
Mrs. Penaluna	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	1	4
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	7	0
D-5, M.599	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mrs. Varley	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Page	4	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	12	6
Mr. H. Thompson	10	0	0
Mr. Gardiner	1	6	0
Mr. B. Venables	3	3	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Staple	0	10	
A Friend in Africa, per Rev. G. Rogers	5	0	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	0
A Friend, Cambridge	0	5	0
Mrs. Bickmore	20	0	0
Sale of Jewellery	1	10	0
A Friend, from Suffolk	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	1	10	0
A Sermon Reader	0	10	0
Mr. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. J. Porteus	1	0	0
Mr. Clark	20	0	0
The Misses Clark	5	0	0
John Ploughman	0	7	6
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Sept. 21	16	14	3
" " " 28	40	0	3
" " " Oct. 5	32	2	3
" " " 12	30	2	9
" " " 19	60	4	6
	£243	13	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 20th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Thomas	1	1	0
W. T. A.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Richards	0	5	0
Mrs. Hughes	1	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
M. S.	1	0	0
Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	5	3
Sale of Old Cardboard	0	6	0
A Friend (Berkhampstead)	0	5	0
Miss May	0	3	5
Mrs. Beechiff's Bible Class	0	12	0
A Widow's Thankoffering (A. K.)	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. R. Toller	0	5	0
Mr. G. Winslade	0	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Per Rev. W. Sampson	5	0	0
Grateful Sermon Readers	1	0	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Miss Best	0	10	0
Miss L. Best	0	10	0
Mr. T. Buckmaster	5	0	0
The Misses Hullert	0	7	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and Friends	1	1	0
A Scotch Friend	0	10	0
J. S. (Norfolk)	1	0	0
A. S.	0	2	6
W. A. M.	0	5	0
D. Wallis	0	3	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Miss Katie Turnbull	0	3	6
Mrs. McAdoo	1	0	0
J. T. H., Orders	0	9	2
S., Orders	0	5	0
Every Little Helps	0	2	6
R. E. S.	0	2	0
W. F. E.	0	2	0
Mrs. Legge	0	3	0
Miss Brown	0	4	0
Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. Benham	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs. Sibery at Brockley Road	2	0	0
A Margate Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Barker	0	7	0
Mrs. Green	1	0	0
B., per Mrs. Green	1	0	0
Miss Taylor	0	2	6
Mr. Morris	0	1	0
Mr. John Daniels	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	7	11
A Friend, per Mrs. T.	10	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	5	0
Captain Morrison, R.N.	2	0	0
Part of the Tenth	1	0	0
birkenhead	0	1	9
Mr. H. Jelly	5	0	0
Mrs. Cassin	1	0	0
T. R. M.	0	14	0
D. E. T.	3	7	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. A. Debenham	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	4	16	0
Mrs. Evans, Sale of Bazaar Goods	1	17	6
Mr. J. Roberton	4	0	0
Mr. W. H. Tipper	1	0	0
Mrs. Greenfield	1	1	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Mr. Ranford	1	0	0
R. A.	15	0	0
Miss H. Pells	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
W. J. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Burcher	1	5	0
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Brine	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Wilkins, per F. R. T. ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Skinner	1	1	0
Mr. John Meyers	2	2	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
	£125	13	8

Orphan Boys' Quarterly Collecting Cards.—Aptel F. G., 2s 2d; Abbey J., 10s 2d; Austin, 2s 3d; Baker J., 3s 2d; Ball C., 4s 7d; Brooker H., 7s 3d; Bramble H., 10s; Brownlie W., 2s 9d; Brown J., 6s 3d; Bligh F., 3s 5d; Bray E., 12s 6d; Brick E., 1s; Bowers A., £1 2s 10d; Court R., 2s 7d; Cockerton T., 1s 10d; Coles G., £1 10s; Colliers H., 3s 5d; Corke L., 1s; Campbell C., 5s 3d; Chapman M., 2s 6d; Christmas J., 3s 6d; Crisp, 1s 9d; Carroll J., 14s 3d; Dawson T., 1s 9d; Dean G., 5s; Dixon R., 5s 11d; Digby C., 1s 10d; Dixon T., 6s 11d; Day A., 3s 5d; Davis A., 1s 4d; Dalby W., £1; Ellis H., 1s 5d; Edmonds B., 3s 10d; Ehlers R., 2s 4d; Emmet S., 7s 4d; Evans T., 3s; Ellis G., 12s 3d; Fourness E., 4s 6d; Fleming G., 5s; Farley J., 2s 1d; Fanner W., 13s 1d; Furby A., 5s. 9d; Gatten J., 5s 4d; Goslmark R., 12s 6d; Gregory, 3s 3d; Heath A., 2s 4d; Hodge J., 6s 3d; Herrieff T., 3s; Hearn C., 1s 6d; Hitchcox S., 8s 1d; Harrowing, T., 6s 6d; Hart F., 4s; Hobson W., per "Aunt Pattie," 2s 6d; Hobbs W., 5s 3d; Hedges W., 9s 9d; Harper A., 3s; Horley D., 10s 4d; Harris A., 2s; Hinkley J., 7s 4d; Hockheimer W., 6s; Jones C., 2s6d; Jones A. C., 5s 9d; Johnson G., 5s 4d; Leak F., 10s; Laker A., 11s 5d; Lee E., 6s 1d; Ladds W., 4s 9d; Lake A., 1s 4d; Maynard J., per "Aunt Pattie," 2s 6d; Matthews W., £1; Mee C. M., 4s; Marsh H., 2s 10s; Morley H., 6s 1d; Mallett, 4s; Machin, 5s 6d; Nichols M., 3s 6d; Okill W., 3s 2d; Phipps H., 7s 4d; Parker G., 16s 5d; Passingham, £1 1s 8d; Paice F., 2s 7d; Pearson W., 5s 1d; Parry L., 9s 1d; Randall W., 3s 1d; Rogers W., 3s 1d; Richardson A., 2s 0d; Rees J., 12s 10d; Robinson, 16s 1d; Roberts G., 13s 6d; Raynor W., 6s 3d; Smith R., 2s 4d; Stratford J., £1 1s 4d; Smith Harry, 1s 6d; Simms W., £1; Simpson J., 2s 4d; Thornton H., 5s; Tatum F., 3s 3d; Tanner, 2s 9d; White A., 4s 9d; Walton E., 4s 2d; Wood W., 11s 4d; White A., 9s 2d; Wingell S., 2s 6d; Walker D., 10s; Wheeler W., 6s 1½d.; tickets for tea, 17s 6d.—Total, £35 7s. 5½d.

Donations per Mr. Charlesworth.—H. Laurance, 5s; Mr. Groom, £1 1s; Nemo, £1 10s; M. Wilson, 10s; A. Bamker, 8s 3d; H. Hopperton, 10s; Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, 6s 2d.—Total, £4 10s. 5d.

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—A pig, Mr. F. B. Thomas; a sheep, Anon; one ton of potatoes, Mr. Toller; one pad of apples, Mrs. Waltham; ditto, Mr. Scott; one sack of flour, Mr. Saunders; sundry vegetables for the sea-side infirmary, and 20 sacks of potatoes, Mr Hogbin; 120 eggs, Janet Waid.

Clothing, &c.—One knitted counterpane, Anon; 10 pairs of knitted stockings, "An old lady nearly blind"; 30 boys' ties, Anon; 2 cotton shirts, Miss Ward; several bed quilts, A. Davies; 30 washleathers, per W. Olney.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from September 30th to Oct. 20th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
F. and M. Woodhams	0	15	0
Miss Hobbs	0	5	0
M. A. G.	5	0	0
Collected by J. Scowen	1	0	0
Mr. J. Sadler	1	1	0
Mr. James Gillies	5	0	0
M. S.	1	0	0
R. M.	0	5	0
Lizzie	0	2	6
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
A Welsh Servant	0	5	0
Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. D. S. Miller	2	2	0
A Mite	0	5	0
Mr. T. Hamilton	25	0	0
Mr. H. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. James Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Smith	1	1	0
D. Y., Manington	1	0	0
Mr. John Angus	1	0	0
Mrs. Kemp	0	2	6
H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Turner	2	2	0
Mrs. Mary Williamson	0	5	0
Mrs. Sarah Jones	0	5	0
Mr. Ransford	1	0	0
Mr. Frost	0	15	0
Mr. G. Barber	5	0	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0
C. B.	2	0	0
Miss Syme	0	2	6
Mr. James Mills	10	10	0
Mrs. Hare	0	3	0
Mr. R. Fergus	2	0	0
E. G.	0	3	0
J. S., Norfolk	1	0	0
Mrs. Russell	0	5	0
A.	0	5	0
Mrs. White	0	2	6
Mr. Upsher	0	2	6
Mr. Tabor	0	5	0
Mr. Horsepool	0	10	0
Mr. Pearce	5	0	0
Miss Hudson	0	5	0
Mrs. Tiff	0	5	0
Friend, A	0	10	0
W. J. M.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Morris	0	5	0
Miss H. Blackie	0	1	0
A Widow	1	0	0
Miss Speidt	1	0	0
Mrs. Mahon	0	2	6
Mrs. Farrow	0	1	6
Mr. Spriggs	1	0	0
Mrs. Sibrey	0	2	0
Miss Wheatley	0	1	0
Miss Eldred	0	4	0
Miss H. Swain	0	5	0
Miss J. Hill	0	2	6
Miss C. Wilson	0	4	0
Miss E. Chapman	0	1	0
Mrs. Case	0	1	0
Mr. W. Bright	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Chilvers	2	2	0
Mr. Dunn	0	10	0
Friend, B	0	3	0
A Friend	1	0	0
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cox	10	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	10	10	0
Mrs. Sayer	0	1	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Bennett	5	0	0
Mr. White	0	5	0
Mr. Dawe	0	10	0
Mrs. Lacey	0	10	0
Mrs. Paine	0	10	0
Miss Emily Swaffield	0	5	0
Mr. Potter	10	0	0
Miss Jephs	0	5	0
Mrs. Pash	0	2	6
Mrs. Hooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	1	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. Froud	2	2	0
Mr. Plant	0	10	0
Miss Skinner	0	10	0
S. G.	0	10	0
Mr. Stiff	10	0	0
Mr. Crane	0	5	0
Mr. Ashley	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mr. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nisbett	5	0	0
Mr. A. T. Nisbett	1	10	0
Mr. Bradley	0	2	6
Mrs. Bull	1	0	0
Mr. Clear	1	1	0
Mr. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. Ash	0	10	0
Mrs. Willcox	1	1	0
Emmy and her Brother	1	1	0
Miss Maxwell	1	0	0
Mr. Hall	0	15	0
E. B., Thankoffering	2	10	0
A Thankoffering, Mrs. Ellis	5	0	0
Gratitude	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Gatehouse	1	0	0
Mrs. Gatehouse	0	6	0
Miss Jane Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. Coveney	1	1	0
Mr. Churley	1	1	0
Mr. E. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mills	2	2	0
Mrs. Allom	0	2	6
A Friend, at Tabernacle	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cooper	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pope	2	2	0
Mr. H. Blandford	1	1	0
Mr. Chandler	0	5	0
Mr. Jeffrey	0	10	0
Mrs. Humphries	0	10	0
R. B. L. S. D.	0	10	0
B.	0	2	6
C.	0	2	0
Mrs. Gur Moore	0	1	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	1	0
Miss Coker	0	5	0
Mrs. Plant	0	10	0
Mr. Longbotham	5	0	0
Miss Knight	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Marsh	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	0	2	6
Miss C. Masters	0	10	0
Miss Jude	0	5	0
Mrs. Stone	0	5	0
Z.	0	0	8
Mrs. Croker	5	0	0
A Little Girl	0	1	0
Mr. Wheelwright, in remembrance	20	0	0
Father, Mother, Brother, and Sister	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Anden	0	5	0
Miss Figg	1	1	0
Mrs. Howes	0	5	0
Mrs. Hearson	0	5	0
Miss Darkin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coe	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Prout	0	10	0
Mr. W. P. Gladwin	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. Todds	5	0	0
Mrs. Winser	1	0	0
Debtors to Free Grace	8	0	0
Mrs. Cripps	1	1	0
Mrs. Knipps	1	1	0
Miss Hallett	0	10	0
Mr. Crawter	0	10	0
Mr. King	0	5	0
Miss Nay	0	10	0
Mrs. Bydawell	0	2	0
Mrs. Anstey	2	2	0
Mrs. Woolhill	2	0	0
Mr. Hodges	1	1	0
M. W.	5	0	0
Mrs. Bantick	1	0	0
P.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	0	10	0
Miss Alderson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pettifer	1	0	0
Mr. Jeffers	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Mr. Adams	0	10	0
Mrs. Price	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs Hayter	0	3	6
Mrs. Wale	1	0	0
Miss Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Young	0	10	0
Mrs. Warren	0	1	0
Mr. Higgs	50	0	0
Mr. Passmore	50	0	0
G.	0	10	0
Mr. Ranford	5	0	0
Mrs. Ranford	2	0	0
Miss A. Parker	0	10	0
Mr. Lawson	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Priestley	0	5	0
Mrs. Anton	0	2	6
Mr. Blacks	0	2	0
H.	0	10	6
Mary Ann Baldwin	0	6	0
Mrs. Anson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tamkin	0	5	0
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hockey	5	0	0
Little Alice	0	5	0
Little Alice's Grandmother	0	2	6
Mr. Curry	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney	25	0	0
Mr. Mills	25	0	0
Miss Goslin	1	0	0
A Margate Friend	0	5	0
Mr. R. May	100	0	0
Mrs. Stumpf	0	10	0
Mrs. Cornell	0	2	6
Miss Barnett	0	10	0
Miss Julia Chant	1	0	0
Mr. W. Simpson	0	2	6
Mr. Pickering	0	5	0
E. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. Pierce	5	0	0
Mr. Drew	0	10	6
Mrs. Buxton	0	2	6
Mrs. Clare	0	2	6
Miss Swan	0	5	0
Miss Alice Davey	0	5	0
Miss Hitchings	0	5	0
Miss Hunt	0	2	0
Miss Beale	0	1	6
B. and Mrs. Green	1	5	0
Mrs. Fuller	0	5	0
W. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Muskett	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. Willcoxon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Morgan	5	0	0
Mr. Andrews	0	5	0
Miss Bowles	0	5	0
Mrs. Lane	0	5	0
Amelia and her Brother	0	3	6
Miss Vining	0	10	0
Miss Bower	0	2	6
Miss Duncomb	1	0	0
E. B.	0	5	0
Mr. E. C. Rowley	1	1	0
T. S.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stevenson	10	0	0
Mr. Thorne	1	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Mr. Hellier	2	2	0
A Coal Heaver	0	2	6
Mrs. Gosling	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Gosling	1	1	0
Mr. Hyatt	1	1	0
Mrs. Woods	0	2	0
Mrs. Day	0	10	0
Miss Day	0	10	0
Miss Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. Westbrook	2	0	0
Marian and Agnes	0	2	0
A Member	1	0	0
Mrs. Harding	0	3	0
Mr. Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	1	6	0
Mrs. Deane	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown	0	7	0
Mrs. Hill	2	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	2	0	0
J. S., A Mite	0	5	0
Tom	0	1	1
An American Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Pink	0	2	6
J.	0	2	6
K.	0	2	0
Captain Ives	5	0	0
W. Allan	0	5	0
Mrs. King	0	4	0
A Friend of the Poor	0	5	0
Another Friend	0	1	0
E. W.	0	2	6
Mr. Alhway	0	10	6
Miss Emily Smith	5	0	0
G. M.	0	2	6
Dr. and Mrs. Gay	2	10	0
Mr. Ward	1	1	0
Mr. S. Child	2	2	0
Miss Spencer	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Evans	0	10	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	1	0	0
Miss Brown	0	10	0
Mr. Leaver	0	10	0
Mrs. Watts	0	10	0
Miss Fells	0	10	0
Miss S. J. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. Worth	1	0	0
Mr. Russell	2	0	0
Miss Dymock	0	5	0
Mr. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. Llewelly	0	5	0
Mr. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Neville	5	0	0
Mrs. King	0	10	0
Mrs. Morris	1	0	0
Mrs. Berry	0	2	6
Mr. Mackey	1	10	0
Mr. Waight	1	0	0
Mrs. Waight	0	10	0
Mr. Lawrence	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mrs. Parker	1	0	0
Mrs. Parker	0	10	0
Mr. John Keene	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Barr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Cole	2	0	0
Mr. Vickery	10	0	0
Miss French	0	10	0
Mr. Drake	5	0	0
Captain Meldrum	0	5	0
Ellen and Eliza Tabor	1	0	0
Miss Prior	1	0	0
May and Elizabeth Marshall	0	10	0
James and Eliza Cox	0	5	0
Mr. W. S. Payne	0	5	0
H. A. D.	1	0	0
Miss Hazell	0	10	0
Mrs. Simpson	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Miss Winslow	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Knight	5	0	0
Mrs. Skinner	1	0	0
Mrs. Grant	0	10	0
Mrs. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. Parsons	1	0	0
J. B. and Daughter	1	10	0
Mrs. Sidrey	0	5	0
E. B.	0	1	0
A Servant	0	10	0
Mrs. Crisp	0	6	0
Mrs. Williams	2	19	0
Mr. T. Chester	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tanner	0	2	0
Miss Jenkins	0	10	0
Mr. Bryant	0	4	0
Miss Lamb	1	0	0
E.	0	2	0
Mr. Pullin	1	0	0
Mr. Rea	5	0	0
Miss Wyatt	0	10	0
Miss Law	0	10	0
Herbert	0	10	0
K. L. K.	0	5	0
Mrs. Freeman	0	5	0
M.	0	1	0
Mrs. Wright	1	1	0
Charlotte Hadlington	0	2	0
E. W.	0	5	0
Alfred Austin	0	10	0
L. C. B.	0	10	0
T. S.	0	2	0
Mr. Benham	0	10	4
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall	0	15	0
J. R.	1	0	0
John Morpeth	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. Hornsby	1	0	0
M. A. P.	0	1	0
E. S.	0	2	0
Mr. Murrell	25	0	0
Mr. Sundries	1	0	0
Mr. H. Olney	25	0	0
Mr. T. Olney	50	0	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	3	0	0
Miss Emma Marsh	1	0	0
Miss Alice	1	0	0
Polly and Eph	2	2	0
Mr. Gamage	1	1	0
Mrs. Gamage	0	10	6
Miss Gamage	0	5	0
Miss E. Gamage	0	5	0
Master A. Gamage	0	2	6
Miss Gillard	0	10	0
Mr. Goodchild	0	1	0
Mr. Rogers	1	1	0
Mrs. Davey	0	1	0
Mr. Wollacott	1	1	0
A Churchman	0	2	6
Miss Richardson	0	2	6
Miss Butcher	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
X.	0	1	6
Mrs. Roger	0	5	0
Mrs. Charlton	0	5	0
Thomas Davey	0	2	6
A Widow	0	2	0
Miss Peachey	0	2	0
Mr. Welch	1	0	0
Mr. Pankhurst	0	5	0
N.	0	10	0
A Grateful Hearer	1	0	0
Francis	0	2	0
Alice	0	5	0
B. T. J.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	1	0	0
Miss Gayford	0	2	6
Mr. Hollis	0	5	0
Mrs. Bowker	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bowker	0	2	6
Mr. Parker	0	5	0
Mrs. Peckham	0	6	0
Mr. Morris	0	5	0
Mrs. Culverhouse	0	5	0
Emma Goodey	0	2	6
Mrs. Bartlett	0	10	0
J. N.	0	1	0
A Working Man	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
The Misses Heath	2	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0
H. W.	0	1	0
J. H.	1	0	0
S. P.	0	6	0
J. B.	0	5	0
Mr. Doddington	0	2	6
Mr Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. Storer	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
A Bachelor's Mite	0	2	0
A Friend	0	2	6
W. B.	0	5	0
H. J.	1	10	0
C. W.	0	10	6
Sarah	0	2	0
Mr. Chambers	0	1	6
Mr. H. Chambers	0	1	0
Widow's Mite	0	2	0
Mrs. Marana	0	7	6
Mr. T. Haynes	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	0	0	6
Small Sums, per J. A. Spurgeon	0	16	0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
Mr. Dunmer	0	10	0
R. R.	0	5	0
Mrs. Day	0	2	6
Miss L. Wakeling	0	2	6
L. O.	0	10	0
Miss Corfield	0	10	0
A Sinner saved by Grace	0	2	0
Mrs. W. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Rossiter	0	2	0
Miss Burnett	0	5	0
Miss Westbrook	1	0	0
A. S.	0	10	0
M. A. C.	1	0	0
Mr. John Hubbard	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	2	6
Mrs. Coates	1	0	0
S. E. L.	0	5	0
M.	0	10	0
Peckham	0	10	0
Mrs. Berie	0	10	0
A Friend, per R. B. L.	0	2	6
Mr. John Lightbody	1	0	0
Mrs. Cook	3	0	0
Mr. S. Walker	10	10	0
Mr. W. Izard	5	0	0
Mr J. W. Brown	1	1	0
B. D.	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
A Member	0	2	6
Mr. Dowsett	2	0	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	10	0	0
A Sister, per Mr. Court	0	10	0
E. M.	0	1	0
In Offering Box	0	4	6
D. M.	0	10	0
J. C. R.	0	2	6
Jude	0	5	0
Atherway	0	2	0
Saunders	0	1	0
C. L. B.	0	5	0
Mr. John Adams, Acton	10	10	0
Miss Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0	5	0
Miss Dodwell	0	10	0
A Lady at Trinity Chapel, per Mr. Jeffery	1	1	0
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
C. F. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Crisp	0	10	0
A Lamb of the Flock	0	3	0
Mrs. Davis	0	12	0
Mr. Keys	1	0	0
	£1029	13	3

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. J. L. Keys:—						
Mr. C. Walmsley	2	2	0			
Rev. J. L. Keys	1	11	0			
Mr. Hearn	1	1	0			
Mr. A. E. Orr	1	0	0			
Mrs. Mills	0	5	0			
Mrs. North	0	5	0			
Mr. Gomm	0	2	6			
				6	6	6
Per Rev. H. C. Field (additional):—						
Mr. R. Booth				1	0	0
Per Rev. G. T. Ennals, Hartlepool:—						
Mr. Yule	1	0	0			
Mr. Rennison	1	0	0			
Anonymous	1	0	0			
A Friend	0	10	0			
Mr. Wilde	0	5	0			
Mr. Bullen	0	3	0			
Miss Inglis	0	2	6			
				4	0	6
L. P.				1	0	0
Per Rev. Christopher Testro				1	5	0
Rev. Joseph Burtt, Ipswich				1	0	0
Rev. A. J. Hamilton and Friends				2	5	0
Per Rev. J. A. Brown, Bermondsey:—						
Collection	1	6	2			
Mr. T. Thomas	0	10	0			
Mr. J. White	0	10	0			
Miss Jacklings	0	10	0			
Mr. F. Grinwood	0	5	0			
A Friend	0	5	0			
Mrs. Harper	0	2	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Brown	1	5	0			
Mrs. Brown's Box	0	6	10			
				8	0	0
Per Rev. G. J. Knight, Lowestoft:—						
Collections	7	10	0			
Mr. Clarke	0	5	0			
Mr. George	0	2	6			
G. J. Knight	1	0	0			
Mr. Marks	0	10	0			
Mr. Smith	0	10	0			
Mr. Wright	0	2	6			
				10	0	0

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per Rev. J. C. Forth, Wirksworth :—		
Miss Wright	1 0 0	
Mr. Forth	0 10 0	
Mrs. Forth	0 5 0	
Miss Malin	0 5 0	
Mrs. Fryer	0 2 6	
Rev. W. Dyson	0 2 6	
		2 5 0
Per Rev. W. H. J. Page, Calne :—		
Mrs. Parris, Lavendon ...	1 0 0	
Mr. Blackler, Calne	0 10 0	
Mr. J. Chappell, Calne ...	1 0 0	
Rev. W. H. J. Page, Calne...	1 0 0	
		3 10 0
Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Barnard		1 1 0
Rev. David and Mrs. Asquith		2 2 0
Mr. Cater		0 18 0
Rev. G. D. Evans		0 10 0
Mr. John Kemp		0 15 0
A Student		0 2 0
Mr. G. D. Cox		2 19 6
Per Mr. G. Alway :		
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Per Rev. S. T. Williams		1 6 6
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Per A Student		4 0 0
Per Rev. John Jackson, Sevenoaks :—		
Rev. John Jackson	1 0 0	
Mr. S. Constable	0 10 0	
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Mr. Thomas Parris	0 10 0	
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Mr. Habgood	0 5 0	
Mr. Cleevely	1 0 0	
Mrs. Skemp	0 2 6	
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Mr. J. Harris	0 5 0	
Mr. H. Sims	0 10 0	
Miss Daft	0 10 0	
Mr. C. Bloodworthy	0 10 0	
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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1873.

To Workers with Slender Apparatus.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT are those ministers to do who have a slender apparatus? By a slender apparatus I mean that they have few books, and little or no means wherewith to purchase more. This is a state of things which ought not to exist in any case; the churches ought to take care that it should be rendered impossible. Up to the highest measure of their ability they should furnish their minister, not only with the food which is needful to sustain the life of his body, but with mental nutriment, so that his soul may not be starved. A good library should be looked upon as an indispensable part of church furniture; and the deacons, whose business it is "to serve tables," will be wise, if, without neglecting the table of the Lord, or of the poor, and without diminishing the supplies of the minister's dinner-table, they give an eye to his study-table, and keep it supplied with new works and standard books in fair abundance. It would be money well laid out, and would be productive far beyond expectation. Instead of waxing eloquent upon the declining power of the pulpit, leading men in the church should use the legitimate means for improving its power, by supplying the preacher with food for thought. Put the whip into the manger is my advice to all grumblers.

* Given as a specimen of lectures delivered by us before the students of the Pastors' College. We hope it will be interesting to other workers besides those in the ministry.

Some years ago I tried to induce our churches to have ministers' libraries as a matter of course, and some few thoughtful people saw the value of the suggestion, and commenced carrying it out. With much pleasure I have seen here and there the shelves provided, and a few volumes placed upon them. I earnestly wish that such a beginning had been made everywhere; but, alas! I fear that a long succession of starveling ministers will alone arouse the miserly to the conviction that parsimony with a minister is false economy. Those churches which cannot afford a liberal stipend should make some amends by founding a library as a permanent part of their establishment; and by making additions to it from year to year, it would soon become very valuable. My venerable grandfather's manse had in it a collection of very valuable, ancient Puritanic volumes, which had descended from minister to minister: well do I remember certain ponderous tomes, whose chief interest to me lay in their curious initial letters, adorned with pelicans, griffins, little boys at play, or patriarchs at work. It may be objected that the books would be lost through change of users, but I would run the risk of that; and trustees, with a little care over the catalogue, could keep the libraries as securely as they keep the pews and pulpit.

If this scheme be not adopted, let another and simpler one be tried; let all the subscribers towards the preacher's support add ten per cent. or more to their subscriptions, expressly to provide food for the minister's brain. They would get back what they gave in the improved sermons they would hear. If some little annual income could be secured to poor ministers, to be sacredly spent in books, it would be a God-send to them, and an incalculable blessing to the community. They do not expect a garden to yield them herbs from year to year unless they put something upon the soil; they do not expect a locomotive to work without fuel, or even an ox or an ass to labour without food; let them, therefore, give over expecting to receive instructive sermons from men who are shut out of the storehouse of knowledge by their inability to purchase books.

But the subject is, what are men to do who have no stores, who have no church library, and no allowance made them to provide books? Let us remark at once that, if these men succeed, greater honour is due to them than to those who have large appliances.

Quintin Matsys is said to have had his hammer and file taken from him by his fellow-workmen, and to have produced his famous iron well-cover without them; so much the more honour to him! None can tell what credit is due to those workers for God, who have done great things without helpful tools. Their labour would have been greatly lightened if they had possessed them; but what they have done is the more wonderful. At the present International Exhibition at Kensington, Mr. Buckmaster's School of Cookery is mainly admired because he produces such savory dishes from unpromising material; from a handful of bones and a little maccaroni he serves up royal dainties. If he had all the materials employed in French cookery, and used them all, every person would say, "Well, anybody could do that;" but when he shows you scraps of meat and bones, and tells you that he bought them at the butcher's for a few pence, and that he can

make out of them a dinner for a family of five or six, all the good wives open their eyes, and wonder how on earth it can be done; and when he passes round his dishes, and they taste how delicious it is, they are full of admiration. Work away, then, poor brother, for you may succeed in doing great things in your ministry, and if so, your welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be all the more emphatic because you laboured under serious difficulties.

If a man can purchase but very few books, my first advice to him would be, *let him purchase the very best.* If he cannot spend much, let him spend well. The best will always be the cheapest. Leave mere dilutions and attenuations to those who can afford such luxuries. Do not buy milk and water, but get condensed milk, and put what water you like to it yourself. This age is full of word-spinners—professional book-makers, who hammer a grain of matter so thin that it will cover a five-acre sheet of paper; these men have their uses, as gold-beaters have, but they are of no use to you. Farmers on our coast used to cart wagon-loads of seaweed and put them upon their land; the heaviest part was the water; now they dry the weeds, and save a world of labour and expense. Don't buy thin soup; buy the essence of meat. Get much in little. Prefer books which abound in what Dr. James Hamilton used to call "Bibline," or the essence of books. You require accurate, condensed, reliable, standard books, and should make sure that you get them. In preparing his "Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ," which is an admirable comment upon the Bible, Dr. Chalmers used only the "Concordance," the "Pictorial Bible," "Poole's Synopsis," "Matthew Henry's Commentary," and "Robinson's Researches in Palestine." "These are the books I use," said he to a friend; "all that is Biblical is there; I have to do with nothing besides in my Biblical study." This shows that those who have unlimited stores at their command, yet find a few standard books sufficient. If Dr. Chalmers were now alive, he would probably take Thomson's "Land and the Book," instead of Robinson's "Researches," and give up the "Pictorial Bible" for Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations;" at least I should recommend the alteration to most men. This is clear evidence that some most eminent preachers have found that they could do better with few books than with many, when studying the Scriptures, and this, I take it, is our main business.

Forego, then, without regret, the many books which, like poor Hodge's razors, of famous memory, "are made to sell," and do sell those who buy them, as well as themselves. Matthew Henry's Commentary having been mentioned, I venture to say that no better investment can be made, by any minister, than that peerless exposition. Get it, if you sell your coat to buy it.

The next rule I shall lay down is, *master those books you have.* Read them thoroughly. Bathe in them until they saturate you. Read and re-read them, masticate them, and digest them. Let them go into your very self. Peruse a good book several times, and make notes and analyses of it. A student will find that his mental constitution is more affected by one book thoroughly mastered than by twenty books which, he has merely skimmed, lapping at them, as the classic proverb puts it "as the dogs drink of Nilus." Little learning and much pride come of

hasty reading. Books may be piled on the brain till it cannot work. Some men are disabled from thinking by their putting meditation away for the sake of much reading. They gorge themselves with book-matter, and become mentally dyspeptic.

Books *on* the brain cause disease. Get the book *into* the brain, and you will grow. In D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" there is an invective of Lucian upon those men who boast of possessing large libraries, which they either never read or never profit by. He begins by comparing such a person to a pilot who has never learned the art of navigation, or a cripple who wears embroidered slippers but cannot stand upright in them. Then he exclaims, "Why do you buy so many books? You have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you must need buy a fine mirror; you are deaf, and you will have the best musical instrument!"—a very well-deserved rebuke to those who think that the possession of books will secure them learning. A measure of that temptation happens to us all; for do we not feel wiser after we have spent an hour or two in a bookseller's shop? A man might as well think himself richer for having inspected the vaults of the Bank of England. In reading books let your motto be, "Much, not many." Think as well as read, and keep the thinking always proportionate to the reading, and your small library will not be a great misfortune.

There is very much sound sense in the remark of a writer in the *Quarterly Review* many years back. "Give us the *one* dear book, cheaply picked from the stall by the price of the dinner, thumbed and dog-eared, cracked in the back and broken in the corner, noted on the fly-leaf and scrawled on the margin, sullied and scorched, torn and worn, smoothed in the pocket and grimed on the hearth, damped by the grass and dusted among the cinders, over which you have dreamed in the grove and dozed before the embers, but read again, again, and again, from cover to cover. It is by this one book, and its three or four single successors, that more real cultivation has been imparted than by all the myriads which bear down the mile-long, bulging, bending shelves of the Bodleian."

But if you feel you must have more books, *I recommend to you a little judicious borrowing.* You will most likely have some friends who have books, and who will be kind enough to let you have them for a time; and I specially advise you, in order to borrow again, to return whatsoever is lent, promptly, and in good condition. I hope there is not so much need that I should say much at this time about returning books, as there would have been a few months ago, for I have lately met with a statement by a clergyman, which has very much raised my opinion of human nature; for he declares that he has a personal acquaintance with three gentlemen who have actually returned borrowed umbrellas! I am sorry to say that he moves in a more favoured circle than I do, for I have personal acquaintance with several young men who have borrowed books and never returned them. The other day, a certain minister, who had lent me five books, which I have used for two years or more, wrote me a note to request the return of three of them. To his surprise, he had them back by the next "Parcels' Delivery," and two others which he had forgotten. I had

carefully kept a list of books borrowed, and, therefore, could make a complete return to the owner. I am sure he did not expect their prompt arrival, for he wrote me a letter of mingled astonishment and gratitude, and when I visit his study, I feel sure I shall be welcome to borrow again. You know the rhyme which has been written in many a man's book—

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, when once they're lent,
Return to me no more."

Sir Walter Scott used to say that his friends might be very indifferent accountants, but he was sure they were good "book-keepers." Some have even had to go the length of the scholar, who, when asked to lend a book, sent word by the servant that he would not let the book go out of his chamber, but that the gentleman who sought the loan might come and sit there and read as long as he liked. The rejoinder was unexpected but complete, when, his fire being slow to burn, he sent to the same person to borrow a pair of bellows, and received for answer that the owner would not lend the bellows out of his own chamber, but the gentleman might come and blow there as long as he liked. Judicious borrowing may furnish you with much reading, but remember the man's axe-head in the Scriptures, and be careful of what you borrow. "The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

In case the famine of books should be sore in the land, *there is one book which you all have, and that is your Bible;* and a minister with his Bible is like David with his sling and stone, fully equipped for the fray. No man may say that he has no well to draw from while the Scriptures are within reach. In the Bible we have a perfect library, and he who studies it thoroughly will be a better scholar than if he had devoured the Alexandrian Library entire. To understand the Bible should be our ambition; we should be familiar with it, as familiar as the housewife with her needle, the merchant with his ledger, the mariner with his ship. We ought to know its general run, the contents of each book, the details of its histories, its doctrines, its precepts, and everything about it. Erasmus, speaking of Jerome, asks, "Who but he ever learned by heart the whole Scripture? or imbibed, or meditated on it as he did?" It is said of Witsius, a learned Dutchman, author of the famous work on "The Covenants," that he also was able, not merely to repeat every word of Scripture in the original tongues, but to give the context, and the criticisms of the best authors; and I have heard of an old minister in Lancashire, that he was "a walking Concordance," and could either give you chapter and verse for any passage quoted, or, *vice versâ*, could correctly give the words when the place was mentioned. That may have been a feat of memory, but the study needful to it must have been highly profitable. I do not say that you must aspire to that; but if you could, it would be well worth the gaining. It was one of the fortes of that singular genius, William Huntington (whom I will not

now either commend or censure), that in preaching he incessantly quoted Holy Scripture, and was accustomed, whenever he did so, to give the chapter and the verse; and in order to show his independence of the printed book, it was his uncomely habit to remove the Bible from the front of the pulpit.

A man who has learned not merely the letter of the Bible, but its inner spirit, will be no mean man, whatever deficiencies he may labour under. You know the old proverb, "*Cave ab homine unius libri*"—*Beware of the man of one book.* He is a terrible antagonist. A man who has his Bible at his fingers' ends and in his heart's core, is a champion in our Israel; you cannot compete with him; you may have an armoury of weapons, but his Scriptural knowledge will overcome you; for it is a sword like that of Goliath, of which David said, "There is none like it." The gracious William Romaine, I believe, in the latter part of his life, put away all his books and read nothing at all but his Bible. He was a scholarly man, yet he was monopolized by the one book, and was made mighty by it. If we are driven to do the same by necessity, let us recollect that some have done it by choice, and let us not bemoan our lot, for the Scriptures will be sweeter than honey to our taste, and will make us "wiser than the ancients." We shall never be short of holy matter if we are continually studying the inspired volume; nay, it is not only matter that we shall find there, but illustration too; for the Bible is its own best illustrator. If you want anecdote, simile, allegory, or parable, turn to the sacred page. Scriptural truth never looks more lovely than when she is adorned with jewels from her own treasury. I have lately been reading the Books of the Kings and the Chronicles; I have become enamoured of them; they are as full of divine instruction as the Psalms or Prophets, if read with opened eyes. I think it was Ambrose who used to say, "I adore the infinity of Scripture." I hear that same voice which sounded in the ears of Augustine, concerning the Book of God, "*Tolle, lege*"—"Take, read." It may be you will dwell in retirement in some village, where there is no one to converse with who is above your own level, and where you will meet with very few books worth your reading; then read and meditate in the law of the Lord both day and night, and you shall be "as a tree planted by the rivers of water." Make the Bible the man of your right hand, the companion of every hour; and you will have little reason to lament your slender equipment in inferior things.

I would earnestly impress upon all, the truth that a man who is short of apparatus can make up for it by *much thought.* Thinking is better than possessing books. Thinking is an exercise of the soul which both develops its powers and educates them. A little girl was once asked whether she knew what her soul was, and, to the surprise of all, she said, "Sir, my soul is my think." If this be correct, some persons have very little soul. Without thinking, reading cannot benefit the mind, but it may delude the man into the idea that he is growing wise. Books are a sort of idol to some men. As the image with the Roman Catholic is intended to make him think of Christ, and in effect keeps him from Christ, so books are intended to make men think, but are often a hindrance to thought.

When George Fox took a sharp knife and cut out for himself a pair of leather breeches, and, having done with all the fashions of society, hid himself in a hollow tree, to think by the month together, he was growing into a man before whom the men of the books speedily beat a retreat. What a flutter he made not only among the Poperies, and Prelacies, and Presbyteries of his day, but also among the well-read proprieties of Dissent. He swept no end of cobwebs out of the sky, and gave the bookworms a hard time of it. Thought is the backbone of study, and if more ministers would think, what a blessing it would be! Only, we want men who will think about the revealed truth of God, and not dreamers who evolve religions out of their own consciousness. Now-a-days we are pestered with a set of fellows who must needs stand on their heads and think with their feet. Romancing is their notion of meditation. Instead of considering revealed truth, they excogitate a mess of their own, in which error, and nonsense, and conceit appear in about equal parts; and they call this broth "modern thought." We want men who will try to think straight, and yet think deep, because they think God's thoughts. Far be it from me to urge you to imitate the boastful thinkers of this age, who empty their meeting-houses, and then glory that they preach to the cultivated and intellectual. It is miserable cant. Earnest thought upon the things which are assuredly believed among us is quite another matter, and to that I urge you. Personally, I owe much to many hours, and even days, spent alone, under an old oak-tree by the river Medway. Happening to be somewhat indisposed at the time when I was leaving school, I was allowed considerable leisure, and, armed with an excellent fishing-rod, I caught a few small fishes, and enjoyed many day-dreams, intermingled with searchings of heart, and much ruminating of knowledge gained. If boys would think, it would be well to give them less class work and more opportunity for thought. All cram and no digestion makes flesh destitute of muscle, and this is even more deplorable mentally than physically. If your people are not numerous enough to supply you with a library, they will make fewer demands on your time, and, in having time for meditation, you will be even better off than your brethren with many books and little space for quiet contemplation.

Without books a man may learn much by *keeping his eyes open.* Current history, incidents which transpire under his own nose, events recorded in the newspaper, matters of common talk—he may learn from them all. The difference between eyes and no eyes is wonderful. If you have not books to try your eyes, keep them open wherever you go, and you will find something worth looking at. Can you not learn from nature? Every flower is waiting to teach you. "Consider the lilies," and learn from the roses. Not only may you go to the ant, but every living thing offers itself for your instruction. There is a voice in every gale, and a lesson in every grain of dust it bears. Sermons glisten in the morning on every blade of grass, and homilies fly by you as the sere leaves fall from the trees. A forest is a library, a corn field is a volume of philosophy, the rock is a history, and the river at its base a poem. Go, thou who hast thine eyes opened, and find lessons of wisdom everywhere, in heaven

above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Books are poor things compared with these.

Moreover, however scant your libraries, you can study *yourselves*. There is a mystic volume, the major part of which you have never read. If any man thinks that he knows himself thoroughly, he deceives himself; for the most difficult book you will ever read is your own heart. I said to a doubter the other day, who seemed to have got into a maze, "Well, really I cannot understand you; but I am not vexed, for I never could understand myself;" and I certainly meant what I said. Watch the twists and turns and singularities of your own minds, and the strangeness of your own experience; the depravity of your heart, and the work of divine grace; your tendency to sin, and capacity for holiness; how akin you are to a devil, and yet how allied to God himself! Note how wisely you can act when taught of God, and yet how foolishly you behave when left to yourself. You will find the study of your heart to be of immense importance to you as a watcher over the souls of others. A man's own experience should be to him the laboratory in which he tests the medicines which he is to prescribe to others. Even your own faults will instruct you if you bring them to the Lord. Perfect men would be unable to deal with imperfect men and women. Study the Lord's dealings with your own souls, and you will understand others.

Read other men; they are as instructive as books. Suppose there should come up to one of our great hospitals a young student, so poor that he could not purchase surgical books; it would certainly be a great detriment to him; but if he had the run of the hospital, if he saw operations performed, and watched cases from day to day, I should not wonder but what he might turn out as skilful a surgeon as his more favoured companions. His observation would show him what books alone could not; and as he stood by to see the removal of a limb, the binding up of a wound, or the tying up of an artery, he might, at any rate, pick up enough practical surgery to be of immense service to him. Now, much that a minister needs to know he must learn by actual observation. All wise pastors have walked the hospitals spiritually, and dealt with inquirers, hypocrites, backsliders, the despairing, and the presumptuous. A man who has had a sound practical experience in the things of God himself, and watched the hearts of others, other things being equal, will be a far more useful man than he who knows only what he has read. It is a great pity for a man to be a sort of college Jack-a-dandy, who comes out of the class-room as out of a band-box, into a world he never saw before, to deal with men he has never observed, and handle things with which he has never come into personal contact. "Not a novice," says the apostle; and it is possible to be a novice and yet a very accomplished scholar, a classic, a mathematician, and a theoretical theologian. We should have practical dealings with men's souls; and if we have much of it, the fewness of our books will be a light affliction. "But," says an inquiring brother, "how can you read a man?" I have heard of a gentleman of whom it was said that you could never stop five minutes under an archway with him but what he would teach you something. That was a wise man; but he would be a wiser man still who would

never stop five minutes under an archway without learning from other people. If you are wise enough you can learn as much from a fool as from a wise man. A fool is a splendid book to read from, because every leaf is open before you, and there is a dash of the comic in the style, which entices you to read on; and if you gather nothing else, you are warned not to publish your own folly.

Learn from experienced saints What deep things some of them can teach to us younger men! What instances God's poor people can narrate of the Lord's providential appearances for them: how they glory in his upholding grace and his faithfulness to his promises! What fresh light they often shed upon the promises, revealing meanings hidden from the carnally wise, but made clear to simple hearts! Know you not that many of the promises are written with invisible ink, and must be held to the fire of affliction before the letters will show themselves? Tried spirits are instructors to those of us whose ways are less rough. And as for the inquirer, how much is to be gathered from him! I have seen very much of my own stupidity while in conversation with seeking souls. I have been baffled by a poor lad while trying to bring him to the Saviour; I thought I had him fast, but he has eluded me again and again with perverse ingenuity of unbelief. Sometimes inquirers who are really anxious surprise me with their singular skill in battling against hope; their arguments are endless and their difficulties countless. They put us to a *non plus* again and again. It is only the grace of God that at last enables us to bring them to the light. In their strange perversities of unbelief, the singular constructions and misconstructions which they put upon their case and upon scriptural statements, you will often find a world of instruction. I would sooner give a young man an hour with inquirers than a week in the best of our classes, so far as practical training for the pastorate is concerned.

Once more, be much at *death-beds;* they are illuminated books. There shall you read the very poetry of our religion, and learn the secrets thereof. What splendid gems are washed up by the waves of Jordan! What fair flowers grow on its banks! The everlasting fountains in the glory-land throw their spray aloft, and the dew-drops fall on this side the narrow stream! I have heard poor humble men and women talk as though they were inspired, uttering strange words, aglow with immortal glory. These they learned from no lips beneath the moon; they must have heard them while sitting in the suburbs of the New Jerusalem. God whispers them in their ears amid their pain and weakness; and then they tell us a little of what the Spirit has revealed. I will part with all my books, if I may see the Lord's Elijahs mount their chariots of fire.

Is not this enough upon our subject? If you desire more, it is time I remembered the sage saying, that it is better to send away an audience longing than loathing, and, therefore, Adieu!

The Farmer of St. Ives.

MR. PAXTON HOOD is a man of many sides and faculties. One day he is wisely lecturing upon homiletics, and producing "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," and the next he is in another mood, pouring forth worlds of religious and irreligious anecdotes; he sends "Blind Amos" to the front, to prove that he can excel as a story-teller, and "Swedenborg" to claim for him a place among biographers. The man can do anything and everything, and do it well, too, and afterwards show you how it could have been done better. He must have read at least as much literature as could be found in two-thirds of the British Museum Library. His talk and his books show that he is an omnivorous reader; he swallows things clean and unclean, and on the whole has a fine discriminating digestion, and does not take up into his soul the grosser part of the material which his ravenous mental appetite devours by the ton. We have heard him poetise before this, and heard him sing his sonnets too, but we have not till this moment seen a volume of poems from his pen. Perhaps we break the rules of etiquette when we publicly acknowledge the receipt of "THE MAID OF NUREMBURG, AND OTHER VOLUNTARIES, *by* EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, *sometime Minister of Queen Square Church, Brighton. Privately printed for the Author.*" If we do so, we beg pardon: the excellence of one of the poems has driven us into the error, and we hope to be forgiven. The subject is one with which we are in such deep sympathy, and one so worthy to be kept before the minds our young people, that we feel the utmost pleasure in adorning our pages with it.

"Raise up, raise up, the pillar! some grand old granite stone,
To the king without a sceptre, to the prince without a throne!
To the brave old English hero who broke our feudal gyves,
To the leader of the 'good old cause,' the Farmer of St. Ives.

"The old Plantagenets brought us chains; the Tudors frowns and scars;
The Stuarts brought us lives of shame; the Hanoverian wars;
But this brave man, with his strong arm, brought freedom to our lives—
The best of princes England had was the Farmer of St. Ives.

"Oh, holy, happy homestead, there where the Farmer dwelt!
Around his hearth, around his board, the wearied labourers knelt;
Not there the jest, the curse, the song—in prayer each spirit bides,
Till forth they come, a glorious throng, the brave old Ironsides.

"Walk proudly past these hedges, for this is holy ground;
Amidst these lowly villages were England's bravest found;
With praying hearts and truthful, they left their homes and wives,
And ranged for freedom's cause, around the Farmer of St. Ives.

"Hark! England feels his tramping, our own Achilles comes;
His watchword, 'GOD IS WITH US!' it thunders through our homes.
High o'er the raging tumult, hark! to the Farmer's cry—
'FEAR NOT, BUT PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD, AND KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.'

"Ho! Marston, 'neath the moonlight thy thousands owned his power.
Ho! Naseby, there the sceptre fell from out the monarch's power.
Ho! Preston! Dunbar! Worcester! Lo, there his spirit strives;
Hurrah! the tyrants fly before the Farmer of St. Ives.

"On many a Norman turret stern blows the hero dealt,
And many an old cathedral nave his echoing footsteps felt:
In many a lonely mansion the legend still survives,
How prayers and blows *pell mell* came down from the Farmer of St. Ives.

"He wrapped the purple round him, he sat in chair of state,
And think ye was not *this* man King? The whole world named him Great!
The wary fox of Italy, and Bourbon's sensual slave,
And the old bluff Dutchman, owned the power of England's bold and brave.

"He was the true defender of Freedom and of Faith;
When through the Vaudois valleys brave martyrs died the death,
He threw his banner o'er their homes and wrapt in it their lives;
And the Alpine summits sung the praise of the Farmer of St. Ives.

"His was the wizard power, he held it not in vain;
He broke the tyrants' iron rule, and lashed them with their chain.
Oh! the shade of earth's great heroes, in all their pomp looked dim
When rose in Whitehall's palaces our great Protector's hymn.

"He died! the good old monarch died! Then to the land returned
The cruel, crownèd, reptile thing, that men and angels spurned;
He seized the bones as reptiles seize upon the buried dead,
And a fiend's malice wreaked upon that venerable head.

"And England, while from age to age fresh freedom she achieved,
Forgot the hand that wrote the page in which her heart believed;
From age to age earth held his dust, a life like other lives:
Lo, you! at length he breathes again, this Farmer of St. Ives.

"His name shall *burn*—no meteor, no comet hurrying by—
It shall return to light our world to future liberty,
Let tyrants dare to trample hearts and liberties and lives;
One name shall bid them tremble yet—the Farmer of St. Ives.

"Unfurl that drooping banner! Lo, let it float again;
Ye winds receive it in your clasp! waft it, thou surging main!
His watchword, 'GOD IS WITH US!' see ye it still survives;
The pulse of England beats like his—the Farmer of St. Ives.

"Raise up, raise up the pillar! some grand old granite stone,
To the prince without a sceptre, to the king without a throne!
To the brave old English hero, who broke our feudal gyves,
To the leader of the 'good old cause,' the Farmer of St. Ives."

The Object of Saving Faith.*

BY G. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

(*Continued from page* 418.)

IV. *In what degree must the object of saving faith be known?* We have seen that the salvation must be in the object, that this object must be in the Scriptures, and what that object is as contained in the Scriptures. Now, as this object may be presented in different degrees,

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* We must apologise for permitting the second part of Mr. Rogers' article to stand over so long. It was an oversight. The paper is in the highest degree important and weighty. A more outspoken deliverance we have seldom read.—C. H. S.

and with more or less of other truths mingled with it, it will be needful to inquire with what correctness, and to what extent, it must be exhibited in order to become effectual to salvation? That object, we have maintained, must at all times be one and the same, and cannot in itself be changed, that it must be known to be believed, and must be taught to be known, and that there is no more nor less of salvation in the faith than in its object. Let us banish the thought for ever that anything else can in the least degree be saving. Let us repudiate the something else, just because it is something else. We do not want to know what that something else is which is proposed to be substituted for the old truths of the gospel, it is enough for us to know that it is something else. We are bound to examine it, we may be told, before we reject it. Not, we reply, if we do not want it, and are thoroughly satisfied with what we have. We are wedded to the truth we have embraced, and it is sinful and revolting to speak to us of the charms of any other. We have no need, therefore, or inclination for something else. The fact that it is something else is sufficient to convince us that it is something false, and something at once to be rejected and condemned. This sentiment we reiterate, because of its great import, and the necessity for keeping it in mind in our subsequent inquiries. Whatever additions may be made to the presentation of the one object of saving faith can be no part of that object, and in obscure representations the only question that can arise is, whether it be really there or not? It is in itself so distinct that its presence or absence may without much difficulty be discerned. Once know *what* it is, and it will be easy to know *where* it is. It is not needful, nor, indeed, possible that the whole gospel should be presented at one view; but so perfect is the system that the whole is virtually contained in any one of its essential parts, and so simple is it, both in its oneness and harmony, so fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, that each part contains the whole as well as the whole every part. Substitution, for instance, atonement, imputed righteousness, are parts, each one of which includes the whole. Whatever is not the gospel, on the other hand, has no resemblance to it, no kindred tie, but is in direct opposition to it. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that anything can be so like the gospel as to be taken for it, or so like the one salvation as to be mistaken for it. It is either the gospel or no gospel, either salvation or no salvation. Nor is it for one moment to be supposed that a proposition in which the great salvation is contained and one in which it is not contained, may approach so near to each other that there shall not be a hair's-breadth between them. Souls do not thus tremble on the balance between heaven and hell. The merits of the creature, in whole or in part, are the ground of the one, and the merits of Christ are the entire ground of the other. To rely upon Christ is to look to him for all our wisdom, all our righteousness, all our sanctification, and all our redemption, and to rely in the least upon ourselves is to reject him altogether. It is marvellous that some who do know the gospel should fancy at times that they can see it where it is not. It is so unlike everything else that they ought to know it at once. It is so bright and sparkling that everywhere it discovers itself.

If there be any doubts whether the real gospel be in any sermon or treatise, it is sufficient evidence that it is not there. When not distinctly stated and made the most prominent object, it is not there. If it cannot be seen plainly it is not seen at all. The reason is, that it is so unlike all the other works and ways of God, and so independent of human deductions and imaginations, that it cannot be blended with them. While we hold, therefore, that the gospel admits of degrees of revelation, we do not hold that in itself it admits of limitation of any kind. If a part be revealed which virtually includes the whole, that part may become the object of saving faith. If no essential part be there, there is no gospel at all. As to resemblances, it has none; and as for being concealed under new terms and illustrations, if not seen by faith, it might as well not be there at all. There is no half-and-half gospel. In proportion as it stands alone it is effectual to salvation; in proportion as it is mingled with other sentiments it loses its power to save. Its shadow, even, may have a healing power, as in the ancient types, but then it must be its own shadow, not distorted by other objects placed in the same light. Every aspect in which he who is the object of saving faith is presented for that purpose in the Scriptures is one of entireness and not of degree. Is he "the way"? It is not part of the way, but the whole. Is he "the truth"? He is the one particular form of truth, and the whole of the truth upon which saving faith depends. Is he "the life"? The first act of life received from him has no degrees. Life and death have nothing in common, and there is nothing between them. Even so, there is nothing in common with Christ and any other object of faith, and there is nothing between them. As the faith of justification in all men is the same, it is probable that its object is substantially the same both in kind and degree, and that degrees both of knowledge and of faith belong to its accompanying and consequent effects. "I," saith Christ, "am the door." Every one who is saved must enter by that door, some it may be with greater confidence and alacrity than others, but the door is the same, and the act of entering is the same to all.

V. *Is faith in the one salvation absolutely needful for salvation?* Must there be faith? Must there be faith in one particular object? And must that one object be the salvation which is in Christ; that, and that only, at all times and under all circumstances? We reply, Yes! Will not the mere desire for salvation suffice? Will not faith in the mercy of God suffice? Will not faith in God for salvation suffice, without faith in the salvation which he has provided? We reply, No! It is not enough to feel the want of some salvation. This may lead to a knowledge of the true salvation, but is of no other use. The salvation by Christ must be known to be desired, and be desired to be obtained. The salvation desired apart from the meritorious work of Christ is quite another thing. It has no agreement with it, and is in fact in opposition to it. Many desire to be saved, but not in God's appointed way. If upon the ground of their own merits, they are opposed to the true salvation; if upon the ground of the mere mercy of God, they ignore it. The salvation sought from mercy alone is a different salvation altogether from that sought from the mercy of God in Christ. It is mercy for deliverance from hell. That is all. It is

not mercy for reconciliation to God, for freedom from sin, for true holiness, to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever. All that is asked is deliverance from the punishment of sin, and that upon no other ground than because it is the punishment of sin; and is it likely that for this the whole salvation procured by Christ would be bestowed? There is no faith in such a salvation, and consequently it would be given without faith. Must the salvation, then, be in the faith? Must the salvation that is in the object be the object of faith? We reply, Yes! If it be asked, In what degree? we reply that, as we have shown, it is a question of fact and not of degree; that between trusting in Christ alone for salvation, and trusting in whole or in part in any other ground, a great gulf is fixed. It is either looking for a salvation provided by God, or it is not; and it is either trusting in Christ for that salvation, or it is not. Salvation from suffering is what all men are willing to receive, but the salvation by Christ no man is willing to receive until he is made willing by the Spirit of God. Is it not so, that the true gospel puts before men a salvation which they are not of themselves willing to receive, and that the aim of all other gospels is to provide a salvation which men are of themselves willing to receive? To be saved by grace alone, through the merits of a substitute on our behalf, is not a salvation which man of himself can receive. To let God do the whole work and have the whole glory, and to be in heaven, and continue there for ever, upon the ground of having equally deserved with others to be in the lowest hell, is a salvation which the natural man receiveth not, neither can he know it, because it is spiritually discerned. Yet this is the salvation provided for man, and there is no other. All efforts to tone it down, and to make it something less than it really is, are as useless as to alter any other work of God. It must be accepted as it is, or rejected. The faith that accepts it as it is, is the only faith that is saving, and is said therefore to be a faith which stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

They are not the interests of man only that are to be regarded in his salvation, but the honour of God must also be considered. This must have a place in the object of saving faith. Indeed, it cannot be real faith without it, because it has nothing to rest upon. If we see no reason in God himself for our salvation, while we cannot but see some reason for our condemnation, there can be no faith for salvation. Faith must have some plea. Mercy is no ground of appeal, so far as we only are concerned; and so far as God is concerned, it must be mercy in opposition to justice or in harmony with it. If in opposition to it, there is nothing for faith to lay hold of; if in harmony with it, the reason of that harmony must be seen. Hence, not mercy merely, but mercy and truth, are presented in the Old Testament Scriptures as the object of faith. "God shall send forth his mercy and truth." Not mercy by herself, but mercy and truth. "Oh, prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve them." "Thou art plenteous in mercy and truth." "Mercy and truth shall go before thy face." There may be truth without mercy, but not mercy without truth. "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." Mercy is accompanied by truth, however high it may climb. It never

soars above it. "The paths of the Lord are mercy and truth." There are no paths of mercy with him without truth. "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace," other names for mercy and truth, "have kissed each other." They kissed each other in the covenant of grace. They kissed each other most fervently at Calvary. They kiss each other as often as they meet in the salvation of a soul that was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found. "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee. Write them upon the table of thine heart. So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man." Mercy not founded upon truth deserves not the favour of God or man. It is not mercy alone, therefore, that we are to look for in God, but mercy accompanied by truth; not mercy in contradiction to the threatenings of the law, but in harmony with them. This is the mercy which becomes the object of saving faith.

This reconciliation of mercy and truth in the salvation of fallen man enters into the very nature of that salvation, and renders it indispensable as an object of saving faith. It includes the mediation, substitution, atonement, and imputed righteousness, which we have shown to be essential to that object. This method of salvation was taught from the first entrance of sin. The teaching of the Old Testament is, that without shedding of blood there is no remission; and the teaching of the New Testament is, that it is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's own and equal Son, that cleanseth from all sin. This we maintain must be in the faith, that it may plead both mercy and truth for salvation. The necessity of not only being saved by Christ, but of believing in Christ for salvation is taught in the plainest terms, both by Christ and his apostles. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," said Christ, "so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" which teaches, as plain as words can teach, that as those only who looked at the brazen serpent for healing were healed, so those only who look to the cross of Christ for salvation are saved. "If ye believe not," he said, "that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." What is this but to declare, that all who believe not Christ to be really what he is, and trust not in him as such for salvation, must die in their sins? The testimony of Paul is, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" that is, the faith that does not rest on him for salvation is without a foundation. Again he says, "God our Saviour will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." None, it is here implied, can be saved without coming to the knowledge of the truth. If it be inquired what truth, the explanation follows: "For there is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all." That he is a mediator between God and man, and that he gave himself a ransom for all, has no saving power to any without their coming to the knowledge of these truths. If this does not prove the necessity of faith in the substitutionary work of Christ for salvation, no other words can. When to Timothy Paul says, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," he intimates that even the Old Testament Scriptures were not able to make wise unto

salvation except through faith in Christ Jesus. Men may be made wise by the Scriptures without this, but not wise unto salvation. The testimony of Peter is. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Salvation, he says, must not only be through his merits, but in his name. In his name it must be sought, and in his name it must be given. The testimony of John is. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." How have him? By believing, he says, upon his name. There is eternal life for man in Christ, but only by believing in his name. Faith, then, we avow, in the real salvation is indispensable to salvation. None feel they have the life of salvation and exhibit its fruits without it.

VI. *What influence should this subject have upon professed teachers of Christ's gospel?* Supposing their principal aim be the salvation of the souls of their fellow men, supposing that salvation to come by faith alone, and supposing the salvation to be in the faith so far only as it is contained in its object, their course is clear, and there need be no deviation from it. If, as we have seen, salvation be not in the teaching, it cannot come out of it. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Make the sermon good, and the fruit will be good. If it should be said that it may indirectly lead to salvation, so may a thousand other things which have no tendency towards it in themselves. If salvation be the object of the sermon, salvation must be its subject. If addressed to saints only, there should be that in the discourse by which sinners may learn how they too may be saved. The object of saving faith should be implied, at least, in every sermon if not expressed. The sermon should not be intelligible without it. Nor can the experimental and practical parts of Christianity be severed from the doctrinal. The whole life of the true Christian is a life of faith in the Son of God. The object of saving faith is the same to the end of his course. "I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." This faith becomes the fruitful source of all holy obedience. Instead, therefore, of the one object of saving faith becoming monotonous by its continual presentation, it is of boundless variety and extent; much as the sun is the source of all the beauties of mountains and valleys, of lakes and rivers, of fields and flowers, of light and shade, and yet in itself is ever the same. This is the old gospel, and here only we are safe. If there be the least doubt upon the matter, we are on the safe side. Others do not deny that our gospel may lead to heaven, only it is not absolutely needful, as they suppose, and they have discovered an easier way. It is better, we think, to be doubly sure than to run the least risk in a matter of everlasting moment. Better go beyond the saving-point, if possible, than come short of it. In our opinion, however, both cannot be right. If ours be salvation, theirs is not. It is another gospel, which brings no blessing, but a curse. If theirs be salvation, ours is not, because it is founded upon error and not upon truth. Let us be thorough gospellers, taking the truths of the divine word in their utmost extent of meaning, sin in its utmost depth, and grace in its utmost height, and we are sure to be right. This is most for the divine glory, and, therefore, most for our good.

VII. *How should those who adhere to the one object of saving faith, as here stated, act towards those who essentially differ from them?* There are many who deny substitution, atonement, and justification, in the sense we have maintained, and place the hope of salvation upon very different grounds. This they openly avow. Nor is it confined to an inconsiderable few, or to any one particular denomination, but takes the lead in the most prominent pulpits and religious periodicals of the day. How are we to act towards such? Are we to commend their talents, and say nothing of their doctrine? Are we to look upon them as friends or enemies of the cross of Christ, as saving or deceiving the souls of men? How did the apostles act in like circumstances? There were Ritualists in their day. What said Paul of them? "I wish they were cut off that trouble you." There were Rationalists in their day. What said Paul of them? "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." There were Moralists. What said Paul of them? "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." There were Annihilationists. What said Paul of them? "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." There were Universalists. What said Paul of them? "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure: having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." "Who is a liar," says John, "but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" Is not this the precise error of many in our day? They acknowledge Jesus, but deny that Jesus is the Christ, that Christ or Messiah of whom the prophet says, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all." "Whosoever," says John, "denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." What, then, becomes of the universal Fatherhood of God? Did Peter compromise the doctrine of justification by faith without the deeds of the law? "I withstood him," says Paul, "to his face, because he was to be blamed." If, then, we are to follow the example of the apostles, we shall speak freely of what is not gospel as well as of what is. This, which may be deemed uncharitable, is really the greatest charity and love to the souls of men. Is the charge of not preaching the gospel uncharitable? How so? we ask. Men either show to their fellow men the way of salvation or they do not? If they do, they ought not to be offended with the charge, but be more ready to examine themselves lest they should have been deceived, and be thankful to those who in this respect show much interest in their behalf. If they do not preach the gospel, they ought not to be offended with those who for their sakes, and for others, are anxious that they should. If any *are* offended with the charge, it is more likely to be true. If a man tells me that I have mistaken poison for wholesome food, I ought not to be offended with him, though it may not be true. He has shown even by his error a regard for my welfare. Much less should I be offended by an attempt to correct my opinions upon the most important of all truths, even when the correction was not required. Whatever tends to keep the question stirring, what is gospel truth? is better encouraged than suppressed. It is better that the charge of not preaching the gospel should be made where it does not apply, than not made where it does apply. Let us not be terrified, therefore, from making that charge where we conscientiously believe that it will apply.

Fidelity to our Lord and the souls of men requires it of us. Shall we not become accessories to the fatal delusion if we hold our peace? Let it be done in a humble and loving spirit by all means; in the spirit of the great Apostle when he said, "Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." Better be done even in a bad spirit, however, than not at all. As we love gospel truth we must hate all that is opposed to it. As we value the reality we must condemn its counterfeits. "If the doctrine of substitution be not true," says the editor of this periodical, "I am a lost man. No other hope beneath the skies have I except in the expiatory substitution of the Lord Jesus Christ. If he did not suffer in my stead, the just for the unjust, then the flames of hell must be my portion." This we must both feel and proclaim. We use great plainness of speech. So did Christ and his apostles. The occasion demands it. The times in which we live demand it. The glory of God and of his Christ demands it. The welfare of the undying souls of our fellow-men demands it. Fidelity to our own convictions demands it. It is in vain to tell us to speak no more in this name. We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.

How to Make A.D. 1874 a Year of Our Lord.

WE have seen an oak in the New Forest which, according to the evidence of credible witnesses, frequently puts forth leaves at Christmas time. There is truth in the statement, for this oak, and two or three others in the forest, send forth premature buds in mild winters, but the connection between those hasty shoots and Christmas Day is mere poetry—pretty poetry, however, for it represents the very trees of the wood as glad at the birth of the Saviour-King, and putting on their best attire to give him welcome. Whatever may be said of the realm of nature, it is an indisputable fact that the kingdom of grace puts forth its noblest life when the Son of God approaches. It is no fiction that the drawing nigh of Jesus to the soul causes the heart to send forth summer shoots, even when all around tells of spiritual mid-winter. However sorrowful or backsliding the soul may have been, the sap within leaps at the Lord's approach, quickens the entire inner life, and causes a blossoming of joy as beautiful as it is astonishing. Truly, as it is said of the stock of a tree which has been felled, "At the scent of water it will bud and send forth boughs like a plant," so may it be said of our hearts; let but the scent of the good ointments of Jesus' love be perceived, and the soul puts on her beauty and her comeliness, and hastens to bring forth fruit to her Bridegroom's praise. Though we were dead as stones, and cold as icebergs, a glance from the eyes of our Beloved would enliven us, and kindle in us heaven's own flame. The presence of Jesus in the soul penetrates to the heart's core, and acts like a spell upon our entire spiritual nature: it is so potent over every regene-

rated faculty that it works marvels. and were it uninterrupted it would effect still more, for is it not omnipotent? Miracles would be hourly wrought if the Lord Jesus dwelt always in our hearts, for he is a wonder-worker wherever he takes up his abode. As when spring comes it sends a thrill down deep into nature's heart, and rouses her from her long winter's sleep to enter upon a summer of delight, even thus the uprising of the Sun of Righteousness within the soul quickens and awakens all the inner man, and produces a time of blissful fruitfulness. What abundant reasons have we, whose life and liveliness depend wholly upon him, to pray without ceasing, "Lord, abide with us!" Without Jesus we are nothing, but when he abides in us we are filled with all the fulness of God.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

"The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine:
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

"Abide in me: there have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hush'd,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

"These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in thee."

Not alone does communion with Jesus quicken us, it also chases away all the evils which had been prowling within the recesses of our being, even as the light of dawn compels the beasts of the forest to hide themselves. Sunlight is life and health to plants; they are sallow and blanched without it, and their juices grow poisonous; herein they fitly image our need of our good Lord's light and love. They say in Rome that a room on the shady side of the street is to be avoided, for where the sun does not enter the physician must. Many believers have found out to their cost that it is ill living out of fellowship with the Well-beloved; bitter medicine has been required to drive out the maladies engendered by failing to continue in Jesus' love. Yet there is no cure for the loss of fellowship, except fellowship itself. If absence of Jesus makes us sick, Jesus alone can work our cure. Virtue goes out of him, a touch heals us, an embrace confirms us in all that is pure and strong. If we are sick even unto death, there is no necessity to resort to the acrid remedies of remorse, or the sharp potions of Moses and Sinai; our wisdom is to send at once for Jesus only, for he is all we need. We need not hesitate because we have been so cold towards him; he will come and heal us, notwithstanding our misbehaviour; no one is so slow to take offence as he is. When the Laodicean church was so infected with disease as to be at death's door, she had a remedy close at hand, she had only to open the door to him who knocked so lovingly, and bid him enter and sup with her

and all her lukewarmness would have vanished at once. She was wretched and miserable, and poor and naked, but she was not bidden to send her ships to far off lands to bring home rare aromatics and foreign gems: no, her own loving Lord said, "I counsel thee to buy of ME." In him was all that she needed from every point of view; there was no need to call in another. Jesus is not only the medicine of dying sinners, but also of sick saints. We may go to him always, even as we went to him at first: he saved us then, he will revive us now; our unfaithfulness has not diminished his power to save. In this weary time of declension, when men are hot for the world, and only cold towards their best Friend, when religion has become more a name than a reality, all saintly eyes should be directed to Jesus as the panacea for the diseases both of the world and of the church. Thither would we turn our eyes, and sigh within our soul for the near and dear companionship of our own Lord.

"Oh, Jesus Christ, grow thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer thee,
From sin be daily freed!

"Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be thou my life and aim.
Oh, make me daily, through thy grace,
More worthy of thy name;

"Daily more filled with thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer didst strength impart,
Of my prayer hearer be!

"Let faith in thee, and in thy might,
My every motive move;
Be thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love!"

Since fellowship with Jesus so wonderfully quickens and heals the soul, it is wonderful that any believer can live without it, and yet how very few, comparatively, are in the constant enjoyment of it. If we were to ask many a professor, "How long is it since you enjoyed real communion with Jesus?" he would find it difficult to answer. The great mass of professors are too much taken up with the world, too busy, too careful, too frivolous, or too unbelieving. They might feast every day upon the bread of heaven, but they prefer to starve or fill their mouths with the husks of earth; they might dwell in the palace of the great King, but they are content to abide in the smoke-grimed tents of Kedar. Was there ever a drearier infatuation? Milton pictures the fallen angel as wearing in Eve's bower the form of a toad, but how much greater is the degradation when the Bride of Christ prefers to wear the appearance of a mole or an earthworm! It is shameful for an heir of heaven to choose this musty, mildewed world, and neglect the ever fresh and sparkling beauties of Immanuel. Our place is in the Saviour's bosom, and that always and for ever. There is no need for us to suspend our communion, and no need can ever arise. The order of the Lord's household never renders it necessary that the bride of Christ should be on ill terms with her husband; all that mars their

fellowship is outside of the Lord's arrangements and sinful. Never shall it be said "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount." For ever here our rest must be. Jesus wearing the memorials of his dying love, and girt with the glories of his risen life, should be our perpetual company, his presence the sun which warms us, his love the atmosphere we breathe, his words our food, himself our all in all.

Brethren, the new year is within sight, and it will be a happy thing for us if we begin it upon a higher platform, with higher resolves, and enlarged faith. The time past may suffice us to have yielded to worldliness, and to the motions of sin in our members; it is time to rise out of the murky atmosphere of the fens of earth into the unclouded blue of "glory begun below." We may live the life of heaven upon earth. We are not shut up to dull, cold formalism, to doubting and trembling, or to wandering and backsliding. The highest forms of fellowship with Jesus are as open to us as to those who have gone before us: faith can reach them beyond all question. Let our resolve be deeply fixed and earnestly carried out, and so 1874 will be a glad and lightsome year, a year of the right hand of the Most High, and in very deed a YEAR OF OUR LORD. C. H. S.

Notes Concerning the Stockwell Orphanage.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE Orphanages of our country are a great blessing, but while alleviating a vast amount of distress, it cannot be denied that some of them incidentally create much sorrow. The system of admission by votes, entailing great labour and expense in canvassing, is in itself a heavy yoke; but when those who have done their utmost fail at the end of the election, the grief they feel is of the bitterest kind. We have a few hours ago received a letter commencing—

"DEAR SIR,—By reading my printed appeal you will see that I have been for two years embarked in an expensive and fatiguing canvass, and the election on the 27th being our *last* permitted poll, I am well nigh desperate."

Such instances frequently come before us. Widows will spend from £20 to £50 in trying to secure the election of their children, and lose their object after all. The *Daily News* mentions a case in which £60 was spent to secure admission into one of the hospitals (we suppose for incurables), and was spent in vain. Imagine the heartbreak of the defeated candidate!! A great effort has been made, friends have been hunted up, and their generosity well tested, and all for nothing; the grand struggle has come to a close, and the needy one is in greater straits than ever. The witness of the daily press is a sorrowful one. "When the poll is over, and the result is known, the most trying scenes are witnessed. The defeated immensely outnumber the successful candidates, and they give way to their disappointment and grief. A poor widow has spent all she had or could get from her friends in the

canvass for her crippled boy, and has failed. Two or three women have undertaken six months' work for a dependent relative, and their labour and sacrifices are in vain. The manifestations of disappointment are distressing. And this is charity! this is how institutions supported 'by voluntary contributions' make so large a show to the world."

Thank God, from the Stockwell Orphanage no widow ever goes away lamenting over time, labour, and money spent in vain. The worst that can happen to her is to be refused, because there is no room, or her case is not so bad as that of others; not a shilling will have been drained from her to print cards, to post applications, or to purchase votes, nor a day spent in securing influence, and cringing for patronage. Her case is judged upon its merits, and the most necessitous wins the day. We have now so many applicants, and so few vacancies, that women with two or three children are advised not to apply, for while there are others with five, six, or seven dependent upon them, they stand but little chance. The trustees are not open to influence and decline to submit to private pressure, they leave the cases to the persons appointed to judge of their merits. Where donors give sums which more than cover the expense of a child, the trustees naturally defer to their wishes, and accept their recommendations if they can do so in accordance with the rules of the institution; but money sent with the view of promoting the election of A or B is respectfully returned, as this would lead to a course of action totally at variance with that which we have hitherto pursued. By our system cases are really inquired into, and, as a rule, the most destitute obtain the benefits of the school. This entails great labour, and frequently necessitates delay, for the investigations are carried on by gentlemen in business, whose time is much occupied, and no person is paid to do the work. The inquiries are intended to be thorough and searching, and as a rule they are so, though of course much must depend upon the tact and care of the person who acts as visitor to the case. Every effort is made to secure the benefits of the Orphanage to those who are most in need, and no applicant is left to the chances of a poll. Surely this must commend itself to the common sense of all benevolent persons, and they will do well to show their appreciation by aiding institutions so conducted.

It must not, however, be concealed that the common mode of electing orphans to schools by the votes of subscribers and canvassing is a great means of procuring funds. Very few of the institutions would live at all if the system were altered; it is essential to their very existence; the elections are their harvests, their sources of income, their props and pillars. Guineas are subscribed for particular cases, and the widows and their friends are practically collectors for the school, whippers-up of the donors, and pleaders for the charity. Rich old Hunks would not give his 10s. 6d. if he had not a voting-paper for it, nor even then, if it had not happened that the orphan's father was killed on his premises. The plan is not the best in the world, but it is the most easy in practice, and it would be dangerous to do away with it at present. Better that a good thing should be done in the second-best manner than not done at all. Election by subscribers brings

subscribers, canvassing reminds them of their obligations, and the poll secures the discharge of them. When a school receives children without voting or canvassing, it loses all these advantages, and must count upon no such assistances. It is not every orphanage which could venture to give up the old system, or would long survive if it did. The Stockwell Orphanage is an exceptional case altogether, it is conducted by those who believe in God's power to supply the orphan's needs, and they prayerfully leave their cares at his feet: it is also connected, through its president, with a large Christian church, and a body of earnest believers all over the world, who take an interest in its welfare. Hence it has no need to use doubtful modes of raising money; but can afford to follow the best rather than the most expedient way. Yet its managers feel that providing the needful funds is, from the human side of it, no light matter, and they dare not condemn the methods of others, nor would they join in the popular clamour which is likely to assail kindred institutions, for they feel that it is more easy to find fault than to suggest really practical improvements. Their own experience has, however, confirmed them in the belief that theirs is a more excellent way, and they appeal to all who approve of their method of procedure to support them in it by constant, regular, and generous gifts.

In the internal management of the Orphanage, our course has been, as a rule, very smooth and happy, but we could hardly expect it to proceed always without trouble and sorrow. Boys are boys all the world over, and their nature is not changed by entering within the enclosures of the Stockwell Home. All is done which can be done to render them obedient, industrious, truthful, and devout; and we are always ready to learn, and to practise what others have proved to be valuable. The admission of new boys is always a trial. Children come into ordinary families as very welcome and very *little* strangers, but our increase comes to us sometimes in the form of boys of nine or ten, who have bad habits, evil antecedents, and ill dispositions. We do not pretend to take or to retain boys who are only fit for reformatories; but some such will get in, and they bring with them moral disease, which is as apt to spread as an epidemic. Then come times of battling with sin and crying to the Lord for help. Parents with a few children may imagine the heartaches which come to those who manage hundreds, and lovingly desire their welfare. Parents have, however, a hold over their children which we have not, for they *are* parents, and that fact confers upon them the mystic sceptre of supreme authority. A wise writer has put our experience into a handy shape for us, and we quote her words. "It is sad to see the effects on the moral character of the lack of parental influence. Nothing is more difficult than to bring up the orphan well; and children whose parents are in India often show the same evil tendencies as do orphans—impatience of control, restlessness, and wilfulness; healthy, loving, family discipline being unknown to them. Would that parents thought more of the ill effects upon their children of their long-continued separation from them, and that they would not content themselves with doing by proxy what God commands them to do, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Orphanages are under a peculiar disadvantage as to education, the

great moral lever of affection to parents being unknown to the children. *"Were it not for God's most special and tender words as regards the orphan, Christians might well shrink from the anxiety and toil involved in educating these dear helpless ones."* So have we found it, but we have also found the grace of God equal to the emergency: and we are encouraged to persevere so long as the Lord enables us. We have not been without success; a gracious tone has been given to the little community, many have come under impressions, and others have been converted to God. Those who have gone out into situations, have almost in every case given us much satisfaction; where failure has occurred, it has arisen either from a craving for the sea, or from the interference of an unwise mother, and we hope that time and grace will remedy the evil. Some of the lads are already in good positions, and command the esteem of their employers. We are far from being depressed under our load, rather do we thank God, and take courage. We do, however, earnestly ask for the prayers of the Lord's people, that we may be graciously supported. Who is sufficient for these things? Who can hope to conduct such a work efficiently while a thousand other matters are upon his hands, unless divine strength be given?

Visitors are always welcome to inspect the Stockwell Orphanage, which is a place fair to look upon, and in summer will well repay a moderate journey. Those who have done so in former days have frequently written their opinions in the visitors' book, and we will trouble our readers with a few of their jottings:—

It has been quite a treat to me to visit this institution. Everything in order. May the Lord prosper it. W. T. Buckland.

Very much pleased and encouraged in addressing the dear children on total abstinence and gospel truth. Jonathan Grubb.

Everything that is conducive to health and comfort.
C. E. Saunders, M.D.

I cannot speak too highly of all the arrangements, and of the admirable manner in which the institution is conducted.
H. Gervis, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

Such an institution is a blessing to the country. J. Latham.

So delighted! So far surpassing what I had expected that I know not what to say. This I know, I find much to incorporate into my own work.
W. C. Van Meter.

Worthy of its president and manager. Rev. A. G. Brown.

Nothing could be better than the arrangements. A most pleasant place to visit. Rev. John Foster.

Very much pleased with all the arrangements.
Rev. Alfd. Bourne, B.A., Sec. British and Foreign School Soc.

Deeply interested and delighted with the boys. Rev. T. G. Horton.

An admirable institution. Good in design, and, if possible, better in execution.
F. J. Monah, M.D. } H. M.
J. H. Bridges, M.D. } Inspectors.

Looking over a few of the papers of application, and the information gathered for us by our friends who make investigations for us, we have

jotted down a few of the cases which we have lately received into the school. They are fair specimens of the general run of admissions. The sorrow which comes under our notice when hearing the sad stories of the poor bereaved women is something terrible to think upon.

C. V. B., age seven. One of seven left unprovided for by death of father, youngest child five months old. Mother does cleaning, and earns 5s. a week.

H. M., seven years old, and one of seven. Mother unable to follow any employment, because the children require her attention. There are no relations above the rank of domestic servants. The mother has long struggled to keep her family respectable, and is a very hard-working woman, but her husband was addicted to hard drinking. Her trials must have been great indeed while he was alive, and they are heavier now.

F. H. M., eldest of six, being himself only eight years of age. One child born after the father's death. No sort of provision.

S. W., aged six. Has lost both parents, and is supported, together with his brother and sister, by his uncle, who earns a scanty living by selling winkles and dried fish. Father was a respectable clerk, and died suddenly by a fall down stairs. Uncle finds that he is unable to continue to support the three children, and his own family also.

G. H. C. Father was a boiler-maker, and was killed by an accident. There are nine children, and another is expected. The two eldest keep themselves. One child is blind and another imbecile. This boy is nine years of age. Mother earns 3s. a week by needlework; has been occasionally helped by husband's fellow-workmen. The contractors who employed her husband are aiding her for the present, but this will soon cease, and her prospect is distressing.

G. A., aged six, son of a farmer, who died leaving £10 a year, and his wife and nine children to live upon it. Mother gave way under the severe trial, and had to be sent to an asylum. Is now recovered, and keeps a little fancy shop, and works very hard with the needle, but her income is extremely scanty and precarious. No case can be more deserving.

Such details we could multiply without end, the difficulty is not which to select, but which to omit. We have to reject hundreds of deserving applicants, not because they are not needy, but because they are put out of court by others which surpass them in distress.

We have met with much gratitude from the poor mothers, and they have manifested it practically by collecting for the Institution. In all, the widows have brought in a very considerable sum, and thus have shown their interest in the work.

Sickness has but slightly assailed us, yet enough to make it wise to have a house at Ramsgate for the sickly ones during the season. So many of the fathers of our orphans died of consumption, that we are sure to have a number of rather weakly children, but, with kind care, they gather strength, and grow into vigorous men. Our diet is homely, but generous, and the boys thrive upon it.

A tailor advertises—

"As for the boys who all day long
Their clothes to pieces tear,
We make them up so very strong
That out they'll never wear."

We do not intend to deal with this house, but should be delighted to meet with garments deserving such a description, for clothes are

always a very heavy item in our expenditure. Under garments are generally provided for us by generous ladies. We owe to them far more than we can express. In their good work may they find, as we do, a reward most precious.

As a work of charity and a labour of piety, orphanage work stands in the front rank, and among all the many schools which it has erected, we claim an honourable place for our own peculiar charge, the Stockwell Orphanage. The exchequer is just now but scantily furnished; hence this article, and the earnest request that, among the generous gifts which make Christmas so pleasant, we may have a share. It will help our friends to know what to send if we remind them that *we need £10 every time the sun rises.* For the boys' sake, also, we want materials for an extra treat on Christmas-day.

The Home For Little Boys,*

HORTON KIRBY, KENT.

"Hark! I hear a pleasant sound,
Tiny feet are pattering round;
Surely, from the merry noise,
'Tis a home for little boys."—*Judge Payne.*

FIFTY years ago, when the horn of the Cambridge mail was nightly heard in its broad main street, the suburban parish of Tottenham was a leafy retreat, whither Quakers and quiet-living folks loved to retire. Times have altered wonderfully since then, however, and some old inhabitants think they have altered for the worse. Meadows have been cut up into streets, attractive gardens have been partitioned into sites for villas, and on spots where tall trees once waved gracefully, countless chimneys now pollute the air. If the truth must be told, Tottenham is a convenient suburb for clerks and others who are willing to afford the sum of sixpence a day from their earnings for travelling expenses; and hence the cheap fares, expeditious transit, and liberal service of trains provided by the Great Eastern Railway in a great measure account for the innovation of bricks and mortar, which many have lived long enough to deplore. If Tottenham is becoming over-populated, the offenders who should be required to answer for the inconvenience are the directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company, whose unexceptionably good local traffic is tempting people to choose homes on the banks of their line.

At Tottenham, near the fifth milestone, stands a rather antique mansion, which wants only the ability to speak, and it would tell a diversified, or, perhaps, a romantic history. What and whom the mansion represented in the days of its pristine dignity no local history is at hand to declare; but long ago, when poor people were fewer at Tottenham than they are to-day, the mansion, forsaken by its genteel founders, served as the parish poorhouse. Having descended to the lowest scale of the social ladder, a reaction occurred, and the house became the home of a boarding-school for boys, conducted by Mr. Wilberforce Pike. Subsequently the premises were converted into a refuge for girls, and these, in 1864, were succeeded by the little boys, who shortly afterwards left Tottenham to establish themselves at Horton Kirby, Kent, a healthy and beautiful site on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. Of this Little Boys' Home we are now about to write.

When putting their hands to a good work, the founders of the Home had only slight notions of the proportions their scheme would assume as it grew in

* We are pleased to give a notice of an Institution, akin to our own, to which we wish the utmost prosperity.—C. H. S.

favour with the Christian public. The house at Tottenham appeared to be quite full when ninety beds were set up in the antiquated rooms; but when these were placed closer together, and a hundred little fellows were received, the accommodation was occupied to the utmost limit, and numbers vainly asked for admission. While gratified at the success of their charity, the committee were perplexed, and even undecided as to the course of action they should pursue. Not that suggestions were wanting. Some would have set about enlarging the Home, others opposed patching up an old house, until the advice to seek an entirely new site prevailed, and that site was in time procured at Horton Kirby, near Farningham. In 1866 the Princess of Wales laid the first stone of what is now really an imposing little boys' village, including ten homes, with accommodation for thirty inmates in each, a chastely-built chapel (which has its pulpit supplied either by Dissenters or Anglicans), a large central building with workshops and the superintendent's house. There is also a cottage hospital, isolated from the main buildings. It was decided to adopt the family system similar to that in operation at Stockwell; and, like the Stockwell Orphanage, the homes are the gifts of individual donors, *e.g.*—

1. Alexandra House. So named by permission of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the funds being raised by the exertions of the Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Willans. 2. Hanbury House. The gift of the late President, Mr. Robert Culling Hanbury, and his family. 3. Quiet Resting Place. The cost being contributed by the congregation of Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, and thus named by them. 4. The Children's Cottage. The result of a subscription raised by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. A. O. Charles, amongst the children of England who have homes, and who desired to build a home for those who had none. 5. Lady Morrison's Home. The gift of Lady Morrison, of the Hermitage, Snaresbrook. 6. Kidbrook Lodge. The gift of Miss Peek, of Blackheath, in memory of her mother. 7. The Little Wanderers' Retreat. By a lady who wishes only to be known as the "Little Wanderers' Friend." 8. The Little One's Refuge. The gift of Mr. and Mrs. L. Leaf, of Clapham Park, as a thank-offering for the restoration to health of one of their daughters. 9. The Thomas Finlay Cottage. Erected by Mrs. Thomas Finlay, of Talbot Square, in memory of her husband. 10. The George Moore Lodge. The gift of Mrs. George Moore, of Kensington Palace Gardens.

One morning in early September, after alighting at the Farningham Road station, and walking about a mile through a pretty landscape scene, we duly arrived at the Home, of which we had lost sight since the sudden disappearance of the little boys from Tottenham in 1867. The master and matron, who reside in the central building, give all visitors a cordial welcome, and readily supply whatever information is asked regarding the plan and working of the Institution. We fared no worse than others who have preceded us, and after dinner we sallied forth on a tour of inspection, accompanied by our intelligent guide.

The family system is completely carried out. By living in separate families the boys are taught to help themselves and one another; and in as great a degree as possible their labour aids in sustaining the Institution. The freehold estate purchased by the trustees comprises an area of eighteen acres, and beyond this lies a farm of eighty acres additional. The yield of the land, which is cultivated by the elder lads and hired labourers, supplies the commissariat department with milk, pork, potatoes, and other articles of daily consumption. The farmer-in-chief is placed over one of the homes, and accordingly he ranks as a "father," and his wife as a "mother;" and in common with their compeers on the estate who have risen to a like distinction, this good couple have thirty youngsters to house and superintend. May not some of these strong-limbed lads desire to shine in the profession of agriculture? Some may become farm bailiffs; some may even rise to the dignity of farmers. In either case "father's" discipline is the very thing to aid their realising such worthy aspirations.

When completely carried out, as it is at the Home for Little Boys, the family system entails difficulties not easily overcome, and such as are unknown at the Stockwell Orphanage, where one matron only is needed for

each house, because the whole of the boys take their meals together in the common dining-hall. Kind-hearted, Christian, industrious matrons are happily not very great rarities; but when a married couple for each house are required, the case becomes more complicated. Any committee who need the services of such people will testify that married persons of the class required, who unite in themselves the indispensable qualifications for superintending thirty boys, by seeing after their physical comfort, as well as their religious and moral welfare, are not readily found. The man may inherit the necessary qualifications, while the wife is unsuitable, or *vice versâ;* but if, on the whole, the gains of the family system compensate for the anxiety and trouble incurred in finding suitable superintendents, the committee deserve our praise for having tested fairly what has been proved to be a success.

The attention of the founders of the Little Boys' Home was first directed to the Christ-like work of rescuing youthful waifs and strays from a life of crime and misery, from the fact of there being no industrial school in existence quite after the model they desired to see. Police statistics prove that between three and four hundred street Arabs are arrested during each year in London: these are offenders against a law which they do not comprehend, or they are sinners whose infant years render it well nigh impossible to inflict upon them any severe punishment. The need of a suitable refuge was conclusively proved by the rapid growth of the one now founded, the number provided for during the first year being fifty, while seven years subsequently the number admitted was three hundred. Rapid growth, however, may not betoken unmixed prosperity. The rapidity with which the Home or village has arisen on the pleasant site among the hills of Kent is accounted for by the fact that many of the houses are the separate gifts of private individuals. The stimulus given to the progress of an institution of this kind by means of beneficence is a subject for congratulation, if, in the meantime, in consequence of such acts of liberality at the outset, the institution do not after a few years outgrow its means of support. Whether or not the Home at Horton Kirby is likely to outrun its income we need not speculate; we hope for the best, and have confidence in the generosity of Christian England, which has the welfare of the orphan and of the destitute child at heart. To tell the simple, unvarnished truth to such, is to make the strongest appeal; so that we need only say that the cash in hand at the end of last year was under £6. The committee need £6,000 a year to meet their engagements, and a little over half of this sum is provided by subscriptions on which they can depend, the remainder having to be raised by extraordinary means. A few of the inmates are paid for by private individuals; others are sent in by the London School Board, in accordance with the Act of Parliament, and the rate charged in either instance is 7*s.* a week.

Though the children admitted are not necessarily orphans, many of them are without earthly protectors. The candidate for admission need only be destitute, and under ten years of age. Of the character in general of the lads the reader can judge from looking over the first seven cases which occur in the list, and which are followed by hundreds of others similar in detail.

1. A. G., aged eight years and three months. Father dead. Has bad companions; lives with a grandmother sixty-one years of age, who earns a precarious living by taking in washing. *Fulham.* 2. A. J., aged six years and eight months. Mother dead. Seven children turned out of doors by the father, three of them dependent on an aunt. *Tottenham.* 3. B. W., aged eight years and nine months. An illegitimate child. Mother a domestic servant; boy hitherto kept by her aged parents; her father has been bedridden for the last two years; is now in great difficulties, and fears being turned out of his home. *Islington.* 4. F. W., aged nine years and five months. An illegitimate child. Given to pilfering. Expelled from three schools for violence to other children. Hitherto kept by his mother's husband. *Paddington.* 5. G. J., aged nine years and one month. Father dead. Mother a charwoman, in delicate health; has five young children depending on her. *Marylebone.* 6. G. J., aged eight years and nine months. Father died after three years' illness; death hastened through misconduct of daughter, who has since died of consumption. Widow in delicate health; left with seven children, four entirely

depending on her. *Islington:* T. H. G., aged nine years and ten months. Father dead. Mother, five little children depending on her. This boy, the eldest, is beyond her control. *St. Pancras.*

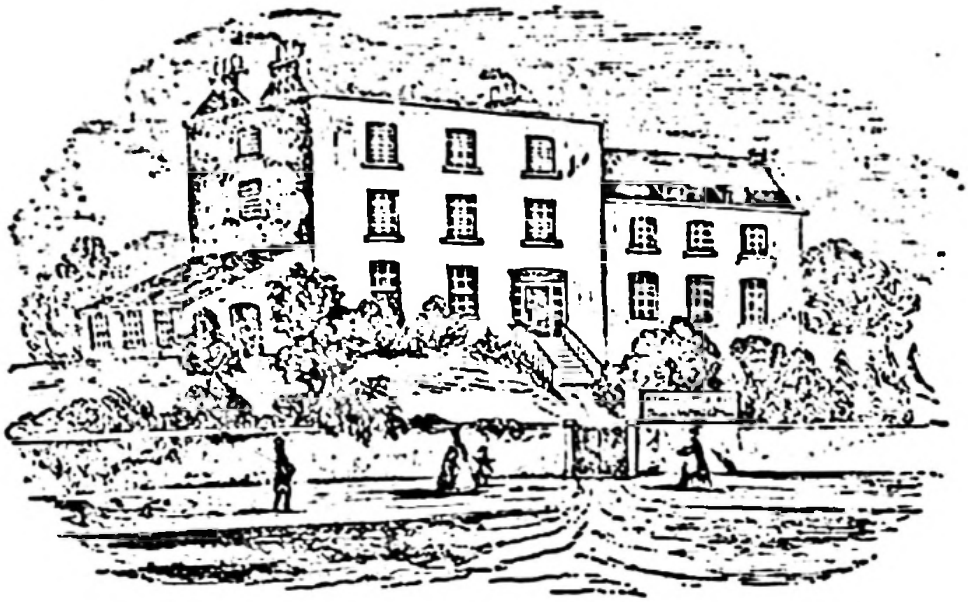
The life histories of some of these lads, when told more fully, are fraught with sad interest, *e.g.*—

"Regy tells how, when he was not five years old, his father, who was in a consumption, broke a bloodvessel and died very suddenly. Till then he had had a very happy home, but now it was gone. His poor mother was broken-hearted. She had four children to look after, and was too ill to work herself. And then a kind doctor, who had visited them, told his mother about the Home, and she was very thankful for his help in getting him admitted. But Regy did not understand this then, and thought, because his mother was ill in bed, that he was only being brought away from her for a little while, and would soon go back. On the day he came his mother had two little babies added to her burden, and Regy wanted to be with them. He was then, he said, old enough to remember that one day his mother came to the Home and said she was going into the country, where some friends had promised to help her, and she was going to take him with her. He went, and his old friends heard nothing of him for some time. But Regy saw his poor mother very sad, for one of the babies died, and then she fell sick; and the friends she had gone to were so poor they could not do much for her. So she sent Regy back to London all by himself; and one day the bell at the old Home was rung, and when the door was open there stood Regy. The omnibus was just going from the door, and Regy had been put down by the conductor. On his arm there was a piece of paper fastened, and these words written on it: 'Will the guard of the train put the child into an Edmonton 'bus, and ask the conductor to see him safely inside the gate of the Home for Little Boys.' He had a little box with him, and on opening it there was another slip of paper, on which was written by his mother, but so badly as to be scarcely readable, '*Pray take him in, I am very ill.*' And thus the little fellow had come all the way from Norwich by himself, the guard of the train and the conductor of the omnibus being kind friends to him by the way. Here Regy's story for a time ended; but the boys knew that since they came to live at the Children's Cottage his brother Parry had come to be one of their family; and so they want to know more about their poor mother after Regy left. And then they are told that only three days after Regy came back she died; and that since then the other baby had died, and that Parry and his sisters were quite alone. Kind friends had been trying to get a home for him, and chanced to ask at the Home for Little Boys, not knowing that Regy was there, for no one knew whither the mother had sent him, and the friends of the Home did not know whom to write to; and when it came out that this Parry was Regy's brother, many of the children who had helped to build the cottage, voted to get him admitted, and there he is with his brother once more."

To walk round the Little Boys' village, and to note the order reigning throughout the institution is to gather some impressions of boy life not obtainable elsewhere. The very little fellows need a tenderer discipline than the elder lads, who divide their time between school, the workshop, and play, without which their education could not be complete. There are schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, each and all efficient in their spheres, and we were glad to find that the Bible is a book in constant use. But the educational discipline necessarily extends far beyond mere book learning. The basis on which the Home is founded is one of self-help. The lads' clothes are made, washed, and mended on the premises. There is a baker's shop, where some seven hundred quartern loaves are prepared weekly. Other trades are represented, each workshop being a training-room for such boys as choose this or that occupation. Peeping in at one door we find the menders and patchers busily employed, under the superintendence of a young needlewoman. Hard by are the tailors, while a little further on are the

painters, and also the printers. Some lads are employed in the bakehouse, others labour in the laundry, so that if these little fellows do not in after years distinguish themselves by industry, the fault will not lie at the door of their early friends. Each trade has its representative in an efficient professor of its art and mystery, and to each of these, it is hoped, the boys will, under Providence, become largely indebted.

Visitors will leave the Home pleased with what they have seen, and grateful for the blessings which arise from such an institution. On the average, about fifty lads are dismissed into situations every year, and their places are filled by others, who, but for the reclaiming agency, would lead an aimless life, if not a life of crime. Who is ignorant of the vast sums which one thief may cost the community before his final capture and sentence to penal servitude? Alongside of such calculations, £6,000 is not an extravagant outlay for educating and equipping fifty boys for useful trades and honourable courses. Industrial Schools are not so costly as prisons, and reclaiming boys is a more satisfactory business than that of punishing men.



THE OLD HOUSE AT TOTTENHAM, THE ORIGINAL "HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS."

The Candle and the Sun.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS.

THERE once lived an old gnat, who, when he was about to leave the world, called the young gnats round him, and spoke as follows: "Dear children, I shall soon die; but before leaving you I must give you my last advice. Live in the sunbeams, and when the great sun goes down, go home; for in the abodes of men there is a false sun, which has destroyed many a deluded gnat. It caused the death of your poor uncle. Ah! I have never forgotten the day I saw him perish. Lay to heart my last warning, dear little gnats, and beware of the false sun." Having said this, he wrapped himself in his wings and died.

The gnats presently flew away. They danced round the head of a plough-boy returning from his work, and when he threw up his cap to get rid of them, they spun round the cap. They fidgeted a cow grazing in the meadow till she swished her tail so furiously they were glad to get out of the way. So

they spent the evening flying up and down and round about in the sunbeams that streamed over the hills, till the sun went down, and the gnats went home.

But it happened that one of them strayed away from his brothers, and flying into an open window, alighted on the red curtain. After admiring its bright colour and surveying the things in the room, he fell asleep, and was presently awakened by the sound of voices and music. Looking up, and rubbing his eyes, "Hey-day," said he, "is the sun up already?" and away he flew in the direction of the light. The next moment he was astonished to find he had reached it. Then the thought struck him, "This is the false sun father spoke of," and he retreated to the curtain to think. "I wonder if there is any danger?" he said to himself; "old folks are always over-cautious, and father was old. Perhaps he wanted to keep us from fine things. I hate those envious creatures that are afraid lest somebody else should see more than they have seen. That light may be nobody knows what. Why shouldn't I see for myself? At any rate, I want to explore it, and that is enough for me." So saying, he flew once more towards it, and went round and round. Poor dizzy gnat! soon, with a headlong rush, he dashed into the flame, and fell to the table on the other side, his wings and legs burnt off. Spinning round in agony, he gasped out, "Ah me! I perish! I die!"

Far away in the country there was a shady wood; the ground was carpeted in patches with velvety moss or long grass; here and there a bank of fragrant primroses and violets peeped into view, and tall trees held their arms aloft to protect the flowers from the blustering wind. Hidden away in a tuft of grass, in the middle of the wood, was a nest, where lived a lark and his family. Every morning, before it was light, the old lark jumped out, ran along in the grass, and flew up through the tree-tops to sing his morning song to the sun.

Now the little ones were petulant and discontented, and therefore unhappy, as such people always are. They often quarrelled, they complained when their father went out of a morning; they would not fly with him, but chose to run about on the ground, saying they would much rather have a caterpillar to eat than go and see the sun rise.

One day the father called them, and said, "My little larks, what is the matter with you?" They shook their shoulders, and looked cross. The father continued, "You were not meant to be always on the ground; if you would be happy, you must come with me for a morning flight." They said they did not want to get up so early. "How is it," said the father, "that I never hear you sing?" "We cannot sing." "You never will till you fly." "But we cannot fly." "You never will till you try," said the father; "larks are always dull if they neglect the sun: come with me to-morrow morning." "But it is cold and dark." "You will find it neither when you catch sight of the sun." "But we cannot fly so high." "You mean you will not," said the father, and springing up, he flew off, and was soon out of sight. When he was gone, the larks began to talk together. "Why does father want us to go and see the sun?" said one. "Well," said his brother, "I don't know, but it always makes him cheerful." Said another, "We are never so happy as father is." The fourth suggested, "Suppose we do as father says." This caused a general shiver, when they thought of the warm nest and the cold morning air: but, nevertheless, they resolved to do so. Accordingly, the next morning off they started with the old lark, as soon as it was light, and flew up above the trees, higher and higher still, wondering at what they saw. The moon was fading in the violet sky behind them, and the east was bright rose-colour and yellow. The fresh air made them feel so strong and cheerful that when at last they saw the sun's face smiling at them, as if to say, "Good morning," they all struck up a merry song to greet him. After that they flew up to welcome him every morning, and were as happy as any larks in the wood.

Guess now, little friends, what my stories mean. Do you not think those who trifle with sin are likely to meet with a fate like that of the wilful gnat?

Sin may sometimes seem bright and alluring; but it is always ruinous. Do you not think those are happiest who love Jesus best? Aye, happier a great deal than the cheerful birds that greet the sunrise. If you think so, you are not far wrong. Sinful pleasure is false pleasure and real ruin. It is our Saviour who gives us true happiness. Avoid sin, dear little friends, and seek Jesus.

Reviews.

Golden Candlesticks: or, Sketches of the Rise of some early Methodist Churches. By JOHN BOND. Elliot Stock.

A BOOK fitted to thrill the soul. The facts relate to all parts of the country, and are well selected. Would to God the Christians of our day had half the backbone and fire of their forefathers. Would Ritualism defile this unhappy land if we were as zealous as the old Methodists? We trow not. We hope Mr. Bond's interesting details will remind our Methodist friends of their heroic days, and lead them to do their first works; and if all other Christian denominations will follow in the same hearty enthusiastic style of service, a grand day will come for England. We hardly know where to make an extract, it is all so good; but here is the portrait of "A METHODIST HERO," which may answer the purpose:—"Amongst the heroic itinerants who, through 'a great fight of afflictions,' won for our church its early triumphs, few will rank higher than Thomas Lee. To be struck down with violence, to be rolled in mud by cursing mobs, to be thrown into the common sewer, to be delivered by ecclesiastical magistrates into the hands of ferocious ruffians, drunken with ecclesiastical malignity, to be pelted with eggs, filled with blood and sealed with pitch, to be drenched with floods of water from head to foot, and then, by way of variation, to be painted over from top to toe, these were incidents in the life of Thomas Lee. But he met them like a soldier of heaven. Blackened, besmeared with paint and filth, bleeding, more than half dead, away he went from some of these experiences, and preached to his trembling people from the text, 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.' And upon a review of his past life, in comparative old age, he exclaimed, 'Lord, if thou wilt, give me strength, I will begin again; and if thou shalt add to my trials lions' dens and fiery furnaces, by thy grace I will go through them all.' Such heroism in the cause of truth and conscience and Christ has, perhaps, never been surpassed by martyr or apostle. Christian Ironsides like Lee could not but conquer. Filth, pestilence, long journeys, rough weather, rude lodgings, uncourteous congregations, hard toil and harder fare—the worst of such modern troubles—what would they be to men like Thomas Lee? Ecclesiastical dandies are altogether out of place in John Wesley's regiment of 'The Sacramental Host of God's Elect.' To-day's dwarfs can hardly be expected to wear the armour and carry the weapons of their giant forefathers. If Midian is to be conquered, the timid must go home, even though Gideon's 32,000 men be reduced to 300. Oh, for lamps, pitchers, and trumpets in the hands of 300 such men as Thomas Lee!"

The Light of all Ages. By the Rev. GAVIN CARLYLE, M.A. Strahan & Co.

THE attempt of this volume is to show the relation of Christ to all ages and nations. Viewing him as the centre around which the world's interests have revolved from the beginning, and will revolve to the end, the author tries to show the vast import of our Lord's mission, and its bearings both upon man's temporal and eternal interests. The writer is a man of great powers, and sound views, and does his work well. The style is not sufficiently popular to secure a large audience, but solid readers will appreciate the volume.

The Emphatic Diaglott. By Benjamin Wilson. Samuel R. Wells, New York.

Deserves to hold a place in the first rank of the many valuable works that have issued from the American religious press. The idea is excellent, and the execution leaves little to be desired. If the book does not deserve quite unqualified praise, we can nevertheless give to it our very cordial recommendation. It bears evidence of painstaking study and work, and of careful and accurate scholarship, and we learn with surprise that it is the product of but seven years' labour. The author speaks of "slow progress," but the wonder to us is that what is in many respects a truly great work should have been completed in so short a time. The principal features which distinguish this from other modern versions of the New Testament are the "Interlineary Word for Word English Translation," and the "Signs of Emphasis." Of the Interlineary Translation it would be difficult to speak too highly. It is well and carefully and faithfully executed, and is calculated to be very useful, not to those only who are unacquainted with Greek, but to *all* save the profoundest scholars, who are almost as familiar with the languages of the Bible as with their own mother tongue. The marking of the Signs of Emphasis is, we venture to think, somewhat overdone. No doubt there are many words and phrases in the New Testament whose full force is either not known or not observed, owing to the non-indication of the emphasis that pertains to them in the original, and hence the full import and beauty of many a passage is concealed from the general reader. In such cases the Signs of Emphasis which Mr. Wilson has employed are very useful, and very much needed. But when we come to read a chapter in his version we are absolutely bewildered by the number of emphasised words that appear in it. We do not believe that almost every fifth word that the New Testament contains was intended by the Holy Spirit to be emphatic. Of the new version as a whole we can speak only in terms of approval; it compares favourably with most others that have come under our notice. We think, however, that Mr. Wilson is mistaken in not in every instance rendering the same Greek word by the same English equivalent. Moreover, he has sometimes made use of very uncommon words where those of everyday life would have suited his purpose equally well, if not better. We wish our space had permitted us more fully to notice Mr. Wilson's excellent work, but we must content ourselves with what has already been said. We extend to the "Emphatic Diaglott" our hearty welcome, and should be glad to know that it occupied a place, not in the bookcase, but beside the desk of every divinity student and every preacher of the gospel. If a new edition should be called for, as we hope it speedily will, we would suggest that the publisher would do well to print it on better paper and in clearer type.

A Year with the Wild Flowers. A Popular Introduction to the Study of English Botany. By Edith Waddy. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

We are very glad to see that Miss Waddy is keeping her hand in. She writes pleasingly and instructively, knowing what she has to say and how to say it. Our favourite recreation lies in old herbals, year-books of plants, botanical works of a popular character, and descriptions of forest trees. Miss Waddy's beautiful little book we shall look at all the year round; and if we go for a ramble, we shall hunt up the plants she mentions, find out her blunders, if she has made any, and thank her for refreshing our memory upon all points in which she is right. We have already gone through some few books of the same description, and therefore know what a pleasant amusement it is. Perhaps this may induce some of our young readers to do the same, and if it should, it will be very greatly to their gain. If you have not got Sowerby, or Miss Twamley, or Miss Pratt, be thankful if you can get Miss Eddy for your helper. We count the day in which we first bought Miss Pratt's splendid work to be quite a red-letter day, but our young readers have not so much money to spare just yet; they cannot, therefore, do better than let Dr. Waddy's excellent daughter give them a summary of what the bigger books contain.

Little Books. By John Bunyan. Blackie and Son.

We are glad to see this series continued: the last issue contains, "The Resurrection of the Dead" and "The Barren Fig-tree." All Bunyan's works are choice: their matter is of the best, for it is Scriptural; their language is the best on earth, for it is Saxon.

High Church; or, Audi Alteram Partem. By H. H. A. S. Bemrose and Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

Arrayed in full canonicals, this book will, in outward appearance, commend itself to Ritualistics, but they will be very much taken in should they be thereby induced to purchase it, for it is as forcible an assault upon them as could well be written by a member of their own church. If wealthy Evangelicals would for once follow our advice, they would largely circulate this well-written and telling argument against their Tractarian brethren. If we could provoke them to the deed by questioning whether they have spirit enough among them to do it, we would at once challenge them; but it would be of no use; we have given up *the jellies** as hopeless.

Child's Own Magazine (Sunday School Union). The year's issue makes a very pretty book for the bairns in its coloured paper wrapper. *Kind Words for Young People*, by the same publishers, is a larger affair, and quite a bulky volume. This is a Christmas-box indeed, and will make Tom and Jack open their eyes with delight:—we are forgetting, we mean Ernest and Sidney, for the old names are getting very scarce now.

A System of Christian Rhetoric, for the use of Preachers and other Speakers. By George Winfred Harvey, M.A. Houlston and Sons.

Although we should greatly demur to some of the opinions and dicta of this work, we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most valuable of all the larger treatises upon homiletics which have yet appeared. It is, in fact, a standard work upon the subject.

* Such is the name frequently given to the Evangelicals by the High Church party, and it is an instructive one.

Christian Work for Gentle Hands. Thoughts on Female Agency in the Church of God. By John Dwyer. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

We are glad to see this little treatise in its third edition. It briefly, simply, and earnestly lays before the Christian sisterhood their privileges and responsibilities in the church of God. Oh, that many a Hannah and a Deborah may be called forth as the result of its perusal!

The Bible Educator. Edited by Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

We cannot do less than commend this most useful work. We might take exception to certain passages upon the *modus* of inspiration, but we do not care to do so, because we conceive that the fault lies deeper, and has grown to be a very common one. What right have we to be prying into "the way of the Spirit," and defining how he acts with this mind or the other, when he is presenting us with Scripture, which is all inspired, and all intended for our learning? The question of the manner of inspiration has no practical bearing, is a mere intrusion into realms beyond us, and always leads to misunderstandings. If a man believes the Holy Scriptures to be infallibly and divinely inspired, we are quite content; if he then goes on to talk about differences of *modus*, &c., we are off to our work, having other fish to look after.

Mr. Hurditch, or C. R. H., issues *The London Almanack*, at one penny, and in a large type at 6d., and two Sheet Almanacks entitled *The Latter Rain*, and *The London*. They are all very good, and may be had of Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

A Freehold Villa for Nothing, or How I became my own Landlord without Capital. By J. Marvel. Kempster and Co., St. Bride's Avenue.

In the hands of a man of common sense this book may be of much practical value, but it might fascinate others into speculations best let alone. To our unprofessional mind the information given seems to be sound and useful.

On Temperance Societies. By the Bishop of Lincoln. Rivingtons.

We do not suppose that many teetotallers will be able to read this penny tract temperately, they are by far too zealous for that, but we think they might do so to advantage, and that good would come of it if their pledges were somewhat more judiciously framed in future. The bishop is sure to get into hot water for his tract, and we admire the courage which enabled him to write it; even those enthusiastic abstainers who differ from him may go as far as that.

Sunday-school Teachers' Pocket-book and Diary, &c., for 1874. Sunday School Union.

Just the very pocket-book for a teacher, meeting all his wants. We always prize it very much, and have used it for years.

The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton). The yearly volume of a well-intentioned serial. The engravings are hardly up to the mark, indeed some of them are ugly, but the magazine is a cheap pennyworth, and the yearly volume would make a pretty present to a cottager's wife.

Death of Dr. Candlish.

IN the death of Dr. Candlish, the Free Church has lost one of its greatest men. He was as a divine most solid, sound, and deep; as a preacher, a master of the sacred art; and as a councillor in the courts of the church, one of the most wise and prudent. The works he has left behind him prove him to have been an intellectual and spiritual giant. His soul was too active and full of flame for his bodily frame. He seemed to be always on the move, action was his rest. Now he has reached the land where perfect rest and constant activity are reconciled. We thought of writing some account of him, but, finding that we could only repeat what has been well said in the papers, we have been driven to content ourselves by giving extracts from a letter which we have lately received from a beloved friend in Edinburgh, who is an elder of the Free Church:—

"He was a grand soul. For depth, breadth, height, tenderness, *power*, we had none like him. The blank he has left it will take our church years to realise. His department, besides 'the care of all the churches,' was peculiar. He was a kind of standing forlorn hope. His piercing sagacity, together with his utter absence of selfishness, even of *self-consciousness*, in all its mean and subtle forms, made him a kind of *court of last resort*. All who were in distress and trouble, which no other man could deal with, went to Dr. Candlish. Through almost all the 'Ten years' conflict,' and from 1843 onwards, you can imagine what such a man would have to do. Prompt and rapid in judgment and in action, small persons thought him sometimes abrupt, even cross. The explanation was, he saw so quickly what they *would be at*, that often he saw the conclusion before prosers had their case half stated. With all this he was generous and gentle to a degree. I can myself recall illustrations, when he apologised to a poor servant girl, 'a young communicant,' from my own class, twenty-five years ago, when he feared that at a previous interview he had spoken a word which might have given pain. All this I can give from personal knowledge. I have known him and loved him since and before 18th May, 1843. Twenty years ago, at his own personal and earnest solicitation, I undertook what has ever since been a part of my *life-work*, the convenership of the Sabbath School Committee of the Free Church, which you know means the charge of the children. His death is a voice to us all concerning our unprofitableness. 'Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen.'

"I had a note last week, which greatly touched me, from ——. My friend the writer says:—'I am greatly saddened by our beloved friend Candlish's death. It gives me an increasing sense of loneliness. Our lifelong friendship and close association, both in public and private life, make the event very trying. The world holds me in consequence by sensibly more slender ties. I

spent nearly an hour at his bedside last week, and never shall I forget the inimitable tenderness of his affection, as he held my hand in his, and poured out his feelings. He was calm, and peaceful, and trustful, as regards his own great change, that was then drawing on, and spoke of it with perfect freedom. Alas! that we shall see him no more. Help, Lord!'

"The truth is that from the time the doctors told him, ten days before his death, of what they anticipated, he was himself in every way. It made no change on him. As he said to us, 'Why should this make us sad? I just wish to be cheery with you all.'

"The remark he made, which Mr. Lagan quotes in the 'Review' ('I die resting upon the facts—Christ died, and *Christ is mine*') was followed by the words of the fifty-fourth Paraphrase—

'Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.'

He often expressed himself in the same manner—'I have no great feelings of depression or exultation. I never did put much on frames or feelings, but I *know*, *I know* whom I have believed. I know that my Redeemer liveth—that my Redeemer is a living One.'

"I could multiply such remarks, and remarks as to texts repeated to him, but I am unwilling to give many of those sayings which he addressed to different persons, and some of which are, at least as yet, too sacred for publication. But one thing you may tell any one who desires to know it, that he was calm and peaceful all the days of his lingering, from the time he was told of his approaching death to the very close, and that it was on the very same truths that he had loved to preach that he himself rested. The texts he best liked to hear repeated were those he liked best to preach from, and these, as you know, were such as contain most expressly the preciousness of Jesus Christ and his atonement."

Notes.

Our Congregational friends appear to be greatly indignant at the remarks of Dr. Landels, and our own incidental observations in the "Signs of the Times." We are somewhat suprised at this, for they are generally well informed upon most matters, and might therefore have known the views of Baptists. We have said no more than we and our brother Baptists have always believed. If any brotherly love which has formerly been professed has been presented to us upon a false supposition, the sooner that mistake is corrected the better, for then, whatever fraternal regard may survive will be sound and real. We have spoken plainly, and mean to do so still; we have cherished the most brotherly feelings towards all Pædobaptist friends, and shall do so still; we do not ask them to conceal their distinctive views, and we certainly shall not conceal ours; ours is the charity which neither padlocks another man's tongue nor consents to hold her own.

Our boys at the Orphanage are particularly anxious that Christmas Day should not be forgotten. Will their kind friends furnish them with a treat, as in former years. On their behalf we plead earnestly.

Several pretendedly ignorant persons have written to know in what way Dissenters are made to support the Church of England. We have hardly the patience to remind them of *the tithes*. These persons pretend that tithes are private endowments. Do they expect any one to believe them? Do they believe their own nonsense? Why do they not produce the trust deeds? It is inconceivable that in every parish in England private donors gave exactly the tithe of the produce of their own free will to religion. Such a fact would far excel a miracle in being out of the ordinary course of nature. But even if it were so, these tithes were not given to the present Anglican body. The Church of England is the joint creation of Henry VIII. and Thomas Cranmer, and enjoys the tithes at the will and pleasure of the nation, which took them from the Papists, and

can and will take them from the present Ritualistic church before many years. Then will there spring up a really Protestant Episcopal Church, to which we shall earnestly wish every prosperity; and unfettered by State patronage and control, it will be a great and lasting blessing to our land.

The remark that *we paid all the less for our land when we bought it, because of the tithe-charge upon it*, is a very childish one. The lowland Scotch farmer paid less for his land when the Gael levied black-mail upon him, but he did not hesitate to resist the robbery. A man may pay less for a farm because it is half swamp, or overrun with thistles, but he does not hesitate to drain the bog and kill the weeds. We never ought to have paid tithes to those who teach a religion we do not believe, and we shall always do our utmost to get rid of the oppressive exaction. If it be said that tithes do not pay the clergy, we ask, how are they paid? Do they work without pay, and receive the tithes for doing nothing? So much the worse is the case. It is said that tithes belong to God, but that no more proves that they belong to the parson than to the Methodist minister, since one may be as much sent of God as the other. It is a piece of robbery and no better.

We are pleased to observe that the friends at Langley, Essex, have made Mr. G. Monck a handsome presentation upon his leaving them to become pastor of the church at Thetford.

The walls of the house for the New College are rising rapidly. God has graciously sent us large help, and we trust the rest will come as it is required.

Having been ill during the most of the past month, our notes have been badly kept, and are but few in number. This we hope will be excused.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 30th, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 21st to November 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
C. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. Ellis	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. Dennant	0	1	0
Friends, per Mr. G. Aubrey	1	2	0
Friends, per Mr. H. Williams	0	10	0
Te Hay	0	10	0
Durweston Climer and his Boy ...	0	5	8
Mr. G. Scivwright	0	6	0
Mr. W. Day	5	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
First Fruits, H. W.	0	10	0
Miss Robertson	25	0	0
Mrs. Bloom	1	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	8	0
J. C., John Ploughman's Almanack ...	20	0	0
Mr. C. Critchton	0	10	0
A Reader of Sermons, Stirling ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips ...	3	15	0
Mrs. Osborn	0	2	0
A few Friends, by Miss Janet Milne ...	1	7	8
Mr. A Summerz	0	10	0
A Friend, Brabourne	0	10	0
Mr. H. Speight	1	0	0
A Grandmother	0	1	0
Rev. S. Bridge	0	10	0
W. A. B.	1	1	0
A Friend at Writtle, per Mr. Rootham..	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Oct. 26th	41	16	7
,, ,, Nov. 2	28	0	0
,, ,, ,, 9	37	1	2
,, ,, ,, 16	29	8	5
	£213	6	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 21st to November 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Alabaster	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, Mr. and Mrs. Gallant	0	10	0
Mr. J. Adams-Acton	5	5	0
Bequest of William Gurney Wigner ...	1	10	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	2	0
Per Mr. E. Davis	1	3	0
Robert J. Withers	0	2	6
Odd Farthings and Halfpennies taken at Metropolitan Store	0	5	11
Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	5	0
Mr. P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
A Poor Sister, Carmarthen	0	2	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
Mr. James McElhumery	0	5	0
J. S.	50	0	0
Mrs. Case	1	0	0
Rev. E. Bott	1	0	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. M. Lord, junior				0	12	6
Mrs. Meek				0	4	8
Mr. J. T. Daintree				1	1	0
Mr. Barton				1	0	0
Mr. T. Lewis				1	1	0
Mrs. Butler				0	9	1
Mr. C. Gladdish				1	7	6
Willy, Freddy, Gerty, and Lilly ...				0	4	0
Mr. Sullivan				0	2	7
Mrs. Dodwell				0	10	0
Mr. G. Barber				5	0	0
A Friend, Cambridge				0	5	0
Mrs. Nickson, per Mr. Thompson ...				0	10	0
Mrs. Ward				0	5	0
Mr. Tasker				0	5	0
Miss Bowden				0	5	0
First Fruits, H. W.				0	5	0
Miss Robertson				50	0	0
J. A. M.				1	0	0
H. E.				0	2	0
Mrs. Bloom				1	0	0
F. C.				0	10	0
Mr. C. Critchton				1	0	0
A Friend at Sea, per C. L.				1	12	0
Mr. S. M. Robinson				2	0	0
S. H.				0	2	0
A Thankoffering				0	1	0
Mr. Davies				1	1	0
Mrs. Peskett				0	0	0
An Old Subscriber, per Mrs. Mountford				5	5	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith				1	0	0
Sunday School, Underbank, per Mr. G. Scott				0	6	0
Mrs. Rannie				1	1	0
Mr. G. Norton				5	0	0
Mr. Harden				1	0	0
R. A.				5	0	0
Mr. T. J. Haddon				2	10	0
Rev. W. Brock, Junior				2	2	0
H. Cole				1	0	0
Mr. A. Summerz				0	10	0
A Widow's Thankoffering				0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington				0	2	6
Mrs. Farrer				0	13	3
Mrs. Berry				0	3	7
Mr. H. Speight				0	10	0
A Friend, per Messrs. Gallie and Son ...				1	0	0
Mr. J. Simpson				1	1	0
Mr. Fuller				0	10	0
Mr. William Mayo...				0	10	0
Rev. S. Bridge				0	10	0
W. A. B.				1	1	0
A Friend at Writtle, per Mr. Rootham				0	10	0
Mrs. Burcher				1	5	0
Annual Subscriptions :—						
Mr. F. Howard				1	1	0
Mr. T. P. Stevenson				0	10	0
Miss Bailey, per Rev. W. H. J. Page ...				0	5	0
Per F. R. T. :—						
Mr. Tidmarsh	0	5	0			
Mrs. Tidmarsh	0	5	0			
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0			
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0			
Miss Winckworth	0	5	0			
				1	5	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis				1	1	0
Mrs. Gibbs...				1	0	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—						
J., Lancashire	0	7	6			
Miss Charlesworth	5	3	7			
Miss Annie Charlesworth ...	5	0	0			
Miss Bonsor	0	16	3			
Miss J. Dunn	0	4	9			
Mr. Crofts	1	0	0			
Mrs. Longbotham	1	0	0			
Miss Day	0	7	3			
Miss Young	0	11	0			
Miss Read	0	8	6			
Master Read	0	10	0			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Eley				0	14	9
Miss Hose				0	8	0
Mr. Evans				0	1	10
Mr. and Mrs. Brownridge ...				0	15	0
Miss Warden				0	3	1
Miss Hughes				0	10	4
Mr. Shears				0	9	8
Mrs. Hinton				2	0	0
Mr. Padgett				1	0	0
Mrs. Chamberlain				0	3	6
Mrs. Croker				0	15	0
Miss Alice Parker				0	11	0
Master Algernon Parker ...				0	2	6
Mrs. W. Ranford				0	10	0
Mr. Shepherd				1	0	0
Mrs. W. Evans				1	4	6
Miss Phillips				2	5	5
Miss A. Badenoch				0	15	0
Miss Helen Phillips				2	5	0
Willie's Farthings				0	7	0
Miss Simpson				0	12	9
Mrs. Marsh				1	1	0
Miss Wardell				0	13	1
Mr. Gray				1	0	0
Miss Gobey				0	6	0
Miss Weeks				0	9	2
Mrs. Duncomb...				0	10	6
Mrs. Gosiin				0	10	0
Mrs. Bowles				1	1	0
Miss Crockett				0	10	0
Mr. Greenop				7	7	0
Mr. Cookson				2	2	0
Miss Nisbet				1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet				1	1	0
Mrs. Drayson				2	1	0
Mrs. Mackrill				0	5	0
Master Edwards				0	2	6
Master James Caney				0	2	0
Master C. Dunsdon				0	1	0
Master G. Hanson				0	5	0
Master Blogg				0	1	0
Master Mitchell				0	1	5
Master Arthur Mitchell ...				0	7	0
A Friend, per Mr. John Mitchell				0	10	0
Miss Jephs				1	18	0
Mrs. Culver				0	11	0
Miss Hale				0	5	0
Master Davis				0	4	0
Master George Scovell ...				0	2	0
Miss F. Court				0	8	0
Miss Hughes				0	10	0
Mrs. Allum				0	10	0
Miss Allum				0	3	8
Mr. W. Perkins				0	8	0
Mrs. Whitehead				1	0	0
Master Smith				0	5	0
Miss Maynard...				0	8	9
Miss H. Parker				1	12	2
Mrs. Parker				2	10	0
Master C. Carden				0	5	0
Miss Burden				0	10	6
Miss Goodchild				0	5	6
Miss E. Fryer				1	0	0
Miss Keys				0	15	0
Mrs. Hose				1	1	0
Master C. H. Scott				0	5	8
Miss S. E. Cockrell				2	0	0
Miss C. Marsden				0	6	0
Mrs. Fisher				0	6	0
Mrs. Alderson...				0	5	0
Mr. Round				0	7	0
Miss Buckmaster				0	7	6
Mr. Bantick				0	9	0
Mrs. Smith				0	5	0
Miss M. A. Wells				0	3	0
Mr. Luff				1	0	0
Mr. C. Howes				0	2	3
Mrs. Sanderson				0	5	0
Miss Wode				1	0	0
Miss E. Hughes				0	10	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Miss Chilvers			1 12 0			
Miss Richardson			0 7 6			
Mrs. J. E. Knight			1 0 0			
Mrs. Boggis			0 7 3			
Miss E. Padbury			0 10 0			
Miss Smith			0 10 1			
Mr. G. H. Payne			0 10 0			
Mr. Rebbing			0 17 8			
Mrs. Duncan Miller			0 10 0			
Miss H. Barker			0 4 0			
Mrs. Hubbard...			0 13 0			
Miss E. Jones			0 15 0			
Mrs. Romang			1 10 0			
Miss Mann			4 0 0			
Miss Helen David			0 10 0			
Miss E. S. Budgo			0 5 0			
Mr. E. Boot			1 5 0			
Miss Powell			1 8 0			
Mrs. Hale			1 1 0			
Per Master R. Murrell:—						
Mr. J. H. ...	1	0	0			
Mr. H. Plowman	1	1	0			
Mr. Lamont ...	2	0	0			
Mr. A. W. Gower	1	1	0			
Mr. Murrell ...	1	0	0			
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	1	1	0			
Mr. Passmore ...	0	10	0			
Mr. Green ...	0	10	0			
Mr. Kains ...	0	10	0			
Mr. G. H. Warren	0	10	6			
Mr. Norton ...	0	10	6			
Mr. Compton ...	0	10	6			
Mr. Wellelles ...	0	10	0			
Mr. J. H. Olney	0	10	0			
Mr. Hinchcliff...	0	5	0			
Mr. P. and Gill	0	5	0			
Mr. May ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Parrett ...	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Olney ...	0	5	0			
Mr. J. K. Philips	0	4	6			
Messrs. Holder and Savary ...	0	10	0			
A. T.	0	10	0			
H. and S. ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Miteage ...	1	1	0			
Mr. Romang ...	0	10	0			
				15	10	0
Per Mr. Park:—						
W. P.	1	1	0			
W. A. L. ...	1	1	0			
				2	2	0
Miss Abbott			0 6 1			
Mr. John Mitchell			0 6 0			
Mr Gobey			0 9 11			
Master Gobey			0 4 6			
Master Jefferson			0 16 0			
Mrs. Phillips			0 1 10			
Miss A. Patrick			0 2 1			
Freddy Norwood			0 5 11			
Mrs. Baldock			0 5 6			
Mrs. Davis			0 4 6			
Miss Wright			0 10 0			
Miss Skinner			0 5 6			
Miss Sidery			1 8 1			
Master Stacey			0 7 5			
Master Pankhurst			0 3 4			
Mrs. Kentfield...			0 5 4			
Miss Wilson			1 0 1			
Miss White			0 7 0			
Master W. Cone			0 3 10			
Master Turner...			0 3 4			
Miss J. Turner			0 6 6			
Master G. Conquest			0 2 4			
Master Pankhurst			0 3 9			
Master F. Culver			0 4 8			
Miss Avery			0 7 4			
Miss Eliza Ridley			0 6 7			
Master R. Padbury			0 9 4			
Master H. Allen			0 4 9			
Master Charles Ledger ...			1 10 0			
Mr. Ellmore			0 9 6			
Mr. Ashman			0 12 10			
Miss Wyness			0 10 10			
Mrs. Gwillim			1 9 2			
Mr. Steel			0 10 0			
Miss F. Court			0 3 9			
Miss Blake			0 7 4			
Mrs. Gisbey			0 1 5			
Master W. Terrell			0 7 8			
Miss O. Rooke...			0 2 9			
Miss Moulton			0 5 0			
Miss E. Dawson			0 5 3			
Mr. Kliegel			0 0 8			
Miss J. Maynard			0 12 3			
Master J. T. Cannon ...			0 10 9			
Mr. Robinson			0 4 10			
Mr. Kerridge			0 2 3			
Miss E. Parker			0 5 0			
Mr. Wand			0 4 10			
Miss Law			0 7 10			
Miss Conquest...			0 1 2			
Mrs. Hertzell			0 2 3			
Master Hanson			0 0 6			
Miss Crowder			0 8 1			
Miss Ross			1 0 10			
Miss Sanderson			0 2 4			
Master D. Bruce			0 2 0			
Mrs. Buswell			1 0 10			
Mr. Evans			1 0 0			
Miss Spark			0 17 6			
Mrs. Young			0 3 11			
Mrs. Stoner			0 3 10			
Master Everett			0 3 0			
Mrs. Waghorn...			0 4 8			
Miss Larkman...			0 4 3			
Miss Fairey			0 8 1			
Miss Quinnell			0 4 9			
Master Buckmaster			0 8 11			
Miss Burman			0 5 1			
Master Vears			0 7 0			
Mr. Delacourt...			0 3 3			
Mr. Doddington			0 8 0			
A Friend			0 8 0			
Miss Choat			0 13 7			
Mr. Pickthorn			0 3 1			
Miss Crocker			0 2 6			
Mrs. Archer			0 13 8			
A Friend			0 1 7			
Miss Chase			0 2 4			
Master Ambrose			0 7 4			
Miss Raybould			0 10 0			
Master W. Charlesworth ...			0 5 4			
Master Hubbard			0 7 10			
Mrs. Page			0 14 1			
Mrs. Hubbard			0 5 10			
Mr. A. Marsh			0 9 7			
Miss Descroix			0 12 1			
Mrs. Romang			1 0 1			
Miss Lucy Aston			0 0 10			
Mr. Farman			0 3 6			
Miss Maria Wade			2 13 3			
Miss Wallington			0 2 10			
Master D. A. Sinclair ...			0 3 0			
Master A. Sinclair			0 5 0			
Mr. S. R. Pearce			1 0 0			
Master Conquest			0 4 0			
Master J. Simmonds			0 12 10			
Do. Box			0 4 4			
Master Corke			0 1 8½			
Master Mansenhelder... ...			0 2 6½			
Master N. Thompson ...			0 2 4			
Master Bornston			0 13 5			
Master A. Cockerton... ...			0 2 0			
Master Spanswick			0 5 0			
Master Osman...			0 2 6½			
Master A. Wheeler			0 4 7			
Master Peck			0 2 11½			
Master Semark			0 10 0			
				155	6	3
				£333	12	8

The Trustees of the Orphanage beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt from Mr. Brunoxon of the ire amount received by him from the legacy of the late Mrs. Rooke, of Shrewsbury. This sum has n added to their funded stock.

ist of Presents for the Orphanage, October and November.—Provisions: 240 eggs, Miss Janet d; a sheep, Mr. Peter Cowell; a sack of Scotch oatmeal, Messrs J. and S. Lawman; eight quartern es, Mr. Smith; sundry vegetables, Mr. Phillips.

Clothing: Pair of boy's boots, Mr. Smith; fifty flannel shirts, the Misses Dransfield; forty ditto, r Rev. W. J. Mayers; thirty cotton ditto, and some remnants of cloth, Dorcas Society, Galashiels; our dozen cotton shirts, Mr. R. Dawbarn.

Sundries: A load of firewood, Mr. Keen; dial for dining hall, Mr. John Neal; an harmonium, Mr. W. H. Roberts; parcel for sale-room, A Friend; two door sills and some wire gratings, Mr. Higg...

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from October 21st to November 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.
Ann	0	2	0
First Week's Increase of Salary ...	0	5	0
Edith Underwood	0	5	0
In Offering Box	0	3	0
Mr. J. Hendrey	1	0	0
Bequest of William Gurney Wigner ...	1	0	0
R. S., Ealing	0	10	0
A. Henderson	0	2	0
Mrs. J. Lewis	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Bonser	2	0	0
Mr. Selwright	0	4	0
A Thankoffering for Weekly Sermons...	2	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Mrs. Newsham	1	0	0
Mrs. Barker...	0	10	0
Mrs. Ades	1	0	0
J. J.	0	5	0
Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. Inderwick	10	0	0
Mr. D. Keeley	0	5	0
Mrs. Cunningham	2	2	0
Mr. James Baxter	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Pocock	5	0	0
G. and E. S....	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Ades, per Miss Janet Ward ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
Edith...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisher	10	0	0
A Few Sermon Readers	5	15	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. Fuller	0	10	0
Mr. William Mayo	0	10	0
	£63	16	0

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per T. J. Bristow, Stanwick				0	10	0
Per Rev. E. G. Gange, Bristol				31	15	6
Mr. Gammon				0	5	0
Per Rev. G. D. Evans, Victoria Park—						
Collections	6	15	0			
Mrs. Goodman...	1	0	0			
Mr. Jay	0	5	0			
Collecting Card (Miss Cotton)	0	10	0			
				8	10	0
Mr. Humphreys				0	2	0
"Carnarvon"				0	2	6
Per S. H. Akehurst, Harston—						
S. H. A....	0	10	0			
Mr. Wallis	1	0	0			
Mrs. Beeham	1	0	0			
Mrs. Watson	0	2	0			
Mrs. Wallis	0	2	0			
				2	14	0
Per Rev. W. Norris—						
A Friend				1	0	0
Per Rev. F. G. Marchant, East Hill, Wandsworth—						
Collection	5	0	0			
By Mrs. Selwood	1	10	0			
Mrs. J. Comfort	0	2	0			
John Scott, Esq., Liverpool	1	0	0			
Mrs. W. Davey	0	10	0			
Mrs. Marchant	0	10	0			
				8	12	6
S. M. S.				1	0	0
Per Mr. Short, Irvine				3	0	0
				£57	11	6

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Donations—			
J. R....	40	0	0
J. Haward Angas, Esq., of Collingrove, S. Australia	40	0	0
D. R. E. H....	0	10	0
Miss Wyness	0	7	0
Mrs. Davis	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	5	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Subscriptions—			
H. M. (quarterly)	10	0	0
Mrs. L. Blair, for Stafford District (half-yearly)	20	0	0
Burnley District, per Rev. C. W. Oldring	10	0	0
Mrs. Ward, for Melbourne District ...	5	0	0
J. P. Baron, Esq. (annual)	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	0	10	0
	£132	2	0

One hundred "One Thing Needful Almanack" from C. Brewer, Esq., Liverpool.
Fifty "Huntington's Life," &c., from Mr. E. Hooper.