THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1882.

"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.

THROUGHOUT another year of grace I have enjoyed monthly communion with my readers, and I hope the fellowship has been as pleasant to them as to myself. Eighteen years have now seen me engaged in the happy service of preparing the magazine. It does not seem to be so long. It would not be easy for me to estimate how much of gratitude I owe for so great a privilege. This last twelve-month has slipped away as silently as a ghost: it

> "Seems but a score of days, all told,
> Or but a week or two at most,
> Since our last New Year's song we trolled,
> And lo! that New Year now is Old."

The comfort is that the flying months have not gone by unimproved; they have had wings, but they have had hands too. We have co-operated in holy service,—we, editor, writers, and readers; and the results are such as are tangible to all; works which will survive both the workers and the age in which they lived. Around the editor has gathered a church of actual hearers, and then a far greater church of readers, and the gathering has been, not an assembly of idlers, but a convocation of workers for the Lord. The preface, then, for the volume of 1882 must be a recapitulation of the labours of the year.

The College has been so well sustained that its income will fully meet its expenses, which is an improvement upon the former year. Many brethren have gone forth from it, both to home and foreign fields, new churches have been formed, and new chapels erected for their housing, and the year has shown distinct and solid progress. At the present moment this Institution is supporting, in whole or in part, several brethren who are gathering congregations, and thus it continues to be what it was designed for at the beginning,—a home mission, attending to the necessities of the people to the utmost of its power. If more openings occur the College men are ready to enter in, and do the work of the Lord. Never was the institution so well furnished with men for pioneer work,—men of whom, under God, we expect great things.

The Evangelists are doing splendid service: the Lord has been with them in every place to which they have gone. Able and venerable ministers who have attended their meetings bear joyful testimony to the power which attends their addresses; and hundreds of professed converts remain in their wake, witnessing to the power of the gospel which was preached by them. It is on my heart to add to their number one, if not two more. The evangelist in India, Mr. Harry Brown, is doing well; and of the two brethren in Spain the same is true.

The Colportage work does not grow as to the number of labourers, but increasing evidence is forthcoming that, as far as it goes, it fills up an important vacuum in small villages and hamlets. It is to the country

what the City Mission is to the town, and the fruits which are known unto the Lord are a rich reward for all the effort and cost expended. I groan to think we cannot do at least twice as much in this direction. It is an enterprise which so commends itself to my judgment that I marvel that it is not one of the favourite objects of beneficence; a live man going from door to door, selling good books, and praying with the sick, and anon preaching on the green, or in the schoolroom, gathering up hearers for the chapels, and forming temperance societies—why, it is the surest, cheapest, and most varied form of ministry!

The Orphanage has seen more of its buildings opened, and more girls received, and meanwhile health has been sustained among the children, and a fine moral and religious tone has been kept up. Funds have come in as needed: there has always been a shot in the locker, and a happy freedom from care has blessed the President and Trustees.

The Book Fund pursues its quiet holy work under Mrs. Spurgeon's daily care, feeding those who feed others, putting, at least, a few books on hundreds of pastors' shelves. Some eight thousand ministers of various denominations have thus been aided.

Our Unpaid Evangelists and *Country Mission* have kept up to the mark, and preached the gospel of Jesus in all sorts of places: some of my readers helping to pay the expenses which even unpaid service necessarily involves. *The Tabernacle Loan Tract Society*, and the *Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society* are both doing nobly, the latter giving out supplies to societies which are formed all over England for circulating the sermons from house to house. Conversions are abundantly recorded: to God be glory.

During the year I have issued a volume entitled *Farm Sermons*, which has obtained much favour in the eyes of my country friends, and I have had the joy of completing *Vol. VI. of the "Treasury of David."* This work has been reprinted in America, and has there met with a large demand, as it deserves, for it is brought out in admirable style. I have almost finished Vol. XXVIII. of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* sermons, which will then number 1,696. What a privilege to have issued week by week such a lengthened series of discourses! I know not how to express my gratitude.

Dear friends, I thank you all for your generous help. To many of you I am personally indebted, and have had opportunities of expressing my obligations by letters. Others I shall never know on earth, but I hope to meet you in heaven, and joy with you in the triumph of truth, and the victory of love. Let us go on anew with growing zeal and confidence. The old gospel is not dead, neither does it sleep. The doctrines of grace are not extinct, as some say they are: they will yet come more clearly to the front, and have the sway. God grant it speedily.

Two favours I would beg: the first is, that you will all daily pray for me; and the second, that you will increase the number of subscribers to this magazine, which I heartily endeavour to make worthy of a large and appreciative constituency.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1882.

"Unto the End."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FINAL perseverance may well be regarded as one of the crowning gifts of divine love. It is the Kohinoor among the jewels of mercy. It is an attainment which will test to the utmost the noblest graces, and display the grandest attributes of God. Perseverance in itself is admirable, but carried on to the last hour it will be glorious. Happy and honoured will he be who endures till the end.

Men in middle life are best able to judge of the strain involved in being "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." To mount up with wings as eagles, and even to run without weariness, are by no means such attainments as to "walk without fainting" from year to year. It may be true that "it is the pace that kills," but for our part we find it no small test of life to continue in the race from youth to age. "Having done all, to stand" is such a thing as God alone can work in us, even the God who for ages has sustained the heavens and the earth.

The element of "*stay*" is a fine one, and if it be altogether lacking in a man's character its absence is fatal. Often have we seen the best intentions, the most earnest resolves, and the most sensible schemes dissolve into thin air because patient endurance was not called into action. The new minister, when he took the pastorate, projected a grand enterprise, started a journal, opened new rooms, delivered courses of lectures, gathered various classes, commenced a crusade, inaugurated several societies, and did,—well, everything possible and impossible—*upon paper*. Where are his projects now? Where the societies, the classes, the journal, the aggressive movements? They survive in the radiant memories of those who live on the past because the present

affords them little or no provender. A boy's crackers on a bonfire night are the fit emblems of many "a great work," which in our time has been for a moment "seen of angels," and then buried, man knows not where. Yet, is not permanency in religion the test of sincerity and reality? and may we not judge that things which have a speedy and untimely end cannot be of God? In this light the flashes of the moment and the coruscations of the hour are not so much things to smile at as to mourn over. Have not many things which seemed to be of the Lord proved to be poor human notions, since they have consumed away like smoke, and passed from us as the morning cloud? Alas for the faded hopes and withered projects which strew the ground thick as leaves in autumn!

Surveying the wrecks of others, the cautious sailor thinks of his own vessel, and prudently considers whether his barque may not one day be added to the register of ruin. God grant that it be not so. Yet it would be no small wonder if such were to be the case, for who shall for ever swim where so many drown? Certainly, it will need all the strength that can be had to keep the head above water year after year. It is easy enough to stand fast for a while, but to remain as a pillar in the house of the Lord,—this is the work, this is the difficulty. A man might not find it easy to burn at the stake in a sharp fire, and yet that would be a small feat as contrasted with standing hour after hour amid the smoking faggots, and having limb by limb consumed by the gnawing fires of green wood. One might joyfully lay down his head on the block, to offer up his life by one stroke of the axe; but how different it would be to die a piecemeal death of long-drawn agony, a week of torment apparently never to end!

A great statesman, the other day, celebrated his seventieth birthday by a retrospect of his life; it is meet that old age should look back. To us, however, in the middle of the stream, it seems more natural to look around on present circumstances. Years ago, at a younger age, our tendency was to look ahead, and long for a great future; nor would we forego the habit, but still the pressure of long years, and growing burdens, and a sense of diminishing strength unite to keep the eyes occupied with the things of to-day, and the connection of the present with the infinite and eternal. It appeared to us when looking forward that the Christian life-work would require a power far beyond our own, but now we more intensely feel the certainty of that fact, and were it not for divine help we should give up in despair. If still sustained, after all these years of conflict, grace must indeed have the glory of it, and here upon the altar of the present we would offer the calves of our lips, giving glory to the Lord, the God of our salvation. Doubtless divine love will be glorified in the closing hours of the mature Christian, but it is emphatically magnified in the stern period when the burden and heat of the day are on the labourer, when the novelty and romance of youth are over, and the nearness of the reward is not yet vividly certified by old age. Of all parts of the stream, the hardest to ford is the middle: there the water is deepest, the current swiftest, and the footing least secure. Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. This is the prayer which oftenest leaps from our lips.

"Thus saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We have

lived long enough to experience the hollowness of earth, and the rottenness of all carnal promises. Our work, though it be holy, presses heavily upon the shoulder, and we see not all the fruit of it which we expected in earlier days. Many strong helpers have been taken away by death, and the enthusiasm which made our earlier friends leap forward with their aid is not repeated to the full at a second sound of the clarion. The decline is only apparent to fear; but apprehension has the eyes of a hawk, and spies out the smallest discouragement. The world grows better very slowly: we sometimes fear that it grows worse. The church relapses to her former sloth; the good are weary, and the wicked wax impudent; the times are out of joint, and evil days are threatening. What can happen better to a man than to go home? Happy is he who is taken from the evil to come, or hears the sound of his descending Master's coming ere yet the shadows of the day are lengthened to the utmost.

Thus does middle age prose when it is under the influence of its most sombre hour. The ink grows thick, and the pen is clogged, and makes black strokes and heavy. The subject should be treated in a more believing manner, and written of, not according to the flesh, but after the spirit. Doubtless length of days tries our graces, but what length of days have we to speak of? We who are sighting fifty, or passing beyond it? Half a century is a trifle in the life of God. True, there is a flagging of human energy, and the warm blood of youth cools down; but our Christian life never stood in the strength of the creature, and hence it cannot flag, since the Creator grows not old, nor is his arm waxed short. The same power which begat will preserve. Omnipotence first made the believer rise into newness of life, and until it fails his life will continue ever fresh and young. Well said the Psalmist, "All my fresh springs are in thee." What if others suffer shipwreck, yet none that sail with Jesus have ever been stranded yet. Purposes, plans, and achievements of men may all disappear like yon cloud upon the mountain's summit, but, like the mountain itself, the things which are of God shall stand fast for ever and ever. Now is the time, in the lull of natural energy, to prove the power of the Holy Ghost. The trees of earth as they pass their prime decrease the quantity and quality of their fruit: it is a mark of the trees of grace that they still bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright. The faithfulness of God may be relied upon to work a growing faithfulness in his people. Never so conscious of dependence as in this middle passage, never so certain of the all-sufficiency of God as in this noontide of the day, we joy in the Lord and look for even richer mercies than ever.

Young men trust God, and make the future bright with blessing. Old men trust God, and magnify him for all the mercies of the past. As for us, we mingle gratitude and expectation in equal portions, and pray to stand in this present hour, faithful to the Master in whose grace we trust.

"I wish I had a mother to come after me."

ON a dark December night, with the cold sleet drifting in almost blinding fierceness, the streets of London were deserted except by the few whom business or misfortune compelled to be abroad. By many a gleaming fire family groups were safely housed, and home seemed dearer than ever because of the pitiless storm which raged without.

Heartfelt were the thanksgivings which ascended from family altars for domestic feliowship, and for the sanctuary of home. Even where no evening prayer or praise mingled in the fragrant incense of devotion, and parents and children joined in some innocent amusement, the gratitude of the heart shone radiant on every countenance. All felt, whether the conviction found expression or not—

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

On such a night every absentee was missed, and solicitude for their safety and well-being was either sadly uttered or more sadly endured in silence. There was scarcely a habitable spot on the globe which did not attract the thoughts of some kindly hearts that evening; parental affection and concern hovered like angels over thousands of scenes of trial or of sin. How true it is that in the darkest phases of life the truest instincts of our humanity assert themselves, and the heart's best affections are stirred into activity!

In one home a mother, whose anxiety had deepened into a very agony of soul, rose with a desperate effort, resolved to end her suspense and sally forth in search of her long-lost daughter. The dread thought that she was exposed to the pitiless elements could not be set at rest by the possibility that she might perchance be housed under some hospitable roof. The girl was not at home, and the mother must go out and seek her. Imprudent as it seemed to others to go forth on such a night, the logic of a mother's love more than justified the errand. Everything must yield to the dictates of a woman's heart when the mission on which it is bent is the recovery of her child, and dangers are dwarfed into trifles only worthy to be despised.

Peering into the faces of the few lone women she passed in the street, this mother's sadness grew more and more intense with every disappointment. Thinking she had, at length, discovered the object of her search standing beneath the railway arch in the Newington Causeway, she touched her on the shoulder.

The young woman started as from a reverie, and looked round. The poor mother saw at a glance that she was mistaken, and exclaimed by way of apology, "Oh! I thought it was my daughter."

No other moment in her history ever carried a greater burden of agony: never did an expectation die out into such a bitter disappointment.

Standing in speechless grief, irresolute as to whether she should continue her search or return home, her course was determined as the young woman whom she had accosted, exclaimed, "*I wish I had a*

mother to come after me!" There was a mingled tone of sadness and hopelessness in that brief utterance, which seemed to forebode despair and self-destruction: the girl's feeling of shame was manifestly overborne by her yearning for sympathy and love.

With that quick sympathy which neither logic nor prudence can control, the mother's heart asserted itself, and she offered to the poor outcast such shelter and fare as her house could afford. The invitation came to the poor outcast with all the force of an imperative command—she must go home with the good woman who had compassion on her. For hours she had been facing the only escape from her wretched condition which she conceived to be possible, and but for this timely arrival the "dark flowing river" might have hidden, ere the morrow, the secret of her fate.

Her story was a very sad one. The way from home which seemed bestrewn with flowers had yielded nothing but thorns, for every hope had been falsified by experience. Bitterly did she feel the loneliness of the crowded city, and earnestly did she sigh for an opportunity to retrace her steps. Her cup, which she thought already full to overflowing, had recently received one other ingredient of bitterness in the news of her mother's death. The pangs of orphanhood rent the cords which, despite her wanderings, linked her to the home of her childhood, and the grave closed against her for ever the sanctuary of a mother's heart. That she had been lost to her mother so long, and that, too, by her own wicked folly, occasioned a grief which at times seemed too great to bear; but that her mother should now be lost to her for ever made the burden of her sorrow intolerable. There was an unknown volume of meaning in that simple ejaculation, "*I wish I had a mother to come after me!*" May there not be thousands of girls on the streets of London whose souls are crying bitterly after the same manner—"*I wish I had a mother to come after me*"? Are there no such mothers left?

This page will be read, perhaps, in the light of many a happy fireside, from which no child has been allured; and if it should quicken the resolve to yield a loving response to the pitiful yearning of the wanderers, who in all our towns and cities must be numbered by tens of thousands, it will not have been written in vain.

To attempt the rescue of some mother's daughter is an errand of mercy which angels might, surely, covet. Let Christian women, then, with a Christlike pity which loves while it extends a helping hand, go forth two and two, and seek the fallen one by one. The objects of such a mission, with but few exceptions, are condemned at the bar of their own conscience, and anything like harsh upbraiding is superfluous; but love will win them. The task is not an easy one, and must be conducted with considerable tact and discretion; but Jesus, the sinner's friend, can give us wisdom. To be won to the right way, the daughters of shame must be wooed by those gentle arts which the love of Christ constrains and inspires, and with these none of us should be unfamiliar.

V. J. C.

Religion in the Eighteenth Century.*

ALTHOUGH Queen Anne herself was not a great woman, her reign was one of those eras in our country's annals of which readers of history are never tired, for it was characterized by a succession of remarkable events such as rarely fall to the lot of one reign. Though in point of intellect she was one of the feeblest of her race, the queen inherited all the dogged stubbornness of her family, and this hereditary characteristic showed itself in a favourable light in her successful resistance of her father's entreaties that she should enter the Church of Rome. Losing her mother in early childhood, Anne had no father worthy of the name, and she probably learned to despise his weaknesses and vices. It was her misfortune to be ruled by designing adventurers of a mental strength superior to her own; the Established Church was her idol, and her sympathies were with the plotting Jacobites, who hoped to restore her exiled brother. It was a fortunate thing, both for her own people and for posterity, that her majesty did not mature the crotchets which possessed her mind. When the queen's death made room for the Hanoverian Succession her removal was regarded by the Christian part of the population as a providential deliverance. Still, her reign is a period of absorbing interest. There were giants in those days. There were great men in the Church, and the period has always been regarded as a golden era in English literature. Party feeling ran high, and well it might, when the bone of contention was nothing less than the liberties of a free people, which the Tories would have swallowed up. It is this interesting ground and that of the succeeding reigns which Dr. Stoughton traverses in his lately published and best historical work.

Dr. Stoughton enjoys a well-earned reputation in his chosen field, and we have no doubt that his book will be read as a standard work for years to come. As a historian, he has succeeded in keeping to a middle way, always difficult to follow without tripping or coming to grief. He has won the favourable criticisms of Anglican reviewers, and at the same time he commands the respect of Nonconformists—a pretty strong evidence that it is possible for an impartial writer to please the sects all round. There are no signs of hurry in his work; he is competently acquainted with the subject; and it is fortunate both for himself and his readers that Dr. Stoughton is not afraid of offending the dignity of history by mentioning the little things which ordinary people wish to know. Historians who walk on stilts are hard to follow, and in spite of their dignity are likely to get neglected. Even the gossip of a given era should be taken account of in history, for little things in the characters of leading historical personages frequently supply the key to the whole situation.

The day of Queen Anne's accession was not an auspicious season for those who held the principles of the Revolution. How could the time

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* Religion in England under Queen Anne and the Georges. By John Stoughton D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

be promising when the new monarch was a Stuart, sufficiently superstitious to revive the custom of touching for the evil, and sufficiently wilful to determine to be supreme in the Church as well as in the State? As though a fatality were attached to the family, a reaction commenced on the very day on which the crown rested on the head of a Stuart. For the moment it seemed as though the excesses of the Restoration would be re-enacted in the eighteenth century. According to Calamy, the queen's accession was a triumph for those who were the enemies of liberty and of Nonconformity. When even moderate Whigs began to be despised, how much more was odium cast upon frequenters of conventicles. All in a day, as it were, the discovery was made that Nonconformists were enemies to the monarch and the State. The queen returned no reply to the dutiful address of The Three Denominations presented on her accession. The language of good churchmen became threatening; and, tutored by their betters, the ignorant population showed a disposition to pull down, or otherwise destroy, the meeting-houses. Modern readers regard Sacheverell as a fanatic, who inflamed people's minds against principles more reasonable than his own; but, as was the case with the red-handed zealots of the French Revolution, Sacheverell was only an embodiment of popular prejudice. This Anglican enthusiast would have been consigned either to a prison or a madhouse in a better age; in those uncanny times he became a popular idol; drunken brawlers shouted his praise, and boorish villagers danced around village maypoles in honour of Church and Queen. The new House of Commons was ready to undo all the reforms of King William's time, but happily more than one intolerant measure was rejected by the House of Lords.

Affairs grew more and more threatening all through the queen's reign. By their ill-advised prosecution of Sacheverell the government sent a firebrand through the country who did no small service in furthering the success of the Tories in the general election of 1710. Church-and-Queen riots followed in several places, and in some instances the meeting-houses of the dissenters were destroyed. Emboldened by success, the Tories became more daring and insolent, working night and day with all their power to abolish all liberty outside the pale of the Anglican Church, and to place a popish king on the throne. After repeated defeats the Bill against Occasional Conformity passed both Houses, and a little later the still more obnoxious Schism Bill was adopted. In point of fact, the Government was beginning to emulate the intolerance of the Spanish Inquisition, when the hand of providence removed Anne from the throne, and the plotters failed. With the disappearance of the last of the Stuarts from the scene, liberty again became something more than a name in England.

On the death of Anne, before their traitorous schemes were half completed, nothing could exceed the consternation of the High Church party, the Nonjurors, and the Jacobites. A headstrong, double-dealing fanatic like Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, might offer to proclaim "James the Third" at Charing Cross in full canonicals, but his allies were more cautious; and, while they hesitated, the Protestant Succession, in the person of George I., had already been proclaimed by "Bold Bradbury" in the meeting-house of Fetter Lane. Bradbury

performed this piece of service with a satisfaction more intense than we in these days can realize. The story is well known of his walking up and down Smithfield on the Sabbath morning of the queen's death, and there encountering Bishop Burnet, who, in reply to the Nonconformist's anticipations of renewed persecution, mentioned the report of the queen's illness and the possibility of her decease. The signal agreed upon—the dropping of a handkerchief from the gallery by Burnet's messenger—told of Anne's death, and, before the conclusion of the service in Fetter Lane, the accession to the throne of the present royal family was announced to the congregation.

Thus news of an event which took place at seven a.m. was several hours in travelling to Fetter Lane, and, when the truth became known, those who were not of a disposition to rejoice at anyone's death were still overjoyed on account of the quiet triumph of the Protestant Succession. The question of the Succession had created great excitement in England, and a harsh letter from Anne to her relative, Sophia of Hanover, is said to have hastened the death of that princess, who, as grand-daughter of James I., would have become Queen of Great Britain had she survived a few weeks longer. On the other hand, it is supposed that a few weeks added to the life of Anne would have changed the current of English history. The air was filled with rumours of plots which fell through because they had not time to ripen, and a storm of discomfiture overtook those who had hoped to instal the pretended James III.

Though he was not an Englishman, and had few tastes such as the best of our educated forefathers could admire, George I. was welcomed to his new empire by the popular vote, the Nonconformists especially being enthusiastically devoted to his interests. The cause represented by King George rather than the man himself was dear to Englishmen. Though not a pattern either in religion or in morals, George I. contrasted favourably with certain of the Stuarts; and he represented a good cause, for he was the hope of Protestantism. The Dissenters generally would have subscribed to the remark of Bradbury, that the accession of the House of Brunswick was the resurrection of liberty.

Bradbury, who prided himself that he had been the first to announce to the people the new dynasty, was a representative man, whether we view him as an orthodox divine of the Old Dissent, or as a politician who had been a man of war as well as a preacher from his youth. As Dr. Stoughton tells us: "The populace in the riot of 1700 burnt his meeting-house; he was, as he says, 'lampooned in pamphlets, derided in newspapers, threatened by great men and mobbed by the baser sort,' but none of these things moved him." While fearing God, he was a veteran who knew nothing about the fear of man. It used to be believed that Bradbury, overjoyed at the extinction of the Jacobites' hopes, preached a sermon from the text, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her," &c.; but we are not obliged to believe that so shrewd a man would commit himself by so impolitic an act. The Fetter-lane pastor was a man of sense, and this could hardly have been the case if he had been the preacher of such a sermon.

Bradbury and *Burnet* were two representative Liberals of that bygone age, and the intimate acquaintance of the determined Dissenter

with the large-minded Churchman is characteristic of a state of things which has long since passed away. The Bishop of Salisbury was a good man, to whom the liberties of England were dear; his charitable bearing towards other denominations was exemplary, his learning was extensive, and an unequivocal testimony to the worth of his character is seen in his being the object of the bitter hatred of unprincipled courtiers—men whose names in many instances are either forgotten, or are remembered with contempt. We have said that there were giants in those days; and though this amiable prelate may not stand out in history as one of the foremost, he is certainly one of the great men of what it has become the fashion to call the Augustan age. From early youth to old age his industry was enormous; and such was his forwardness in learning that he became Master of Arts at fourteen, and four years afterwards, at an age when our own preachers are only beginning their college curriculum, he was ordained a minister of the gospel. In after life his unselfish nature frequently showed itself—as when he declined the rich living of Cripplegate because another candidate was in the field. By the service he rendered in promoting the Revolution he earned the gratitude of all right-thinking people, while the History of his own Time is an original source of information, and a most valuable legacy to posterity. A wise and enlightened politician, a good Christian, a lover of all who honoured Christ, he would have been the first to discountenance the follies which have since found favour in the cathedral and diocese of Salisbury.

When George I. ascended the throne *Dr. Calamy* was one of the foremost men amongst Dissenters, and while he was a competent scholar, a solid divine, and of good family, the quality of his silken gown and the whiteness of his bands showed him to be a pastor of the approved standard of politeness, a gentleman who exemplified in his person the first article in the Claytonian confession of a century later. Yet Calamy was throughout a consistent, straightforward Nonconformist, and would have gone to martyrdom before he would have imitated the genteel weaknesses of the Claytons, the father of whom especially, by abusing men more patriotic and enlightened than himself, showed that he was false to the leading political principles of the party he professed to serve. Calamy had lived in times of persecution; and he could remember how his own father had been dogged by Government agents. Many things in his life, which are not alluded to by Dr. Stoughton, afford a suggestive insight into the life of Nonconformists both in town and country. For a time Calamy lived in Hoxton Square, and although he preached in one of the leading pulpits of the metropolis his stipend was only ten pounds a quarter. He was a man of diversified talent, who could hold his own, and appear to advantage in difficult situations, and in more than one audience with George I. he won the esteem of that monarch. He also received fifty pounds in acknowledgment of literary services, and became a chief instrument in originating the *Regium Donum*.

As we look back upon it through the vista of years, there is a charm associated with life in the eighteenth century, although few might be inclined to exchange its quietness and leisure for the present faster times. Being less than a quarter of its present size, London did not so

completely overrun the earth as to make it impossible to reach the country otherwise than by a lengthy ride. A walk to Kingsland on the north brought the pedestrian to country air, fields, and gardens; Stoke Newington and Hackney were rural retreats, and well-to-do merchants had their suburban villas at Bethnal Green. On the south the green lanes and rich meadows came wonderfully near to the great water highway of the Thames, so that students who, like Dr. Gill, resided in Gracechurch-street, were still able to walk out into the pure air of the country. The era, undoubtedly, had its peculiar advantages; and when we unduly magnify these, or lose sight of its drawbacks, we are tempted to expatiate on the glories of "the good old times." The drawbacks, however, were very many, and were such as would be an intolerable burden could they be suddenly reimposed upon our shoulders. The common people are represented by a contemporary witness as being lewd and drunken; and we know that ignorance stimulated evil passions until the mob became the ready agent of Jacobite conspirators. "Live and let live" then found no place in the furious code of the Tories; the Whigs were engaged in a bitter warfare with political fanatics, who would have hanged or imprisoned them had it been in their power. Nonconformists expended little on their meeting-houses, for any sudden riot might level them with the ground.

The era of Anne and George I. was one of controversy. Dr. Stoughton says that, "Owing to the writings of Whiston, Clarke, Waterland, and others, the doctrine of the Trinity was a topic especially attractive. Clergymen read what was published by their betters, and enlisted themselves under the flags of different regiments, using, with more or less skill, weapons provided by their leaders. Some were orthodox, some were heretical. They also talked on the subject at clerical meetings and in the houses of parishioners, and failed not to discuss, with much or little learning, with much or little ability, the books on divinity poured out from the press."

The leading ministers in London who would have chiefly attracted the attention of a stranger during the reigns of Anne and George I. were comparatively numerous. At Devonshire-square *Mark Key*, the pastor, was a popular preacher; and as the member of another church, which hired the chapel for a couple of hours on each Sabbath, the Lady Dowager Page, a rich and charitable lady of that age, was there a worshipper. *Dr. Gill*, as a young man, commenced work in Southwark in 1719, and in the course of fifty years published sufficient literary matter to fill ten thousand folio pages. Perhaps, however, the most considerable man among the Baptists was *Joseph Stennett*, the Sabbatarian, who observed the seventh day of the week as a Sabbath, and also preached on the first for the edification of those who differed from him. The Presbyterians and the Independents had between them over seventy pastors in the metropolis, and many of these were men of mark and influence. At Hand-alley, Bishopsgate, preached *Dr. Williams*, whose name is still remembered in connection with the library he founded. The principal stations of the Presbyterians were at the King's Weigh House, Salters' Hall, and the Old Jewry. These were all served by able pastors. The last-named place was associated with *Timothy Rogers*, whose treatise on "Trouble of Mind" may still be read with profit by

afflicted persons; and *Simon Browne*, whose extraordinary mental vigour allowed of his excelling in the infidel controversy—even though he was the victim of insane ideas. As we now look back upon those days from our Nonconformist standpoint the period is to many the age of *Watts* and *Doddridge*. At all events there are no two characters more prominent, and yet in the third decade of the century the poet was preaching for £100 a year in a meeting-house inferior to the majority of our village chapels; and Doddridge was building up the church at Kibworth on about a third of that amount. Until quite recently Dr. Watts's chapel was still standing in Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, but none of his modern biographers appear to have been aware of the fact.

The character of the clergy in the National Establishment was far from what could have been desired; but at the same time remarkable cases of devotion to duty in the cause of Christ were to be seen in out-of-the-way rural parishes. Among these examples was John Bold, whose story is thus related:—

"There was a clergyman named John Bold; he served the curacy of Stony Stanton, near Hinckley, his stipend being but thirty pounds a year, which, added to a salary of ten, received as a schoolmaster during a portion of his life, made him just as rich as Goldsmith's parson. Remote from polished and literary society, which he was calculated both to enjoy and adorn, he never cast any longing, lingering looks behind, but girded up the loins of his mind for diligent service in his narrow sphere. Conscientious in the discharge of his duties on the Lord's-day, and in connection with fasts and festivals, he was exemplary in visiting his parishioners and in holding catechetical meetings, so that an old man said, 'I have often at the ringing of the bell on Saturday afternoon left my plough for half an hour for instruction, and afterwards returned to it again.' Out of his scanty pittance he saved ten pounds a year for charity, and with all his care and thrift he had a great regard to the neatness of his person and the decorum of his dress. He always wore a band and a large decent gown which folded over, and was bound by a sash. He exhibited no variety of apparel to accommodate himself to different companies."

The clergy of the reigns of Anne and George I. usually presented a sad contrast to the above refreshing example. "According to Burnet," says Dr. Stoughton, "their lives generally were not immoral; but they were not exemplary, not religious, in any deep meaning of that word, not zealous in their divine Master's service, not seeking to save souls and glorify God." Of the reign of George II., Dr. Stoughton remarks: "In country villages, where no exemplary ministers were found, where the rector or curate lived a free and easy life, and liked to drink a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord of the inn, not much attention would be paid either to spiritual necessities or to the decencies of religious service. Buildings were neglected; chancel and nave fell into decay; the communion table presented a shabby appearance; surplices were dirty; and, from beginning to end, everything presented a slovenly aspect."

A better time was at hand; for the reign of George II. saw the rise of Methodism, and the wide-spread revival of religion in connection with the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley; but we have no space to

follow Dr. Stoughton to the end of the century. One figure, however, may attract a passing glance—that of *John Clayton* at the Weighhouse, where he preached to "an old-fashioned congregation in the first half of the reign of George III." The historian speaks of Mr. Clayton's ministry being "a beautiful memory," but probably his conception of beauty will not be shared by all his readers, certainly not by all who read *The Sword and the Trowel*. In point of fact the elder Clayton was an anomaly, peculiar to his age, and as such he would not now be tolerated in the ranks of Nonconformity. His regularity was such that he reduced life to the routine of clockwork; and his favourite symbol of authority in the family was a substantial cart-whip over his study door. His crotchets in private life were outdone by the audacity with which he circulated political opinions worthy only of Tory parsons in secluded spheres, and the endeavours he put forth to make it appear that he spoke as the mouthpiece of Dissenters. It is at this distance of time impossible to estimate the indignation that was aroused by the publication of his sermon on the Birmingham riots, during which Dr. Priestley's residence and meeting-house were destroyed. The preacher showed that he harboured no sympathy for the common principles and traditions of Nonconformity; and while it mattered little to the world what the individual opinions of such a man might be, people of liberal opinions were indignant at finding such unmanly sentiments fathered upon themselves. "Every party will have its apostates of this kind," said Robert Hall, writing of the man and his discourse; "it is our consolation, however, that their numbers are comparatively small, that they are generally considered as our reproach, and that their conduct is in a great measure the effect of necessity, as they consist almost entirely of persons who can only make themselves heard by confusion and discord."

While we may thus differ from some of his minor conclusions, we very heartily welcome Dr. Stoughton's volumes as a valuable addition to our historical literature. The eighteenth century, like the year with winter at both ends, began and ended in storms; but the story of its religious characteristics, changes, and progress, with glimpses of its quiet life and social usages, should be known to every one who aspires to rank among the well informed. The book would have been better had the author not attempted to be so coldly impartial as sometimes to be a partisan without seeming to be conscious of it; but, notwithstanding minor defects, the book is the best out of many good ones which our author has written, and it ranks with standard histories. May it be long ere a pen so nimble, so accurate, so elegant shall drop from the hand which has wielded it so judiciously.

The Riper the more of Christ.

BISHOP WHIPPLE recently remarked: "As the grave grows near my theology is growing strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ as the only refuge for the lost." His testimony is that of hundreds of maturing ministers, and it should be a hint to the younger ones. We grow aright if we grow up "into him."

"Launching out."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE is no practice in connection with our religious services more open to abuse than is "the enquiry room." To grow plants or to force fruit in conservatories is right enough in cold climates, but if the normal atmosphere of the church be anything like it ought to be, there is no need to force its plants in the hot-house of excitement and undue persuasion. Such hot-house plants soon fade and die when exposed to the trying weather of the world. But if we were to leave untouched everything that is capable of abuse, and to disallow practices which rightly conducted tend to good, simply because some have gone in for too much of that good thing, we should unnecessarily deprive ourselves of much that is lawful and should curtail our efforts in the prosecution of the King's business. Many a time it has been my joy to see the nail which was driven home by the sermon clinched by the after talk, or the iron, heated by the service, struck and fashioned by the conversation in the vestry. Having invited only those who are really anxious for their souls' salvation, I put the gospel plan as plainly as I can before them, urging them to accept it, pointing out the joy of believing, and the sin of rejecting. I endeavour to answer such questions as they may put, and then we kneel and pray together. Often during prayer, as we ask the Lord to open the blinded eyes, he touches them and says, "Ephphatha,—Be opened."

Just as we part I ask each one if she or he is not now prepared to trust this loving Saviour. If they hesitate, I enquire the reason and try to show its unreasonableness. Some say they cannot tell what is the hindrance and I suggest the prayer,

> "Jesus, the hindrance show which I have feared to see,
> Yea let me now consent to know what keeps me back from thee."

Others complain that they are "SUCH sinners," just as if that should keep them from *such a Saviour*. Sometimes a face bedewed with tears will suddenly brighten as the sun breaks through and makes "rainbows of hope through mists of tears." Would God such showers of blessing oftener fell!

Occasionally the anxious one will make use of some striking expression indicative of earnest desire, or trembling faith, or dark despair. After the usual talk and prayer, I grasped the hand of one and asked him if he could not decide at once. "No," sighed he and hung his head. "Why not? Christ is able. Christ is willing to forgive you. Why not to-night?" Raising his head and sighing, he again said, "O, it's such a job to launch out!" I spoke a word of advice and encouragement to him and wished him good-night, praying that he might be enabled to do what seemed to him so difficult. Strange as the expression sounds, the experience it describes is by no means novel. Thousands have felt the same. The simplicity of the gospel staggers them. "Only believe" seems to involve so great a risk. Suppose the staff should break and the foundation fail. Had the prophet bid them do some great thing, they would not have hesitated half so long. They know also that to commence the Christian life means a complete alteration in all their affairs.

Although heartily sick of a course of sin and ungodliness, they hesitate to take a step which necessitates an entire abandonment of former evil practices. If the process of transformation could be a gradual one, they would not mind so much. Perhaps self-righteousness has been their god, and having relied on self so long they tremble to trust another, even though he be "mighty to save." It seems to them like plunging from a vessel's deck into a watery grave, and even when the voyager knows his craft is crazy he still hesitates to leave the poor old stranded wreck and strike out for the shore. Naturally we wrap our rags about us rather than be stripped. Naturally we think ourselves to be something though we are nothing, and even after being roused to flee from the wrath to come, we cast a lingering look towards Sodom and loiter on the way to Zoar.

"How shall this man save us?" said the children of Belial as they looked at Saul. Though he was head and shoulders above his fellows, they doubted his power to deliver them, and despised him. And shall we do the same with Christ? Nay, verily, "Thou hast a mighty arm, O Jesus, and art able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by thee! Thy very name declares that thou shalt save thy people from their sins. Thieves, harlots, persecutors, publicans, and sinners all bear witness to the fact that in thy blood they have been washed and by thy death they live!" Then why not trust this dear Redeemer? Is it a venture to confide in such an one? then make the venture, though indeed to us who believe he is so precious that we do not like the idea of chance or venture introduced where all is glorious certainty. His own promise cannot fail—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Christ presents himself an all-sufficient sacrifice, and holds out in his pierced hand to all who will accept them, complete atonement, perfect justification, and frank forgiveness. Oh if we could but lean on him and *him alone*, how safe and happy we should be! But this is the difficulty. To trust Christ a little and one's self a little is more to our mind, but it will not save. The confidence must be entire and unreserved. Between two stools we shall come to the ground. "No other name!" "No other name!" "Thou must save, and thou alone."

He who learns to swim may keep one foot upon the bottom of the bath, but the precaution which ensures his safety in the shallows means destruction in deep waters. He who wants to keep one foot on the bottom in mid-ocean had better make up his mind to keep both there. In the matter of salvation it is either sink or swim. Have a single self-confidence and we sink, the waters are too deep for us to touch the bottom; trust in "Jesus only" and we swim, upheld by his strong arm and loving hand.

I have been told that the majority of those who meet their death by drowning are able to swim, whereas, strange to say, many who are saved from imminent "perils of waters" are unable to take a single stroke. A case which will bear out this surprising statement lately came under my notice. A brig with a crew of twelve was lately wrecked on the coast of New Zealand. One seaman only survived the disaster. Clinging to a piece of wreckage he reached the shore in safety though well-nigh dead. He records the fact that of all twelve hands he was the only one who *could not* swim, and that some of his

mates were reckoned experts in the art. How is this to be accounted for? I think I see the storm-tossed vessel nearing the shore. She has become quite unmanageable, so they "let her drive." On, on, she comes at a headlong pace, outridden only by the white sea-horses that rear and foam around her. Till now her timbers are fairly sound, but the end is nigh. She strikes heavily—rises to another wave—strikes again. Next moment crash go the masts and yards, the hull flies to fragments and weather-beaten sailors are struggling with the waves, and fighting their latest battle. It will soon be over. The breath fails, the limbs stiffen, the surf conquers! One by one the strong swimmers cease their struggles and sink beneath the wave. Is there no one left to tell the tale? Not one who, like Job's messengers, shall have to say, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee"? Looking seaward, anxiously hoping that one might find a refuge, like Paul's companions, "on boards or broken pieces of the ship," I rejoiced to see a big spar which has become a life-boat to one only of the crew. How he clutches it! God grant he may not loose his hold. There he is on the wave top! Hurrah! Deep down in the valley now:—will he ever rise again? Yes, yes, thank God, he climbs another watery hill! A few more ups and downs, and he may yet be saved! And now a cruel wave, hissing more savagely than any, grasps the log as with its foaming jaws. Surely the fainting seaman will be crushed. But no—God turns its wrath to mercy and tells it, as he bade the great fish, to cast the voyager on land. It must obey. The prey is rescued from the mighty! He lives: he lives, although *he could not swim!*

Perchance if some of those who could swim had clung to masts and spars they too had been delivered; but, trusting to their own strong arms, they made for a shore which they never reached except as corpses: whereas the weakest and most helpless, knowing the extremity of his case, relied not on himself, and thus was saved. Better be unable to swim and willing to cling than be ever so strong and perish after all. In the matter of the soul's salvation *too many are good swimmers.* Perceiving that they are wrecked and ruined, they strike out for the shore under the vain delusion that they can reach it by their own endeavours. They resolve to reform, and perhaps succeed to some extent, but what of that? They determine to do the best they can; but oh how poor the best is,

> "Our best is stained and spoiled by sin,
> Our all is nothing worth."

They hope to escape from the raging of the broken law, and from its threatening punishment; they expect to over-ride the waves of temptation and the billows of evil by some supposed power of resistance and buoyancy in themselves, and thus to reach the glory-shore. Such self-trusters must inevitably perish. They have undertaken a work which is impossible with man. "Who then can be saved?" says one. If the moral and the respectable fail, who amongst us can hope to succeed in finding salvation? I answer, the sinner who, conscious of his absolute helplessness and hopelessness launches out with nothing and no one to trust to but Jesus. The sinner who, knowing he cannot swim, gives over struggling, but with a lively faith clutches his Saviour, is carried, though by a stormy passage, to the peaceful shore, only clinging to the cross. Lord, teach us how to cling!

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,
He walks upon the sea,
Up with thy hands to Jesus,
He stoopeth now for thee.
Say not thy hands are feeble,
Thy fingers cannot cling;
His mighty grasp shall hold thee,
And sure salvation bring.

"Up with thy hands to Jesus,
He ruleth wind and wave;
Up with thy hands to Jesus,
His love now yearns to save;
Oh, if thou wilt but trust him,
His help he'll quickly give:
Haste thee, no longer doubting
Believe, and thou shalt live."

(To be continued.)

Hymn for the New Year.

"Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."—Psalm cxix. 117.

LORD of all power and might,
Author of life and light,
Uphold thou me:
Then safe from Satan's harms,
Safe from all sinful charms,
Kept by thy loving arms,
Safe shall I be.

All through this coming year,
Whatever storms appear,
Uphold thou me.
Weaker than infant, I,
Yet I on thee rely,
And thou art ever nigh,
Safe shall I be.

Running the Christian race,
Growing in every grace,
Uphold thou me:
Reading thy Holy Word,
Watching with Christ, my Lord,
Praying for strength outpoured,
Safe shall I be.

Then at the last great day,
When earth shall melt away,
Uphold thou me,
Safe in the love of God,
Safe through thy staff and rod,
Safe through my Saviour's blood,
Safe shall I be.

F. H. ROBARTS, Liverpool.

"All Glory."

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah xi. 6.

THE following lines were suggested by perusing "Son Tom's" touching story in the December number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, to be inserted as a sequel to his own admirable verses, if thought worthy. They are not regarded as "better than" his, which need no improvement, but are a humble effort to produce a hymn which, as far as possible, shall be "all glory." If they are considered unworthy of insertion, let them find a resting-place in "Poet's Corner," to wit, amongst the ashes of the *grate* :—

We saints rejoice to lift our voice
With "glory, glory, glory,"
And loudly raise our songs of praise
To thee, O King of glory!
While warbling notes from tiny throats
Trill glory, glory, glory,
Our human words shall join the birds
With glory, glory, glory;
Thou, God of love, who dwell'st above
In glory, glory, glory,
Our souls inspire with heavenly fire
To sing alone thy glory.

The gorgeous flowers in leafy bowers
Blaze glory, glory, glory,
While odours sweet, their Lord to greet,
Breathe glory, glory, glory;
The forest-trees with every breeze
Lisp glory, glory, glory;
And God-made dyes paint sunset skies
With glory, glory, glory;
The orchards' glow, the glistening snow
Beam glory, glory, glory,
And ocean foam and azure dome
Tell out the tale of glory.

The babbling brooks in rocky nooks
Splash glory, glory, glory,
And silver streams and sunniest beams
Shine glory, glory, glory;
Sun, moon, and star on high afar
Gleam glory, glory, glory,
And waving corn the fields adorn
With glory, glory, glory;
And hill and dale, and mount and vale,
And rainbow arch of glory,
And moss and shell by beach and dell
All speak their Maker's glory.

O Lord, we pray, accept our lay
Of glory, glory, glory,
While journeying here to yonder sphere
Of glory, glory, glory;
Let toil nor dust impair our trust
Of glory, glory, glory,
Defile our walk, or soil our talk
Of glory, glory, glory;
But free from shame, be praised thy name
From youth till hairs are hoary,
And thee we meet for converse sweet
In glory, glory, glory.

The Jesuits.*

IN 1521, four years after Luther had nailed up his ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittemberg, the French, at the siege of Pampeluna, shattered the legs of a young Spanish gentleman named Inigo de Recalde. The gallant young Spaniard was carried home to his father's castle at Loyola. Stretched on his couch of pain, he beguiled the weary hours by reading all the romances within his reach, and when these were exhausted he was forced to take to the only other literature his father's tower afforded, some Spanish "Lives of the Saints." As he read, the legends of early martyrs, the austerities of old monks and hermits, and the rewards they reaped in earthly renown and heavenly joy, set his imagination on fire; and the young soldier, whose strong will and high ambition had hitherto sought a career of military glory, resolved to emulate the old saints and gain their high reward. He had lain down on his couch "a knight of the burning sword:" he rose from it "a saint of the burning torch," vowing to devote his life, as IGNATIUS LOYOLA, to the service of God and the Virgin Mary.

He laid his sword and dagger on the altar of Our Lady at Montserrat, and thence in the guise of a Palmer, "painfully limping, one foot naked, the other swollen and clouted, his head bare, his hair matted and foul, his visage sunken and squalid," he set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, flagellating his bare shoulders till the blood ran, and begging his way from door to door.

During this painful journey his adventurous mind formed a scheme for the conversion of the Mohammedans and the restoration of the schismatic Greek communion to the Catholic church, and he had intended to remain in Jerusalem for its accomplishment; but the peremptory orders of his Provincial summoned him back at the end of the usual time allowed for the stay of pilgrims, and he returned to Barcelona. There he formed another and greater project, that of the conversion of the heretics with which Luther's teaching was then filling Europe. That he might begin at the lowest round of the ladder he betook himself to the boys' school; and, though thirty-two years old, sat himself down on the benches amongst the boys, forced himself to acquire knowledge from the rudiments, and to receive the usual bodily whippings whereby learning was instilled into their crude minds. From the school he went, in 1526, to the University of Alcala, where his zealous street preaching drew down on him the suspicions of the Inquisition. The holy fathers imprisoned him, but, smelling in him no taint of heresy, they released him, and he repaired to the University of Paris, where his extraordinary ascendency over young men began notably to show itself. His force of character, his tact and suavity, his insight into men, his intense concentration of purpose, exercised a fascinating influence over others, and he soon drew to himself six companions—Peter Fabre, Francis Xavier (who shortly afterwards entered on his

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* The Jesuits: a Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Society of Jesus. By Robert Macgregor. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

splendid missionary career in India and Japan; who wrote the immortal hymn—

"My God, I love thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby;"

and who, though he had really little to do with the Jesuit Society, is undoubtedly its brightest name), James Lainez, Alphonzo Salmeron, Nicholas Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez—"names obscure then, but in after years to shine with a fiery splendour." On August 15, 1534, these seven enthusiasts met in the little church on the lonely heights of Montmartre, and mutually engaged themselves by vow to a life of pilgrimage and service to the church at the will and command of its supreme pontiff. So originated the Society of Jesus.

The devotees travelled to Rome and laid their cause before Pope Paul III., who, on reading the draft rules of the infant society, exclaimed, "This is the finger of God." These were the very men to stem the torrent of Protestantism that was rapidly sweeping away the authority of Rome, and the Pope, though opposed by the cardinals, gladly granted them their charter.

Loyola's purpose was to establish, not a monastic body, but an ecclesiastical soldiery, well drilled and disciplined, to move at the word of command against every force adverse to the ascendency of the papal system. He himself was elected general of the society, and was established at Rome as supreme director of the movements of the members. The splendidly disciplined body with which Loyola set out, in 1541, to wage war against the enemies of the papacy was a finished despotism. Under the general were six great princes of the order, each ruling over a certain division of the world. These divisions were subdivided into provinces, each under a provincial, having charge of the colleges and establishments of the society in his district. Heads of colleges must send in minute reports at short intervals to their provincials; these reported regularly to the princes, who in their turn wrote to the general every month, their reports being, wherever necessary, in cipher; and thus all information was swept up into the lap of the general to be used at his sole discretion for the interests of the society.

The moral law of the society was well contrived to warrant the pursuit of ends by the snaky, tortuous methods for which the name Jesuitry has become a synonym. PROBABILISM, MENTAL RESERVATION, JUSTIFICATION OF MEANS BY THE END—these are the three great doctrines of their system.

PROBABILISM means that a man may commit an act which his conscience tells him is unlawful, if he can adduce for it any writer who has expressed an opinion of its probable lawfulness, or if he is conscious of having thought it out and persuaded himself of its probable lawfulness!

MENTAL RESERVATION needs no explanation. The Jesuit doctrine is as follows:—"For grave reasons it is lawful at times to make use of broad mental reservations, also of equivocal terms, provided the terms employed are such as to make it possible for the listener to understand a matter as it really is, and not as it may sound."

The third dogma of MEANS BEING JUSTIFIED BY THE END for which they were employed, has been fruitful of assassination and blood. "In the books of casuistry," says Macaulay, "which had been written

by the Jesuit brethren, and printed with the approbation of the superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favour of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what the Society of Jesus assured them they might with a safe conscience do."

This was the supple and fearfully effectual agency which Loyola wielded for the behoof of the Pope of Rome. How did it accomplish its work?

Marching against the Reformation, it soon vindicated its existence. Italy, distinguished as the land of the Renaissance, seemed about to become yet more distinguished as the land of Protestantism. In Padua, in Bologna, in Lucca, in Modena, in Rome, some of the first families embraced the gospel. The country was emerging into the light; the Jesuits struck a blow that drove it back again into its old darkness. They sharpened again a weapon which in Italy had fallen into disuse—they re-established the Inquisition: and in twenty years, by the employment of the torture, the stake, and the dungeon, the Protestantism of Italy was annihilated.

In Spain and Portugal the success of the Jesuits was still more rapid. Their spirit breathed among the Spaniards like an infection. They enrolled the highest grandees in their ranks, and the multitudes that flocked to hear their preachers were such that no cathedral could contain them.

In France, Lainez, one of the ablest minds in the order, and the man who succeeded Loyola as General, established a college at Paris, which slowly made its way against the powerful opposition of the Sorbonne. At the breaking out of the Huguenot wars of the Guises, the Jesuits got legal toleration in France, and, spreading rapidly through the country, opened schools in the most important provincial towns. These schools, like all their seminaries, were taught by excellent masters, and a very large share of the education of the young passed into their hands. A Jesuit dagger put an end to the life of the French King, Henry III.; by a Jesuit dagger the assassination of his successor, Henry IV., was attempted, and the French Parliament in 1594 banished the Jesuits with indignation from France. Outside the country they turned, at the suggestion of their General, to be zealous partisans of the king they had attempted to assassinate, in reward for which they were openly readmitted by him nine years after, to remain long in the kingdom, instigating the bloody atrocities against the Huguenots, and at length securing, by the Dragonnades of 1681, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, the extermination of the Reformed Worship, and the expulsion from France of its most industrious citizens and its most skilled artisans.

In Germany, where Rome had suffered her first and greatest losses, the van of the invading host of the Jesuits made its appearance in 1550, a generation after the rise of the Reformation; and before long there was scarcely a German town of any note that had not a Jesuit College. While they educated the sons of the nobles they did not neglect to open free schools for the sons of peasants. Their reputation as teachers brought even the children of Protestants to their schools, and with the education they imparted, they instilled the sentiments of Rome.

Presently Rome felt itself possessed of sufficient recovered power in central Europe to require of all public functionaries subscription to the creed of the Council of Trent, and within a quarter of a century from the first arrival of the Jesuits in Vienna, "Protestantism was conquered on what," says Dr. Wylie, "may be regarded as its native soil." They had come in silence, plain in attire, humble in deportment: behind them were the stake and scaffold of the persecutor; and the troubles they excited brought in at length the armies of France and Spain, and culminated in the devastating tempests of the Thirty Years' War. By the providence of God those Papal armies were at length hurled back by Gustavus Adolphus, and the remnants of Protestant liberty saved, leaving to the Jesuits only those portions, unhappily large, of which the ecclesiastical princes had given them possession at first.

In one country alone did they utterly fail. Sweden they entered as Lutheran professors, and so efficiently did they lecture that the Stockholm clergy were enjoined to attend their classes. Without seeming to do so, they insidiously impugned the authority of the Reformers, and the result began to appear in many conversions to Rome. The populace and the king soon became indignant, and the Jesuit teachers were ignominiously expelled bag and baggage from Sweden.

Their attempts on Great Britain disturbed the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and their successors of the following centuries. Thomas Heath preached Puritan sermons in Rochester Cathedral while he held in his strong box a license from the Pope authorising him "to preach whatever doctrine he might judge best fitted to influence the animosities, and widen the divisions among the Protestants"; and carried in his pocket a letter of wily instructions from a Spanish Jesuit which, unfortunately for himself, he dropped in the pulpit. William Allen, at Douay, was educating young Englishmen to become priests in their own country. A Jesuit College in England numbered five hundred and fifty students of the best families, and the Jesuit teachers, three hundred and sixty in number, enjoyed an income of £300,000 a year. Campion and Parsons travelled up and down fomenting plots against Queen Elizabeth. Dr. William Parry was solemnly set apart at a secret service to assassinate the Queen. A dagger was taken from the altar, sprinkled with holy water and placed in his hand, as "a chosen son of God to wield the sword of Jephthah, of Samson; of David, wherewith he cut off the head of Giant Goliath; of Pope Julius II., wherewith he cut off the lives of several princes, his enemies, filling whole cities with slaughter and blood." The assassin was told that as many blows as he gave the Queen, so many souls should he deliver from purgatory. And then, with an invocation of angels, and of God, he was crowned before a glorified picture of the Jesuit assassin of Henry III. of France,

and sent out upon his horrible mission, accompanied by four Jesuits, who were the only persons to whom he was permitted to speak. The plot was discovered, and Parry was executed. On board the Armada were many Jesuits, ready to be let loose on the unhappy country when conquered: but the temper of the English nation was never sweet towards them. Every Jesuit who set foot in this country was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered—a prospect the reverse of enticing. If they came at all they were forced to come in disguise. Charles II., however, secretly favoured them; and when poor, obtuse James II. openly protected them they came out of their holes and sunned themselves in the beams of the royal favour: they reckoned on their victory; they set about to crush Protestantism, first in Ireland, then in Scotland, then in England; but they overshot their mark. The country rose against them, and the revolution of 1688 for ever (please God) banished Jesuit ascendancy from these realms.

At the centenary of the Society in 1641 it numbered thirteen thousand members. A century later it had doubled its numbers, but had rendered its yoke so intolerable that it was expelled from Portugal, from France, and even from Spain. Naples, Malta, Parma followed suit; and at last, in 1773, the Pope himself issued a bull suppressing and abolishing the society and its name for ever. This everlasting annihilation was reversed by Pope Pius VII. in a series of bulls extending from 1801 to 1814, and in no long time the brotherhood stalked abroad in their black birettas, and became more powerful than ever. In the present century Spain and Portugal have again banished them; France has recently taken the same step in self-defence against their dangerous ecclesiastical Cæsarism; and Germany has felt it necessary to oppose them with stringent measures.

The story of the Jesuits is by no means a matter with which we in England have no concern. Such books as Mr. Macgregor's should be circulated far and wide to disseminate clear views of their principles and aims. The Jesuits are the aggressive agents of the Romish Church, and the ascendency of the Romish Church in any country means the death of spiritual religion and of liberty. Cardinal Manning has said that at this moment the Jesuits stand at the head of the great Catholic movement in England. *We* call it the Ritualistic movement. Published lists showed three years ago that three hundred and thirty clergymen had seceded from the Church of England to Rome. None can fail to recognise the energy with which the Ritualistic movement is being pressed on.

In France liberty is young and needs protection: France has therefore banished the Jesuits. In England liberty is mature and can fight her own battles. We need not, therefore, adopt such repressive measures: but we cannot, therefore, take leave to sit at ease. We must meet the earnestness of the Jesuits by corresponding earnestness. The mighty Truth must be preached which wrought the Reformation, but it must be preached as it was preached then. We dare not oppose to Romish zeal Protestant indifference.

What was the secret of the early victories of the Jesuits over the Reformation? It was, as Macaulay has pointed out, that in the period succeeding the Reformation the Protestant side showed languor, while

the Romish side everywhere showed ardour and devotion. The firm faith and tremendous energy of the Reformers achieved wonderful successes; the papal church was brought into such danger that Rome itself was awakened from frivolity to religious fervour. But when the great reforming leaders had been carried to the grave no flaming spirits arose as their successors; the reforming church became lukewarm and worldly. Thus it was that the Jesuits, animated by religious ardour, constancy, and courage, were enabled to wrest back many provinces that had been won by the Reformation. They are working now with equal ardour in England. But let the Protestant churches grasp and wield with their whole force the great Lutheran, Augustinian, Pauline, Christian truths which wrought the triumphs of the sixteenth century, and we need not fear the result of the present Jesuit invasion.

C. A. DAVIS.

Constancy of Divine Justice.

"EVERY transgression shall have its just recompense of reward." The evils of an intermitted severity would be enormous. Our courts have allowed certain laws against bribery and corruption to slumber. What has been the consequence? The crime has been slightly regarded, and has sprung up like charlock in the furrows of the field. At length justice awakens, and visits four or five offenders with her rod. What then? A loud cry is heard on behalf of the transgressors, and many think they are hardly dealt with; not because the punishment is beyond the appointed measure, or even up to the full amount which might have been expected, but because so many others have escaped in former times. Thousands who hate the crime yet feel a degree of pity for the culprits, because they are smitten while others have been winked at. Now, this is a misfortune. It is always an evil when sympathy in any degree is felt for a wrongdoer. This second effect of the somnolence of justice is by no means a small evil, and were the law to sleep again fresh ills would follow. It is mercy to carry out the law always, and in every case, unless some very extraordinary reasons should demand an exception, else men are half beguiled into wrong by the hope of impunity; and if they do suffer for their fault they naturally feel it hard, and their mouths are opened with complaint. It may be well for those who bear witness for a righteous God to make use of this fact with the consciences of men, in these days when all idea of punishment for sin seems to be unpopular. The Lord will pass by no transgression unless his law be met and vindicated by atonement. His rule is invariable. The course of his justice abides perpetually the same, and sinners may not dare to trifle with his law. He will by no means spare the guilty.

Jock and his Mither.

AN EVENING WITH ROBERT HALL AT BRISTOL.

IN a deeply interesting work by the late Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, entitled, "Reminiscences of College Life in Bristol,"* we have a very affecting relation by the Rev. John Mack of passages of great interest in his own life.

It was the custom of Mr. Hall, it appears, to show great kindness in many ways to the students, especially to such as for any reason commended themselves to his judgment as worthy the honour of his friendship. Mr. Trestrail was one of these favoured ones, and was sometimes invited to spend an evening with the great preacher and his family, when some particular friend or distinguished preacher was also his guest. It was on one of these evenings that Mr. Mack gave the following recital, which cannot be read without deep feeling, and some admiration of the man whose filial affection was so sweetly displayed, and of his "mither," whose ardent love for her "Jock" all parents will appreciate.

It hardly need be said that Mr. Mack was a Scotchman, having been born, according to papers furnished by his son, Mr. William Mack, of Bristol, in 1788, at Glasgow. Mr. Mack was pastor of the church at Clipstone, Northamptonshire, from the time he left college, in 1813, to the time of his death in 1831. He was a man of considerable parts, or such a sometimes-rather-severe judge of ministerial abilities as Mr. Hall would not have spoken so strongly.

"Mr. Mack is a remarkable man, sir, and of superior ability; but he has never done justice to his great talents."

Perhaps this was partly owing to weakness and ill-health. "No one could see Mr. Mack," writes Mr. Trestrail, "without being struck with his appearance and manner. He was, however, at this time, little more than a wreck of a man. He was much emaciated, and looked exceedingly ill; but there was a fire in his bright, sparkling eye, and an animation in his style of expression, mingled with wit, humour, and pathos, which made one long to have known him when he was in robust health."

This was only a few months before his lamented death, when, as to age, he was in the prime of life, though so smitten by long-continued illness, which had made such serious inroads upon him, that he had the appearance of one of far more advanced age.

After spending some time at Cheltenham, in hope of obtaining benefit by its mild air, he came on to Bristol on a visit to Mr. Hall. There in one of those pleasant social evenings, Mr. Hall introduced his young friend, Mr. Trestrail, who still lives to recount his "Reminiscences," and though not far from fourscore years of age, is still active, useful, and honoured in his denomination, and by numerous other Christian friends far and near.

"He has heard of Mr. Mack," said Mr. Hall, "even so far away as Cornwall, and I have promised him that he shall hear from your own lips the story of your life. I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken, and gratify us both."

"Mr. Hall, just think; I have told it to you many times, and you could repeat it yourself."

"Yes, Mr. Mack, I know it; but I could not repeat it as you can. No man living could, sir. Besides, my young friend has never heard it. So pray begin."

After describing in a few words his early days, when he was a weaver lad, living at home with his parents, who were devout and consistent Christian people, and himself cultivating a passionate fondness for books and reading, he went on to say that—

"Meeting one day in Glasgow with a recruiting sergeant, I was induced by him to believe that if I joined the army I should have plenty of time to read.

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* By Rev. Fred. Trestrail, D.D., F.R.G.S. E. Marlborough and Co.

And so, sir, when he had fired my imagination with descriptions of sieges, battles, and the glories of war, I soon fancied myself a soldier, and by successful service rising from rank to rank, until I became a commander and a conqueror. Under the influence of this excitement, I was persuaded to accept the fatal shilling, and was henceforth enlisted in his Majesty's army. The excitement having subsided, I fell asleep, and did not wake until it was very late, and suffering acutely, scarcely knowing where I was, and plunged into grief and shame when I thought of my poor parents at home. Having been told by the sergeant that I must appear at Dumbarton that day month, or if I did not I should be taken up as a deserter, and severely punished, I went home with a heavy heart."

"And how *did* you face your father and mother? They must have had a sad time of it."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Hall, they had. Neither of them had gone to bed, and as I was not in the habit of staying out late, they were greatly alarmed. My father had searched for me all over Glasgow, and my mother passed the time in weeping and prayer, often—as I learnt afterwards—exclaiming, 'My bairn, Jock; my puir bairn, what would your mither gie if she only kenned whar ye are the noo!'"

"It is impossible," writes Mr. Trestrail, "to give any idea in words of the pathos pervading his description. Mr. Mack's voice was like music, and his illness instilled into it exquisite tenderness. We were all moved to tears, and Mr. Hall, to whom the story was by no means new," was much touched.

"Well, Mr. Mack," said Mr. Hall, after a pause, "go on, sir. Pray excuse our feeling; we could not help it."

"I passed a wretched month," he proceeded to say, "as you may suppose, vainly lamenting over my own folly, and looking forward with sincere sorrow to my separation from my parents; for I dearly loved them. Indeed, when I saw my puir auld mither's grief, though she made the strongest efforts to suppress it, it almost broke my heart. My father, unable to bear the parting, went quietly out, and my mother was alone with me and my brother. We bade farewell to each other: she, amidst choking sobs, commended me to the blessing of God; and so with a sorrowful heart I took my way to Dumbarton." Hitherto, though religiously brought up, he had remained a stranger to the grace of God and faith in Christ. The great change, however, was soon to take place, when he should be found at the feet of Jesus in his right mind.

"The next summer found me," he continues, "in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we remained for a considerable time. The regiment was ordered from place to place down south, and by-and-by we reached Ramsgate. Hitherto the subject of religion had never seriously occupied my thoughts, but painful reflections on my past folly and sin would trouble me in spite of my efforts to suppress them. Happily, I had not plunged into the vices which nearly all soldiers indulged in, and one Sabbath evening I entered—I knew not why, the hand of God was surely directing me—the Baptist Chapel, and heard words which entered my soul. Brought to see my lost estate, I gave myself unto prayer, and by repentance towards God, and faith in Christ, I found pardon and peace. I soon began to talk to my comrades, and the officers seeing how much my conduct was changed, and knowing that I could read and write, —thanks to my Scotch education,—promoted me to the orderly-room. Here I had more leisure, and, relieved from the daily drudgery of a private soldier's life, I found time to read and study the Scriptures.

"Moved from place to place, we came at last to Leicester, and as soon as I found out where you lived, I called. I thought your reception was somewhat odd; for a few minutes you looked at me, but spoke not a word. Seeing you were smoking, I took out my pipe, lit it, and began to smoke, too."

"I remember it well, sir; as well as if it occurred only yesterday. In fact, Mack, I was quite astonished to see a soldier in my study. What a handsome fellow you were! I was quite overpowered, sir."

"When you *did* speak, Mr. Hall, you were all kindness. After you had listened to an outline of my history, my conversion, and my work among my comrades, you pressed me to dine with you, and, as it was your usual week-night service, you insisted on my giving the address. As I could not resist your importunity, I consented, though with fear and trembling. I got through, however, better than I expected."

"Yes, sir, you interested us all amazingly, and spoke remarkably well."

"Friends came around me after the service, and you introduced me to one and another, and very soon I felt quite at home. But I did not then know that you were *the* Mr. Hall, the author of the sermon on 'Modern Infidelity,' for if I had, I should never have summoned up courage to call on you."

"Why not, sir? You can do anything as good as that if you will only exert yourself in a manner equal to your talents. But that, Mack, you have never done, and I fear you never will."

"The next Lord's-day you announced, after the service, that a soldier would preach, and in his uniform, adding, 'He is not only a soldier in his Majesty's army, but a soldier of the Prince of peace!' Having taken part in several subsequent services, you, sir, and your friends resolved to purchase my discharge, which was effected, and you sent me to the Academy at Bristol here."

"Yes, Mr. Mack, we did it, but it was done with great difficulty. Your colonel knew the value of your services, and how hard it would be to obtain a suitable substitute. He, therefore, threw every obstacle in the way. But we beat him, sir, we beat him, and carried off our prize."

The difficulty of getting his discharge was not only the raising of the money required, that was easily done, but the finding of *two* substitutes such as the Colonel would accept. His discharge testifies to the excellence of his character:—

"This is to certify that John Mack, private in Captain Douglas's Company, —— has served honestly and faithfully for the space of five years; but having found two substitutes is hereby discharged."

Mr. Mack then gave an account of the journey to Bristol, and his experiences at college, as also of his settlement at Clipstone, whence, after an interval of a few years, he paid a visit to Pentland and to his "dear auld mither."

"After the lapse of three or four years," he continued, "I was requested by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to accompany another minister as a deputation to Scotland. I cannot better express my feelings than by saying, 'I jumped at the proposal,' for I should once more see my dear auld mither. My father, alas! was dead.

"It was agreed between my colleague and myself that we should take the services alternately in the towns we were appointed to visit. On our arrival at Airdine, where it was my turn to preach, I said to my colleague, 'Now, if you will preach here, I will take your turn at the next place, and then I can go at once to Glasgow, and shall have two or three more days to spend with my mother.' He was surprised at my request, and with great seriousness and some severity quoted our Lord's words, '*If a man love father or mother more than me he cannot be my disciple.*'"

This was too much for Mr. Hall. The want of filial affection betrayed by the censure quite excited him. He "rose from the chairs on which he had been reclining, went across the room, and, in one of those subdued whispers, audible to the smallest syllable, and almost startling from the intense feeling concentrated in them, thus addressed Mr. Mack:—

"What is that he said, sir?"

"Mr. Mack, much surprised, as indeed we all were, at Mr. Hall's earnestness, repeated the sentence.

"Did he say *that*, sir?"

"Of course he did, Mr. Hall, or I should not have asserted it."

"Is that man living or dead, sir?"

"I believe he is dead."

"Do you know whether he repented before he died? I hope he did, sir; for else I could not meet him in heaven, sir; for think how he dishonoured his Lord, and trampled under foot the noblest and purest instinct of humanity! But I hope you didn't listen to him, sir, and that you went to your mother."

"Yes, Mr. Hall, I did indeed."

"I am glad to hear that, Mr. Mack: for if you had not gone I should have lost all respect for you. '*Honour thy father and thy mother, is the first commandment with promise.*' May the Lord restore your health, and raise you up again, sir, and reward you for your piety. I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir; but I could not repress my indignation at such an inhuman speech."

After a brief interval Mr. Mack resumed his narrative.

"On arriving in Glasgow I sought out my mother. She was living in a very humble abode, but it looked comfortable and clean. She answered my knock, and on opening the door curtseyed (*sic*) to me—to me, her own son! She did not know me, and evidently took me for some city clergyman. I thought, Mr. Hall, she would at once have rushed into my arms, and clasped me to her bosom! I cannot describe the bitterness of my disappointment; so I said, 'Mither, dinna ye ken your ain bairn, Jock?' I had forgotten the difference in my appearance and garb. How was she to recognise her bairn, whom she had last seen as a young soldier, in the somewhat portly figure before her, who looked like one of the 'placed ministers of Glasgow'?" How affecting was the reply of the saintly old woman!

"I ken vera weel that my bairn Jock will be here in twa or three days; but it's nae richt in sic a gentleman as you to be trifling with the feelings of a puir auld widow."

Mr. Hall and his young friend were fairly overcome, and the narrative was interrupted by their tears and hearty sobs. At length Mr. Hall exclaimed,—

"Mack, Mack, whatever *did* you do?"

"What *could* I do, sir? My heart leaped to my mouth! But I remembered once, when a boy, teasing my mother by eating up the potatoes as fast as she peeled them, when she gave me a tap, and, unintentionally, wounded my wrist with the knife she was using. Whenever she afterwards saw the scar she used to stroke my hair, and in very tender tones say to me, 'Never mind, my bonnie bairn, your mither will ken ye by that when ye are a mon.' I now turned back the sleeve of my coat, and looking earnestly in her face, and pointing to the mark, said, 'Mither, mither! dinna ye ken *that?*' She looked at me for a moment, and exclaiming, 'My bairn, my bairn,' rushed into my arms."

Mr. Hall and his friend could not restrain their emotion, and the former presently asked, "What followed that, sir?"

"What followed, Mr. Hall, may best be described in the beautiful words of Scripture, '*We lifted up our voice and wept.*'"

"On the morning of the Sabbath I had to preach in the kirk which my mother attended. She chose a seat where she could best see and hear her son Jock. She could, however, hardly realize the change in my condition from a private soldier to a preacher on behalf of the Baptist Mission. The beadle, an important personage in Scottish kirks, intimated that another pew, more retired, would be more suitable. I can imagine how she looked and spoke."

"Mon! dinna ye ken that I am the preacher's mither?" "How was I to ken that? But if ye *are* the preacher's mither, the best seat in the kirk is nane too gude for ye."

"It was a trying time for you, Mack. Did you preach comfortably, and how did your dear mother feel? *She* must have rejoiced greatly."

"It was a trying time, certainly; for not only was the congregation very large, but the Lord Provost, and many of Glasgow's chief citizens were there. As to my mother! her countenance was radiant with joy, and smiles and tears rapidly succeeded each other during the service. After the service several gentlemen came to express their interest in the sermon, and in the mission for

which I had been pleading. They most kindly proffered me their hospitalities; but being the guest of Mr. Deakin I respectfully declined them, anxious to spend every hour at my disposal with my dear mother."

"Quite right, Mr. Mack. May God bless you, and richly reward you, sir, for your love to your mother. But tell us what she said about the service."

"We were scarcely out of the kirk before she began: 'Jock, my bairn, whar ha'e ye been, and what ha'e ye dune sin' I saw ye last? Why, ye must have been to Brummagem and had yer face rubbed wi' a brass candlestick, or ye couldna ha'e dune it, and think that my old een have seen ye wag yer pow in Mr. McLeod's pulpit, and the Provost and the Bailies to the fore!' Tears streamed from her eyes, and sobs broke from her lips, while she blessed God for his great mercy, and told me her heart was 'well-nigh bursting wi' joy.'

"During the few days that were left our talk was much about the past, often prolonged to a late hour, recounting the trials through which we had passed, but more of *the goodness and mercy which had followed us all our days.* Sometimes our mouths were filled with laughter, at others with lamentations, often with praise for the hope and joy which shone over all. *We knew whom we had believed, and that he was able to keep that which we had committed to him until that day.* While she lived I was able to add to her comforts, and to brighten her declining days. We parted with feelings I cannot attempt even to describe, *sorrowing most of all that we should see each other's face no more.*"

The affecting story may be supplemented by a few words about Mr. Mack's last days. He held but one pastorate, and died, after eighteen years of faithful and successful labour, in the high esteem of his own flock, and of all who knew him, leaving a wife and family whose temporal needs were amply provided for by the munificence of his numerous friends.

More than a year before his death his health became more seriously impaired, and entire rest from active life brought no relief. His sufferings were very acute, but he displayed remarkable courage and patience, and his faith in the Lord was unshaken. "I am looking to Jesus Christ," he said to some friends one day, "other refuge have I none. I feel satisfied that the doctrines I have preached are the only foundation of a sinner's hope. May you live in peace when I am gone! My sufferings are great. Lord, give me patience! But 'why should a living man complain?'"

The prospect of his wife and children being left in dependent circumstances sometimes occasioned him deep concern. "I had hoped," he said, "to see my children brought up; but we must part. Poor dears! they will soon have no father to take their part."

"How is your mind, Mr. Mack?" asked a friend shortly before his decease. "Calm," was his reply, "relying on the great propitiation." His last words were, "Blessed Saviour!" and with these sweet accents on his lips he fell asleep. May our last end be like his!

R. SHINDLER.

Journal Jottings on the Hop-pickers' Mission.

BY JOHN BURNHAM, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELIST.

SIXTEEN years ago, in the heart of the hop-growing districts of Kent, dwelt J. K., a godly man, in comparatively humble circumstances. He has had four years' severe struggle to "make ends meet"; but "Jehovah Jireh" has been his motto, and again and again has God appeared for the relief of his trusting servant, just at the moment of extremity—

"God never is before his time,
And never is behind."

September has come round, and with it the thousands of annual immigrants from cities and towns all over the kingdom, gathered here once more for hop-picking.

In graceful clusters on the climbing vine hang the beautiful cones, and the air is filled with the health-giving odour. The hum of merry voices tempts us, and, following the sound, we are soon watching hundreds of busy fingers stripping the branches of their golden treasure.

In the midst of this group is our friend J. K. With the hope of swelling the home exchequer, he has "taken a bin" for himself and his family. Mingled with the merriment of the many about him, he hears repeatedly the indecent song, the oath, the profane jest. His righteous soul is stirred within him, and he can no longer bear it in silence. Regardless of loss, he forsakes his bin, and begins trudging the garden hour after hour, pausing at each bin to "speak a word for Jesus." He purchases tracts, such as his limited means will allow; a few generous friends send him further supplies, and now, leaving his family at the bin, our friend J. K. has fairly started as the "hop-pickers' missionary."

At first he meets with much determined opposition and insult, but gradually these give way before the force of the cheerful Christian bearing of the man of God. It is soon manifest that his presence is a check upon their godlessness: without a word from him, the sight of him often silences the oath and filthy song. Though this is by no means all he labours for, it is certainly a long step in the right direction, and a forcible argument for *the power of a godly life.*

The missionary has evidently seen enough to encourage him, for the next year he resumes the same holy service, and the following year calls to his help a Christian brother, that together they may cover more ground. Thus *commenced*

"THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION,"

and an example of service that is now followed in various hop-growing centres by earnest brethren each returning September.

The Lord has smiled on our friend, rewarded a thousandfold the sacrifice he so willingly made, and his position is greatly improved. Still he presses on in this mission, now enlisting annually the help of four or five earnest workers, who occupy a wide field of service.

The mission has not only grown in extent, but in the *variety* of its operations. Now we visit the gardens, distributing tracts, reading and talking to the pickers; better clothe the thinly clad and shoeless; gather to free teas and gospel addresses these poor "strangers;" visit them in the "camps," tend with medicine the sick; weather permitting, each evening hold open-air services, etc., etc.

For a detailed description of the work we refer the reader to former articles in *The Sword and the Trowel*, October, 1878, December, 1879, and December, 1880.

In accordance with our promise, we now wish to give a few incidents (out of many on record) of this interesting mission, and we call to our aid some of the notes of our journal.

Those of our readers who were present at the Tabernacle Prayer Meeting on the 29th of August last, will doubtless remember that special prayer was offered for fine weather, that our open-air services might not be hindered. In a very gracious way this prayer was answered; much rain fell during September, especially in the former part of the month, yet we had fine evenings; on two occasions only, all through the month, were we prevented from holding the usual service; such a thing has not happened the finest of preceding years.

These services are yearly growing in interest, and in each of the six villages we visited weekly we met with the most cordial reception. We had not to call our congregation by two or three rallying songs, as in former years, but invariably found large numbers awaiting our arrival.

This, like all open-air work, is emphatically a "labour of faith;" the hearers come, catch the seed, and pass on; we have not the opportunity of *gathering* results, as we can in a building, yet we are not without evidences of blessing attending the Word. In one of Mr. Mayo's addresses last year, he was depicting a poor drunkard's home, and there was present a man who had long been a slave to the intoxicating cup. This year he was at our services, clean and respectably clad, and we learnt that from the night he heard the above address by Mr. Mayo, he had never touched the accursed cup; moreover, he had induced several of his fellow-workmen to abstain from intoxicants; and impressed with the improvement among his men, the master had forbidden any beer or spirits on the premises. We would not have it understood that this *alone* is the object of our work; by no means; we are glad of such results, but our aim is *far beyond this*. At the same time, we are firmly convinced that a man is not in a likely condition to receive the Word while a constant visitor at the dram-shop. More pleasing is the following specimen:—

A man and his wife, who for many years had lived a godless life, were present with their little girl at some of our services last year. This year we again saw them, and were at once struck with their altered appearance. We gathered from them that, after their return to London last year, their little girl was taken ill. On her sick bed she was constantly speaking of these services, and singing the sweet songs she had learnt among us, and died rejoicing in Jesus. This was the turning-point in the lives of the parents; now they may be regularly seen at their place of worship, drinking in the message of mercy. Another is the case of a stalwart man, who, a few years since, was the terror of his "camp." Scarcely a night did he leave the gin-shop sober, and he was noted as "a terrible fighting-man." This year as we met him he welcomed us with a warm grasp of the hand, and a "God bless you, sir!" Before his old companions he gladly bore testimony for Christ, and the power of his grace, himself being a living illustration of his theme. At one of the services a few years ago, he heard Mr. K. and his lads singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and he thought to himself (to use his own words). "How nice to be 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' I am *not* safe; I wish I *was*." This led him to serious thought, and the use of the means of grace. On his return to town he regularly attended a Mission Hall, and there found the Saviour, and now we have not a happier, brighter witness for Christ in the gardens.

We are not without amusing incidents, now and then, in these services, the following to wit. Some six hundred are gathered under a tree on the village green; in the midst of the speaking a man breaks into the throng, shouting some gibberish, which he calls French. Scarcely had he closed his lips, when a donkey in a neighbouring field, as though recognising a familiar voice, *mimicked* him; the whole congregation burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the fellow's expense, and he sneaked away "like a dog with a stolen bone." It certainly was one of the most laughable retorts we ever heard.

At another service, a drunken Irish woman hid herself behind the speaker, and chattered at such a rate, that he could scarcely be heard. Perceiving this, we struck up singing, one of our number in the meantime siding up to the woman and shouting most lustily in her ear; to avoid this, she gradually

withdrew, and so did our friend by her side, till, after a verse or two, she was clean out of the crowd, and moved off, as our friend resumed the address.

"What's the time, sir," shouts a man to the speaker, seeking to interrupt him. A few minutes later we rise to speak, and recognising the man, without pointing him out, we offer a reply to his question, by turning to Hosea x. 12: "It is time to seek the Lord," and this is our text for a brief address, to which the man listens attentively. In an "oast-house" a few men are gathered, chatting; one uses an oath, and another remonstrates at once—"Don't, Bill, use such language; it ain't no good. You know what the gentleman told us on the green 'tother night."

In one place we visited, a respectable hotel-keeper sent out a light van for a platform, and several forms and seats for the old folks; another lent his harmonium; others brought lamps, which they suspended above the crowd, from the overhanging branches of a large tree; this they did week after week, without once being asked or remunerated, a pleasing evidence of their appreciation of the services.

For a moment omitting the "we" of the writer, I cannot help expressing my devout thankfulness at the great privilege of standing up and witnessing for Christ in my own native village, where I spent the first seventeen years of my life; around me now are old folks who have known me from a lad, as well as many of my former school companions. Under no circumstances have I been more led to appreciate the *distinguishing grace* of God to me.

With our present staff, we cannot extend the area of operations beyond six villages (Staplehurst, Marden, Horsmonden, Lamberhurst, Goudhurst, and Kilndown), yet the Macedonian cry reaches us from other neighbouring places, "Come over and help us"; and, if *means and men* are forthcoming next year, most gladly shall we respond to that call.

We were greatly encouraged one morning by the arrival of a cheery letter and supply of small books from Mrs. Spurgeon. If this kind donor could have stood by us an hour later, she would have been deeply interested, and not a little amused. Our garden is nearly "picked," and that all the "sets"* may move out *en masse*, they have grouped themselves among the few remaining poles, we have therefore four times the number that would usually occupy this space. Sitting upon a bin in the centre of these half-dozen sets of Irish, we propose reading them a message just come from Mrs. Spurgeon; they are all attention as we turn to "The Irishman's Conversion, as related by himself." These Irish being for the most part Roman Catholics, the reader can easily imagine that all sorts of comments are freely offered on the conclusion of such a narrative. Says Peggy Conolly, "Shure, and by the holy mother, I hope the Lord will have mercy on me, and not send me to Fiddler's Green." "You need not be afraid of Fiddler's Green, Peggy." "Faith, but I am; and *why* won't I be afraid, at all at all?" "God won't send you to Fiddler's Green, Peggy; because there is *no such place*." "Oh, yes, shure there *is* the 'half-way house,' but, by all the saints, I hope I'll not *stop there* on my way to glory."

Anon we are at the bin of a Scotch woman, who warmly welcomes us, assuring us she shall ever feel grateful to the "gude mon" (Mr. K.) who saved her child's life last year when at the very point of death. Another Scotch woman is greatly distressed at having forgotten to bring her spectacles, and being thus debarred the privilege of reading the tracts to such in her "camp" as are unable to read. Much to her joy, we were able to meet *that* want also, and find her "juist the sicht for her een."

Here comes friend K., with a whole regiment of needy ones swarming him. Seated in the study, we are able unobserved to witness all that passes. What a scene! Oh for the companionship of an artist just now! then we might give you, courteous reader, some idea of this picture, as we fear we cannot by

* A "set" consists of four bins, each bin usually occupied by a family.

the pen. There is an old man tugging tremendously at a pair of boots; an old woman at another pair, kicking her feet in; little Mike, on parade, admiring himself in his new "understandings"; Mr. K. (lady's-maid, *pro tem.*) fitting a new dress on Miss Biddy McCarthy, and a warm jacket on Peggy Mahoney, and a bonnet on Nelly M'Grath; and now (presto! tailor) trying a coat on Tim Donavon, a vest on Pat Sullivan, a top-coat on Dan Flannigan, and measuring for trousers O'Donnell Magee. The blessings that are showered on the head of our friend, as they move off, might smother him: "God bless ye, sir; we'll say *two* prayers for ye to-night."

Scarcely have they left, before Mr. K. turns doctor; he has found an old man in great pain, and is administering medicine in the hope of giving relief, at the same time embracing the opportunity of pointing the poor man to the "Great Physician." And hither comes Kathleen O'Leary, with her child in her arms, suffering severely with croup. Mrs. Geharty's little one found relief at the hands of "the dear mon," and she comes seeking the same relief for this sufferer. Thus is the house of our worthy host continually besieged by the ragged and the sick.

After repeated contact with these poor people, year after year, we have come to the conclusion that very many of them are a deal better than their creed. Reared in superstition, it is no easy matter for them to break away; and yet, in spite of their creed teaching them to despise the "heretics," we have their good-will and fullest confidence; they believe in us (the "heretics") much more than in their own of the "faithful creed," as the following will show. Mrs. Shelly has been saving a little money at home; knows none of her neighbours to whom she dare entrust it. Carefully wrapt, she hands it to one of our brethren, with the request that he will take care of it for her till she returns to London, telling him, "There is seven pounds in half-crowns." Our friend counts it, and replies, "Seven pounds ten shillings." "No, sir; only seven pounds." "Yes, Mrs. Shelly; sixty half-crowns—seven pounds ten." "Shure, sir, an' I didn't know it."

We travel the lonely lanes, on the darkest nights, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, without the slightest fear of molestation. The most sunken in sin among these poor outcasts have such faith in the sincerity of our efforts for their good, that if one were to attempt to lay hands on us, he would find it necessary to make himself scarce, for he would no longer have quarter among his companions; they would hoot him from the "camp" and garden.

That there are tender hearts beneath the roughest garb the reader would readily believe if he could have witnessed the hearty, affectionate farewells we had, as waggon-loads drove by us for the railway station, at the close of the campaign; the air was ringing with cheers, and "Good-bye to Mr. Kendon; good-bye to Mr. Kipling; good-bye to Mr. Mayo; good-bye to Mr. Burnham!"

That this work commends itself to the Christian public we have grateful proof in the many kind letters, parcels of tracts and clothing, and contributions that are sent us. If spared till another year, and the means are forthcoming, we hope to add another feature to our work, in the shape of a Bible carriage for dispensing the "Word of Life" before and after our village services.

We ask your prayers and practical sympathy, dear reader, in this increasingly interesting mission. Money may be sent to Rev. J. Kendon, Bethany House, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent. Parcels for Mr. Kendon, to Marden Station, S.E.R.

Notices of Books.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Sermons preached by C. H. Spurgeon during the year 1881. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

The twenty-seventh volume of Spurgeon's Sermons is now ready. If each one of our readers will, in this instance, form his own opinion we shall not need to give a judgment. It is to the preacher a reason for devout gratitude that he has been spared to produce such a library of sermons, now numbering 1,635. He feels, however, that he has only coasted around the marvellous subjects which fill the Scriptures, and that he is now at the beginning of his divine theme. The twenty-seven volumes make up a library of themselves.

The Sword and the Trowel. A record of Combat with Sin and Labour for the Lord. Vol. XVII. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

It seems but yesterday that we commenced this journal; and here we are at the seventeenth volume. Very nicely bound it costs 5s., and it is worth it. We see our magazine called in a sale catalogue "*this first-class standard periodical.*" We are still better pleased to notice that it fetches good prices at second-hand, and this is about as good a test of literary value as we can give. It is our aim and ambition to make our magazine worthy of the highly influential class of readers for which it caters. We are often surprised to meet with approving readers, not only as we naturally expected among our own denomination of Christians, but among the clergy of other churches and residents in foreign lands.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle and its Institutions. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Glimpses of Home at Westwood. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

These are two beautiful volumes of photographs, which will be specially interesting adornments for the drawing-rooms of our friends. The views of Westwood are singularly charming and artistic. Mr. Tom Brown excels in this department. We do not suppose that a large edition of these works of art will be issued, and, indeed, we have no particular desire to see them sold except to our very special friends. To these we commend them very heartily.

Danger Signals; a volume of Temperance Tales. By F. M. Holmes. F. E. Longley.

Perhaps no signals can be too vivid where drunkenness is the danger; but surely these stories are so horrible as to overdo the thing. No doubt such cases may occur; but when they are collected they make a "chamber of horrors," in which the moral lesson is almost forgotten in the mental sensation. You can write so heavily that the ink runs into blots, and the lines are barely legible: our author, with the best intentions, has written in that fashion.

The Mason's Home. The Mother's Prayer. The Cabman's Wife. Stories in Verse. By Mrs. Beighton. 2d. each. And

Stories of Home Life. By Mrs. Beighton. Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings. 1s.

These delightful ballads should find their way to every poor man's home. They are fragrant of country life, and rich with homely wisdom and gospel teaching, and all set to the music of pleasant verse. For use in cottage gatherings, mothers' meetings, and the like, we know of nothing more attractive. Such writers as Mrs. Beighton and Mrs. Sewell lay all workers amongst the poor under a heavy debt of obligation. It may be well to note that "The Cabman's Wife" is a Christmas story. We will not tell rich people what it is about; but we wish they would read it and take a hint from it. The three ballads are prettily bound together with coloured frontispiece, under the title "Stories of Home Life," and would form a welcome New Year's gift.

Little Edith and Old David: a tale for the Young. By Mrs. R. Collins King. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A very small affair in the book line. We are glad to know that some of the circumstances in this story of "Little Edith," who led the poor benighted old gardener to Jesus, are facts. We must, however, protest against the rapidly-spreading superstition therein contained, which affects Evangelicals and Ritualists alike, namely, that of turning churches (which are supposed to be places of worship) into flower-shows, "for birth-day presents to Jesus," and "for love of God to his house." This folly leads to superstition, and superstition to idolatry. Beware!

Mrs. Harding's Looking-glass, and what was seen in it; or, a Week in the Life of a British Workman. By E. J. Kelly. Book Society.

Thrift, cleanliness, and temperance are among the surest means of making home bright and happy, and "Mrs. Harding's Looking-glass" is a capital sermon upon these things. The narrative style in which the discourse is cast will secure many readers, where a tract or essay would fail. We are glad that while so many use their pens unworthily, others write to elevate, ennoble, and purify.

The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation. A Story of Canadian Life. By Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.

This is a capital story told with great power: the language is as beautiful as it is forceful, while some of the character-sketching is exceedingly clever and life-like. Jim Dowler is a splendid creation, and touched every chord of our heart's emotions in turn. We should like to scatter this tale on every hand, in the hope of its being read. But why did our author allow it to appear in such poor form? The printing and illustrating are execrable. Some of the engravings are simply eyesores, and cannot by any stretch of leniency be said to suggest the subject supposedly illustrated. It is a thousand pities, as the story deserves the best auxiliaries the printer and engraver could give.

The Two Voyages; or, Midnight and Daylight. By W. H. G. Kingston. Religious Tract Society.

Kingston's stories have a name and fame of their own, and do not require criticism from us. We are mainly concerned with the missionary character of this book: the work of God in the Southern Seas is here most admirably described. The book is a sort of missionary Robinson Crusoe, and well worth the five shillings charged for it.

Pleasant Tales for Young People. Pearl and Tot. My Wife did it. Milly's Trials and Triumphs (1s. each). *Underneath the surface. Mariquita* (1s. 6d. each). *What she could* (2s.). *Olive's Story* (2s. 6d.). *Through the Linn* (3s.). *Lost in Egypt.* A story from life. By Miss M. L. Whately. *Cousin Mabel's Sketches of Character.* By Miss E. J. Whately (4s. each). Religious Tract Society.

So long as young people delight in stories, and that will probably be as long as the moon endureth, it is well that they should be regaled with pure and wholesome fruit from the tell-tale tree. Well, here's a basketful, all good, and of different prices, so that our readers can suit themselves. We may possibly notice Miss Whately's book, *Lost in Egypt*, again; but in order to give an early notice, we have grouped all these productions of the Religious Tract Society together, for they are all equally worthy of commendation.

Messrs. Partridge send us two excellent books at 1s. 6d. each. *Stories for Sundays*, by the Rev. Theron Brown, answers to its title, and the stories are used as illustrations of saving truths. *Hilda; or, Life's Discipline*, by Edith C. Kenyon, is a useful tale, well illustrated. *Cared for*, by Mrs. C. E. Bowen, at 1s., is a pretty story of two orphan children cared for by the Lord, according to his wont.

Harrison Weir's Pictures of Wild Birds and Animals. Religious Tract Society.

Drawn in Harrison Weir's best style and beautifully coloured. A high-class juvenile book for 5s.

The Way Home: or The Gospel in the Parable: an earthly story with a heavenly meaning. By Rev. C. Bullock, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

This popular exposition of the parable of the Prodigal Son has had a large circulation, and well deserves to be yet more widely distributed. The book is handsomely bound, and every page of it is saturated with the essence of the gospel.

Tired Christians. By Anna Warner. Nisbet and Co.

Just our own mind with regard to dancing, theatre-going, and the like. Well does our authoress confess her difficulty in writing about amusements for Christians, since no such word as amusement, recreation, game, or pastime can be found in the Scriptures. No: in the sacred book we read that time is short, and we are bidden to redeem it, but never taught how to waste it. This is a lively, earnest little book, and its circulation will, we hope, do something toward stemming the tide of folly which is invading even the church of the living God. Tired Christians will find frivolous amusement a poor means of rest; we fear that many are more wearied by their play than by their work, and are more likely to be jaded by dissipation than by devotion.

Through the Prison to the Throne. Illustrations of Life from the Biography of Joseph. By Rev. J. S. Van Dyke. New York: J. K. Funk and Co.

Sermons of more than average merit. We should not place them in the first rank certainly, but they were no doubt good to hear, and will be read by the preacher's friends with great pleasure.

History of Judah and Israel from the Birth of Solomon to the Reign of Ahab. By Alfred Edersheim, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Sunday-school teachers will find this volume and the four which preceded it very instructive. The author always leads the reader's mind to Christ, and so gives the real heart and soul of scriptural teaching. He is to be trusted. If not always brilliant, he is safe, and that is an essential quality in these days. The volumes cost 2s. 6d. each.

The Best of Books: being Lectures to Children on the Bible. By Samuel G. Green, D.D. Sunday School Union.

A cordial welcome is sure to be given to Dr. Green's choice little book for the children by all who have their best interests at heart. Interspersed with many a story and pretty parable, these "Lectures" on the Sacred Scriptures are most desirable helps for parents and teachers in unfolding gently and gradually the vast mysteries of the Word of God to the tender minds of the little ones. With rare skill and patience has this "Master in Israel" condescended to the needs of the lambs of the flock, and the pleasant task of "feeding" them is rendered peculiarly easy and delightful to those who obtain his kindly assistance. The author in his preface thus describes the object of his book, and we can heartily congratulate him on its happy attainment.—"He has endeavoured to produce a book which children will read, and from which the instructors of children may not disdain to learn. He has striven to be child-like without degenerating into childishness, and never to sacrifice real illustration to mere amusement. That he may help some young people and little children to understand the Bible better, and love it more, has throughout been his leading aim, and is now his most earnest prayer."

Seven Sermons. By Dawson Campbell, M.A. With a short Sketch of his Life. Nisbet and Co.

The memoir is of necessity brief, but it is the record of an earnest and godly life. The sermons are as plain as they are evangelical, exactly suited to an agricultural congregation, and indeed to any congregation; for the gospel in its simplicity is needed everywhere.

Bible Images: a Book for the Young. By the Rev. James Wells, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Wells is likely to become the head of all the noble band of children's preachers. He runs Dr. Newton very hard for the first place. Good, good, very good!—is our verdict. Teachers, put the book into the school library, and fashion your addresses according to these models.

Thoughts for Mothers, Children, Teachers, Young Women, and Servants. By Mrs. W. H. Wigley. James Nisbet and Co. 1s. each.

A word of commendation to Mrs. Wigley's five bright little books is far less than they deserve, though we have no time to give more. They are full of sound sense, loving admonition, and valuable suggestion. The authoress writes with earnest purpose and tender heart; her "thoughts" are not only worth thinking over, but they claim a practical, prayerful influence over the daily lives of those whom she so delightfully addresses.

Bible Pictures and Stories. With sixty-four coloured plates and vignettes. Religious Tract Society.

As gay as Joseph's coat of many colours. Just *the* present for a Christian family. At 4s. 6d. this is remarkably cheap; but it should be used only as a special Sunday book: such elaborate volumes ought not to be handled roughly.

Hosannas of the Children, and other Short Sermons for Young Worshippers. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

We fancy that these sermonettes will need explaining to average children. They are as good as gold; but, to our judgment, more adapted to suggest addresses than themselves to be used in that manner. Macduff's works are among modern Christian classics; the Doctor understands the art of book-making, and succeeds in it because he is not aiming at making books, but at doing good. This is in all ways a most desirable volume for all teachers.

The Christian Wife and Mistress. The Thirty-first Chapter of Proverbs applied to Modern Times. By Mrs. Stevenson. Edinburgh: Macniven.

In a former edition this little book was entitled, "Wives and Mistresses." The alteration in name is no trifle; for the new form of it suggests something sweet and holy, which the first certainly did not. The treatise is an exposition of Proverbs xxxv. 10—31, wherein Solomon pictures the woman of a thousand. It is a very commendable book, sensible and spiritual.

From the Call to the Glory; or, some Names of Christ's People. A Bible Study. By Sarah Geraldina Stock. Religious Tract Society. 1s. 4d.

This is a little book upon which we put our own special mark. It will suggest quite a lot of sermons to a thoughtful minister who loves the unadulterated gospel. A chapter read at the College was received with enthusiasm by our men.

The Illustrated Messenger: "Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of God." Religious Tract Society.

True to its title. The gospel set forth in pictures drawn with words and lines, with taste and earnestness. A very attractive present for a cottager.

Meditations and Disquisitions upon the First Psalm; the Penitential Psalms; and Seven Consolatory Psalms. By Sir Richard Baker. (First printed 1639.) A new edition, with memorial-introduction by Rev. A. B. Grosart. Charles Higham, 27A, Farringdon-street.

We have long known the comments of Sir Richard Baker, and we have often wondered how they escaped reprinting. The venerable knight is a writer of the rarest order, quite to our heart's liking. His Meditations on the First Psalm is by far the best of his pieces, but the others are good. Some would accuse him of too much playing upon words; yet, though in our judgment he frequently errs in that direction, he deserves large commendation in most cases for seeing in the words so much spirit and life. He turns a text over and over, and sets it in new lights, and makes it sparkle and flash in the sunlight after a manner little known among the blind critics of the midnight school. Deep experience, remarkable shrewdness, and great spirituality are combined in Sir Richard. It is hard to quote from him, for he is always good alike, and yet he has more memorable sentences than almost any other writer. Mr. Higham, by publishing this work so cheaply, has conferred a boon upon the Christian public. Our own copy will fall in value fifty per cent., but hundreds will be profited where, heretofore, one possessed the monopoly, and therefore we are glad to see this reprint.

Ingersoll Answered. An Examination of his Discourse entitled, "What must I do to be saved?" By Joseph Parker, D.D. Fountain Office, 4, Ludgate Circus.

We neither care for Ingersoll nor the answer to him. There is enough to do in England with cutting up our own brambles; nine out of ten of our people know nothing of this American briar, and there is no need they should.

Waters of Quietness: being Daily Messages for Invalids. By Margaret Scott Macritchie. Nisbet and Co.

Dr. Johnson was once asked to give his opinion on the production of a lady, who told him that when he had finished that, "she had other irons in the fire." "Madam," was the reply, "put this with the other irons."

Now, we say nothing of the kind about these poems, for they contain many a charming thought right well expressed, and their author has the true poetic fire within her soul. At the same time, such is the profusion of her flowers that the sense is often buried under them, and dies, suffocated with perfume. We have read certain of the verses over and over again, and have had to give them up like conundrums which we could not see through: we even read them to a friend, but he was quite as bewildered as we were. Yet this is a good little book, a garden of flowers untrained, with many pretty weeds between the roses, and the flowers themselves more often buds than full-blown beauties. Cultivate it, fair lady, and we hope better things of you.

Verse and Verse. Rhymes for Dinner Times. Poem on a Boot-Jack. Ode to a Poll-Parrot. Meditations and Agitations, etc. Tirem, Borem, and Co.

The titles above are given in lieu of many others which have come before us. Our table groans with Cowpers and Tennysons in an embryonic condition.

A San Francisco paper, having been driven desperate by voluntary poetical contributors, sounds this note of warning:—"We don't know exactly how newspapers were conducted at that distant period, but during some recent excavations in Assyria a poem on 'The Silver Moon' was dug up. It was engraved on a tile, and close beside it were lying a large battered club and part of a human skull. You may draw your own conclusions."

We are led to quote this as a warning to the many small poets who send books of verses for review. Happily in our case no club is kept on the premises, and we are most gentle in temper; but, really, we are tried up to the boiling point by the poetic coals which are heaped upon us. Still, Job is our patron saint, and we are resolved to endure unto the end. If any verse-maker does not find his poem, or her poem, mentioned in these notices, it is because we do not like to cause pain by saying what we think about the precious compositions. Please do not write to say that your poetry must have been overlooked; for the fact is we have looked it over, and think it the wisest course to be silent. Perhaps the work is too sublime, too elevated in thought, too superb in diction, for our grovelling taste. Pray think so, or think anything else, so long as you are happy.

For the most part these minor poets are our affliction, and if they would be so good as to take offence, and never send us another specimen of their wares, we would bless them in our heart of hearts. Dear good souls that they are, we cannot bear to criticise their productions according to justice, and yet we must do so if we speak upon them at all, for we never wittingly entice our readers into the purchase of a book which is not worth buying.

The Life of John Birchenall, M.R.C.S., F.L.S., of Macclesfield. By the Rev. A. J. French, B.A., Didsbury College, Manchester. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The life of a medical man of Macclesfield, who was an excellent scholar, an efficient class leader, a good preacher, and an eminent Christian. Dr. Rigg pronounces him the saintliest man he ever knew. Methodists will enjoy the portraitures of notable Methodist preachers of the past generation to be found in this book. We cannot but confess to having thought it rather dry on the whole.

The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P. By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. With Portraits. Hodder and Stoughton.

Two noble volumes, which should be in every library of the land which John Bright has served so well. He has now fulfilled his three score years and ten; may he yet be spared to us to sweeten the strife of politics with his genial humour, and sanctify it with his hearty piety! It was meet that such a "life" should be issued. The price is 24s.

The Rev. William Morley Punshon, LL.D.: a Memorial Sermon. With some Personal Recollections of Dr. Punshon's earlier Life and Ministry. By THOMAS MCCULLAGH. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE chief interest in this book will be found in the portion occupied with "Recollections" of the distinguished man who is its subject. All the churches mourned when death sealed in silence the lips of the Methodist Chrysostom; and many will receive gratefully the tribute paid to his memory in this little volume. Dr. Punshon's death, though preceded by an illness, was unexpected, but the last scene was beautiful. "I have loved you fondly," he said to his agonized wife; "Love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." For an absent son he left the message, "Love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." And then he uttered his last words—"I feel that Jesus is a living, bright reality. Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" The book merits, and will doubtless have, a large circulation.

Hugh McNeile and Reformation Truth: "The Characteristics of Romanism and Protestantism." With a Biographical Sketch. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. And

Hugh Stowell: a Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. London: "Home Words" Publishing Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

EXCELLENT books, which should be scattered far and wide in these Ritualistic times. McNeile and Stowell were kindred spirits, twin champions of Protestant and evangelical truth. They were amongst the most honoured and beloved men in the Church of England, and by their ability and eloquence exercised a very powerful influence in the right direction. Their names will long remain an inspiration among evangelical Churchmen. The *Church Times* would like such men as Hugh McNeile to be as extinct as the dodo. It wishes a vain wish. Such men, whether in or out of the Church of England, are not likely to become extinct just yet. Mr. Bullock does well to issue these interesting sketches of such noble lives.

The Five-Barred Gate; a Story of the Senses. By JAMES CROWTHER. Sunday School Union.

THOROUGHLY interesting. We have read it with the utmost pleasure, and we heartily wish all our young readers the same delight. It will help them to know themselves, if by means of these instructive pages they learn something of the Curious Window, the Ear Tunnel, and Nose and Tongue Junction. We call very special attention to this book, and we believe that purchasers will thank us for so doing.

The Art of Drawing and Engraving on Wood. By G. W. MARX. Illustrated. Houlston and Sons.

So far as we can judge, this is a really useful treatise upon the delightful art of engraving on wood. If any young man acquires the art by its means, he will never grudge the half-crown which it will cost him. To make a perfect artist there must be practice with a master; but a good deal can be done alone by the help of this handy guide.

The Electrical Temperance Instructor. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

VERY ingenious. Will amuse a Christmas party. You find a question, and the hand instantly points to the answer in a mysterious but accurate manner. Total abstinence is thus taught in a striking way.

Harrison Weir's Animal Pictures for Children. Lords of the Forest, Birds and Blossoms. Religious Tract Society.

Two more of Harrison Weir's wonderful books of natural history sketches. Coloured drawings, and six of them for a shilling! How is it done? There you fix me. For Christmas these are first-rate toy-books.

Ritualism: the expected triumph of Popery in the reign of Charles I. contrasted with that branch of Romanism now so prevalent in the Church of England, showing the course that at the present Crisis ought to be adopted for the maintenance of our National Protestantism. By Colonel S. Dewé White, late Bengal Staff Corps. London: Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster Row.

A little book written in true soldierly fashion, with all the positive tone of an officer accustomed to command. The author is a determined opponent of the rampant Semi-Romanism of the Church of England. Beginning with a survey of the rapid advance of Ritualism, he takes his readers back to the seventeenth century to witness the struggles of the Independent, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Romish parties in that stormy period of English Church History; with a view to showing what course should be adopted to-day to arrest the spread of Ritualism. The good Colonel then propounds his remedy, of the efficacy of which he is perfectly sure; and it is this,—Such a revision of the Prayer-book as shall enable the Wesleyans and Presbyterians to be comprehended within the Established Church, in order to strengthen the Protestant element in the church; and such a recognition of the validity of the ordination of those extreme Dissenters, the Independents and Baptists, as shall admit them to preach in the pulpits of the Establishment without being "comprehended." Thus he would unite the Protestant forces against the common foe. All very well, Sir Colonel, but do you not see that the Wesleyans and Presbyterians, the Independents and Baptists, already form part of the Protestant church? that in addition to this they are regiments in the Free Church, and are not likely to throw away their freedom to come under the yoke of the State Church? One sentence of the worthy Colonel (and, indeed, a good many more) we heartily endorse: "If the Establishment of the Church of England be the main hindrance to the promotion of an object so desirable, so especially needed at this crisis, then, though I have not the slightest personal ill-feeling towards a church in which my nearest relations for a century have been and are clergymen, yet I deliberately and thoughtfully say in such a case, "Let it go, let it be terminated as it sprung into existence—by an Act of the Legislature."

The Mosaic Authorship of Deuteronomy. By A. Stewart, LL.D. Nisbet & Co.

The Book of Deuteronomy has suffered much at the hands of the destructive criticism of to-day. It has been regarded by many as the citadel of the Pentateuch, and if it could be stormed, the fight to displace Moses as a Scripture writer would have succeeded. Dr. Stewart has set himself to defend this book, and with considerable critical scholarship and powerful argument has done his work well. He examines in turn the textual and historical difficulties, and after showing how small they are, labours to prove that Moses, and Moses only, could have been its author. We scarcely expect the active opponents of his view to be convinced by his logic; but doubters and waverers will know that still the Pentateuch is held to be the work of Moses, and that their Bible is not yet proved to be a bundle of anonymous tracts.

Ancient Nineveh: a Story for the Young. With numerous Illustrations. Sunday School Union.

For eighteenpence we have in this neat little book a readable epitome of Mr. Layard's invaluable work, together with the "Bible History" and the "Classic History" of "that great city, that dwelt carelessly." Though the author modestly calls the book "a Story for the Young," we may safely hazard the assertion that the majority of Bible readers of larger growth would be quite as much benefited by a knowledge of its contents. Not only would they read the book of Jonah, the prophet, with greater interest, but they would find many allusions to Assyria and Nineveh in Ezekiel made plain, and a flood of light cast upon Nahum and Zephaniah. If our young friends will pay a visit to the British Museum with this interpreter in their hand, or, better still, in their head, they will hear winged bulls and lions tell with lips of alabaster how to the letter the Lord hath fulfilled the words spoken by his servants, the prophets.

On the Border Land. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society.

This is a sweetly pathetic story, and lively withal. Its style, and the absence of any clue to the author, leads us to conclude that it is largely autobiographical. The title has been chosen to describe in a word that transition period, or Border Land, in the life of a young girl of the well-to-do class, between leaving school (or college in America) and entering upon the duties and responsibilities of married life. The aim of the writer is to show that the place of present Christian service and preparation for ever-widening usefulness may be found without going beyond the home circle. "Border Land" is likely to be a favourite with the younger members of American Baptist families, and to lead others to see their duty to follow their Lord fully.

Sunset Thoughts; or, Bible Narratives for the Evening of Life. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Twenty-four chapters, each giving a sketch of the life and character of one of the more notable persons mentioned in the Word of God; with practical lessons drawn therefrom; as, "Isaac; or, Eventide;" "Deborah, Old and Faithful;" "Matthew; or, The Saviour's Call." The anonymous author intends these meditations for aged persons; and where the adage, "Once a man and twice a child" applies, they may be useful, for the observations are simple and commonplace. We fear that old sinners need more trumpet-tongued warnings than any in this book; and we are quite sure that aged saints will ask for stronger and more savoury meat than that which is here provided.

A Present Saviour; or, Great Truths for Earnest Times. By the Rev. R. Shaw Hutton, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A soul-winning little book, just what we could wish to see in the hands of every unconverted man and woman, and we may even add, "and child;" for Mr. Hutton has attained the high art of presenting the gospel in terse and telling sentences, enforcing appeal, invitation, and warning with apt illustration and incident. The book is attractive in appearance, and is sure to be opened by many thoughtless ones, if it is put in their way. May the Holy Spirit greatly bless this testimony to "A Present Saviour."

Scenes and Characters in a Scottish Pastorate. By the Rev. J. R. McGavin, D.D. Dundee: Lundie, 8, Nethergate.

An intensely interesting book, throwing light on the ways of God with men. Dr. McGavin has for thirty years laboured in one large seaport of 100,000 souls, and cannot now walk its streets without meeting everywhere faces that suggest some spiritual association or history. From his wide experience he culls, he says, "a few facts and pictures"—but here are many—for the instruction and profit of others. He speaks of "sheep in the wilderness," of children, their dying scenes and sayings, of sailors and shipwrecks, of consumption and its victims, of the missing and the fallen, of Princes of the people, of sick-bed scenes and lessons, of pictures of old age, and he deals with all as only an experienced pastor can. Ministers and teachers, and indeed all Christians, will find here a full store of instruction and illustration.

St. Patrick's Armour. The Story of the Coombe Ragged School. By the Editor of "Erin's Hope." Dublin: George Herbert, Grafton-street.

This story of the Ragged School in "the Coombe," a poor district of the city of Dublin, is full of pathetic interest. An heroic work for Christ has been accomplished amid much opposition. For the welfare of Ireland such labours are needed, equally with the noble measures of the present Government; for the gospel, after all, is the great uplifter of the fallen. Whoever is interested in the Christ-like work of Ragged Schools, will find here both direction and encouragement.

Footprints in a Pilgrim's Path; or, the Diary of Mary Lord, of Sleaford. London: W. Wileman, Bouverie-street.

The autobiography of a gracious, simple Christian woman, whose experience of her own unworthiness and of Christ's fulness, will find an echo in many a Christian heart. The "Diary" is edited by her pastor.

Juvenile Wit and Humour; or, Five Hundred Wise, Witty, and Waggish Sayings of Young People. Collected by Dr. D. Shearer. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Farrier.

Very good. Collections of juvenile sayings are usually very babyish; but our editor has been tolerably judicious, and has spared comparatively few of the vapid and semi-idiotic sentences in which only fond mothers could discern a trace of wit. These merry fancies may worthily beguile half-an-hour. Here are a few of these youthful sallies:

"A village schoolmaster, in examining a class, asked the boy at the head of it, 'What is artificial manure?' 'I don't know, sir,' said he; and the same reply was given by several others of the children. But a precocious youngster, not yet in his teens, was equal to the occasion, and when it came to his turn, shouted, 'Please, sir, it's the stuff they grow artificial flowers in.'"

"A little girl having been reproached with disobedience, and breaking the commandments of God, sighed, and said to her mother, 'O mamma, those commandments break awfully easy.'"

"A little fellow wanted his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. 'Well,' was the shrewd suggestion, in response, 'You'd better take me now; for when I get bigger I may not want to go.'"

"Papa, can I eat a little more currant tart?' said a little girl one day at dinner. 'No, my child,' he replied, 'I have already said you have had enough.' 'Well, then, papa, why do we so often sing that favourite hymn of yours, where it is said, 'Feed me till I want no more,' enquired she."

"A Sunday-school teacher was endeavouring to impress upon her class the minuteness with which Providence watches over us, and quoted the text which says that the very hairs of our head are numbered. 'Did you say, teacher, that the hairs of my head were all numbered?' asked a sharp little fellow in the class. 'Yes, my dear,' she replied. 'Well, then,' said he, pulling out a hair, and presenting it, 'what's the number of that one?'"

"'Look, here, my boy,' said a stern parent, 'you are telling me a falsehood. I can read it in your face.' 'Why, pa, you can't read a line without your spectacles,' was the matter-of-fact rejoinder."

"A little boy who had committed a fault was punished, and then sent to his room to ask forgiveness of God. His offence was, that he had got into a passion. Anxious to hear what his prayer would be, his mother followed him to the door of his room, where she heard him in lisping accents asking the Lord to make him a better boy, so that he would never be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, 'And, Lord, make ma's temper better, too.'"

The Count and the Showman. Translated from the German. By Janet.

Sunbeam Susette. A story of the Siege of Paris. By Emma Leslie.

Minnie; or, a Child's Path to Heaven. By a late Sunday School Teacher.

Anthony Ker; or, Living it Down. By Mrs. C. M. Clarke. Sunday School Union.

Little booklets of this kind spring up at the Christmas season as plentifully and prettily as buttercups in a meadow in summer-time. We are sometimes inclined to think they may be *about as useful* as those flowers are, yet for the children's sake we may congratulate the Sunday School Union on scattering so abundantly the pleasant pages which, as prize and reward books, will gladden their innocent hearts. There are others of the same style and price.

A Summer in the Life of Two Little Children. By the Author of "The Lilies of the Valley," and other stories. James Nisbet and Co.

A charmingly natural story, and so simple in language and style as to ensure comprehension by the children for whom it is written. If mamma has not the rare gift of relating impromptu tales to her little ones, the next best thing she can do will be to read a chapter or two of this enticing book.

"As Happy as a King"; or, a Plain Book for Occasional Reading. By the Rev. F. Bourdillon. The Religious Tract Society.

A first-rate book, earnest and vigorous, setting forth the way to happiness and heaven plainly and persuasively. We cordially commend it to our readers.

The Barclays of Ury, and other Sketches of the early Friends. By FRANCES ANNE BRIDGE. S. Harris and Co., 5, Bishopsgate Without.

IT has been a means of grace to us to read these sketches. Faith in the invisible is, indeed, a supporting grace under trial, and a quieting power under suffering. These early Friends were not carpet knights, but real men of war, wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickednesses. Their holy patience baffled their foes. Who can vanquish non-resistance? If the Holy Ghost enables a man to be steadfast, unmoveable, what can you do with him? Certainly the foes of the Quakers did their worst. One has no notion of the horrors of loathsome dungeons and putrid cells till such narratives as these are read; but these simple personal annals set the matter before you in a ghastly and affecting light. Yet the Quaker martyrs were as calm and happy in their fever-holes as if they had lodged in the best furnished hotels, and they were as shrewd and self-contained in answering their persecutors as their successors are known to be in their daily business. We have been interested and impressed by the book, and heartily commend it.

Notes.

So far as these notes are personal to the Editor they must needs be brief. Little can be said of a good night's rest; when you can talk about sleep it must have been unrefreshing, and in our experience the most complete restfulness is that in which there are no incidents worthy of record. We have been in a land where the sun's first beams call you to open the window and let in the balmy air; where in midwinter the flowers which exist in our conservatories are flourishing and flowering in the open garden,—this alone is a joy. Added to this the people speak no English, and do not know us by repute, so that when we walk the streets we are not questioned or begged of by every third person. Quite enough of callers are on hand to keep the day from stagnation, but one is sometimes left alone, and this is no mean blessing. Besides, there are the olive gardens and the woods, and here one can be lost to every human eye. As far as perfect repose can be had on earth we have had five weeks of it, and we are thankful. On returning to London we look up with deep anxiety and fervent hope, longing for, and expecting, a blessing.

Mr. Moody's Sabbath at the Tabernacle must be recorded, for we are greatly obliged to him for undertaking the service in the midst of his pressing engagements. The enormous crowds that gathered created a great and serious danger which would have driven most men to despair, but our deacon, Mr. Murrell, faced the difficulty and pushed through it. Extraordinary precautions had to be taken to preserve life and limb. If you have twelve thousand people all eager to get into a building which cannot hold more than six thousand, what can you do? Our seat-holders in the evening most commendably lent their tickets to others, and thus gave a second set of people the opportunity of hearing the great evangelist; but this, of course, did not lessen the heavy pressure of the eager multitude. We see clear evidence that if Messrs. Moody and Sankey again visit London no building will be sufficiently capacious to hold the crowds who will gather to hear them. Their hold upon the multitude has by no means diminished. May the Lord send a great blessing upon their efforts, and may London, on this occasion, have a double portion of the resulting benefit.

While lingering at Cannes upon our way to Mentone, we heard of the lamented death of John Bost, and we exclaimed at once, "What will the epileptics do now?" Three years ago he was in Mentone with us, and we wrote of him as one of the three mighties who visited us in our cave; and now he is with God! Who would have said that he would go first? Yet *we* are spared, and this riper brother has been taken. The Lord grant that it may be for the benefit of his church and the glory of his name. We hear that Mr. Bost was taken home by a stroke, the second which had befallen him.

COLLEGE.—During the past month the following students have become pastors:—Mr. P. Blaikie, at Newcastle-under-Lyme; Mr. W. Bonser, at Burslem, Staffordshire; Mr. J. G. Gibson, at St. Andrew's, N. B.; and Mr. W. Smolden, at Lochee, N. B., in place of our Brother Cameron, who has been obliged to resign in consequence of prolonged illness. Mr. Yeatman has gone to superintend for a time the mission carried on by Mrs. Robert Gladstone, near Liverpool.

The President has also peculiar pleasure in announcing that another Pastors' College student, his son, Thomas Spurgeon, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Auckland, New Zealand, lately under the care of Pastor A. W. Webb.

Mr. S. H. Akehurst has removed from

Harston to Arthur-street, Camberwell. May he enjoy a divine anointing for this most important sphere. Mr. C. Chambers moves from Stoke-on-Trent to Perth, N. B.; Mr. T. G. Gathercole, from Martham to East-street, St. Neot's; and Mr. J. Spauswick, from Northampton to Long Buckby.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Grattan Guinness' magazine, *The Regions Beyond*, that when the last news arrived our late student, Mr. Billington, was in charge of the Banana station on the Congo.

Another of our brethren, Mr. D. Lyall, of the Cameroons Mission, has fallen a victim to the terrible climate of Africa. Very earnestly do we pray that his young widow may be divinely sustained under this sore trial. In this African Mission the world may clearly see the patience of the saints, and the unconquerable heroism which will die to win Africa for Christ.

The Missionary Herald for last month contained the joyful news that Brother W. J. White had baptized another Japanese convert. This fruit of his labours greatly cheered him when he was in deep waters through the death of his wife.

The students re-assemble after the Christmas holidays on *Monday, Jan.* 16. Several have settled lately, and others are preaching with a view to the pastorate, but we have not judged it wise to receive any fresh men with the exception of a few whom we have long promised to admit when we could find room for them. The funds of the College have not been augmented much during the President's absence, although the outgoings have been as heavy as usual; but he supposes the donors have been waiting for his return, and that there will now be a golden rain upon this portion of the Lord's vineyard committed to his care. Even his love to the Orphanage cannot make him place the College in the second rank. No amount of sympathy for the widow and the fatherless will ever make him forget the important work of training men to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Our esteemed friend, Professor Selway, who has for twenty years delivered courses of scientific lectures to the students of the College, now finds that his other work takes up all his time; therefore he has asked us to find a substitute, and we have secured the services of Mr. Frank R. Cheshire. We cannot allow Mr. Selway to retire without expressing our profound regard for him, and our sincere gratitude for his faithful and zealous services.

The students' secretary reports that he has received for the *College stall at the Bazaar* a box of articles from Mrs. Sims, Nottingham; a contribution from "an old student and his wife"; parcels from Miss Coope, Somerton; Pastors M. Mather, Holbeach; E. Morley, Halstead; H. A. Fletcher, Aylesbury; and G. D. Cox and friends, Melton Mowbray; and promises of help from Brethren Mackey, Southampton; Marshall, Birmingham; Rankine, Guildford; Sharp, Twerton-on-Avon; Kemp, Langham; Anderson, Dalton-in-Furness; Wilson, Redcar; and Jeffery, Folkestone. We feel sure that the College will in this case, as in all past instances, occupy a first-class position in the common effort for the orphans.

EVANGELISTS.—One of our helpers, who has attended almost all Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at the Tabernacle, has sent us an interesting summary of the meetings; but as Tabernacle friends have been upon the spot we will only say in print that we rejoice in the evident blessing which has rested upon the labours of these two admirable servants of God. The attendance upon the services has not been all that the brethren looked for, but the cases of blessing are many. In all places to which they have gone these brethren have won the confidence and love of those with whom they have laboured, and none have spoken against them but those who know nothing of them.

It is with regret that we have seen in a Baptist newspaper certain criticisms upon our Evangelists. We cannot conceive that any useful purpose can be served by such strictures except that they will be overruled to drawing greater attention to these useful workers. We expect men of the world to find fault with well-intended endeavours to draw the masses to hear the gospel, but we hardly looked for it from brethren in Christ. When an assault comes from them, it is peculiarly trying, for one is apt to say, "It was not an enemy; then I could have borne it." Yet, as the motive and intent of the criticisms were, no doubt, excellent, the best way is to learn all we can from them, and think no more of them. It will be long before all good men will be agreed upon modes of operation; almost as long, we fear, before all earnest men will cease from hard speeches; we must, therefore, get on as well as we can with our brethren, and love them none the less for being a little acid now and then. The extraordinary liberties which some are taking with all the proprieties may well drive our older friends into their growleries: we feel half inclined to go into our own when the wind is in the east, and when we have just read something specially outrageous.

One thing we have fished out of the sea of words which has lately surged around us, and this has been considerably to our comfort: our brethren appear to have been censured all the more heartily because their preaching has a decidedly Calvinistic tone. This reconciles us to all the censorious remarks. Evidently their doctrine is the head and front of their offending, and we hope they will always remain liable to the like condemnation. *We* might have found fault with zealous brethren for their Arminianism; but we have not done so, because we regarded it as a frequent infirmity of noble minds; we will not exact the like generosity from all upon the other side, but we wish

they could manifest it spontaneously. Thank God, the bulk of them do so.

We have received, with many thanks, £50 for the Evangelists' Fund from our Brother Sawday's friends, as a thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Vernon Chapel; and a similar sum from Mr. Stott's good people at Abbey-road.

Encouraging reports of *Mr. Burnham's* visits have been received from Winslow, Bucks; Southwell, Notts; and Mirfield, Birkby, and Staincliffe, Yorkshire. It is very remarkable that for a long time nearly every account of our brother's work has closed with the expression of regrets that, just when the greatest success and blessing have been attending his labours, he has been obliged to move on to fulfil his next engagement. This may suggest to brethren who are arranging services that, in most instances, even in villages or small towns, it will be wise to secure the evangelist's help for a fortnight at least, as experience has proved that a week's meetings, as a rule, bring the preacher and the people into full sympathy with one another and with the work, and prepare them for a greater measure of blessing than is generally realized at the beginning of the services.

ORPHANAGE.—Before this number of the magazine can be in the hands of most of our readers, the Christmas festivities will be all over, though not forgotten by the boys and girls at Stockwell. At the time when these "Notes" were made up the contributions for this object were coming in, and doubtless all that will be needed will be forthcoming from one source or another. In the name of the lads and lasses we make a profound bow to all our kind friends, and say, "THANK YOU." Then we wave our hat, and hundreds of voices shout out three hearty cheers for one and all who remembered the orphans.

Early in December Mr. Charlesworth and his choir visited Southampton and Portsmouth. They have always had a warm reception when they have gone to these places before, but Mr. Charlesworth says they never had such large and enthusiastic meetings as they have had on this occasion. Very heartily do we thank our Southern friends for again helping the Orphanage so soon after having given us collections at the Baptist Union services. We are also very grateful to all at Southend and Maidenhead who contributed to the success of the orphans' visits to those towns.

Just as we were threatened with another illness, the cheering news reached us that under the will of the late Robert Nicholson, Esq., of Dumfries, the Orphanage will receive from £1,500 to £2,000, as a thankoffering for the comfort derived by the testator from reading our sermons. We are very thankful for such generous remembrance of our work, but beg to inform our readers that the bequest only takes effect twelve months hence, and meanwhile our large family must still depend upon the constant care of numerous helpers who regularly send to us as the orphans' Father prompts them. We are grateful to say that we have no cause for immediate anxiety, and all we desire is that as we increase the number of girls under our care our income should grow in like proportion.

The great event this month is, of course, the grand BAZAAR in aid of the fund for the completion of the Girls' Orphanage. This is to be held in the Lecture-hall and School-rooms, which occupy the entire area under the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on *Tuesday, Jan. 3rd, and three following days.* Mr. Murrell and his army of assistants are working hard to prepare the rooms for the reception of the goods, the stall-keepers are all vieing with one another to see which can render most help to the orphan girls, and we do not know anything that is needed now except a host of purchasers to come and clear the stalls of the useful and ornamental articles that will be on sale. In addition to the contributions in cash and goods, acknowledged on other pages, we have received some choice Indian work from our good friend, Mr. J. Gelson Gregson, and another parcel is on its way from Constantinople. Several of the American denominational papers have asked their readers to send help for the Bazaar Fund, and we expect many will respond to the appeal, for we have large numbers of friends on the other side of the Atlantic. While distant lands are thus remembering our work it is not likely that sympathy will be lacking at home, and we now give the heartiest possible invitation to all in town or country, who love the widow and fatherless, to come to the Bazaar, or to send us a brick, or a plank, or a window, or a door, or a room, that the whole block of buildings needed for the proper accommodation of two hundred and fifty girls may speedily be completed.

COLPORTAGE.—At the beginning of another year we call attention again to the immense good which is being done by the Colportage Association. Could the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* visit the depôt at magazine-time, when the monthly periodicals are ready to be despatched to the colporteurs, it would help them to realize more vividly how widespread is the extent of this work. Here are huge piles of all the best periodicals published, from the halfpenny monthly for the children to the sedate and erudite sixpenny and sevenpenny magazine for the more advanced. Many thousands of these, besides Bibles and other good books, are carried by our agents every month, some of them into remote country villages, and others into busy manufacturing towns; and God is blessing the reading of these silent messengers. Will our readers pray for the colporteurs, as they go on their ofttimes lonely rounds, now selling a book or giving a tract, then conversing with the

labourer at work or the wife busy at home, about the welfare of the soul; now addressing a band of cottagers in some village-kitchen, then whispering words of comfort into the ear of the suffering or dying? Here is an evangelist and a bookseller in one person. We want to have at least one hundred colporteurs at work forthwith. Seventy-two are already employed; but what are these compared with the need existing? Thousands of souls are perishing in our rural districts for want of a knowledge of the gospel. Ignorance and vice abound, while Ritualism and infidelity are busy trying to deepen the darkness already existing. The colporteur does not supplant, but helps all other Christian workers of whatever denomination.

Mr. R. E. Mackenzie, our recently-appointed travelling secretary, reports that he has received guarantees for a new colporteur in Tewkesbury and Cheltenham districts. Our general fund needs increased help to keep pace with the extra cost of opening new districts, consequently contributions, large or small, will be at all times thankfully received.

PERSONAL NOTE.—Our son Tom, in a letter recently written to his mother from Auckland, enclosed a portion torn off an old Australian paper, concerning which he sends the following interesting particulars:—"This scrap of newspaper has been given to me by a town-missionary here, who regards it as a very precious relic. It came to him from a man who died in the hospital, and bequeathed it to his visitor as a great treasure. It is a portion of the *Melbourne Argus*, and of father's sermon ('Loving Advice for Anxious Seekers,' No. 735). The man found it on the floor of a hut in Australia, and was brought by its perusal to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He kept it carefully while he lived (for it was discoloured and torn when he found it), and on his death-bed he gave it to the missionary as the only treasure he had to leave behind him. I thought dear father might like to have it in his book; if not, send it back to me that I may return it to its owner, who says he often feels encouraged by glancing at it. It was his desire, however, that I should send it home, that the dear preacher might be encouraged."

The following paragraph may be of use to those of our readers who distribute books and tracts. The parcels are marvellous, both for quantity, quality, and price.

Very great has been the desire on the part of clergymen and mission-workers to avail themselves of the liberal offer made by the "British Gospel Book Association." Far more than the 20,000 volumes of Miss Havergal's book will be needed to supply the requests for it, and therefore the same donor has not only decided to double the grant, and send out another 20,000 volumes, but also to pay the cost of distributing £2,000 worth of halfpenny and penny books at the same rate, viz., QUARTER PRICE. Many of these books are by Miss Havergal, and some by Mrs. Pennefather and Mr. Haslam, and they are among the most attractively got-up books that we have seen. Distributors can get a £2 parcel for 10s., or a £4 parcel for 20s. Applications for these books must be sent direct to the "Secretary," British Gospel Book Association, 3, Hackins Hey (Exchange), Liverpool.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Dec. 1st, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Victoria Baptist Church, Wandsworth Road, per Pastor E. Henderson ...	5	0	0
Mr. Francis Pool	2	2	0
Mr. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
A Widow's Thankoffering, A.K. ...	5	0	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	1	0	0
Collection at Holbeach, per Pastor M. Mather	0	18	4
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Mr. G. Harris	10	0	0
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. William Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	3	0	0
Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0

				£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—						
Mrs. J. O. Cooper				1	1	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...				1	1	0
Mr. Andrew Richardson...				1	0	0
Mrs. James Withers, profit on Sale of Books... ...				4	4	0
Mrs. John Leach				0	10	0
Mr. Robert Oakshott ...				0	10	0
James Withers				0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller				0	5	0
					9	1 0
Half-yearly Subscription:—						
Mrs. S. Brown					1	0 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—						
November	20	...	...	50	0 0	
,,	27	...	...	42	1 0	
December	4	...	...	40	0 0	
,,	11	...	...	38	7 11	
					170	8 11
					£221	11 3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
J. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Pool...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. John Bunker	1	0	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0
Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0
In memory of Miss Ruth Hall, of Shipley, per Pastor C. A. Davis ...	100	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Baker	0	12	0
Stamps from Wick...	0	6	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer	1	0	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Arran	0	10	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. M. Whittle	1	1	0
S. H.	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. John Campben	4	15	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon...	5	0	0
Moffat	0	5	0
Young Men's Bible Class, Westbourne Grove Chapel	2	2	0
Our Thankoffering, Stratford-on-Avon	1	0	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	0	7	0
John Glover...	0	5	0
A Friend, per Miss Cockshaw	4	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. Kerr...	0	3	2
Proceeds of Services of Song by Orphanage Choir :—			
Southend 21 8 0			
Maidenhead 23 9 11			
	44	17	11
Mr. D. Verity	3	3	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	1	0
Miss Brooks...	0	2	0
"Threepence per week"	0	3	3
"Sixpence per week"	0	9	0
George Ronald	0	1	6
"From 15, Knowle Road"	0	2	6
Mrs. Tutcher	1	0	0
Per Pastor W. V. Young, Tring :—			
Collected by Miss Strickland 4 10 0			
Collected by Miss Smith ... 4 3 6			
Collected by Mrs. Young .. 1 16 6			
Collected by Miss Grace ... 1 15 0			
Collected by Miss Grange 0 17 0			
Collected by Miss Mead ... 0 10 0			
	13	12	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Timpson (sale of plate)	11	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Wainwright	1	1	0
Mr. Hart	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins	0	10	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Mrs. Green, per Mr. Murrell	3	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Nov. 1.. ...	2	2	0
"Church of England," Thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	10	0	0
R. W. M., Belfast...	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
Collected by the Bogmuchal Band of Hope	0	10	0
Mrs. T. Hooley	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss Janet Wood	1	1	0
S. X.	10	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell's Bible-class, Rye ...	0	12	6
Miss Lucy Holloway	0	5	0
Miss J. Sproule	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Keely	0	2	6
"Freely ye have received, freely give".	0	2	6
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	5	0
Mrs. Jas. Smith	1	1	0
A. B. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	0	10	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
A. F., Weston-super-Mare	1	1	0
A Widow, Yeovil	2	0	0
A Widow's Mite, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Hassall	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Bowker	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	1	0	0
Two little Boys and their Mother ...	0	15	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Barrat	0	11	0
F. G. B.	0	2	6
Stamps from Bath	0	2	6
Mrs. Bew	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Rothesay Boys' and Girls' Religious Society	1	14	6
Mrs. S. Arnold	2	2	0
T. H.	0	2	0
For Christmas Dinner:—			
Mrs. Appleton 1 0 0			
"A little help," T. H. C.... 0 4 0			
Mr. G. H. Bateman ... 0 5 0			
Mr. John Storey 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Wilson 0 5 0			
Mrs. Chas. R. Stevens, per Miss Nellie Withers ... 0 10 6			
Mr. Henry Smith 2 2 0			
A Lover of Jesus 0 10 0			
A Member of the Church of England 0 2 6			
Jane Matthews 0 5 0			
E. J. and A. K. J.... ... 0 5 0			
An old Shepherd, Langholm 0 10 0			
"Endymion" 0 10 0			
D. P. 0 5 0			
Mr. Robert Rymnan 2 10 0			
Mr. William McNorton ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. M. Virtue 1 1 0			
A lover of little children ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Susan Barlow... ... 1 10 0			
Per Miss Lizzie Culver :—			
Rev. S. F. Bridge 0 5 0			
Miss L. Blackford 0 5 0			
Mr. S. E. Culver... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Gurney ... 0 10 0			
Miss Lizzie Culver 0 10 0			
2 0 0			
	15	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mrs. Weston	1	0	0
Miss Burls	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers, Reading :—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton ... 2 2 0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Jas. Boorne 0 10 0			
A Friend at Leicester, per J. Lawson Forfiett ... 0 7 7			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 0 5 0			
James Withers 0 5 0			
H. Cooper 0 1 1			
	5	12	8
Per. F. R. T. :—			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
Mr. Airey 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
	£316	6	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to Dec. 14th (Boys' Division).—PROVISIONS:—Ten sacks of Potatoes, W. Hogbin; Currants, Valencias, Peel, and Nutmegs, Mrs. Reynolds; 5 lbs. Sweets and some Nuts, G. Thompson; 3 half cases Valencias, half case Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, and 1 lb. Spice, J. T. Daintree; box of Grocery, Thompson Brothers; 2 half cases Valencias, 2 half cases Currants, and 3 boxes Peel, Mr. Llewellyn; 3 barrels Apples, Mr. J. Hill; 2 sacks of Potatoes, H. Steed; 1 sack Potatoes, G. A. Veasey; 4 barrels Apples and 6 bottles Raspberry Vinegar, Mrs. Hamilton; 6 barrels Apples (produce of Orphanage tree), Mr. and Mrs. Chesterman; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. Cocks; 1 case Oranges, 1 bag Nuts, Mr. Arthur E. Corin.

CLOTHING:—39 Articles, G. Thompson; 26 Articles, Miss Lottie Grove; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 4 Shirts, Miss Gentry; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, A. F., Weston.

(Girls' Division).—CLOTHING:—Fifty-three Articles, 24 yards Alpaca, and 5 Dolls, Mr. G. Thompson; 26 Articles, Miss Lottie Grove; 4 Pinafores, M. and E. A. Newton; 3 Articles, an old Lady at Balham; 3 lengths Table Cloth, R. E. Walker; 11 Articles, Mrs. Welford.

FOR THE BAZAAR (*per Mr. Charlesworth*):—Thirty-eight Articles, A. Laker; a box of Articles, Schoolmasters' College, Durham; 26 Articles, G. Ratcliffe, New Zealand (an old Orphanage boy); a Parcel, Mrs. Critchett; a Parcel, Style and Gerrish; 4 Wool Coverlets, Lee and Boyd; case of Articles, Mr. Dunnett; case of Ornaments, etc., Mr. Man; a China Plate with View of Orphanage, Miss Harper; 2 Bronze Card Trays, Mrs. White; 31 Articles, Mrs. Freeman and Miss Boulder; Children's Toys, Miss Daintree; Sofa Cushion, Miss Rodgers; a Parcel, Miss Moncrieff and friends; 2 pairs Boots, Mr. Leeson; a Parcel, Mr. Feltham and friends; 7 Illustrated Books and 2 Articles, Mr. Farmer; 7 Articles, the Misses Wright and Southgate; Antimacassar (crewel), Miss Powell; 5 Articles, Miss Strickland; 5 Articles, Mr. R. B. Brown; Knitted Quilt, J. Phillips; Sundry Articles, an old Lady of 81; 2 pieces Needlework, Mrs. Hewett; 3 pairs Woollen Cuffs, Miss Keay; Parcel, Miss Dawson; 2 pairs Woollen Shoes and a Book, Miss Hindley; a Gold Brooch and pair Earrings, Mr. Standring; a Collar, Mr. G. Thomson; 31 Articles, Miss Lottie Grove; 10 Articles, N. C.; 33 Articles, Mrs. Fancy and A. Goodale; pair Bracelets, Perthshire; Patchwork Counterpane, Anon.; pair Braces, N. W.; 41 Articles, Mrs. Beeton; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; a Case of Articles, S. Sargeant; Crochet Quilt, Mr. Jordan; 9 Articles, Mrs. Roberts; a Parcel, H. Wright; 13 Articles, Miss Castle and Friends; 18 Articles, Mrs. Rice; a Shawl and an Antimacassar, Mrs. Wright; 2 Articles, Mrs. E. Figg; 28 Articles, The Misses Garratt; 6 Frocks and other Articles, Miss Smither; a Box of Articles and a Suit of Clothes, M. A. Munday; 21 Articles, Mrs. Drew; Wool Shawl, Miss Coates; 2 Dresses and Embroidery, Mrs. Tutcher, Chard; 35 Articles, Mrs. Allen and Friends; Lace Antimacassar, E. Strickland; Honiton Lace Handkerchief and Case, M. James; 3 Crochet Articles and 4 pairs Woollen Cuffs, Anon.; a Box of Articles, Isabel Keat; 5 Articles, E. G. Newport; small Parcel, A. Howlett; Hardware and Sundry Articles, F. P. Chard; 6 Articles and some Crochet, E. G. Wasing; pair Mats, Lizzie Oliver; 20 Articles, Landport; 9 Netted Antimacassars, Mrs. Murray, Malines, Belgium; 16 Articles, Anon.; 3 Crochet Dresses and 3 Mats, Mrs. Morris; Sofa Cushion, Mrs. Cole; 8 Articles, Miss Tuck; 3 Articles, Miss Bessie Cole; 15 Articles Underclothing and Set of Mats, Mrs. Harris, Portsea; 19 Articles, Mrs. Newbold; a large parcel of Articles, a friend, per C. M. Mee; 2 Water Colour Drawings, Mr. F. Renard; box of Articles, Mrs. Muir; box of Articles, Miss Ackland; 9 Articles, Miss Kersey; a Parcel, Sarah Brown, 14 Articles, Mrs. A. Allen; 2 Articles, Mrs. Welford; a Parcel, Miss Mary Lorne; a Parcel, Mrs. Arnold; 4 Articles, J. A. Scott; a Parcel, Mrs. Hart and daughters; 3 Articles, E. A. Hastings; 15 Articles, Mrs. Dexter.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Blyth, per Pastor G. H. Kemp	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Brown	1	10	0
Friends in Eildon, N.B.	0	8	0
In memory of Miss Sarah Ann Wilcock, of Shipley, per Pastor C. A. Davis ...	100	0	0
Collected by Miss Harridue	0	10	6
Miss Whitford, per Pastor J. S. Paige	0	2	6
Mr. G. M. W. Mills	5	0	0
A Widow's Mite, Norwich	0	10	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer	1	0	0
A Widow's Thankoffering, A. K. ...	5	0	0
L. S.	0	2	6
S. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Leask	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus...	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel B. Clark	5	0	0
A grateful Sermon-reader, Croydon ...	0	5	0
A., after reading "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	5	0
Stamps from Aylsham	0	5	0
A New Year's Offering, F. K. K.	0	2	6
Mr. S. C. Sharp, the produce of an apple-tree	0	10	0
Walter Johnston	0	5	0
George Fishbourne	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Paine	1	1	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. J. Patterson	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	10	0	0
Mr. E. J. Gorringe...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
A Servant Girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	5	0
"A foe to evil-speaking"	0	10	0
"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
M., after reading "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	2	6
Maria	0	5	0
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Forman	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	1	0	0
X., Norwich	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Ryman...	10	0	0
Mr. E. Bew	0	10	0
A Baptist at Margate	1	0	0
An Invalid who does not expect recovery	0	5	0
Miss H. Best	1	0	0
Miss L. Best	1	0	0
An Invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
For Bazaar:—			
Per Mrs. Harper, Coalbrookedale:—			
Mrs. W. Dunbar	0	5	0
Mrs. Southorn ...	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Southorn	0	2	6
Mrs. Harper ...	0	11	6
	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Pool	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Carter	1	0	0
Miss Roberts	1	0	0
Miss E. Few...	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Doers	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Palmer (sale of work)	2	0	0
S. R. E., Trowbridge ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Dods and Friends ..	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Samuel	1	0	0
A sincere Well-wisher ...	0	5	0
	9	19	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
	£175	18	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. H. Dean, for Sittingbourne ...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	20	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Cheddar District	6	5	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association for Accrington District	20	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Maldon District	5	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission... ...	7	10	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham District	10	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Horley ...	10	0	0
E. S. for Repton District	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington District (quarterly)	5	0	0
	£183	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Collections in Metropolitan Tabernacle	85	5	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	1	0	0
W. M.	0	2	6
P. W. A.	5	0	0
M. A. N.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	1	0
Executor of the late Mrs. S. Colston ...	18	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Andrew Dunn...	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Brown (half-yearly)	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Messrs. Holder and Stoughton ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. G. McGregor	1	1	0
Mr. W. Izard	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Mrs. A. L. Brande...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
	£126	3	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Annie Rushworth, two birthday gifts, per Pastor C. A. Davis...	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Southwell, Notts	1	7	6
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville	50	0	0
Balance of Collection at Mirfield, per Mr. Burnham	3	12	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Barkby, Yorkshire	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Abbey-road Chapel, St. John's-wood	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£108	5	0

Received, with best thanks, from J. H. S., for Church Poor, £5; College, £2 10s.; Orphanage, £2 10s. From Mr. Henry Imbusch, Cyprus, for College, £1; Orphanage, £1; Girls' Orphanage Bazaar, £3.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

"Over this our War Cry,—Victory! Victory!"

"Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors: and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."—Isaiah liii. 12.

OUR great concern is concerning Christ. "For him shall constant prayer be made." It does not much matter what becomes of us, the common soldiers, so long as our great Captain is to the front. As the men of Napoleon's Old Guard could defy death for themselves, but were ever anxious about the emperor, so every loyal soldier of Christ feels that the one question in the present conflict is, "How goes it with the King?" Is he crowned? Is he exalted? Is he winning his way among the sons of men? Brothers, it may be that our star is waning. Does it matter, if *his* sun is reaching its noon? It may happen that the company with which we are associated is not so much to the front as it used to be, and the regimental flag is in the rear, but what of that? Let us do the best we can to retrieve its honour; but, after all, the main consideration is the royal standard. Where is that? "Let my name perish," said Whitefield, "but let Christ's name last for ever." Such a feeling should actuate us all. What are we, my brethren, and what is our father's house? What if ten thousand of us should fall merely to fill a ditch for him to march over? What if he took the whole of us and crushed us to the dust, if he were lifted an inch the higher, it were none too costly sacrifice for such a One as he is, who has redeemed us unto God by his precious blood.

Our first and last concern is about the result of our great warfare in

regard to Christ; and my text will be consoling to your hearts in proportion as you are consecrated to Christ. If you are a worker for Jesus, and your heart is tremulous for the cause of God,—if you feel dismayed at times, and often anxious about the progress of the kingdom,—such an assurance as this will be like a voice from the Comforter himself. It is the Father who speaks, and he says concerning the Well-beloved, "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong."

I. The first truth taught us here is that THE VICTORY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IS SURE.

Sure, first, because *these words are a divine promise;* and every word of promise that comes from God is established. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" If God has said, "I will divide him a portion," that portion shall be divided. If the Lord has declared that he shall divide the spoil with the strong, who is he that shall keep him back from the prey? We might have doubted if this word had been a prediction as to the probabilities of the life of this religion or of that; we might have supposed that the religion of Christ would be crushed out by rougher faiths that could use the carnal weapon, or that its exceeding spirituality might cause it to wither away in an atmosphere so uncongenial. We might, I say, have had some trembling because of the ark of the Lord if this had been a mere inference or opinion; but we have none now; for as surely as this book is the infallible Word of God, so surely must Christ win the day. As surely as God cannot lie, so surely must he upon whom the Lord laid the iniquity of men, rise from all his sorrows to a glorious victory.

The text is a promise placed very singularly in connection with facts which have been accomplished. We are told that Christ shall divide the spoil with the strong, but that promise is set side by side with the declaration that he is "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Just as surely, then, as that part of the prophecy is fulfilled in which Christ suffers, so surely shall that be fulfilled in which he triumphs. You have no doubt whatever about his being taken from prison and from judgment, about his making his grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death. Well, the same book and the same chapter which contains the prophecy of those sorrowful facts contains this prophecy that he shall divide the spoil with the strong. Therefore the ultimate victory of Christ is made sure by a divine promise.

Notice, moreover, that it is *the Father himself who here puts forth his hand to guarantee the victory.* He writes, "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great." "*I* will do it; I will see that he conquers; I will see that he has the reward of his labour. My own right hand and my holy arm shall so be with him that he shall tread down his enemies, and he shall take from them mountains of prey." Who is this that saith "I will divide him a portion?" It is he at whose voice the earth trembles.

> "The pillars of heaven's starry roof
> Tremble and start at his reproof."

When he says "I *will do it,*" who shall stay his hand or resist his

will? God, the everlasting Father, has staked his honour and his glory upon the success of Christ. I make bold to say that if Christ win not the world, and if he be not crowned King of kings and Lord of lords, it is not Jesus that is dishonoured so much as the Great Father by whom he was ordained, sent, and anointed. The stain would not only be upon the manhood but upon the Godhead too; for God himself appointed the Lord Jesus, and said of him—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He must see the Messiah through with it. It is the pleasure of the Lord that is in his hand, and that pleasure must prosper there, or else God's name would be dishonoured. How sure I am that Jesus will win the victory.

I am delighted to notice a change of expression in the next sentence. *The Son of God himself also puts hand to the work of ultimate victory.* Read the text again. "Therefore *will I* divide him a portion," "and *he shall* divide." God gives him the victory, and he takes it himself. The Father grants it, and the Son grasps it by his own right hand. The glorious Jehovah cries, "He shall divide," and the ever-blessed Son of the Highest as a conqueror comes forth actually to divide the spoil. Oh, my brethren, Jesus is as gentle as a lamb; but I might say of him as they of the Red Sea said of Jehovah, "The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name." This Lamb is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and who shall stand before him when he goes forth to war? Who shall rouse him up? They that came against him to take him in the days of his humiliation stumbled and fell when he utttered the words, "I AM"; and if the full power of that "I AM" had been let loose upon them they had not merely staggered to their falling, but each man among them had stumbled into his grave. It is he that stilled the waves upon Genessaret: it is he that ruled the powers of the deep, and made the devils fly at his bidding: if he putteth his hand to the battle, woe to those that strive against him! The defeat of Christ! Laugh the idea to scorn. Nay, the thorn-crowned Prince is victorious. Well spake the apostate Julian in his dying moments, "Nazarene, thou hast conquered." All his foes will have to own it. In the day of judgment trembling, and in the lowest pit of hell despairing, they shall acknowledge his supremacy. The despised and rejected of men with rod of iron shall break his enemies in pieces; yea, he shall break them in pieces like potters' vessels. "Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, O ye judges of the earth: kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

That is the first thing, then; the Christ will conquer. It is a divine promise; its fulfilment is guaranteed by the Father, it will certainly be achieved by the Son.

II. Secondly, THE VICTORY IS AS GLORIOUS AS IT IS SURE: "Therefore will I divide him a portion *with the great*."

The great King rewards our Champion. You have heard of great champions who have been knighted on the battle-field by their sovereigns: deeds of special prowess have been thus rewarded. Others, amid the acclamations of their troops and while yet their hands were unwashed from gore, have been crowned on the field only because of their superior valour and the decisive nature of the battle. Now, what is it to be knighted or crowned by kings or nations? It is as nothing. But to be

crowned of God! For God himself to give the reward in the light of eternity! What must such a victory be? I trow that many an act which man applauds is despised by the Most High, and many a fierce fight that has stirred the heart of nations, and made the poets ring out their hymns for centuries, has been not only despicable but abominable in the sight of the Most High. But when God rewards, what must be the glory of the achievement! And here we have it: God, even the Father, the selfsame one whom it pleased to bruise his Son, when he made the iniquity of us all to meet upon him—that selfsame God who knows all things, and weighs all things aright, and is the very source and soul of honour, he shall crown our Lord Jesus. Must it not be a glorious victory? He has crowned him; he is crowning him; he shall continue to crown him; for thus it is written, "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great."

The glory of this victory may be seen, next, not only in the reward coming from so high a source, but from *its being manifestly a great reward in the esteem of men*, since our Lord is to have "*a portion with the great.*" It is difficult to say what makes a great man. When I look over the lists of great men some of them seem to me to be very little; but still men have among themselves a sort of standard by which to measure, and they say of such and such persons that they are "great." From different points of view they are so. Now, Christ is to have a portion with the great. Perhaps you have been grieved to see how certain ungodly men in these times make nothing of Christ; like Herod, they set him at nought; but these people are mostly very second-rate individuals, of small account even among their own order. Almost all intelligent men, even if they do not accept all that Christ says, agree that he is a great man, and many confess that there never was such another man as he. There have been sceptics whose admiration of Christ has been extreme. I, for one, cannot understand how any honest mind can do other than reverence his marvellous character and the grandeur of the truths which he has revealed. He is great, inexpressibly great, and the day will come, must come, is every day coming nearer, when Christ will be seen even by his enemies to be supremely great. His cross to-day towers o'er the wrecks of time, and he himself rises before my faith's vision so much above all the sons of men, that I see all philosophies, theories, and human dogmas crouching at his feet. His victories are not victories among pigmies, but victories among the great, such as shall make all men see that he himself is the greatest of the great.

My brethren, think for a minute what a battle Christ has waged with all the powers of evil; with all the wit, and craft, and unbelief, and pride, and lust of man; with all the foul devices, and cruelties, and wickednesses of the devil, and all the principalities and powers that obey his bidding; and with death and all that goes with it, and shall come of it. Against all these he has set the battle in array, and over all these he has triumphed, so that he divides the spoil with the great. Thy adversaries, O Prince Emmanuel, are not such as a common warrior might rout; they are foemen worthy of thy steel. What desperate tugs they gave thee when they forced the bloody sweat from out thee in the moment of thy sternest wrestling; but thou hast flung them to the ground, and trodden down strength.

Of course this language can only be used as speaking part of the truth, because the portion which God has given to his dear Son is indisputably greater than the greatest things that earth can hold. I take it that the question that Christ has come to answer is the greatest question that ever moved eternity. The work that Christ has come to do is the grandest work that ever stirred the ages. It is God's work and God's question. How shall evil be driven out of the world? How shall justice, without a stain, smile on a sinner? How shall God be seen as the holy One with all the glory of his character manifested, receiving to his bosom the guilty sons of men? The grandest work that e'er was done of God himself Christ has come to perform, and not only has he his portion with the great, but of all the great he is the greatest, and his portion is above their portion. They are not to be mentioned in the selfsame day.

Notice, too, that a part of the description of this victory represents *the Lord as himself dividing the spoil "with the strong."* Not merely with great enemies did Christ wrestle, but with strong powers. I might give you a hundred illustrations of this, but I prefer to give you one. When the Lord Jesus Christ came into my heart—came to battle there—he did, indeed, divide the spoil with the strong, for I was strong-willed, and desperately set on mischief, and for a while I was in the hand of a strong despair, out of which it seemed impossible that I should escape. The bands which held me were of iron, tough as steel, hardened in the fires of hell; and yet this day I am his, for he has won me, and taken the prey from the mighty. I have been just now to see our venerable Elder White. He is dying. I looked at his venerable beard as he sat up in the bed, and I looked at the bright face that shone above it, and I was charmed at the joyful sight. He said, "I have no trouble; I have not a troubled thought; I am the happiest man in the world; I am going home, and I rejoice in it; though I am perfectly satisfied to wait." Death is just nothing at all to him. Just like a dear sister who went from us some time ago: when I went to see her, you might have thought she was going to be married, she was so happy in prospect of departing. Charles Wesley once said, "They may say what they will about Methodism, but our people die well." That is my comfort: our people die well, they die gloriously triumphant in the Lord. When I think of it I can see how my Lord divides the spoil with the strong. Death comes and he says, "That is mine." He has taken the poor, wrinkled body; and Christ smiles, and lets him have it; for he takes for his share the soul, the life, and as he bears him off he takes the best part of the spoil. He has left death the husk, but he has himself secured the kernel. Yea, the day will come when he will take the body, too, out of the custody of death; for not a wreck or a rag of all his saints shall remain in the domains of death. There is a resurrection of dead bodies as well as an immortality of spirits. Glory be to Christ. In this way, here and hereafter, he divides the spoil with the strong. Strong is death, but stronger still the omnipotent Son of God.

There is another aspect under which we may speak of the glory of Christ's victory; *he will share it with his people.* The second paragraph of the text is, "he shall divide the spoil with the strong." That is, he will divide it out, and allot portions to all those who came to the help of the

Lord against the mighty. Just as David after Ziklag when he had taken the prey from the Amalekites, sent portions all round to his friends in Judah, so when the King Eternal takes the spoil, he will give a share to you and to me, if we have been faithful to him. There shall be a portion e'en for us whom the Lord made strong for himself in the day of battle. Does it not make your heart laugh to think of it? Jesus wins the victory, but he will not enjoy it alone; he will glorify his people. Even the sick folk that go not down to the battle shall have their share of the spoil; for this is David's law, and the law of the Son of David, that they that abide with the stuff shall share with those that go down to the fight. He will give to each faithful sufferer or worker a portion of the prey. Make haste, O champion, make haste to give to everyone of us a prey of divers colours, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil!

III. Thus we have seen that *Christ will win the victory, and the victory will be glorious.* Now let us declare, thirdly, that THE RESULTS OF THIS VICTORY WILL BE VERY SUBSTANTIAL.

Let me remind you that, in consequence of what our Lord has done, *myriads of souls will be redeemed.* How many will escape from sin and death and hell to live for ever is not revealed. We have every reason to believe that a number that no man can number, out of every nation, and people, and kindred, and tongue, shall praise their redeeming Lord. Christ's death will not spend its force in the conversion of here and there one, but he will see of the travail of his soul and will be satisfied; and we are convinced that no little thing will satisfy him. The great result of our Lord's death will be the eternal salvation of myriads untold.

Next to that will be *the overthrow of every form of evil* which now reigns in the world, and the extermination of religious falsehood, vice, drunkenness, war, and every horrible mischief born of the fall and of human depravity. Christ will conquer these, and there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. For ever and ever boundless honours shall be given to Christ for his victory over every force of evil. The seed of the woman shall trample on the serpent.

As the result of Christ's death *Satan's power will be broken.* He will no longer go forth to rule among the nations.

Death also will have lost its dominion over the sons of men. The Son of David shall restore that which he took not away. More than our first father lost shall Christ bring back. There shall be glory substantial to himself in the lives of his people on earth, in their deaths, and in their lives for ever. Glory shall be brought to God of a new and unusual kind. A light will be shed upon the character of God which, so far as we know, could not have come to us by any other means except by the death of the Only-begotten. Hallelujahs louder than before shall rise up before the throne. *Praises shall ascend unto God* such as creation never produced, "for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood, and we shall reign for ever and ever."

Now, my brethren, do not get into a state of fright and fear about the Christian religion. Do not go to your chambers and sigh, "Everything is going to the bad, and we shall be all eaten up by the devil."

Nonsense! There is a stronger arm yet than that black arm of Satan. In God's eternal goodness resides a power and majesty that cannot be found in the infernal malevolence of the devil. I know which is the winning side,—I am sure of it. Though we may drearily imagine that things go amiss, and fancy that the vessel is ready to break up and become a wreck, she will enter the harbour yet with all her cargo safe, and from every wave that tossed her and every wind that beat upon her she shall derive eternal advantage. Courage, brethren, we are not beaten, and we are not going to be beaten. We are succeeding all along the line. Shout victory, universal victory, from stem to stern of the good old ship. Not a foe has been able to live upon her deck. Give the enemy's black hull another broadside. When you think that the crew of the Black Prince are about to board us, grasp your pikes and give them a warm reception. This good ship bears the red cross at her masthead, and shall never be taken, but shall win the victory as surely as God lives, and his Son lives who has risen from the dead.

IV. So I close with this last remark: THE WHOLE OF THIS VICTORY RESULTS FROM CHRIST'S OWN WORK.

Lend me your best attention for two or three minutes, because this is the pith and marrow of it all: "*Therefore* will I divide him a portion" —that is logic. Why this "therefore"? What is the argument? Christ shall divide with the strong because —. How does it run? "Because his doctrinal teaching is singularly in keeping with the progress of the age"? I have heard that observation, and smiled at it. "Because his gospel is preached with such remarkable eloquence and singular clearness"? Indeed, No. Why, then, will Christ win the victory? The answer is—"*Because he hath poured out his soul unto death.*" If God himself deigns to take upon himself our nature, and in that nature pours out his life like a libation even unto death—if, I say, he thus pours out his life, it is impossible to conceive that he will be defeated. Blasphemy may imagine it, profanity may speak it, but truth abhors the idea that Jesus can be baffled. A dying God! It is an inaccurate expression, yet I know of no expression that is so accurate—God putting himself into human form, so as to be capable of suffering and death, cannot suffer and die in vain. He must, he shall, he will win that for which he died. He must reign, because he has poured out his soul unto death.

Listen again, here is the second reason: "*He was numbered with the transgressors;*" this is mentioned secondly, as if there was something even more in that than in the first. To die is wonderful condescension; but for the pure and holy One to deign to be numbered with the transgressors, and stand as if he had transgressed himself, though transgress he never did, nor could—I say this is more wonderful. If Jesus did that, then he must win the victory. When I am dispirited, where do I find encouragement? Where the stars of Bethlehem burn, and where men make merry on their Christmas days? Nay, their mirth is weariness to a heavy heart. I will tell you where I go for comfort—to Gethsemane, to Golgotha, to the garden, and to the tomb. Christ cannot have suffered there in vain: Christ cannot have been despised, slandered, and actually numbered with transgressors, and all for nothing. It cannot be: it cannot be. Death and hell, ye can defeat armies of

men, but the Crucified treads you down. When our Champion of the pierced hand comes to the front the battle no longer wavers. We glory in his death and in his making common cause with transgressors. But this is not all; it is added, "*And he bare the sin of many.*" This denotes his actual and literal substitution—his acting as the sin-bearer. This is something more than being numbered with the transgressors; he actually takes the sin of the transgressors, and bears their burden upon his own shoulders by a wondrous system of substitution which is easier to be believed than to be explained. Because he did this he must conquer. He *must* conquer. Sin cannot be victorious if Jesus has carried it on his shoulders and hurled it into his sepulchre. If the darkest days were to come, and all the churches of Christ were to be extinguished, if there were left only one Christian, and he as good as dead by reason of weakness, yet might he believe that God from the dead would raise up seed unto his Son, and fulfil his covenant and keep his word. It must be so. The offering of Christ's soul for sin secures to him a seed for ever.

And lastly, there is this fourth reason given—"*He made intercession for the transgressors.*" I can conceive *you* praying, my dear friend, and God's not hearing you; but if the man who was despised and rejected should say, "Rise, poor suppliant, rise and I will take thy place;" and if the Blessed and Beloved of the Father, whose eyes are as the eyes of the morning, and whose lips are as lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh, kneels down and prays, "My Father, by my blood, and wounds, and agony, save this sinner;" why, it must be done! And if he says, "Father, give me those whom I have redeemed," it must be done. And if he pleads, "Father, keep them by thy word," it must be done. And if he prays, "Father, make them one as we are," it must be done. And when he shall ask, "Father, give them power and victory," it must be done. And when he shall ask, "Father, let my servants all become champions, and send them forth, east, west, north, and south, against idolatry, and infidelity, and popery, and clothe them with the Holy Ghost," why then it must be done! The power of Christ's intercession is irresistible. Queen Mary reckoned the prayers of John Knox to be worth many regiments; but what shall I say of the prayers of Jesus, the Son of God? They are with us to-day. While we are sitting here, and troubling our minds about the Lord's work, and saying, "What shall we do?" and, "What will come of it?" and all that —Jesus is pleading. Hush, till your hearts leave off beating—till not a thought is heard! You may hear him saying, "Father, I will." Here is the power of the church. The plea of Christ with authority before the throne is the majestic force upon which the church depends. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Wherefore pluck up courage. Jesus will yet win. You weak, faint-hearted ones, rejoice. The victory is sure, not because of anything you are, or of anything you can do, but for Jesus's sake. In the name of the Lord we set up our banners. Hallelujah!

London Fairies.

WHAT! fairies in London? Yes, good reader; people who are called fairies; but should you see them, it is possible that a shade of disappointment might cloud your brow. Our fairies are not the pretty, light, fantastic, ethereal little creatures to hear of whom was one of the delights of our childhood. The very reverse of this. They are low, coarse, vulgar, offensive-looking women, slatternly in dress and begrimed with dirt. They don't haunt the shady wood, or dance under the buttercups and daisies; certainly not, as their occupation is to sift dust upon the immense dust-heaps of the city, to gather out refuse matter for various purposes, and to carry the fine dust into barges for conveyance to farms and brickfields. As their relatives, friends, and neighbours address them by the pleasant name of "Fairies," and as they are pleased with the appellation, and regard it as their social distinction, it is not for us to be so discourteous as to describe them by any other name.

In one thing they may be said to resemble fairies, as they delight in "concords of sweet sound." By nature of their calling they are exclusive, isolated people, living in their own close neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of their own habits and customs. Their partners in life, brothers, and friends are all of the "cinder business," and though unassociated in legal form they are really a "trades union" of great number and of some importance. Being of sociable disposition they practise untrained melody, and loud singing is sometimes heard, as the fairies, who sit in groups of tens and twenties, cause the mountains of dust to resound and re-echo their tender or coarser notes. In the tap-room of the "Jolly Dustman," and like houses of entertainment, the hoarser voices of men are heard from evening until midnight, mingled with the softer vocal efforts. The breaking up, however, is usually boisterous and even violent.

Theirs are among the voices that are never heard in the churches of the city. The best disposed among them consider themselves unfit to mingle with the clean and well dressed. They indeed would expect their pew-companions to regard them as "common and unclean." The result of this feeling is that they avoid the house of the Lord, and spend their Sabbaths in their own way.

This way is in sleep, drinking, and revelry, as one of our veteran missionaries discovered when first appointed to visit a colony of the dust people. Upon entering the close narrow street he found the difficulty all but insurmountable. None were willing to receive him, as their minds were a blank to religious subjects, and as he was told, "Strangers down there wasn't wanted." The fairies and their grim relatives were seated at the open doors and windows, smoking and drinking, while their begrimed children were dancing round a blind man who was playing a violin. After trying to secure attention he left, much discouraged, but again appeared upon the scene the following Sunday, which happened to have a fine evening. The curiosity of the people was excited when they saw him, with the aid of a friend, carrying a small harmonium; but when he set it down in the middle of the street and commenced playing there was great excitement. Windows were thrown

open, doorways were crowded, and a large group of dustmen, fairies, and children gathered round him. In a loud and cheerful voice he repeated the words—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace."

Thus his well-trained voice, aided by his instrument, caused the praise of the Saviour in harmonious notes to enliven the whole street. Astonishment over, they were delighted, and listened with pleasure as he taught the children gathered round him to repeat and then to sing such pleasant lines as these—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

A musical hour soon passed pleasantly away, and then the "singing missionary" uttered a few saving truths, and, to the evident satisfaction of the people, promised "on fine Sunday evenings to bring his music down there again." Poets have often sung the power of melody even over "the savage breast;" but as a missionary work is a matter-of-fact work we will in a few words give the result among these people of the dust and dust-heaps.

The playing and singing inclined the people to listen to the gospel, and that with signs following. Winter evenings came on, and while the children were gathered into Ragged Schools, the adults were drawn by musical charms into a rough meeting room. Their children were "made decent" that they might go with "the respectables" to school on the Sunday morning and afternoon. At first a few and then many of the parents and young people were induced to "tidy themselves," and go to church. A religious sensitiveness was created in the dust people's dwellings; and, as the known and blessed result, nearly fifty persons became regular attendants at a Mission Hall built for their convenience, and from this upwards of forty persons became communicants. Led by musical charms to receive the gospel, they by its power became "RIGHT OPPOSITE."

Like trophies were won from the dust-heaps of Paddington by our late veteran friend, Henry Pearson. His was not the gift of song, but a cheerful countenance and a pleasant humour enabled him to approach the "gangs of fairies" (however rough that may sound) when engaged at their sifting. To them it became a pleasure to know that they were cared for by people in better positions than themselves, and they were right glad to receive sympathy in their trials of calling and of life. No sight was more pleasing than to see gang after gang put down their sieves at the approach of their only spiritual friend, and standing arms "akimbo" to listen to his teaching. There was no rival in this field of labour, so the good man was left to his own resources, and these were certainly adequate to the work. He established a Bible meeting, a mothers' meeting, a Sunday-school, and a provident club, exclusively for his dust people and their children, and the moral and religious results were indeed great. From 150 to 200 persons assembled each Sabbath evening to hear the gospel, and the moral character of their rookery became altered. Among others Sarah became a happy Christian, and we will therefore give a little of her history.

She was not more than thirty years of age, and her husband as chief of the cart carried the bell. Among the fairies she was considered the most profane and violent. The statement she heard on the heap, that "the heavenly Father cared for her and each of them, and sent his Son to be their Saviour," arrested her attention. She attended the meeting, and then brought her husband. After a time she expressed concern for her own salvation, and became a humble but bold Christian. Her husband, who suffered from a fall off the cart when in liquor, also received the truth and became "a new creature." After several years of good living he took fever (a common disease among them) and died. After this she became very ill, and had with her child to attend the Samaritan Free Hospital. While attending there she in the waiting-room spoke to many fellow-sufferers about their own salvation, and then tried to do them good. It is a rule of the institution that the patients bring their own medicine bottles and gallipots, and she noticed that many were so poor that they could not afford to buy them. She therefore, when able to go to the dust-heap, placed bottles and pots on one side and took them home with her. These she used to wash over-night that they might be dry in the morning. With them in her apron she trudged off to the hospital glad that she could do something in the way of sweet charity. How true is the instinct of the inner life to the spirit of him who "went about doing good!"

After recovery many years passed on as Sarah pursued her occupation as fairy. Her leisure was used at the meetings with her family, and in nursing her sick neighbours. The missionary found her services, as one of his helpers, of real value, and at length, with the aid of several ladies, set her apart as Bible-woman to people of her own class. For long years she was found faithful to her Lord and her trust, a true worker in the great vineyard of London. Her days, yes, and her nights, have been spent in ministering to the bodily needs of her sick neighbours, and in leading them to the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." The last time we saw her was in a gathering of sister Bible-women. Quietly clothed, with her neat black straw bonnet, her countenance radiant with holy joy, as she joined in the devotional service, we could but rejoice over her, as a living proof of the force of the gospel, of its power to turn the most hopeless "RIGHT OPPOSITE." —*From "Our Veterans, or Life-stories of the London City Mission."*

Little Baptism.

A GERMAN had been a Lutheran, and, of course, was baptized in infancy. When asked the question, "Have you been baptized?" he answered curtly, "Vell, now, shust a leetle!"

We conceive that the "leetle" fails to answer the end of baptism, for it is neither the sign which the Saviour ordained, nor does it set forth the truth which baptism was intended to embody. Between sprinkling and immersion there is a radical difference, and if either of the two be right the other must be wrong. The two ceremonies cannot be optional and equally right, for by no measure of straining can they be made to be emblems of the same thing. We have no right to supplant Christ's "much water" by man's "leetle," and he who does so must answer for it to his Lord.

Bereans.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

"AND the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." Thus associations gather round particular places, and new names come into existence. No one can have read the fifth gospel—for surely the Acts of the Apostles is as much a gospel as any of the other four—without having been arrested by the peculiar beauty of that incident in connection with the little town of Berea, recorded in the seventeenth chapter. The Macedonian town still stands, and is inhabited by some twenty thousand persons; but we trust the number of those who may truly be called "Bereans" is not to be numbered by tens of thousands. They are not all Bereans who are of Berea, nor are they Bereans who are Bereans outwardly; but they alone deserve the title who follow those of old in their diligence and devotion to the truth of God. Such conduct is as worthy of imitation as of praise, and in order that we may follow in their steps we shall try and glean one or two characteristics of their action.

In the first place, they *heard the Word*, for we read, "the word of God was preached by Paul at Berea." It were well if this was always the case in our assemblies; but if common report is to be believed, it is far from common; there is plenty of preaching *from* the Word—and a long way from it sometimes—but little real preaching *of* the Word. Yet it is only the Word of God which can convert the soul, and bring success to any ministry. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," used to be the motto of that flourishing northern city; but now they have robbed their motto of its chief charm and character, and only say, "Let Glasgow flourish;" the wish is there, but the motive power is gone. Is it not even thus with many a section of the "Christian" church to-day? They wish to flourish, but rob themselves of their very life: they desire to be like the Bereans, but neglect the very word of the Scriptures which made them more honourable than their brethren. One is reminded of Byron's words as we see them thus grasping the shadow for the substance, and clinging to the traditions of their fathers while changing the very basis of their faith.

> "You have the Phœnix dances, yet
> Where is the Phœnix phalanx gone?
> Of two such lessons, why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?"

Without the Word preached we may have the form, but not the power; the name, but not the life. Oh! that all servants of Christ were stirred up to "preach the Word;" preach it in season, for a word spoken in season how good it is! Preach it out of season, for sometimes the unseasonable word is the most appropriate, and seasons the life best.

On the Continent the stranger will be struck by numerous "Expositions," sometimes international, and sometimes neither national nor rational. If he desires to know what they are, he will soon discover that they are nothing more nor less than what we would term "Exhibitions." The exposition is an exhibition, and every exposition of the Word should be an exhibition of the Saviour. The text should not be

the only word of God in the sermon: if one hangs a coat on a peg, it cannot truthfully be said that the coat *is* a peg, neither can that be said to be preaching of the Word which only consists in hanging our own ideas upon an isolated Scripture passage. Some preachers are like the Gibeonites, "who did their work wilily, and went and made *as if* they had been ambassadors;" but like them, too, they have "old garments upon them, and all the bread of their provision is dry and mouldy." The true ambassador brings the Word of Christ, and has things both "new and old;" but the others, alas! they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

But, even when the Word is preached, people do not always hear; indeed some of the most regular attendants on the "means of grace" scarcely know what grace means. Many of the workers in our large factories, where the noise is enough to deafen a stranger, are so accustomed to it as not to be conscious of its existence; and many of those who hear the Word so often are in the same position,—familiarity has bred contempt, and they sit unmoved when a message is declared which makes the angels sing for joy. Such can never be considered Bereans: ears have they, but they hear not; preaching have they, but they listen not; gospel have they, but they believe not.

Hearing the Word is not in itself, however, sufficient to constitute a man a Berean. They "with all readiness of mind *received the Word.*" Like the Corinthians, Paul could say of them, "The gospel which I preached ye received, and therein ye stand." "He that hath ears to hear let him hear;" but a ready ear without a ready mind and a ready heart is of little use. Would we had more of this true nobility to be like "the Right Honourable the Bereans." It is a wonder that when so many are prepared to receive "the smallest contribution with thanks, and larger sums in proportion," that they pass by the choicest treasure of all—the Word of God—which is sweeter than honey, brighter than light, more precious than gold, and more fragrant than spices.

These Bereans were wiser, for they received and then *searched the Word* daily to see whether these things were so. This answers to the famous mathematical bridge where so many students fail; this is the rubicon many cannot cross. We are apt to take too much on credit, and this is not at all creditable. There is still a too profound reverence for "the clergy," and "the dear minister." We think it must be so, because the preacher says it is so, and we would deem it an impertinence to question his word; yet these Bereans would not even accept the word of an apostle unless they were fully persuaded it was also the Word of God, and we are expressly told to search, even if an angel from heaven declare to us a gospel, whether it is in accordance with the Scriptures. Our faith will be much better if we take nothing on faith, and accept not that which does not come with a "Thus saith the Lord."

This searching of the Bereans was no cold criticism, for they first of all received the Word readily, and then read it so as to become settled in the faith. They were not to be tossed about with every wind of doctrine, for their building reached down to the solid rock. Let us imitate them. A man was once asked what he believed, and at once replied that he believed what his church believed. And what does your

church believe? "They believe the same as I do." "And what do you both believe?" was the next question, which was met by the immediate rejoinder, "Oh! we both believe the same thing." That man was not a Berean.

Not by fits and starts is a Berean character to be obtained and retained; theirs was no sudden religious frenzy or sentimental emotion; they searched the Scriptures daily, and kept plodding on with heaven-born and deep-seated enthusiasm, and no doubt this was the secret of their rare prosperity. Regular meals are as good for the soul as the body, and people would not so often "live at this poor dying rate" if only they took care to eat more spiritual food regularly and constantly.

So to be Bereans we want three things—to hear, to receive, to read the Word, and read it daily. To be like those of Be-rea we must

Be real,
Be ready,
Be readers.

In these days there is very little Bible-reading. It is true many have *bought* revised Testaments; but we fear it is not true that many have *read* them; and very few if they did read them would be able to tell the difference between the new and the old. Solomon said "of making books there is no end." If that was true in his day, we wonder what he would say now! And magazines! It cannot be said that there is no end to some of them, for they come to an end very speedily; but the only fear about them is that they take people away from their Bibles, and if in this way books have slain their thousands, magazines have slain their tens of thousands! It will never do, however, to speak against magazines in such a place as this, so we shall content ourselves by saying, "Let us read our Bibles first, then *The Sword and the Trowel*, and after that as many papers as we please; only let the Bible have the pre-eminence."

And now, by way of a word of application to this homely homily, and in the last place, finally, in conclusion, let a word be said about a society which has recently been formed under the title of "The Berean Bible Union." For fear of mistake it should be carefully borne in mind that it has nothing whatever to do with the union workhouse. An error of this sort may be easily made. Some months ago we announced in a provincial town that all those who had "worker's tickets" were invited to meet together on the following evening at five o'clock. At the appointed time about a hundred old women stood at the door, saying they had brought their worker's tickets with them; that morning they had received them from the relieving officer, and they thought it was very kind of us to invite them. It was rather an awkward fix for us to be in, and we had at length to tell them that it was workers', and not workus' tickets that were required. Nor is our Union a union of spiritual paupers; but of those who, having much already from the Word of God, desire to unite in order to help each other to get more; we do not profess to keep the Bible together—that has cohesion enough in itself—our only desire is that each member should privately read the same chapter on the same day.

A few words about its history. At the beginning of last year, we

felt it incumbent upon us to do something for those who, by the grace of God, had been brought under the influence of the truth, through us, in various parts of the country, and, as evangelists, we did not consider ourselves at liberty to attempt anything of a pastoral character. It seemed most clear that the very agency required was a Bible Union, for surely nothing better could be devised for these generally called "young converts" than to help them in the reading of that Word from which alone comes strength and stability. So the idea took root, the Berean Bible Union was started, and during the year has prospered to such an extent that now we number more than five thousand members. We have no other object in view than the glory of God, and nothing to gain except a heap of correspondence, and perhaps, as during the past year, the thanks of many who may have been benefited by this band of Berean brotherhood.

Our system of reading is very simple, one chapter a day, and a Book of the Old and New Testaments alternately. Thus during the past year we began at Genesis, then read Matthew, then Exodus, and then Mark, continuing with a chapter daily until by the end of the year we got as far as the end of Judges in the one and the end of Romans in the other. On the same plan next year we shall get to the end of Job in the Old Testament, and finish the New. This system has advantages over all others, in that it saves the reader from getting a one-sided view of truth, enables him to read the New Testament twice as often as the Old, and affords a pleasant variation when the Old Testament reading happens to be in the midst of abstruse and little-understood prophecies.

The Union is specially intended for those lately led into the light, but we think all Christians might derive much benefit if they would join with us. How often and often do people neglect reading the Word altogether, because they do not know where to begin, or keep reading the shortest chapters or psalms they can find because they have no regular system. How many, too, habitually open the book at random, and read the first portion on which the eye happens to rest, until presently they have taught the Bible to open at their own favourite spots of its own accord.

All these evils would be remedied by joining this, or other kindred unions, nor do we know of any argument which can be urged against such a course. It is true some may say they object to bring themselves into bondage, since theirs is a service of freedom. Since it is service of such liberty, you are at liberty to join with others, and help yourself and them to study the Scriptures, are you not? A railway engine is more at liberty on the metal rails than in the open country, and if you will travel on the Bible rails laid down by such a union as this, you will certainly lose none of your freedom.

For if thousands of Christians unite to study the same portion on the same day, and if, as we hope, they all ask blessing upon it, may we not expect that in answer to so many prayers much light may be granted? And then, if we can get all our friends to unite with us, we shall at all times have a subject of conversation ready to hand, and instead of dealing in the meaningless trivialities of modern small-talk, we shall be able at once to turn the conversation into a profitable and pleasing

channel. Such a question, for instance, as "Did yon notice that very cheering promise in our chapter yesterday?" would be natural between Bible Union members, and would at once suggest many other promises of a kindred sort.

Many branches have been formed over the kingdom—forty up to the time of writing, one of which has over one thousand members—but we hope that at the beginning of 1882 many more may be started. Any friend anywhere who would be willing to take the matter up—and it has been taken up with great advantage by ministers, leaders of Bible-classes, Sunday-school teachers and others—will be gladly supplied with every information by the writer, who will also be glad to furnish any who would like to join us with cards of membership, if they will write, enclosing one stamp, to "Berean Bible Union, 45, Doddington Grove, Kennington Park, London, S.E."

"Looking unto Jesus."

WE walk not by sight, but by faith; but when faith becomes so kindled and intensified into spiritual sight that it can pierce far into the heavens, and see Jesus crowned with glory and honour, how unconquerable it can make us!

I was reading this very week of the perils of a bewildered and storm-bound party on one of our western mountains. Pressing on in the blinding snow, the track lost, the cold increasing, one of the party at last sank down to die. In the drowse of approaching death no persuasions or expostulations could induce him to go forward, and he sank into a bank of snow to die. But taking from his pocket a picture of his wife and children for a farewell look, the vision of the dear ones in that far-off home suddenly broke upon his heart. It was resistless; what threats and entreaties from those near at hand could not effect was done in an instant by that one glance. He saw afar off his happy home, and he roused himself to press on to it; with the new power coming in from that sight he pushed forward, and reached a place of safety.

It is but a pattern and fac-simile of God's dealings with us. When we are faint with toil, and sinking under weariness, and ready to yield the battle, we hear his voice, "Let us therefore run with patience the race that is set before us, *looking unto Jesus*, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." And when we are appalled at the ravages of sin, and ready to despair at the slowness of the church's progress, and the barrenness of her conquests, we hear him saying, "Look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." This is our attitude in spite of all that tends to make us hang the head and close the eye. "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—*A. J. Gordon.*

Count Campello.*

THE most recent illustrious seceder from the Church of Rome is Count Enrico di Campello, Canon of the Vatican Basilica, who on the 13th of September, 1881, addressed a letter to the Arch-priest, Cardinal Borromeo, announcing his secession from the Papal church, and in the evening of the same day delivered an address in the Evangelical Church in the Piazza Poli, vindicating the course he had taken. The Rev. William Arthur, who writes an introduction to the Count's autobiography, justly remarks—"The fact that a tonsured Roman noble, a Canon of St. Peter's, could leave his Basilica, cross over to the slopes of the Quirinal, there, in a small, humble church, solemnly renounce the tonsure and avow the Protestant faith, and still retain not only life and liberty but also his title and his civil rights, represents in itself a great revolution and a pregnant one. How great and how pregnant is further shown when we find that this gentleman can in the Eternal City sit down and write an autobiography, giving his reasons for the step he has taken, can send his manuscript to the presses of the printer to the senate, and can publish his book as freely within sound of the bells of St. Peter's as any convert from Protestantism might publish one within sound of those of St. Paul's."

The story of Campello's life can be briefly told. His father, sharing the Italian aspirations for freedom, had accepted office under the ill-fated Roman Republic, which was crushed by the French soldiery in 1849, and had thereby incurred the Papal displeasure. Upon the fall of the Republic he was imprisoned by Pope Pius IX. Two intimate friends interceded for him and procured his liberation, on condition however that one of his sons should be educated for the church as a pledge of humble subjection and inviolable fidelity.

Enrico, then twenty years of age, was selected for this purpose. With deceitful flattery he was inveigled away to a Jesuit college at Tivoli, and thence transferred to the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, a seminary for the special service of the high Roman Curia. To qualify him for entrance to this academy he was hurried through the various grades of "holy orders," *i.e.*, tonsure, the four minor orders, and the sub-diaconate; and thus an inexperienced youth was in a few months prepared for a state of celibacy, and made to pledge himself thereto before the church in a solemn oath and vow to most Holy God.

Presently after, he was made a priest, and then canon of the Liberian Basilica. His rapid promotion incensed the other canons, who contrived to make his position unpleasant. He gave himself up to study, and devoted himself to preaching to still the rising troubles of his heart. But (we quote his own words) "the solitude of his chamber oppressed him; from time to time he would be plunged in a deep sadness which often dimmed his eyes. He felt that something was wanting—a void within his heart, which neither his cherished studies nor his Ecclesiastical occupations could ever fill; whilst on the contrary,

* Count Campello. An Autobiography. Giving his reasons for leaving the Papal Church. With an introduction by the Rev. William Arthur, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

any token of affection, any accent from the heart, sufficed to rouse him from his lethargy, and filled him with the sweetest joy. He felt himself profoundly unhappy, but he dreaded investigating the reason. Almost daily, kneeling at the feet of a priest, whom the Catholic faith represented to him as the comforter of the believer in Jesus Christ, he expressed his doubt that his vocation had not been inspired by God, but imposed by man. And what was the medicine suggested to allay the pain of the deeply-wounded heart? Nothing but the cold proverbial *si non es vocatus, fac ut voceris*. If you have not received a call, procure a call. A fine institution, this auricular confession, which according to the Council of Trent has for its object to comfort the afflicted, and is called the second plank after shipwreck! All the comfort it offers, if your strength fails amidst the raging of the tempest is, 'Be resigned and drown!'"

Campello strove to become resigned, and to drown his sorrows in the generous cup of beneficent labour. He threw himself with his whole ardour into the work of night schools, and for nine years gathered together young artisans from all parts of Rome, and gave them instruction in writing, reading, spelling, composition, arithmetic, applied geometry, linear and ornamental drawing. This school became an immense success. It was renowned throughout the city. The premises had to be extended. But jealous colleagues conspired to frustrate this useful work, and Campello was forced to abandon the institution so dear to him. The school was closed.

In the autumn of 1867 his loftiest promotion was reached, the pope made him a canon of the patriarchal Vatican Basilica. The Vatican chapter, of which he thus became a member, is the most ancient, and the most noble and influential chapter in the Papal church. He was surrounded with the gorgeous pomp of St. Peter's, but the hollow splendour was seen and felt to be a mockery. In one of those splendid services, whilst he among a throng of prelates was following the pope, who, borne aloft upon his portable throne between two fans which shaded his person, proceeded up the nave of the church leading to the throne, a friend of Campello's, a distinguished foreign prelate now a cardinal, with whom he sometimes jested on the subject of nationality, approached him and whispered in his ear, "No question about it; you Italians are the first comedians in the world." "Yes, monsignore," was Campello's reply, "this is a comedy which, performed amongst a flock of owls, pays tremendously; and for this reason you left white-cliffed England, and came amongst us." The joke was pursued no further, and the elegant prelate blushed and was silent.

We cannot be surprised that such a man, having undergone so many disillusions, should feel unspeakable weariness and sadness. As yet he had not discerned that the root of the evil was in the system, and he betook himself again, for relief, to the plan of active occupation. Hard by the Tarpeian rock is an ancient church called S. Maria in Vincis. In this church he held nightly services, preaching the Holy Gospel to the people thrice a week. On Sunday evenings about sunset he would go into the neighbouring squares to invite the people who were standing there idle to come and repeat some prayers; and a goodly number always followed him.

While he was thus engaged the opening of the Œcumenical Vatican Council was announced to the world. This was the trumpet blown with might and main to rally the zealots of the Church round the standard of High Popery. The last council, the Council of Trent, had aimed to strangle the doctrinal revolution; the Œcumenical Council aimed at strangling the social revolution: and, oh, what wire-pulling and intrigue went on behind the scenes! The Pope strained every nerve to get his infallibility proclaimed. Passavalli, an Archbishop and Vicar of the Vatican Chapter, a gifted and learned prelate, was commissioned to deliver the opening address. Everyone knew how high he stood in the Pope's favour, and predicted for him a Cardinal's hat. The Pope sent to tell him beforehand that he wished him to advocate the passing of the decree of Infallibility. But, lo! Passavalli had a mind of his own. The address was delivered, but the Infallibility dogma was not recommended. And when afterwards, in the Council, Passavalli stood out manfully against that gigantic folly, the extract and quintessence of lunatic asylums, the thunderbolts of Papal wrath were launched at his head. We quote an anecdote which gives us an edifying peep behind the scenes.

"The Council being suspended, Pius IX. descended into the Basilica, and the chapter drawn up on either side, received him as was wont, at the door. The writer was present. The Dean handed the Pope the aspergas to bless himself and them with the so-called holy water. The Pope paused, and looking gloomily around, suddenly addressed the Dean in angry tones: 'It is not to you, Monsignor, that this office belongs, but to the Vicar. Is Monsignor Passavalli away?' 'Your Holiness must know that Monsignor Vicar is in Frascati, suffering severely in his legs.' 'His legs,' retorted the Pope, with a sardonic smile, 'let him take care of his head, and he will be better! . . . . Aspergas me Domine,' with what follows; and thus he blessed us with a very bad grace."

There are in Rome a few learned, pious priests who, discerning the evils of the Romish Church, long for a salutary reformation to be effected by the authority constituted by God, *i.e.* the Papacy. They belong to the so-called Old Catholics, whom Pious IX. acutely dubbed Young Heretics. Dr. Doellinger, in Germany, and Father Hyacinth, in France, represents the movement, which makes slow progress. With such kindred spirits Campello associated, and to these good souls developed his scheme. Said he: "Well, let us make that Pope who is so necessary for you! You know that by Divine and indefeasible right the election of their own bishop belongs to the clergy and people, and this inalienable right was continually exercised by the Roman clergy and people for twelve centuries down to Alexander III., who, by a dash of the pen, deprived us of it, usurping it for himself. In the name of God let us then vindicate our rights; and when we have a compact majority we shall defy the Cardinals, the present electors of the Pope." A society was formed with the title "Catholic Italian Society for Revindicating the Rights of the Christian, and particularly of the Roman People." Many ecclesiastics of high position joined it. But when it became known the liberal papers laughed at it, and said that no more popes were wanted: there was already one superfluous Pope, he of the Vatican. This was

its reception from one side; and on the other, the Pope hurled his excommunication against it, and the society died.

Soon afterwards the death of Pius IX. awakened hopes of reform under the new Pope, Leo XIII., but it soon appeared that though the conductor of the orchestra was changed, the music was the same as before. Leo XIII. thrust out his claws to clutch Campello, and he was summoned to appear before two cardinals who yelled upon him with all their might: but he replied to the eleven heads of accusation brought against him with so energetic a confutation that it was deemed expedient to hush the matter up. They did not dare to be led a public dance before the civil courts of the execrated kingdom of Italy. Leo is as dead set against modern civilization as was Pius, and as bitterly opposed to the Italian kingdom. His last attempt to embroil Italy with the Catholic powers was by means of the funeral procession of Pius IX. on the 13th of last July. The Italian Government had been given to understand that the deceased Pope would be removed to his long home privately, while it had been secretly arranged that 4,000 fanatics with 4,000 torches should follow the car repeating psalms and rosaries, and forming a sort of political demonstration. No wonder that the tumult occurred in the streets. It was premeditated long beforehand, and purposely provoked by the angry bigots of the Society for Promoting Catholic Interests.

When Campello found that there was no prospect of a reformation of the Papal Church, he withdrew by himself, "trusting to find life, peace, and love in the true spirit of the Nazarene and of his gospel." "God grant," he says in the close of his letter to Cardinal Borromeo, "that my example may find imitators who, deceived like me in their early years, and afterwards terrorized by the worst of systems, are at present dragging the chains of their own servitude."

In his address on the evening of his secession, he uttered the following noble words:—

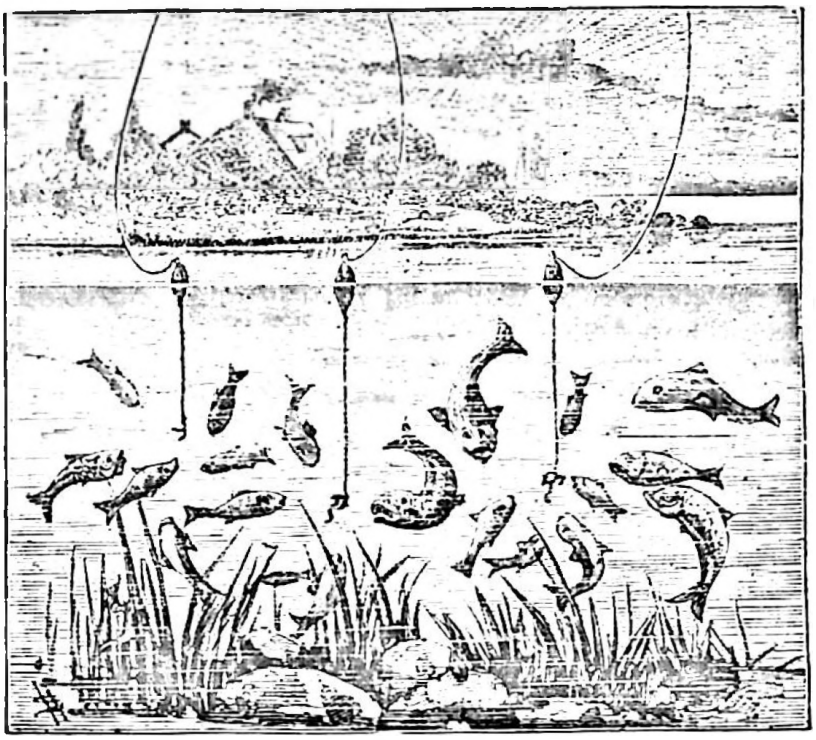
"Believers in Christ and his gospel will applaud my act; enemies of him and of his work will curse me. Between these two marshalled bands I fearlessly take my stand, tranquil, and with my conscience at rest. Turning to the first band I say to them: No, applaud not the man, but give applause to Christ, who by his grace has triumphed over the man. After having spent the best years of my life in the service of the pope's church, after having for twenty years and more sustained a combat with the absurdities of Catholicism, after having dragged and gnawed the chains which tied me to that ancient enemy of the truth, I was at last touched by the grace which is not to be resisted; for it is the grace of God made man, of Jesus Christ, who has vanquished death and hell.

"Turning to the second band, I say: Why such an outcry about one man who quits your ranks? You so strong, trembling! Are you not all day long saying that the great Reformation of the sixteenth century is shortly to come to an end? Why then all these tumultuous cries of rage and fury? I well know why. Because, no matter how small the stone, each single stone that becomes here in Rome detached from your edifice may become fatal to you. Do you not perceive that the flowing tide of liberty and of Evangelical progress day by day mounts higher, and threatens to swallow you up? Being impotent to check it, do you

desire, with blindness inexcusable like that of the ancient synagogue, to be buried under the ruins of the temple?"

Campello has relinquished place and power for Christ's sake. May God give him a higher power, in the effectual proclamation of Christ's gospel, and a nobler place, in the affection of those whom he shall turn from Popish falsehood to the Saviour. C. A. DAVIS.

Satan's Fishery.



There's skill in fishing, that the devil knows;
For when for souls Satan a fishing goes,
He angles cunningly; he knows he must
Exactly fit the bait unto the lust.
He studies constitution, place and time,
He guesses what is his delight, what thine;
And so accordingly prepares the bait,
Whilst he himself lies closely hid, to wait
When thou wilt nibble at it. Dost incline
To drunken meetings? then he baits with wine:
Is this the way? If into this he'll smell,
He'll shortly pledge a cup of wrath in hell.
To pride or lust is thy vile nature bent?
An object suitable he will present.
O think on this! when you cast in the hook,
Say, thus for my poor soul doth Satan look.
O play not with temptations, do not swallow
The sugar'd bait; consider what will follow,
If once he hitch thee, then away he draws
Thy captive soul close pris'ner in his paws.

JOHN FLAVEL.

"Launching out."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

WE have spoken of self-confidence and unbelief as two great hindrances to a complete surrender to the Saviour; but they are not the only ones, though unbelief, perhaps, is the mother of the rest. Many are kept or rather keep away from Jesus through fear concerning the future. They speak within themselves to this effect,—"Now, suppose after all I make a failure of it. What if I am found sinning as usual after making a profession. What a fool I shall look. What a hypocrite I shall seem." Some regard such a contingency in a still more serious light, and very properly reflect on the disgrace such a failure would bring to the name and cause of Jesus. Knowing how eager the world is to disparage Christianity, they dread to don the regimentals of a King who demands such close adherence, and deserves such unswerving service. They point to old hulks lying buried in the sand hard by the spot where they first struck the shore; wrecks whose bleaching ribs appear to warn them lest they also, after launching out, become castaways. "Had we not better," say they, "make no profession, lest by some after-slip we injure the cause of Christ?"

Such concern about the future may to some appear very reasonable. It looks to an unexperienced observer like a grace which should rather be cultivated than rooted up. There are eyes which cannot tell a blade of grass from a blade of corn, or a toadstool from a mushroom. I do not hesitate to proclaim this anxiety, despite its specious appearance, to be worthless as the weed, and poisonous as the fungus. It is full of unbelief. An implicit confidence causes us to give ourselves up unreservedly to the Saviour that he may do with us as he wills. Though utterly unworthy of the least of all his benefits, we believe he wills to save us; but anyhow we feel impelled to trust in him and to love him. John Bunyan was not expressing his own experience merely when he said, "If Christ had stood with a drawn sword in his hand, I would sooner have run on the point of his sword than have remained as I was."

Faith in Christ involves a complete surrender. That surrender accomplished, we are no longer our own. Having once cast all our care on Christ, henceforth "we are his care," and the responsibility which was on us devolves on him. Not but what we must still be clinging; but, retaining our grasp, the discredit if we come to harm falls not on us, but on him who undertakes to save us if we cling. "Ah," says one, that is just the difficulty—if I cling. I am so afraid I shall let go my hold." Then, for your comfort, let me say that even this does not depend entirely on yourself. Final perseverance is only possible through final preservation. The work of salvation is, all through, a work of love on God's part, and his love is everlasting. This being so, we cannot sink back into the pit of corruption out of which he has loved us (Isa. xxxviii. 17), and he who gave us will and power to cast our arms around the cross will rivet them together, as it were, on the other side, so that

we cannot loose our hold. Jesus has not finished speaking when he has said, "Neither do I condemn thee." He adds the great command, "Go, and sin no more:" and think you he will not grant the grace to do his bidding? He who draws us from the horrible pit, places our feet upon a rock, and, more than that, he puts songs within our mouth, and among them all there is no sweeter one than that which cries, "Glory to God for all the grace I have not tasted yet."

The fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness is a perpetual one, and he who saves from past guilt promises grace sufficient in the future. The double flood which issued from his pierced side is a sure token of this. If prepared to trust the blood, can you not rejoice in the water too? Do you not perceive that he who was crucified, but is now exalted, is "able to save them to the uttermost (*i.e.*, completely) that come unto God by him"? Well may we shrink from making a bold profession if needs be that we abide by it in our own strength. We might indeed hesitate to launch out, did not he who bids us set sail go with us in the ship. But having once trusted Christ, there is a mystic union 'twixt him and us which makes our interests one, and on this account he saves us and preserves us *for his own name's sake.*

It is impossible for the unbeliever to conceive the power which God by his Holy Spirit grants to those who trust his Son. Previous failures at reformation afford no reason for fearing another, provided the next attempt be made on this very different footing. Who can wonder that he failed when he had to battle unaided with forces which only omnipotence can match? But the scene is changed when, confiding, not in self but in Jesus, we look to what he has done, and by faith receive the assurance that it was done for us. You who have tried over and over again to be and do better have begun at the wrong end; you look for the effect though you neglect what must be the cause. "This is the work of God, that ye believe in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." Think not so much of turning over a new leaf as of getting your name inscribed on a leaf of the Lamb's book of life. What wonder that you return from the battle worsted when you relied on Saul's sword and armour. First Trust in Christ, and then go forth in the power of his might, and you shall be more than conqueror.

"Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God."

It is his own work. "His honour is engaged to save the meanest of his sheep." He will perfect that which concerneth you. He will not suffer your foot to be moved. He will not let the waters overwhelm; your little barque shall outlive every storm; so "Launch out, launch out into the deep."

Fear of another sort takes possession of some would-be disciples. They dread reproach from others rather than a failure on their own part. The storm threatens, so they postpone the voyage indefinitely. The condition of their launching out is "weather and other circumstances permitting." They are afraid to face their comrades and to brave their taunts and jeers. Though fully persuaded in their own

minds, they dread that others should know of their persuasion. They remind me of an old party whom I once asked if she was on the Lord's side. She drew me towards her and whispered very softly in my ear, "Yes, but I shouldn't like to tell everybody so." As a matter of fact very few had the least suspicion that she was anywhere near the Lord's side. Strange that so many shrink from the idea of their kindest friends knowing of their anxiety in spiritual things.

A young lady who had been anxious for some long time, but had concealed the fact from all but one, and dreaded above all things that her relatives should discover it, listened to a solemn sermon at the close of a year, and said afterwards to her confidante, "I'm dreadfully miserable, *but don't tell ma!*" Thank God, this timid one has grown stronger now, and having trusted Christ entirely is no longer ashamed to own her Lord. There can be no doubt that deciding for Jesus involves a struggle and requires a bold stand; but the worst is soon over, and "a good beginning is half the battle." There will be more or less fighting till the end; but it is the first part of the engagement that is most trying. Courage rises as the conflict wages. He who would feast under the banner of Christ's love should count it joy to fight under the standard of his truth. When Harold was crowned King of England he received from the archbishop not only the glistening diadem and the golden sceptre, but also a weighty battle-axe. The latter was a most significant item in the insignia. The great difference between Harold's case and ours lies in the fact that our crown and sceptre are not yet, but the battle-axe is a pledge and promise of the rest.

"Yes, we must fight if we would reign:
Increase our courage, Lord:
We'll bear the toil, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word."

Oh, if some could but be persuaded to launch out, to take the first stand! It would be comparatively easy to them afterwards to witness for the truth. See how the stout horses strain and tug to start the tram-car; but once "on the go" it glides along smoothly enough. Many a visitor to a dentist has experienced far more pain in anticipation than during the actual extraction of the offending molar. It is the first step into the icy water which makes one shiver,—the timid, shrinking touch. Plunge boldly in and it does not seem one half so cold. Take a header, man; don't "stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away!"

Reflect what men have borne for objects far less worthy; what awful risks they have run for king and country; for the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods. Are you not prepared to do as much for the Lord who has loved you with an everlasting love? See what folks will bear for fashion's sake; they call her their goddess, and, in truth, they serve her faithfully; they rejoice to suffer pain, and to be called names for her sake. How zealously they frequent her shrines, though they be heated ball-rooms, and suffocating theatres, and formal receptions. How obediently they perform her penances, and pinch their feet, and contract their waists, and paint their faces at her command! How eagerly they suffer reproach on her behalf, and court such names

as "frights," and "guys," and "sights!" And shall we blush to be arrayed in Jesus' robe of righteousness—the only garb which covers all our sin and makes us presentable in God the Father's sight? And oh, what blessed company we are in if we are suffering *for* Jesus! We suffer *with* him, too, and shall be glorified together. Welcome! jeers, and scoffs, and taunts, thrice welcome! These thorns have pressed our Saviour's temples; these nails have torn his flesh; this cross has pressed his shoulders. Sweet is the bitter cup if he has tasted it, and light the load he helps to bear.

"Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee."

Let me further urge this "Launching out" by stating that the hardship and persecution it may possibly involve may work lasting good in those who are exercised thereby. Most unlooked for results often follow such dark experiences.

I have seen the deep-hued storm-cloud gather like a pall about the mountain, while winter winds played melancholy dirges round it, and I have meanwhile wondered whom nature mourned for; but when the storm had passed, the mountain was snow-capped, and the cloud had left a bridal veil upon its brow. It was no funeral after all,—say rather it was a happy wedding. The cloud and the wind were but the inevitable laments, the parting kisses, and the kindly tears; but these once over, who could help rejoicing in the snowy veil and rainbow coronet, and in the golden ring which sunshine placed upon the mountain's hand? It has been often so with young believers. The cloud they dreaded was big with mercies and broke in blessings on their heads.

Possibly, if I were a torch, I should not like to be struck constantly against a wall, or on the ground; but if I knew I should shine the brighter for the banging I could not grumble. When the link-boys of the olden days wished to quench their torches, they pushed them into the large extinguishers at the gateway, and thus excluded the air from them; but when they wished the flame to kindle they struck their flambeaux sharply on the rails. Do not fear that men's rebuffs and blows will extinguish your light; they will but distinguish it the more. Dread the more silent danger of flattery and favour, which tries to put out the light and too often succeeds.

Far beyond this present advantage from the trial, there is the rich reward in store for those who suffer. "We shall also reign with him." Grasp the battle-axe, wield the sword, bear the cross! The crown awaits your head, the palm of victory will soon be yours. The Lord's "Well done" will abundantly compensate for the world's frowns. What though the voyage be stormy, the haven is peaceful;

"And when the shore is gained at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

The Italian Reformers.*

SOON after the establishment in this country of various great societies, which have for their object the diffusion of Christian knowledge among the nations of the world, many faces were turned towards Italy in hope that a door might open for the entrance of truth, which would rekindle the light of the Reformation in that priest-ridden country. Through long years the desired opening was vainly looked for, Giant Pope having been dominant both as an ecclesiastical and political despot, and keen-scented priests were too vigilant to allow proscribed Protestant works to cross the frontier. When at last a parcel of publications of the value of £50 was obtained by some adventurous spirits from the committee of the Religious Tract Society in London, the difficulties hindering their circulation were too great to be overcome. An interval of darkness stretching into the fifth decade of this century followed, during which nothing was done beyond the limited circulation of a few translated works. Renewed efforts, made in 1843, were more successful, and translations were made of several works, including the History of the Reformation, which, we may hope, has dealt the papacy such blows as will eventually produce fatal results. "The pope himself is helping us," wrote Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. "In his last Encyclical against the Bible he had the kindness to insert a paragraph against my 'History of the Reformation,' a work not then translated into Italian. The effect of this prohibition was that some friends immediately obtained a translation of the work into that language."

The stirring events of 1848 led to the opening of other doors which were taken advantage of at the time; but nevertheless, when the first half of this century closed, only a little over £300 altogether had been given by England towards providing evangelical Italian books. At the present time the Religious Tract Society alone will devote more than £1,000 in a single year to Italy, the opportunity of circulating scriptural books being one of the fruits of national unity, or the taking away from the pope of that temporal power he so grossly abused. Latterly there have been sounds all round the horizon of abundance of blessing. The Reformation, at first rejected, has really entered the country; the press is actively at work, and, as it were, beneath the very shadow of the Vatican evangelical services are conducted. The frontispiece to Dr. Stoughton's volume, "Footsteps of the Italian Reformers," represents the first church erected in Rome by native Protestants.

We have thus briefly referred to the present condition of the country and its general outlook, because things as they exist to-day are more or less associated with those pictures of the past to which Dr. Stoughton chiefly confines his attention.

More than a thousand years ago *Turin*, a city standing in the midst of rich plains, was heard making its protest against the pagan innovation of image-worship which was then beginning to corrupt the Romish church. The place is now more remarkable for the uncommon strength of its citadel, and the beauty of certain public buildings, than for

* Footsteps of the Italian Reformers. By John Stoughton, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

magnitude, the population being considerably under two hundred thousand. In the year 820, when Claude the Spaniard was appointed to the See, Turin was but a small place, and, with the exception of one fragment, no vestige of the buildings of those days survives. To ordinary readers the very name of the old reformer is unknown, Claude having been not so much a reformer as an opponent of degrading corruptions such as in the ninth century began rapidly to gain ground. The bishop was one of those singular examples of men who were devotedly attached to the Romish communion, and at the same time held evangelical principles. Thus he taught "that all which is good in man proceeds from divine mercy, and that to look for salvation through human mercy is utterly vain. He taught that Christ suffered for us, and thereby justified us; that we are delivered from the law by faith in Christ; and that they are the enemies of his cross who say righteousness comes by the law, and not of faith by grace." This is directly opposed to the Romanism of to-day, which, to say nothing of superstition, is a monstrous system of self-righteousness. The soul of Claude was vexed by the sight of numberless wax figures in the churches, and by the consciousness that men were becoming more intent in adoring crosses than in securing the ascendancy of Christ in the heart. The superstitious told him what any Hindoo devotee of Vishnu would tell an objector to-day: "We do not regard as divine the images we reverence; we only pay them respect for the sake of those they represent." The words of Claude in reply were as searching and as Scriptural as any that a Protestant iconoclast might still be expected to use. "If you have left the worship of heathen images that you may worship images of saints, you have not relinquished idolatry, but only changed the name." Such was the protest by a Romish bishop against the spirit of popery seven long centuries before the Reformation. Had such a man lived in the days of Calvin and Luther, he would have been one of their most devoted allies.

Turin can also boast of heroes who in the sixteenth century became attached to the Reformation. Such was Curione, who acknowledged the truth of the doctrines of grace through reading a manuscript Bible, an heirloom in the family. Thrown into prison, he contrived to escape by the exercise of wonderful ingenuity, and reaching territory beyond the jurisdiction of his enemies, he still taught the Reformed doctrines. Equally courageous, as a disciple of Calvin, was Geoffrey Varagle, who was burned in the Castle-square, telling his judges that the Word of God endured for ever, and that wood for piles would fail rather than confessors to seal their faith. Only fifty miles from Turin, in a north-westerly direction, is Aosta, a town of about six thousand inhabitants, on the Dora-baltea river, and intimately associated with the name of Calvin. In 1536, the Reformer appears to have moved about Aosta and its neighbourhood, and to have become instrumental in the conversion of a number of persons of position, who afterwards lent their influence to the good cause.

Pisa and *Lucca*, in Tuscany, are two cathedral towns of about fifty thousand and seventy thousand inhabitants respectively, and as regards ecclesiastical grandeur probably both have seen better days. Pisa is still celebrated both for the surprising magnificence of its cathedral, and

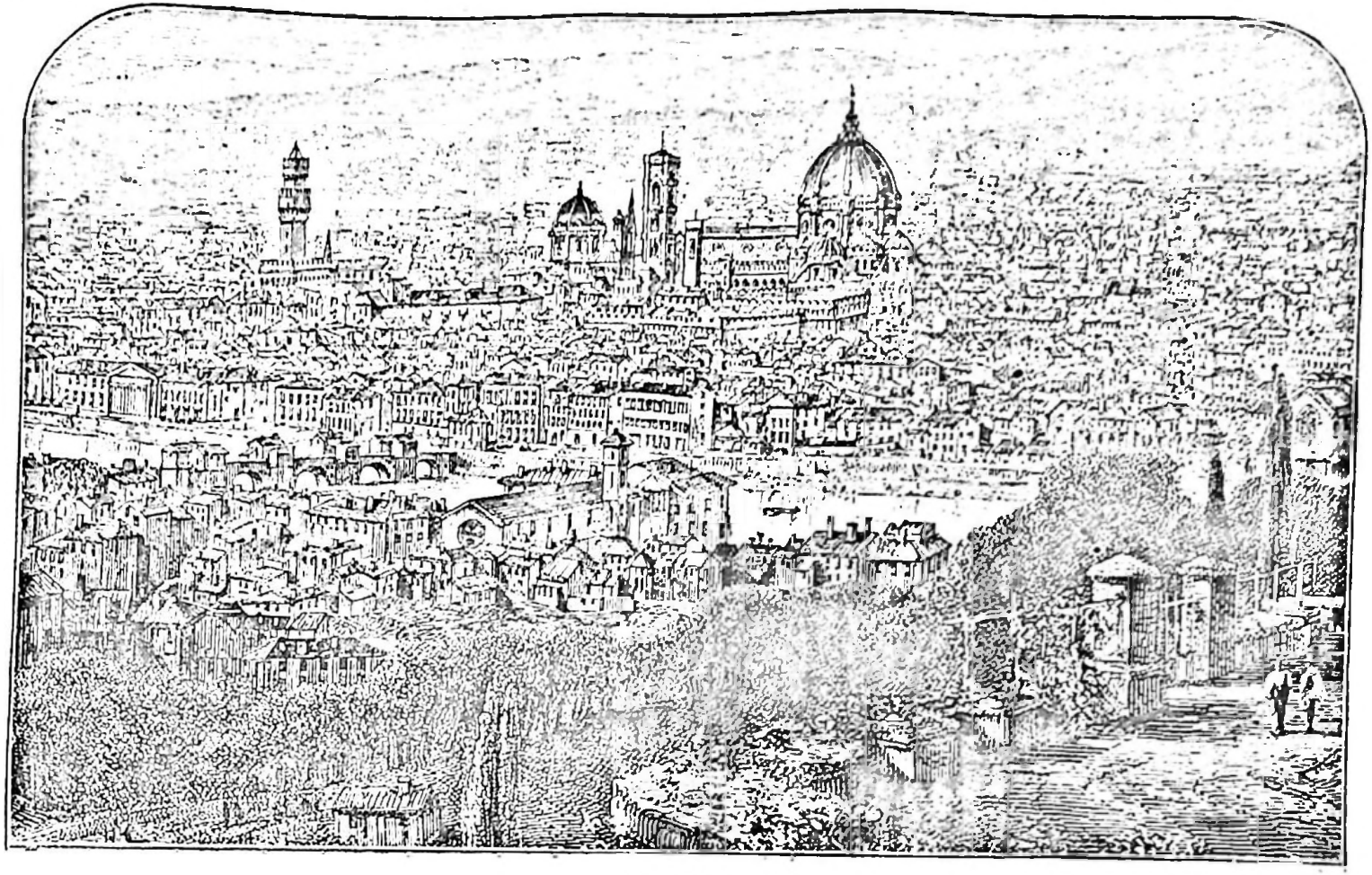
perhaps even more for its curious campanile and leaning tower, which is one of the architectural wonders of the world. The city was also the scene of numerous councils in pre-Reformation times.

Lucca produced at least one Reformer in the eventful sixteenth century who deserves to be held in long remembrance—Peter Martyr of the Augustine Abbey, of whom Dr. Stoughton says: "He aimed at improvements in education, and established a seminary for the study of divine truth, according to a custom then common in the Roman Catholic communion. Other scholars united with him in his work, and his department was the explanation of Holy Scripture, especially the Psalter and the New Testament. His lectures were attended by some of the Lucchese grandees. With the labours of a professor he combined those of a preacher, and during Advent and Lent gathered large congregations to listen to the gospels for the day. Not only did he occupy the pulpit, but he instituted a society for spiritual edification; and he is represented as forming a separate church, of which he became pastor, a statement which must be qualified by the remembrance that he still remained in fellowship with Rome." It may be, as Dr. Stoughton adds, that "a separate church in the Protestant acceptation of the term was impossible at that time;" but still, if the followers of one man met together for spiritual edification the resemblance was wonderfully close, considering the different character of the times. A convincing proof of Martyr's faith and successful labours is seen in the activity of opponents, which eventually led to his being cited to appear before the authorities of his order. Though no coward, Peter, instead of obeying the summons, sent back the ring he had worn as prior of the Abbey, and having by this act severed his connection with monasteries, he went to Florence, to find a kindred spirit in Bernardino Ochino, and afterwards he cast in his lot with the Protestants of Switzerland. The society he formed in Lucca more than ever resembled a separate church after Martyr's departure; and while some of the number were thrown into prison, their former teacher was able to write: "Such progress have you made for many years in the gospel of Jesus Christ, that it was unnecessary for me to excite you by my letters; and all that remained for me to do was to make honourable mention of you everywhere, and to give thanks to our heavenly Father for the spiritual blessings with which he had crowned you." Later on, under the proud and bigoted Paul IV., Martyr's "pleasant garden," as he called his congregation, was dispersed as a conventicle, and under fear of sanguinary penalties, some recanted. The good prior's labours in the Lord, however, were not in vain. Some of his followers left the country carrying the truth with them; and even after the storm of persecution had spent its fury, a remnant of the faithful remained in the city. Paul IV. was one of the most despicable of the discreditable line of popes. He fostered the Inquisition, quarrelled with Philip II., until the Duke of Alva was found at the gates of Rome with a Spanish army, and in other respects lived for the aggrandisement of his family, some of whom were executed as criminals after the pope's decease. That such a man should have plagued the faithful after he had reached the chief place of authority is not wonderful; but the fact proves that, instead of representing Christ on earth, Paul IV. really did the work of Satan.

Florence, the city of libraries, of palaces, museums, and of art galleries, lies one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Rome, in a country remarkable for its fertility. In the vales, and on the hills, vines and olives bear fruit to perfection in the congenial soil; while corn, rare varieties of flowers, and many other products thrive in rich profusion. Nature and art have combined to make Florence beautiful; and yet the modern visitor may sometimes realize that a little sanitary science would be worth more to him, at all events, than the superabundance of painting and sculpture which the old capital of Tuscany calls her own.

In association with Florence we name the poet Dante, and Girolamo Savonarola, both of whom were in a sense reformers. The mediæval monk, while groping in the pre-Reformation darkness, set his face against prevailing corruptions, and proved his sincerity by paying the full penalty of his boldness with his life. "That he did not reach a clear conception of the gospel, such as marked the teaching of Luther and others, must be admitted," says Dr. Stoughton; "nor had he a true idea of the spirituality of Christ's kingdom. He condemned the action of popes rather than the principles of the papacy, and adhered to the dogmas and ceremonial of the church in most particulars. He was a mystic and a visionary, and indulged in dreams by which he deceived himself as well as others. But an evangelical spirit penetrated his mind; he aspired, under motives of patriotism, blended with piety, to the realization of an ideal religious republic in his adopted city; he wished to make the inhabitants 'fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God'; and had they yielded to his moralizing influence, they would have become a better and a happier people."

Dante, or "the Bard Reformer," as Dr. Stoughton calls the poet, was also born at Florence in 1265, a very turbulent period in the history of the city when the differences of opposing factions were settled by the sword. The experience of the Bard was very varied; he passes before us as a student, a disconsolate lover, a soldier, a politician, and an exile. Speaking of his character generally, Mr. O. Browning says that "Whatever there was of piety, of philosophy, of poetry, of love of nature, and of love of knowledge in those times is drawn to a focus in his writings. He is the first great name in literature after the night of the dark ages." Generally neglected two or three generations ago, Dante's fame has in these times been generally revived, and considering the character of his writings he is now exceedingly popular throughout Europe. The difficulty, in the case of his "Divina Commedia," at least, is to grasp the meaning of allusions which point to current abuses, or to living characters of the times; and even if we accept the aid of an interpreter the question again arises, Whom shall we follow? Mr. Browning assures us we can have "no better guide" than Maria Rossetti, while Dr. Stoughton prefers "Mrs. Oliphant's inartificial, candid, and intelligent comments." On his own account the Doctor adds: "I am constrained to regard the wonderful author of dreams touching Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise as a great Reformer, full of ideas bearing on the political and moral improvement of his country and mankind. There is one idea very clearly brought out—that Rome at the time was



FLORENCE.

From "Footprints of the Italian Reformers."

a sink of evils, and that imperial rule was vastly to be preferred to that which was pontifical." It was no doubt very suggestive when such a writer, living in the darkest times and not blinded by the pagan magnificence of the papacy, saw "No pope except St. Peter in Paradise, and no emperor in Hell." Dante also corrected the prevailing superstition when he wrote:—

> "Tell me now,
> What treasures from St. Peter at the first
> Our Lord demanded when he put the keys
> Into his charge? Surely, he asked no more
> But 'Follow me.'"

The names of several who favoured the Reformation also belong to Florence. There was born Antonio Brucioli, an evangelical teacher who, besides writing a complete Biblical Commentary, prepared an Italian version of the New Testament. Another Reformer, Pieto Carnesecchi, once the trusted servant of Clement VII., was here put to death on account of his faith. There also have occurred numerous book fires, burnings of works which were inimical to the so-called "holy office" of the Inquisition. "One day in December, 1551," we are told, "twenty-two penitents dressed in cloaks painted all over with crosses and devils, marched in procession to the Duomo, and the heretical books found in their possession were burnt in the Piazza. In the spring of 1559 another batch of condemned volumes were thrown into the flames before the doors of Santa Croce." At different times the papacy has found reason to fear books quite as much as men, and thus obnoxious volumes have been visited with martyr penalties.

Sienna is a small city of Tuscany, with a population of twenty-two thousand. Besides the university and the citadel, the town has a full proportion of palaces, fountains, and beautiful churches, besides which the inhabitants have attained to the distinction of speaking purer Italian than any other community. Here we find footprints of Bernardino Ochino, a natural orator of such wonderful power, that he is said to have been the most popular preacher of that age, peasants and kings being equally delighted with his utterances. Before his enlightenment he practised all kinds of austerities, but ultimately he shook off his Franciscan Pharisaism to espouse the cause of the Reformation. Contemporary with Ochino was Aonio Paleario, whose book, "Il Beneficio di Cristo," is thought to be one of the sweetest and simplest evangelical books in the Italian language; and the popularity of which was attested by the fact that between 1543 and 1549 forty thousand copies were sold. Thus, although Sienna did not become a refuge for the Reformers, it supplied many exiles who carried on the work.

Sixty miles north-west of Rome lies *Orvieto*, a fortified city of about six thousand souls, and which still contains the old palace of the popes. Twenty miles nearer the "Eternal City," in the same direction, is Viterbo, which as a place three times the size of Orvieto is associated with the names of many Reformers, whose names we have not space to mention.

The old kingdom of *Naples*, now included in United Italy, is one of the most fertile in Europe, just as its capital of four hundred and forty-eight thousand souls is one of the most beautifully situated places in the

world. As Roman Catholicism goes, this city should be accounted one of the most religious anywhere to be found, superstitious crowds who still believe in priestly miracles thronging the churches; but common observers, nevertheless, tell us that Naples for notorious wickedness exceeds anything they have ever met with in their travels. We believe this to be uniformly the case wherever popery has reached its most perfect development. In former times, Naples and the country around was stained with the blood of the persecuted—horrible barbarity having been practised; and to-day the city is wrapped in spiritual darkness—a sink of iniquity, so far as the lower orders of the population are concerned.

One of the most prominent characters belonging to Naples is Juan de Valdes, a Spanish evangelical teacher of the sixteenth century, and the author of the "CX. Considerations." This worthy's life has been written with much skill, and more sympathy, by the Woburn Quaker, B. J. Wiffen, a Friend, who with singular enthusiasm devoted his whole time to the work of recovering forgotten works of Spaniards who taught the doctrines of grace in opposition to the semi-pagan heresies of Rome. The Reformer's house was at a retired and beautiful spot on one of the roads leading out of Naples; and there, as Wiffen tells us, "Valdes received on the Sunday a select number of his most intimate friends, and they passed the day together in this manner:—After breakfasting and enjoying themselves amid the glories of the surrounding scenery, they returned to the house, when he read some selected portion of Scripture, and commented upon it, or some 'Divine Consideration,' which had occupied his thoughts during the week—some subject on which he conceived that his mind had obtained a clearer illumination of heavenly truth." Signor Valdes passed away to rest while the Reformation was in progress, in 1540. He was a man who in his day exercised a wide influence; and both Dr. Stoughton and Mr. Wiffen are of opinion that the Spaniard's genius partially inspired the "Il Beneficio di Cristo" of Aonio Paleario.

On coming to *Rome* Dr. Stoughton gives some attention to Luther's first visit; to the celebrated and awful siege of 1527; and to the every-day doings of the Inquisition, when that iniquitous institution was in power. The capital would, of course, supply material for a volume; but even in more out-of-the-way places like *Perugia*, in central Italy, he found traces of the evangelical truth taught more than three hundred years ago.

Bologna, in central Italy, is a city of about one hundred and sixteen thousand inhabitants; and while its trade chiefly consists of costly silks and exquisite velvets, the place boasts of having been the birthplace of many men of genius. When the name of Luther was resounding throughout Europe, the Bolognese appear to have been anxious to share Lutheran liberty without identifying themselves with the Reformer's name. When the Elector of Saxony visited Charles V. in 1533, the citizens asked him to use his influence in the cause of religious freedom; and their language is very suggestive of what might have been in place of present barrenness had better counsels prevailed; *e.g.*—"If the malice of Satan still rages to such a degree that this boon cannot be immediately obtained, liberty will surely be granted in the meantime both to clergy

and laity to purchase Bibles without incurring the charge of heresy, and to quote the sayings of Christ and Paul without being branded as Lutherans. For, alas, instances of this abominable practice are common, and if this is not a mark of the reign of antichrist we know not what it is, when the law, and grace, and doctrine, and peace, and liberty of Christ are so often opposed, trampled upon, and rejected." Though so commonplace in our days, this language when first used was sufficiently in advance of the times to sound unreasonable to ears unaccustomed to its use.

About a quarter of the size of Bologna, Modena is the capital of a province of the same name, the land being of great fertility, while the quarries supply the finest marble for artistic purposes. We are glad to find that in the latter days of Luther's life the Reformation had so far awakened this town, that Cardinal Maroni in a letter to the Duke of Ferrara says: "Wherever I go, and from all quarters, I hear that the city is become Lutheran." In this manner the people chose the better part; but by means of the Inquisition, and other terrific agencies, the pope's representatives stamped out the truth to keep themselves as well as others in bondage.

Did space allow we might linger at Ferrara, where, standing almost alone in the midst of a dissolute court, the Duchess Renée, the friend of John Calvin, sought to favour the Reformed faith. We should find that Venice was once a city of printing as well as of palaces, seeing that three thousand works went forth from its presses between the years 1465—1500. Milan is associated with the conversion of Augustine; Trent with the well-known council convoked by Paul III.; while many other places have traditions and histories illustrative of the conflict between Christ and antichrist in the sixteenth century.

Though the Reformation did not at once take root in the country, we may be sure that the work of the Reformers did not die; and the day of liberty and gospel light they longed to see has dawned at last to gladden our eyes. What has already been accomplished, in spite of the now harmless mutterings of the pope, augurs well for the future. In Rome itself the late secession of Canon Campello, and the publication of his autobiography, has been of vast service in opening the eyes of "the faithful." The Waldenses have now, as Dr. Stoughton tells us, "about forty constituted churches, thirty-two stations, and about eighty localities visited for evangelistic efforts. One hundred and eight pastors, attendants, evangelists, and other agents, are employed in instructing above twenty thousand people, regular and occasional communicants being reckoned in 1879 at two thousand eight hundred and thirteen." The Free Italian Church has eighteen hundred communicants and two thousand Sunday scholars; and its college in Rome, with its fifteen students, is presided over by Mr. Henderson, a Scotch Presbyterian. The Free Church of the Brethren has a number of small congregations. The Wesleyans have fourteen missionaries in the country, and a fine sanctuary in Rome, where the Baptists are also worthily represented by Mr. and Mrs. Wall. Many others are at work, all as Protestants being bound together in bonds of union, such as were not characteristic of the first awakening three centuries ago. Now it is not uncommon "to hear Italian hymns sung to Sankey's tunes,"—a phenomenon much more

pleasing to Christian lovers of Italy than the glare of candles, the glitter of tinsel, and the theatrical music which recently made up the heathen-like performance at St. Peter's, when the names of certain new saints were added to the calendar. The Reformation has really entered the country; the night-birds of the Inquisition are dispersed; the truth has proved itself stronger than pope, cardinals, and priests combined, and all that is needed to ensure success is well directed, persevering effort and constant prayer. G. H. P.

Church and State—the mischievous union.

THE most ominous day the church ever saw was the day when Constantine the Great, having renounced heathenism, proclaimed himself the imperial patron of Christianity and defender of the Faith. That alliance of Church and State set back the church for centuries, and to this day she is reeling beneath the satanic stab she then received. Ay, it was Church and State, Caiphas and Pilate, that crucified the Lord of Glory. No, church of the enthroned Immanuel, thy resources are too great to need the decrees of earth's Cæsar's! Put not, then, thy confidence in princes. Go not down into Egypt for help, or cross to Assyria for horses; trust not in chariots because they are many, or in horsemen because they are strong. O Lord, in helping there is with thee no difference between the mighty and the powerless! We rest on thee, and in thy name we set up our banners. Through God we shall do valiantly; for it is he who will tread down our enemies.

Brethren, it is cause for justest felicitation that, among the many noble champions of a Christianity unentangled by state alliances the foremost and bravest have been those who were identified with our own faith and order. At the very time that Puritan John Knox was proclaiming the right of the civil magistrate to prosecute those whom he called heretics because they were not Presbyterians, Baptist churches in Great Britain, Germany and Holland were protesting against all prosecutions whatever, grounded on conscientious divergence. At the very time Puritan John Robinson was maintaining the power of the civil magistrate to compel every member of the community to join himself to a Christian church, Baptist John Smyth opposed him, declaring that the magistrate had no right to "meddle with matters of conscience, or compel men to this or that form of religion, because Christ is the king and lawgiver of the church and conscience." At the very time that the Puritan fathers were banishing from Massachussets Bay all who would not subscribe to their articles of faith, Baptist Roger Williams, himself one of the banished ones, was heroically proclaiming his doctrine of soul-liberty, and founding a political commonwealth, which, for the first time in the history of the American Church, incorporated among its fundamental principles absolute freedom of conscience, and total separation of Church and State.—*George Dana Boardman.*

Girls' Orphanage Bazaar.

ONCE again we have to record the superabundant goodness of our gracious God, and the abounding liberality of his generous servants, in the matter of providing for the completion of the Girls' division of the Stockwell Orphanage. The bazaar announced for the first week in the new year has been held, and such has been the generosity, first, in furnishing the stalls, and next, in clearing them, that at the end of the four days nearly £2,500 had been taken by the stall-keepers, and the stock in hand was still so great that the sale had to be continued for four days in the following week, when the receipts from the stalls were made up to £3,733 17s., distributed as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Stockwell Orphanage Stall	356	4	2
Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster's Stall 251 3 5 The Misses Passmore's Stall... ... 100 10 3	351	13	8
Richmond-street Mission Stall	326	2	5
(In addition to £101 16s. 7d. received in donations.)			
Mr. Murrell's Stall (including two refreshment stalls, and four days at oyster-stall)	317	10	0
Mrs. Mansell and Mrs. Fisher's Stall	212	5	3½
Messrs. T. H. and W. Olney's Stall	200	2	6
The Misses Higgs' Stall	187	4	3
The Tabernacle Sunday-school Stall	184	11	1
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class Stall	158	9	5½
West Croydon Baptist Church Stall	132	4	8
Mrs. and the Misses Carr's Stall	130	7	2
Mansfield-street Sunday-school Stall	130	0	10
The Misses Crumpton's Stall	104	5	11
Mr. Bartlett's Class' Stall	102	4	2
(In addition to £55 0s. 10d. received in donations.)			
The Pastors' College Stall	96	10	1
(In addition to about £100 received in donations.)			
The Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school Stall ...	92	11	9½
Mrs. Dring and Mrs. Huckle's Stall	89	15	7
The Evangelistic Choir Stall	70	1	4
The Misses Wade's Stall	61	19	4
The Elders' Bible-class Stall	53	10	0
Mrs. Edwards' Stall	49	1	3½
Mrs. and Miss Goldston's Stall	48	6	10½
Colportage Association Stall	48	1	0½
(In addition to £46 8s. 10d. received in donations.)			
Mrs. Ashby's Stall	46	9	2
Mrs. and the Misses Thompson's Stall	33	18	0
The Misses Wilson and Miss Jones' Stall	32	19	0
Mr. Mills' Meat and Poultry Stall	32	11	0
Mr. Thompson's (oysters—four days) Stall ...	26	12	11
Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Culver's Stall	14	5	3
Miss Price (goods sold privately)	11	11	0
Miss Brook's Stall	11	10	0
Edison's Phonograph (per Pastor G. Dunnett) ...	10	3	6
Art Gallery, Entertainments, and Museum ...	10	14	3
	£3,733	17	0
Contributions mentioned above	303	6	3
	£4,037	3	3

In order to enable all our readers to understand the exact financial position of this work, it may be well to reproduce here the statement presented by the President in his address at the opening of the Bazaar. For the information of those who had not been acquainted with the various stages of the movement, we divided the report of the work thus:—

I. "The Hawthorns," etc.

The Stockwell Orphanage for Girls was inaugurated at the Silver Wedding Testimonial meeting held in the Tabernacle on Monday evening, May 19th, 1879. In the following October the house in the Clapham-road called "The Hawthorns" was purchased, and afterwards the adjoining meadow. These, together with the necessary repairs, alterations, fixtures, and furniture, and the legal expenses of the conveyance of the house and grounds, cost about £6,000, *the whole of which was forthcoming as it was required.*

II. Houses and Schoolrooms.

We have now completed the six new houses for the accommodation of 250 girls. The total cost of these, including the builders' contracts, architect's fees, and estimated expense of furnishing, has been £13,623 14s. 6d. Towards this amount we had received last Saturday (*i.e.*, December 31) in cash and promises £13,521 4s. 0d. as follows:—

Received:—

	£	s.	d.
For "The Sermon House":—			
C. H. S. £500 0 0			
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ... 500 0 0			
	1000	0	0
For "The Trustees' House"	2170	0	0
For "The Olives"—Mr. S. Barrow and Friends ...	1623	8	7
For "The Limes"—Mr. W. R. Rickett	1000	0	0
A Friend	600	0	0
Mr. C. F. Foster, for furnishing one house	250	0	0
For General Building Fund to December 31st, 1881	6587	5	5

Promised:—

Mr. S. Barrow, for furnishing "The Olives" ...	250	0	0
Smaller amounts	40	10	0
	£13,521	4	0

So that at the end of 1881 we only needed about £100 to complete the building and furnishing of the six houses, and this amount has already come by post from various donors.

III. The Additional Buildings.

We have already commenced the Additional Infirmary for Girls, and the Swimming Bath and Play Hall, which, with the amount needed for making roads and laying out the grounds, will cost about £3,000. After these are finished, we shall have to erect the Laundry, Kitchen, Dining Hall, and a new and more suitable Head Master's House, which will probably bring up our total expenditure to at least £10,000. Towards this amount we have at present only one donation of £1,000 received some months since from Mr. and Mrs. Wood, of New Malden.

The receipts at the Bazaar Stalls, including donations per stall-keepers, have amounted to £4,037 3s. 3d., from which there will, of course, have to be a considerable deduction for expenses; but, on the other hand, we shall have to add the large amount taken at the gates, and also the contributions received since

the opening of the Bazaar. We may, therefore, we think, fairly reckon that we have realized at least £4,000 by this special effort, and that with the generous donation of £1,000 previously mentioned, we have in hand one-half of the £10,000 which we estimated that we should need for the completion of the whole scheme. For this grand success we most devoutly thank—first, the Father of the fatherless; next, our brother Murrell, who worked at it day and night; and next, the thousands of faithful friends and willing workers who have in any degree helped to bring about such a glorious result.

The long cash-lists published in the extra pages issued with the present number will give some indication of the widespread interest that has been taken in this work, but they will not convey any adequate representation of the love and gratitude expressed by the hundreds of donors in their letters to the President. We have attempted to summarize the donations received during the past month either for the Orphanage General Fund, or the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, but this will furnish our readers with a very imperfect impression of the joy which has been our portion every day since we returned from our sojourn in the sunny South. Contributions have come from almost all parts of the world, and in all manner of forms, but the following items are those that we can most readily recall at the moment of writing, although contributors who are not specially mentioned must not imagine that their gifts are either forgotten or unappreciated. First and foremost, *sermon-readers* must be mentioned. Scarcely a post has come without one or more donations from those who have derived benefit from the printed sermons. In many instances our correspondents have told us that, owing to their age, or deafness, or other infirmities, they are unable to hear the gospel preached, and therefore they are doubly grateful that they can read, in a language that they can understand, the word which many of them testify supplies nourishment to their souls. Whenever we have any good work in hand we can always rely upon liberal help from our larger congregation outside the Tabernacle walls. *The young* have also helped us very considerably. One little boy gave half his savings for a year (would that some rich man would go and do likewise!), others sent the amounts given them for Christmas-boxes. Two little girls sent their first earnings, and the daughter of one of our constant helpers forwarded one-tenth of the sum she had in the bank. What a revenue we should have if the wealthy gave in the same proportion! A little lady, 12 years old, at Bedford, who last year sent us 17s. 6d. as the result of a small bazaar arranged by herself, has made a similar effort this Christmas, and raised 22s. 6d., in addition to forwarding a parcel for our big sale; while the children of Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., have again held a bazaar in the drawing-room of their grandpapa, Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown, which realized the noble sum of £23 11s. 0d. for "The Liverpool House." *Servants and the poor* have had a hand in the good work. One servant has consecrated to this object all the presents received from visitors for three months: she hopes others will do the same. "Three servants, whose earthly stores have lately been increased," have given 55s. as a thankoffering. Many widows have sent their "mites," which have all been much larger than half-farthings; while orphans are well represented in the list. "One who was left an orphan very young" forwards 5 per cent. on earnings. *Our own College men and Colporteurs* have done nobly. Either by sending parcels, or collecting amongst their friends, or contributing, often out of their necessities, they have helped largely to swell the grand total. Our beloved son Charles not only despatched a large consignment of goods from Greenwich, but he brought us altogether £28 15s., most of which he had collected in pence by the sale of motto-cards at the close of his lectures in various parts of the country.

One of the students still on the college-roll has been supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Amsterdam for nearly a year, and his preaching has been so acceptable that on New-year's day he was able to make a collection amounting to £34 for the Girls' Orphanage; truly a noble contribution, for which we heartily thank our brother, and his and our Dutch friends. The

students of the College Evening Classes have also contributed twenty guineas to the Bazaar funds, though the amount was received too late to be included in this month's accounts.

We might continue classifying thus until we filled the magazine, but we must content ourselves with mentioning a few items which cannot be omitted. The members of Mr. Bowker's class could not conveniently arrange for a stall, so they presented £20. Mr. Bartlett asks us to mention that he has received from Mr. A. Ferguson, of Shanghai, a bank draft for £52 13s. 10d., and a case of Chinese goods; from Mrs. Scharschmidt, of Jamaica, a box of native articles; and from Messrs. Henry and Co., Manchester, a parcel of Chartaline blankets. Mr. W. J. Evans wishes us to thank the following firms for presents to the Orphanage Sunday-school Stall at the Bazaar:—Messrs. J. and P. Coats; Morris and Yeomans; Kirby, Beard, and Co.; Spencer, Turner, and Co.; Ormes, Upsdale, and Co.; and Price, Dunn, and Co., per Mr. Andrew Dunn. Mr. J. T. Dunn and his Richmond-street Mission friends, not content with the noble amount taken at their stall, have collected and contributed £101 16s. 7d., which swells the total of their receipts to £427 19s. 0d., and places them at the head of the list. The plaster models of "John Ploughman," which were made specially for the Mansfield-street Sunday-school Stall, attracted considerable notice, and had a large sale. Country friends may be glad to know that some of them are still to be obtained of Mr. Johnson, 4, Lucretia-road, Kennington-lane, S.E., at 1s. 6d. each, or 1s. 9d. post free. The whole of the proceeds are given to the Orphanage. The Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* inserted a highly appreciative, illustrated sketch of the Girls' Orphanage in his paper for Jan. 7, and presented two hundred copies for sale at the Bazaar. A lady, in forwarding her annual subscription, enclosed £5 extra to be expended at the Bazaar in toys for the orphans. The son of our old friend, Mr. Potto Brown, sent us £50, and by the same post £25 arrived from another ever-liberal helper, who wishes to subscribe annually sufficient to pay the entire cost of one child while in the institution. We must close our list with the mention of two gifts which have come to us almost as messages from the spirit world. A parcel came to hand with this touching little note attached:—"The hands which made these are now in the cold grave, and her spirit in glory. Under great weakness were they made, but with a burning desire to assist the orphans." In sending us an account of the death of "a constant and edified reader" of our printed sermons, a relative says—"The last matter in which he was engaged in this life was the preparing a box of goods for sale at your present Bazaar. Many of the articles he made with his own hands, viz., some harness, head-stalls, reins, &c., and the only anxiety which seemed to rest on his mind till he died was that they should arrive in time. He died, as you will see, the day the Bazaar opened; so from above he will see the result of his last work of love."

Notices of Books.

Our Veterans; or Life-stories of the London City Mission. By John Matthias Weylland. Introduction by the Earl of Shaftesbury. London: S. W. Partridge.

Well done, Mr. Weylland. You have given us a book which he who begins to read will feel loth to lay down till he has finished it. Here is the romance of Christian work amongst the London poor. The City Missionary toils amongst "whipper gangs," gipsies, casuals, thieves, outcasts, Irish fanatics, "patterers," "fairies," conveying to all, and often with blessed effect, the glad tidings of Christ's love. We give in the body of the Magazine a taste of the book under the title, "London Fairies." We have no doubt our readers will "ask for more," and we suggest that they should gratify their appetite by purchasing the book, the profits of which are devoted towards the support of "veteran missionaries," who, on being disabled, are allowed by the London City Mission a pension of a pound a week.

The Christian Treasury. Johnstone and Hunter.

MAKES a solid and handsome volume. Full of wholesome spiritual food.

The Fireside. "Home Words" Publishing Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

Mr. BULLOCK keeps his magazine popular without pandering to that diseased taste which craves for heresy. He is a wonderful editor, and knows how to select that which will both please and profit. May this volume gladden ten thousand firesides.

The Welcome. Partridge and Co.

EXCELLED by none, equalled by few. The volume is gorgeous.

The Leisure Hour and *The Sunday at Home.* Religious Tract Society.

THESE two favourites hold their own in the race, though the competition becomes every year more vigorous. We always feel safe in aiding the circulation of these periodicals; no poisons are mixed with the articles, and this is more than we can say of many otherwise attractive magazines. Seven shillings will be well laid out in the purchase of either of these.

Friendly Greetings is another first-class volume, strong in illuminated texts. The very thing for distribution among cottagers.

The Family Friend, The Children's Friend, and the *Infants' Magazine,* all published by Partridge and Co.

EACH one deserves to be ranked first-class, and the same may be said of all the rest of Partridge's magazines for the people, which all advocate godliness, temperance, kindness to animals, and everything else that is good.

Onward. Partridge and Co.

Is about the best of the temperance advocates: always lively and fresh.

Temperance Mirror. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THIS improves. The woodcuts in the early months are horrible; the letterpress is earnest and interesting.

Mother's Friend. Hodder and Stoughton. CHEAP at 1s. 6d. Has its own sphere.

Child's Own. Sunday School Union. VERY prettily brought out.

Methodist Family. 61, Paternoster-row.

So good that it might easily be better. Contains many admirable articles; its engravings are not up to the mark.

China's Millions. Morgan and Scott.

THE eloquent pleader for China. It is always telling. The year's volume at 3s. 6d. is worthy of my lady's table.

The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland. T. Nelson & Sons.

THIS well-conducted half-penny missionary magazine holds on its way, and never fails to place the gospel in a clear and convincing light.

The Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Working Sunday School Teachers. Volume VI. Elliot Stock.

THIS magazine is true to its title; it is one of the best of the monthlies intended for the mental and spiritual equipment of our Sabbath School teachers.

The Church. Elliot Stock.

HOLDS an honourable position among our denominational monthlies. *The Baptist Messenger* maintains its usual excellence, and the *Baptist Magazine* holds on its way,—good, but rather heavy.

General Baptist Magazine. E. Marlborough and Co.

OUR Arminian brethren are happy in their editor, whose vigorous intellect has made their magazine a power.

After Work. Elliot Stock.

ATTAINS not to a very high degree, but has vivacity.

Woman's Work. S. W. Partridge & Co.

VERY excellent and full of information upon the labours of the gracious sisterhood for Jesus.

The Preacher's Analyst. Edited by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. Volume V. Elliot Stock.

A SMALL portion in size for 5s., but when we look into it we find much more than a crown's worth of raw material for sermons.

The Westminster Confession of Faith. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. J. Macpherson, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This latest "Handbook for Bible Classes" is a valuable addition to Messrs. Clark's cheap publications. We have never seen the history of the Westminster Confession so thoroughly and yet so briefly told, or its separate articles so suggestively treated. We are afraid that modern Christianity knows but little about even the existence of this "Confession," much less its doctrinal teachings. Anything that will secure for it revived interest and renewed study we heartily welcome. This book will live because it deserves to exist.

Dialogues on Pulpit Preparation between a Senior and a Junior Minister. With Sketches of Sermons. By Rev. George Cubitt. Wesleyan Conference Office.

Could we honestly recommend this volume to theological students we would gladly do so; but after trying for a long time to find in it any help in ministerial work, we give it up in despair. The dialogues are so sapless and antiquated as to be of no use whatever; while the Sketches of Sermons are like Ezekiel's valley of bones—"very dry." The man who has any native power won't need such crutches, and others had better not try to get it from these so-called "helps."

The Divine Ideal of the Church in the Words of the Holy Scriptures. A Manual for Members of the Church. By an Elder. Elliot Stock.

With the exception of the chapters referring to the "children of Christians," and "postures in worship," this little manual seems to us to be carefully selected in the choice of texts, and likely to do good. It is neither better nor worse than its kind, but a fair specimen of a pretty common style of book in these days.

Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith. By Professor F. Godet. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These lectures will considerably enhance the reputation of Professor Godet as a champion of Christian truth. As a commentator we have known and esteemed him; and now as a polemic we have the same appreciation and admiration for him. There is trenchant argument and resistless logic in these lectures; but withal, there is cultured imagination and felicitous eloquence which carry home the appeals to the heart as well as to the head. Wherever the ghostly spectres of French or German philosophy have unsettled minds and bred doubts, here is the remedy ready to hand; they will fly before it as Hamlet's ghost before the morning light.

Conversations on the Creation: Chapters on Genesis and Evolution. By A Layman. Sunday School Union.

Here is science made delightful by clear description: strong argument and genuine reverence for the Scriptures. Whoever "a Layman" is, he need not be ashamed of his book. While we do not accept all his explanations of scientific facts and their influence upon revelation, yet we admire the combination of fearlessness and godliness so apparent in every page. Every Sunday-school teacher should read this volume, and ponder its teachings; it will give him or her confidence in dealing with the attacks made upon the Scriptures. We have no fear for the result of the conflict between science and religion: the God of Nature is the God of the Bible, and when we read both aright we shall not see conflict, but deep unity and harmony. Towards this blessed result, these "Conversations" are a distinct contribution.

Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Cardiff. By W. F. James. London: Bible Christian Book Room.

The lively record of the toils, disappointments, hopes, and successes of an earnest and indefatigable minister in establishing a Bible Christian Church and building a chapel in Cardiff. We congratulate him on his success. In 1874 he preached to seven persons at his first service. In 1879 he had accomplished the erection of school, chapel, and minister's house, at the cost of *Four Thousand pounds;* and much spiritual success had been achieved. Pluck and perseverance will usually prevail, and the Lord's work requires such qualities as this excellent brother displays.

Hours with the Bible; or, the Scriptures in the light of modern discovery and knowledge. From Samson to Solomon. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Partridge and Co.

WE praised the second volume of this work more heartily than we should now do after a further reading, for we consider the article upon the passage of the Red Sea to be highly objectionable. In this third volume there is much valuable matter, and we doubt not that this series will be a choice addition to our stores of Biblical learning.

Christmas Evans: the Preacher of Wild Wales. His Country, his Times, and his Cotemporaries. By the Rev. PAXTON HOOD. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE have not learned so much about Christmas Evans from this portly volume as we have gathered aforetime from much less pretentious memoirs. The book is flavoured with Christmas Evans, and it is an interesting book, but it is not a biography of the great preacher, nor have we read it with much content, because we did not find what we looked for. Apart from its title the volume is a noteworthy production, and gives much information upon Wales, and the Welsh, and their religion, and their great preachers. Mr. Paxton Hood is a man of genius; we have always read his books with pleasure, and have often obtained both instruction and entertainment from the fruit of his universal reading and wide travel: it is the same in this case, but not to so eminent a degree as we expected. Compared with many biographies this is first-rate: compared with other works of the same author it is flat. Such a writer with such a subject might have done better —so we think; and yet the book well repays a perusal.

Indian Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Rev. W. URWICK, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER of those wonderful illustrated books of travel which come forth from the Tract Society every Christmas. We do not care so much for the theme as for some which have preceded it; but the work is well done both by pen and pencil. This luxurious book costs 8s. Happy those who can with their own eyes behold these Oriental wonders; but highly favoured in the next degree those who can see them thus admirably pourtrayed. Alas, that Dr. Manning should be no more among us to take one of his annual pleasure-trips and give us the result thereof. But why should we regret? He is up and away where his sight is charmed with greater wonders than this poor planet can exhibit.

Le Nouveau Testament de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ. And

Le Voyage du Chrétien. Par JOHN BUNYAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

HE who has produced the New Testament in French for One Penny, is, of course, looking for his reward in another world, for there must be a loss on every copy that is sold. In this good work all who seek the real prosperity of France should take a share by purchasing and freely scattering the priceless word. The French John Bunyan at 5d. in paper, and 6d. in cloth, is also very cheap; but the Testament is rather given away than sold. There was never a more hopeful time for distributing the Word of God in France on a large scale; the result upon her future history would be unparalleled blessing.

Workers at Home. A Companion to "Our Home Work." By Mrs. W. H. WIGLEY. Nisbet and Co.

FOR young women, young wives, and young mothers, this is a specially suitable book. Here common-sense and piety combine to produce sound practical instruction, and this is conveyed in simple, forcible, and attractive language. There is no soothing syrup in the book, nor a trace of the poppy-head; all is bright, brief, and to the point. An old friend to whom we read a chapter said at once, "I must give that to my niece who is going to be married next month." He is a sensible man, and we commend his example to general imitation. Such a book as this is likely to prove a life-long blessing to any family in which the mother can bring her mind first to read it carefully, and then to carry out its injunctions faithfully.

Great Movements and those who achieved them. By HENRY J. NICOLL. John Hogg, Paternoster Row.

HERE we have portions of history with which all our people should be familiar. How John Howard cleansed the Augean stables of Europe's prisons; how Wilberforce freed Africa from her chains; how Cobden gave the poor their daily bread untaxed: these are heroic stories, fitted to stir the blood and arouse enthusiasm. To these are added the labours of Romilly for legal reform, of Brougham for education, of Knight and Cassell for cheap literature, and of Rowland Hill for cheap postage; and so forth. Good things have all been slowly gained, and possibly the winning of them has been an education to the people as great in value as the boons themselves. Mr. Nicoll has written judiciously and well; his impartial description of Brougham is in marked contrast with one-sided accounts of that weak-strong, little-great man; and his tone and warmth are calculated to stimulate exertion and arouse ambition for worthy deeds. Put the book in every library; read it for yourself.

The Keys of the Apocalypse, considered in a Discourse between the Master and Scholar. By F. H. MORGAN, M.A., Rector of Gisborough. Elliot Stock.

WE do not see that these keys unlock anything, or that the master and scholar arrive at very much after all their "consideration." We shall probably understand the Apocalypse itself before we shall be able to comprehend the books which are written to explain it. One thing is eminently satisfactory,—each writer annihilates all who have gone before him, so that we need only to understand the last interpreter. But, then, who is the last? Let him arise, and wipe out all hope of a successor, and then will the groaning press have opportunity for the publication of more practical matter.

Specimen Glasses for the King's Minstrels. By the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. "Home Words" Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings, E.C.

VERY choice "flowers of poesy" are to be found in these "Specimen Glasses"; and well they may be, for Miss Havergal chose them, and who had better taste than she? We hope that no scrap of her writing will be allowed to lie by. It would be a shame to waste even the cuttings of her gems. In this instance the prose matter into which she has inlaid the hymns is richly instructive, and full of holy thought and rich experience. The book is sure to take with the public.

The Pleasures of Love. In four parts. The Love of God. The Love of Man. The Love of Christ. The Love of the Christian. By the Rev. TIMOTHY HARLEY. Nisbet and Co.

WE have seen some respectable verse from Mr. Harley before, and know that he is capable of good things in that direction. This poem deals with love divine and human, and always in a pure and gracious style, with chastened speech and gentle phrase. It is a pleasing and profitable strain, with musical notes ringing through it. We are afraid that on such a well-worn theme little new remains to be said. The ancients have forestalled all our original thoughts on such a subject, and what can he do who comes after them? He can do his best, and Mr. Harley has done *that*.

The Band of Mercy Advocate. Vol. III. Partridge and Co.

THOSE who love all God's creatures, and would fain lighten the heavy yoke which man's cruelty imposes upon them, should spread this excellent magazine. The volume for 1881 is charmingly bound. It is a work of art, and only costs two shillings.

The "Little Folks" Album of Music. A collection of songs and rhymes. With music. Cassell and Co.

WHEN we say that this musical album is as good as the well-known magazine called "Little Folks," what more can we say? It has sweet songs and charming pictures. Both voice and piano are provided for, and the selection of music is first-rate. We have already said of "Little Folks" that it is the king of all children's magazines, but each year it seems to improve. The album contains many of the old nursery rhymes, but also a large share of new ones, set to original music.

The Inner Life of Christ as revealed in the Gospel of Matthew. Three vols. By Dr. Joseph Parker. Richard Clarke, 9, Plumtree Court, Farringdon Street.

These three volumes have about them all the peculiarities of their author. We may differ from him at times, but we feel the great value of thoughts so fresh and original,—flashes from a mind naturally vigorous and by diligent study strengthened for its work. Dr. Parker is a man by himself, after no class, and belonging to no school; he is not all that we could wish, but he is a man, a man of genius, and a man of power, as these volumes plainly show. We place them among our commentaries to be constantly referred to when we are studying Matthew's gospel. We do not lumber our shelves, but select for them books which we can commend to others.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon Spence and Rev. J. S. Exell. I. Kings. By Rev. J. Hammond, B.A. Homilies by various authors. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

The value of this important volume is enhanced by the fact that we have next to nothing upon the Books of Kings. The commentary is exceedingly well done so far as we have been able to read, and it contains a mine of suggestions for the preacher. If our pulpits are not fountains of instruction it is not because there are not rich sources of supply. Topics selected from the historical parts of Scripture have the great merit of supplying their own illustration: were they more largely used there would be fewer slumberers in the pews. The Pulpit Commentary takes first rank in its own department.

The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible. Old Testament: Six volumes. New Testament: Four volumes. John Murray, Albermarle Street.

This monument of learning will testify to succeeding ages that at the close of the nineteenth century the English Church had not declined in scholarship. Taking it for what it professes to be, the Speaker's Commentary is an undoubted success. It will doubtless be the standard work to which multitudes of the richer clergy will refer: its price will prevent its being used by their humbler brethren. We do not agree with the Churchism, which is occasionally worked into the comment, and much less with the sacramentarianism which is deftly introduced here and there; but then we expected to find these things in such a work, and we blame no one because we are not disappointed. These portly volumes remind us of ten canons or rural deans of burly personality and clerical cut. We are glad to see them on our shelves, and to converse with them every now and then. The concluding volume, which has just come to hand, contains as full a commentary on the Book of Revelation as one could desire. Does any poor minister ask the price of the set? We reply with trembling,—Hand over eleven guineas, and the bookseller will give you two shillings change. Fine grapes, but too high for most poor foxes.

"*Rest unto your Souls;*" *or, the Enjoyment of Peace.* By Rev. Ernest Boys, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Boys has deep convictions of gospel truth, and an earnest, lucid way of stating them. There is a savour of love to a personal Christ in these addresses which will commend them to all true Christians, and a manifest desire to share the gospel blessings with others which will win the unconverted. No better gift to a seeking soul could be given than this little book, no choicer comfort to a weak believer. It is sure to sell, and, what is more, will be read.

Life more abundant: and other addresses. By Theodore Monod. Morgan and Scott.

These addresses were mainly published in *The Christian*, from whence they are now issued in book form. All full of gospel as an egg's full of meat, and withal bright and taking in their style. You cannot help reading on when you once begin; nor can you help being both interested and edified. The Monod family is a choice one, and Theodore is not the least among them in power and unction. It would have been a distinct loss for this little volume not to have been published.

At Home. Illustrated by J. G. Sowerby. Decorated by Thomas Crane. Printed and published by Marcus Ward and Co. London and Belfast.

WELL! well! This beats everything! Here we have a book for children which might vie in æsthetic art with the best productions of the age. Every illustration is in its own way a gem. Beauty of colour and form, childlike simplicity, accuracy of representation, tasteful adornment, all combined. Here we have a gallery of art for little girls with which their mothers and fathers could not find fault if they tried. The price is 5s., and we do not wonder that 70,000 were subscribed for before Christmas.

Stories to Write. A series of pictures wanting words. Cassell and Co.

WHAT pleasanter and more useful lessons in English composition could be devised? Children who will sit down to write little stories upon these pictures will love the amusement, and never lose the benefit. Messrs. Cassell have never worked out a more sensible idea, though they have led the way in educational appliances.

A Bright Life. Dedicated to the young. Introduction by Rev. W. B. Robertson, D.D., of Irvine. London: Nisbet and Co.

A CHARMING book: the record by a bereaved mother of the beautiful, brief life of a highly-gifted daughter. Just the book for young people and sorrowing parents.

Palestine Explored with a view to its present natural features, and to the prevailing manners, customs, rites, and colloquial expressions of its people, which throw light on the figurative language of the Bible. By the Rev. J. NEIL, M.A. Nisbet.

CONTAINS much that is really fresh. It is not a mere repetition, but a contribution to the exposition of Scripture, which will be valued by all who prize such works, and surely this includes all Bible-readers. Of course much which our author observes has been noted before; but he has a quick eye, and therefore has spied out many matters which others had passed over.

The Land of the Morning. An account of Japan and its People, based on a four years' residence in that country. By WILLIAM GRAY DIXON. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

EXTERNALLY a bulky book, curiously adorned in the Japanese fashion. Internally a lucid history of the islands which aspire to be a Southern Britain, with extensive geographical information, and notes upon manners and customs. A Christian spirit breathes like fresh morning air throughout the entire work, which we feel much satisfaction in introducing to our readers. A capital lecture might be made of it. The Sabbath School Library should not miss it.

Stories about Dogs. By Mrs. SURR. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Nelson and Sons.

WITH such an enthusiast as Mrs. Surr to write, and such an artist as Harrison Weir to illustrate, of course the book which comes of the conjunction is something memorable. Dogs deserve all that their best friends can say of them, but their enemies have somewhat to say against them. They are no more perfect than men are, and they are often very like their masters in their vices. But we claim that in many points the canine creature sets the human animal a fine example. That dogs should be treated kindly, and even tenderly, is a point well proved by Mrs. Surr. Her book is worthy to rank among the handsomest of the Christmas presents, but it will be in season even as late as the dog-days.

Sunrise Gleams: Early Morning Readings for every Day in the Month. By LADY HOPE OF CARRIDEN. Nisbet.

WHOEVER attempts to write a book of daily readings challenges comparison with the late Miss Havergal, queen of short-portion writers, and must be of considerable ability to endure it. This Lady Hope has done, and the result is anything but unfavourable to her; her Morning Readings are fragrant with holiness, alive with suggestion, and permeated with personal love to Christ. One month of Miss Havergal's and another of Lady Hope's will help to make us appreciate the book the more by comparison.

Historical Sketch of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland to its Union with the Free Church in 1876. By the Rev. ROBERT NAISMITH. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

MR. NAISMITH did well to issue this little manual soon after the union of the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches in 1876. The book answers well to its title. It conducts the reader over one of the most interesting fields of history. The story of religious struggle, of oppression, persecution, and martyrdom is always fascinating. Our fathers passed through stern experiences to win the liberty we enjoy. Happy is the church that has such a history behind it, and whose members make themselves acquainted with it.

A Discourse on Scottish Church History from the Reformation to the Present Time, with Prefatory Remarks on the St. Giles's Lectures. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just," says the wise man, "but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." Twelve lectures on Scottish Church History (the "St. Giles's Lectures") were recently delivered by twelve prominent Presbyterian ministers, and the discourse before us, the delivery of which was suggested by these lectures, is by a Scottish *Episcopalian*, who views the history from an opposite standpoint. The Reformation in Scotland was a protest—first against popery, then against prelacy, and it is natural that Dr. Wordsworth, who is himself a prelate, should be out of sympathy with one of its great characteristics. In his preface, which forms the larger part of the book, he subjects the St. Giles's Lectures to criticism; and in the Discourse which follows he surveys the history of the Scottish Reformation from his own point of view. We cannot say that he carries us with him in his conclusions; or that his neighbourly "searching" of the "cause" of the Presbyterian lectures has to our mind disproved their positions. Our author relies as much upon the early church as upon Scripture itself for the support of his view of church polity: and those who do not agree with him in his premises are not likely to follow him in his conclusions.

Life of Principal Harper, D.D. By the Rev. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, Princes Street.

DR. HARPER occupied a high position in the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, though his name is less known in England than that of some of his great contemporaries. He took a prominent part in the Scottish Ecclesiastical movements of his day, and exercised an influence not exceeded perhaps by that of any other minister of his church. He shone chiefly as a preacher, professor, and controversialist, but meddled little with authorship. Dr. Thomson's book forms not only an admirable biography of his friend, but a history of the ecclesiastical movements in Scotland during the last half century. It is in all respects an able work.

"*The Devotion of the Sacred Heart.*" *An exposure of its errors and dangers.* By R. C. JENKINS, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

CANON JENKINS has done good service by tracing the history of these so-called "appearances" of Christ in bodily form, tending as they do to the grossest superstition, and the foulest idolatries and blasphemies. Popery must be at a terribly low ebb when it can seize in desperation such a crude, grotesque, lying invention as this to serve its power in England. But there are not wanting those who are credulous enough to accept these lying wonders; hence the need of such an antidote as this book provides. Oh, the boasted advancement of this nineteenth century!

Paul Bradley. A village tale, inculcating kindness to animals. By Mrs. CHARLES BRAY. Partridge and Co.

A REALLY capital story for boys. If they can read it, and afterwards join the cruel urchins who pelt frogs, tease dogs, hunt cats, and beat donkeys, they must be incorrigible young rogues and vagabonds. Incidentally, Mrs. Bray shows that children as well as animals can be trained better by kindness than by cruelty. We are happy to believe that schoolmasters like "Mr. Bangham" are almost, if not entirely, an extinct race.

Discourses and Addresses. By Rev. J. H. Rigg, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This is a reprint in equal type, and in one considerable volume, of the Discourses and Addresses which had before appeared in separate forms. They embrace a variety of topics, speculative and scientific, ecclesiastical and educational, moral and religious, for which it is acknowledged no single title strictly descriptive of the contents could be found. They are unique only in the individual characteristics of clear and comprehensive thought, and in a certain oratorical style, less adapted for reading than for hearing. At all times the author presents himself as a professed representative of the denomination to which he belongs. Methodism is the element in which he lives and moves and has his being. In Methodism he was trained, and in Methodism he has trained others, and he will be deservedly recognised as one of the chief leaders of that prominent and influential section of the Christian Church during the latter half of the present century. Upon all the great movements of modern times he is well informed, and is well able to give good advice respecting them. The volume is too miscellaneous for consecutive perusal, and is necessarily unequal in interest and profit.

The Old Abbot's Road. By Lizzie Alldridge. James Clarke and Co.

The writer of this rather bulky novel exhibits considerable knowledge of the workings of the heart and conscience, and can portray with equal skill the bland but loathsome usurer, the lover "sighing like a furnace," the maiden all forlorn, the devoted country pastor, and his trusty deacon. The authoress is an ardent lover of nature — one whom "every prospect pleases"; for she has an artist's eye and a Christian's heart. To our mind, however, the interweaving of the sacred, solemn events of Calvary and the circumstantial details of the administration of the Memorial Supper in the village chapel with the *dénouement* of a sensational and fictitious love story, caused a feeling of intense pain. We must in justice to our convictions note this; while, in justice to the authoress, we are glad to add that she is devout as well as gifted, and uses her great gifts for the purest and highest ends: in fact, she is a sister of whom we can have nothing to say but praise.

Modern Missions: their Trials and Triumphs. By Robert Young, Assistant Secretary to the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland. Marshall, Japp, & Co.

This is a thoroughly useful compendium of missionary history. A second volume will be needed to complete the work, and we earnestly hope that the sale of the present instalment will lead the author to prepare the remainder. We do not remember to have previously met with a book so readable, so full, so every way useful: the various missionary societies will act wisely if they endeavour to promote its distribution. The map, coloured to represent the sway of the various religions, is in itself a powerful plea for missions. The volume is produced in an elegant style.

Hid in the Heart. Short Bible readings for every day in the year. Selected and arranged by Mrs. E. H. Riches. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

Not only will this book answer the devotional purpose for which it was mainly written, but it will supply topics to teachers and preachers, and this is a most useful end to serve. A theme is set for each day, and appropriate Scripture-texts are placed under it. It is a wonderful little book for one shilling, and ought to be bought by tens of thousands. Those who should daily commit to memory the selected passages would certainly become good textuaries, and that is next door to being good theologians.

Plain Words on Temperance. By Rev. C. Courtenay. A packet of 24 Tracts. Jarrold and Sons.

Temperance advocated hand in hand with the gospel will be sure some day to overthrow this curse of drink. Towards this end Mr. Courtenay's tracts are a very able contribution. Crisp, bright, racy in language, direct and forceful in appeal, running over with sanctified common sense. May they be widely read, and be the means of bringing joy and comfort into houses and homes where sin and suffering, through the drink, have hitherto come.

The Very Words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ gathered from the Four Gospels, according to the Authorised Version (1611) *with Marginal Quotations from the Revised Version* (1881). Also with an Index of Passages and Subjects. London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, 7, Paternoster-row.

A PRETTY little book which, at first sight, one might compare to a *bouquet* of cut flowers culled from a rare garden, and tastefully arranged by some fair hands into a thing of beauty. But cut flowers can never exhibit all the charms which belong to those which remain in the garden, set off by their surroundings. And it is very much the same with the words of Christ. So many of them were delivered to us in dialogues that when detached from their connection they lack the linked sweetness of those matchless conversations in which "he answered and said." The liberties taken with the gospel according to Luke are such as no pious reader would be likely to relish. That Evangelist on the outset laid much emphasis on the "*order*" of his narrative. Totally to pervert that order throughout cannot possibly be pleasing to us. What advantage there can be in turning the fifteenth chapter of Luke topsy-turvey, we cannot conjecture: we say nothing about the authority for doing so, though that is the more important question. Neither the authorized version of 1611, nor the revised version of 1881, lend the slightest countenance to the shifting of the parable of "*The Prodigal Son*," so as to place it before the parables of "*The Lost Sheep*" and "*The Lost Piece of Silver*" in a separate paragraph. "As an aid to memory and reference," we consider this "effort" to re-arrange "the very words of our Lord" to be a mistake.

The Poet's Bible. Selected and Edited by W. GARRETT HORDER. New Testament Section. W. Isbister, 56, Ludgate-hill.

IT is very convenient to have portions of great poets arranged according as they illustrate points in the gospel history. Dr. Schaff did this for the Life of our Lord some time ago, and we have found the compilation very helpful: his collection, however, is mainly made up of hymns. Mr. Horder has shown a poet's taste in his selection. We do not like the foolish *Dialogue of Mary* at the end, nor the evident High Church flavour of the book; but still we are glad to have so much of the best poetry set in order so as to adorn with song the story of our redeeming Lord. We shall eagerly watch for the Old Testament series which the author has in hand. The two will be favourite books with ministers.

The Complete Commentary on the New Testament. (Vol. I., Matthew and Mark.) Edited by ALOAH HOVEY, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420, Chestnut-street.

THIS appears to be a thoroughly accurate, critical, and reliable work; adapted for popular use and yet by no means commonplace. We gather from the preface that the American Baptist Publication Society has a scheme on hand for a complete Commentary on the New Testament, and that this is the first volume. If all the succeeding volumes shall equal this, our expository stores will receive a great increase of wealth. The work is well done; that is to say, it is executed carefully and devoutly; the learned man is seen, but he still sits as a disciple. The type and printing are all that we can desire.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of General Charles A. Browne: with personal Reminiscences of Christian Life in India Half a Century Ago. By a GENERAL OFFICER. Dublin: Geo. Herbert, Grafton-street. London: Hatchards.

WHEN a soldier is a Christian, he is often of the heroic type. Such evidently was the estimable officer who is the central subject of this book. But the chatty writer introduces us to a host of officers and soldiers who wore the regimentals of Immanuel's army, and made an uncompromising stand for Christ. The Reminiscences are of a delightful sort. Indeed, what more captivating than the recollections of a grey-headed Christian veteran, who summons back again from the past the faces and forms of saintly comrades, and the scenes in which they fought their good fight of faith? This is *the* book to put into the hands of young officers.

Christian Sociology. By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. 1881.

The author of this little volume essays to strike a new key-note in theological literature. He imagines that he is pioneering a field of thought hitherto unexplored; in all his search he has never found the term "Christian Sociology." Our readers will probably remember the review of a treatise with a similar title by Rev. W. Unsworthy in our June number of last year. Still he gives a good account of his own motive in appropriating it. "*Sociology*" he borrowed from Auguste Comte, the French philosopher, who coined the word to express *the science of society*, as a branch of physics,—a science which treats society as it would astronomy, geology, or chemistry, tracing all its phenomena to natural rather than moral laws. The prefix of *Christian* he adopted to redeem sociology from the materialistic philosophy of its inventor, and to graft it into the orthodox system of evangelical doctrine. For the special relationship that every Christian individual holds to the family, the State, and the Church, he then claims that a new and separate department of theology should be assigned, distinct from the exegetical, historical, dogmatic, and pastoral sections which have already obtained general recognition. In his exposition of Christian ethics we see nothing startling, but much that is edifying. The chapters are well divided, and will furnish teachers and students with a manual of "duties" enforced more by argument than by precept, and appealing to the higher instincts of godly men that they should consider how they ought to behave themselves in their connection with the world as it now is, and in their fellowship with other disciples of Jesus than those of their own denomination.

Ward and Lock's Universal Instructor, or Self-culture for all. Part 14. *Ward and Lock's Illustrated History of the World.* Part 3. *Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary.* Part 8. Ward, Lock and Co.

All these issues by Ward and Lock are remarkable for their excellence. What a mass of information may now be purchased for a little money! Although the trade in numbers has seen its best days, yet the publication of great works in that fashion enables many to become purchasers who otherwise might never dream of such a thing. The *Universal Instructor* amazes us: we do not understand how it can be produced at the price; but the public evidently appreciate it, for several editions have been sold.

Stories of Young Adventurers. By Ascott R. Hope. John Hogg.

A nook of startling stories of varied adventure; sure to make the eyes of our boys gleam, and their hearts desire to emulate the deeds of peril and bravery therein recounted. The tone is healthy and robust, and for its kind the book is one of the best we know. The plates are uneven in merit, some of them having been worn out years ago.

The Thompsons. By Benjamin Clarke. 1s. *Peter Biddulph.* The Rise and Progress of an Australian Settler. By W. H. G. Kingston. *The Daughter of the Regiment.* By Ascott R. Hope. 2s. each. Sunday School Union.

There is nothing particularly striking about these stories, but they will doubtless interest the young people, and so answer the end for which they were written.

Blinky and Onions: a Ragged-school Reminiscence. By Mrs. James Martin. Sunday School Union.

No better book for a present could be given than this. A pathetic story of the history of two street waifs, and the means taken to lift them from their misery and degradation. If the children in our homes where comfort abounds could only be interested in the suffering and poverty of their poorer brothers and sisters we should find much more support for philanthropic work. Every sight of the bright, cheerful fireside of Christmas would then be a loud call to comfort and cheer some desolate ones. This book will help to interest and teach such sympathy. It has our heartiest approval and recommendation. Let Tom and Clara have a copy at once.

Notes.

We have devoted so much space to the Report of the Bazaar and Orphanage that our other notes this month must be very brief. The daily and weekly papers have kept our readers and the general public so well informed of our movements that there is little left for us to mention. Only again we bless the Lord, and thank our friends for all the generous help received for the Orphanage.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.—The Report of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund for the past year is now ready, and can be obtained through any bookseller. The price is the same as last year, 6d., or post free 7d. What shall we say of this gracious narrative? With sweet simplicity it tells a story of divine love: showing how the weak one has been made strong, and the sufferer useful. Surely it will encourage many a sad heart, and rouse many a joyous one to greater care for the Lord's servants. We may give extracts next month, but, meanwhile, we should much prefer that friends should get the Report for themselves. It is well written, and we highly commend it. What! a husband recommend his wife's works? Yes, and it is Scriptural to do so. Is it not written, "Her husband also, and he praiseth her"?

Outrages on the Jews.—All our sympathies are aroused for the Jews who are being brutally treated in Russia. One is made to blush for the name of Christian when we see it mixed up with murder, plunder, and ravishment. The long catalogue of Russian atrocities is enough to move a heart of stone. That followers of the Lord Jesus should hound to the death the nation from which he sprang according to the flesh is a strange perversity of ignorant zeal, which all true believers should deplore day and night. Let the house of Israel know assuredly that all real followers of Jesus of Nazareth desire the good of their nation, and lament their persecutions. We pray that Israel may accept the Messiah whom we reverence, but we cannot hope that this will be the case while so much wrong-doing is perpetrated against them.

On *Christmas-day*, 1881, the Pastor again occupied his pulpit after an absence of six weeks. The *following day* he had the great pleasure of once more presiding at the Orphanage Christmas festivities, when, thanks to the generosity of friends from far and near, all went merry as a marriage-bell.

On *Wednesday evening*, December 28, a large and enthusiastic audience welcomed the Pastor home to the Tabernacle after his holiday. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. Spurgeon, J. A. Spurgeon, C. Spurgeon, R. H. Lovell, W. Cuff, H. Varley, and W. Williams; and Messrs. J. M. Smith, W. C. Murrell, and W. Olney. One result of the meeting was that the Weekly Offering for the College was made up to £1,881 for the year 1881. This constant giving is a perpetual pledge of affection. What would the College do without it? for most people forget the old love—the College, to help the new one,—namely, the Orphanage. This thing ought ye to have done, but not to leave the other undone. Is it not as good a work to train a minister as to educate an orphan?

On *Monday evening*, *January* 2, 1882, the Prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was made an occasion for inviting neighbouring ministers to unite in thanksgiving and supplication, in accordance with the arrangements made by the Evangelical Alliance. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there were also present Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, S. H. Akehurst, J. E. Cracknell (who gave an account of his visit to the United States and Canada), J. A. Griffin, D. A. Herschell, J. Locke, J. Marchant, and G. M. Murphy.

College.—Mr. C. G. Croome has settled at Nelson, Lancashire; and Mr. W. A. Wicks, at Moulton, Northamptonshire, the church of which Dr. Carey used to be the pastor. Mr. B. Brigg also leaves us to devote himself entirely to his important charge at Drummond-road, Bermondsey. Mr. J. E. Moyle, who came to us from Canada, has returned to the Dominion, where he hopes soon to find a suitable sphere.

Mr. C. Hood has removed from Nuneaton to Gosford-street, Coventry; and Mr. E. Small, from Markyate-street, to Birchington. Mr. W. Stokes, who came home some time since from Port Elizabeth, has become pastor of the church at Winchester. Mr. H. F. Adams, whom the Canadian ministers have been unable to "ordain" on account of his open-communion principles, has left Lewis-street, Toronto, and accepted the co-pastorate of the church at Quebec City, under the care of the Rev. D. Marsh.

Mr. J. G. Potter sends us an interesting account of his arrival at Calcutta, and his interviews with the whole of our College men in India. He has been appointed to the mission-station at Agra, under the superintendence of Mr. Jones.

We have also received a cheering letter from Mr. H. Rylands Brown, which we hope to publish in full next month, as it contains an account of his recent evangelistic tour among the tea-planters of the Darjeeling district.

Our brethren in the country may be glad to be informed that the conference this year will probably be held in *the week commencing April* 17, *i.e.*, the week preceding the Baptist Union meetings.

The *Evening Classes* in connection with

the College recommenced on the 17th ult. After twenty-one years of service in this useful field, Mr. Fergusson has asked us to allow him to retire from the work, which will in future be under the superintendence of Mr. S. Johnson, who will be assisted by Mr. Bowers.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton commenced a series of services at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, on Sunday, the 15th ult. Our son Charles sends us the following note of the opening meetings:—

"Dearest Father,—It is with great joy I send you a word about the dear brethren, Fullerton and Smith. They commenced work at Greenwich on Sunday, 15th Jan. Good preparation had been made, for we had a week of prayer-meetings before they came, when several of the neighbouring ministers gave addresses. Each time from seventy to two hundred persons attended, and on Thursday quite five hundred gathered. The workers had been busy circulating handbills from house to house, and as many as 15,000 were thus disposed of. On the Sabbath the congregations were, as they are wont to be, praise the Lord, *good*, the only difference being an afternoon service for children. Brother Smith, with his usual tact, held over 1,500 little ones, collected from four Sunday-schools, spell-bound by song and speech. This service did some of the old boys and girls good as well as the youngsters, and already conversions have taken place. During the week each evening there has been an increasing attendance, and the work is growing in interest and blessing. Personally I thank God for the arrival of these two brethren in Greenwich, and especially as they are labouring at South-street as their head-quarters. I will report further later on.

"With love,
"Your son,
"CHARLIE."

After they have finished at Greenwich the evangelists will go to Mr. Knee's church at Peckham-park-road, afterwards to Chelsea, and then to Mr. Charrington's, Dr. Barnardo's, and Mr. Fellowes'."

Mr. Burnham is engaged this month for Gamlingay, Morley, and Ossett.

ORPHANAGE.—*Collectors' Meeting.*—Will all our collectors kindly note that the next meeting for bringing in their boxes and books will be held at the Orphanage on *Friday evening, March* 3, when the President hopes to be present.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Our honoured friend, Dr. Culross, of *Glasgow*, sent us the following cheering note just as we were returning from Mentone:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—In connection with Adelaide Place Church there is a 'Domestic Mission,' which, among its various operations, distributes a thousand of your sermons every week to a thousand families in some of the poorer districts of the town. There are seventy persons, chiefly young people, though there is a sprinkling of grey hair among them, who take part in this work. They have found it a good plan to leave the sermon one week and to call for it the week following. By this means a thousand sermons per month, by division into four, get distributed to a thousand families per week. I need not say that they are welcomed very much by the various receivers. It is difficult to trace results, but judging from what is said to the distributors God's cause is being effectually served. We are going to have a social meeting of those among whom the sermons are distributed, and expect about a thousand to attend. We have not room for more. The date is fixed for 17th January, 1882. We shall remember you gratefully that evening. I thought I would say all this to you instead of sending a Christmas card. Wishing you and yours the blessings of eternal goodness,

"Yours faithfully,
"JAMES CULROSS."

The following is an extract from a letter which has come to hand from Mr. Wm. Tolmie just as the "Notes" are being made up:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Dr. Culross insists that I shall write you this time, which I have very much pleasure in doing. The Soirée (to which he referred in his recent letter to you) of the readers of your sermons, and others connected with the Brown Street Mission of Adelaide Place Church, was held on Thursday last, and was attended by from six to seven hundred. Testimony was borne to the pleasure and benefit derived from the sermons; and the meeting enthusiastically authorized the sending of a letter to you expressive of gratitude therefor, and of the hope that you may be long continued in health and strength to carry on the various departments of your noble work."

A correspondent has forwarded the subjoined letter:—

"Sir,—Having yesterday travelled from the North in company with a clergyman who laboured for many years in the South of France, and who is now residing here, our conversation turned to the relating of anecdotes about ministers. I mentioned that I had heard you in Exeter Hall in 1854 or 1855, when he told me the following, and, as I thought it would interest you, I now give it as he related it. He said—

"'In 1866, Mr. S. came to Paris, and, as he could not preach in French, many of my friends, who had gone long distances to hear him, were disappointed. At the request of a good many of my own congregation and other friends, I went to Paris, and took copious notes of the different sermons. When I returned I was pressed to give these sermons in French. When it became known that I was to do so, great crowds came to

hear me. By way of introduction I just asked them for the time to fancy I was Mr. Spurgeon, as I wished to try and deliver them with the same effect as he had done.

"'A few years after that a lady called on me, and wished to be admitted as a member of the Protestant Church of which I was the pastor. I asked her what had led her to think of this. She replied that a few years ago she, along with other Roman Catholics, had gone to hear a man who had been in Paris, and was to give a translation of "Spurgeon'ssermons." She followed closely the sermon from the text, "I am the good Shepherd," and had thus been awakened. She added also that she had never again seen this man, nor had she been able to hear of him.'

"I may add that, of course, the clergyman soon informed her that he was that person."

A constant subscriber in *Edinburgh* supplies us with another testimony to the usefulness of our sermons when issued as advertisements in the Australian newspapers :—

"About seven years since an Australian clergyman was about to preach at the morning service on a gold-field. He found waiting outside the door of the wooden church a man who spoke to him, saying he wanted work for Christ. His story was simply this :—He had been a shepherd, and, whilst minding his sheep in the bush, had taken out a newspaper to read whilst they were feeding. A sermon by Mr. Spurgeon happened to have been inserted, but which had to be paid for as an advertisement by some Christian brother. The man, who had been careless and indifferent regarding his soul, read the sermon over, and then again and again. The result was that he surrendered his soul to the Saviour, and was soon rejoicing over sins forgiven. He then wanted work for his Lord and Master. The clergyman took him into the Sunday-school held before the morning service, and gave him a class. The man's zeal was soon conspicuous, and ere long he became the superintendent. He was clear-headed and hard-working, and latterly on another gold-field has preached the gospel as a catechist in the Church of England."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—December 29, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
M. C. S.	1	0	0
J. H. S.	2	10	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Ranson	2	1	1
Mr. Cyrus Blanford	1	1	0
Miss R., Edinburgh, per Mr. J. G. Gibson	0	3	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
H. M. S., South Australia	1	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	16	0
Rad	0	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett	4	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley and friends	2	10	0
P. B., Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
J. W. T., Kilb	1	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
An Afflicted Missionary in India	0	10	0
Miss Jephs	1	5	0
M. Mulligan	0	10	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert	2	0	0
Rose	1	3	0
Part Collection at Penge Tabernacle	5	2	3
Mr. Hunt, Norwich, per J. T. Dunn	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0
Part collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	2	10	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	5	0	0
Mr. R. Perry	0	1	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
T. O. D.	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. William Casson	1	0	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mary Amy Kidd	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	25	11	5
Mrs. Wyman	0	10	0
Mr. C. Child	2	10	0
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
W. and E. H.	0	7	0
Mr. J. H. B. Gapper	0	5	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible-class	12	0	0
Mr. H. Ormond	3	0	0
Miss J. Traill	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hogg	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Wilcox	0	5	0
Mr. John Hawthornthwaite	50	0	0
Mr. D. Rutherford	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Proceeds of College Annual Meeting	80	0	9
Proceeds of sale of Mr. Rogers' Conference Addresses	14	13	8
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Wm. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr John Brewer	5	5	0
Miss M. Miller (2 years')	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
December 18, 1881	39	14	4
,, 25 ,,	60	5	8
January 1, 1882	35	15	0
,, 8 ,,	28	0	0
	163	15	0
	£477	10	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	1	6
Collected by Mr. John Robinson ...	2	6	0
Mr. J. G. van Ryn	2	0	0
Mrs. Arnold's box	2	10	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier's box	0	14	0
Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0
L. K. D.	2	5	0
J. H. S.	2	10	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. F. F. Gilberd	0	10	0
Miss Bessie B. Thorne	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. McElkinny	0	5	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	15	0	0
Mr Sidney Wallis	10	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Offer and friend	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
Friends in Lockerbie	0	8	0
Mrs. M. A. Ostler	0	10	0
F. L., Hereford	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Welman	0	5	0
A widow and poor women	0	1	0
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Fowler	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Imes	5	0	0
A. L. H. R.	0	5	0
T. R.	0	6	0
Mr. Adolph Jungling	1	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	1	10	0
Mrs. Prees	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. B. Gregory	0	5	0
G. and M.	0	2	6
H. M. S., South Australia	3	0	0
Miss Harrison	2	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline	0	10	0
Caroline's brothers	0	5	0
From Taunton	1	0	0
W. F.	0	2	6
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	10	0
From Doncaster	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Chamberlain	0	5	0
Mrs. Davis	0	2	6
M. E. R.	0	5	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mr. Robt. Burgess	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn	2	2	0
From Stoke Newington	0	1	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
W. Mitchell and friends	0	3	6
E. Sydenham	0	10	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	10	0	0
Mrs. J. C. Morgan	2	0	0
Mr. Jordan	1	2	6
Mr. John M. Coutts	0	5	0
"Mercies received"	1	0	0
Mrs. E. I. Anderson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. William Smith ...	0	11	0
Helen Millar	0	2	6
A Lover of the Children	0	10	0
I. E. M. A. B., a Thankoffering ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Thornley	0	3	6
Mr. Charles E. French	0	10	0
From Wickhambrook	0	1	0
S. Tulley	1	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Milward	5	0	0
"Eusebia"	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering from Irvine	1	11	0
R. B.	1	0	0
Miss Colvin's Sunday School Class 0 5 0			
Mrs. Nicol 0 2 6			
Mr. J. E. Colvin 0 12 6			
	1	0	0
Miss Lucas	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Annie Brown :—			
Mrs. G. Dobson 0 10 0			
Mrs. Osmond 0 6 0			
Mrs. Bradley 0 5 0			
Miss Alice Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. G. Brown 0 5 0			
Mr. Emerson 0 4 0			
Mrs. Oates 0 2 0			
Miss Annie Brown 1 0 0			
	2	17	0
S. A. and friends	1	5	0
Alice and Lily's first Earnings	0	6	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
Mr. James Somervill	1	0	0
E. Perry	0	2	6
Misses Jeanie and Mary Lowe and Friend (with two pairs of ear-rings and scent bottle)	0	2	0
Mr. William Moir	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew ...	5	1	0
Mrs. Jane Jack	0	3	0
A Widow's Mite, Romford	0	2	0
Miss Kate Pearce	0	10	0
Miss E. Bishop	0	10	0
M. C. S. F.	0	19	0
Mr. John E. Adams	1	0	0
Collection at the 225th Anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, Chipping Sodbury, per Pastor A. K. Davidson ...	2	12	0
Collected by Mr. P. L. Kitchen :—			
Mrs. Lincolne, Cambridge 0 5 0			
Miss Young, Cambridge ... 0 5 0			
Small sums, per Mrs Young 0 4 3			
Mr. J. R. Sturton, Peterborough 0 5 0			
Mrs. Abingdon, Ringstead 0 5 0			
Mr. Glover, Tring 0 5 0			
Mr. Kitchen's Family ... 0 7 0			
Small sums 0 3 0			
	1	19	3
Messrs. Coates and Co., per Miss Brees	3	3	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Knowles	5	12	6
Bible-class at Ceylon Chapel, Eastbourne, per Miss S. Knott	1	9	6
Mrs. Alchin 1 5 0			
Weekly Offerings at Sunday evening services ... 4 0 0			
	5	5	0
The birds of Paradise	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. E. Fox, for one year's maintenance of one child	25	0	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	10	0	0
S. A. B.	0	10	0
A friend	0	1	0
R. Salvism	0	2	6
Mr. John Badcock	0	2	0
Mr. James Green	1	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Mr. M. E. White	0	15	0
A poor widow's mite	0	5	0
Ebenezer	3	3	0
Two friends, per Miss Wilmot ...	0	6	6

	£	s.	d.
A friend, Stockton...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Maggie Bell	1	1	0
Mrs. Godfrey's class	0	15	0
Annette, Shepherd's-bush	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Cooper	2	2	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock...	0	5	0
Dear Granny	0	10	0
E. and R. W.	0	5	0
Houston and Penicuik Mission-box, per J. M. Lang	0	10	0
"Sixty-one"	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Markland...	0	5	0
Collection after lecture by Pastor F. Harvey	0	15	10
Children of Mr. D. F. Wishart... ...	0	5	0
Children of William and Sophia Hawley	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hallam, per Mr. W. Rooksby ...	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Fawcett	2	2	0
"In Memoriam," Bath	3	0	0
Miss Simpson and Miss Macara ...	1	0	0
Lizzie's money-box, Southampton ...	0	10	0
A Friend, per Pastor A. A. Rees ...	5	0	0
Eizzil...	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	10	10	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Madge	5	0	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
Mr. J. Lock...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	14	2
F. G. B.	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Struthers...	5	0	0
Part proceeds of Christmas-tree, per Mr. John Field	5	0	0
L. C. Fidkin	0	5	0
Sergeant-major W. Ball	0	5	0
K. E. W.	1	0	0
Collection after sermon by Mr. Spurgeon at Baptist Union meetings at Portsmouth	50	16	4
Collected by members and friends of Pastor T. W. Medhurst's Bible-class, Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth	67	3	4
Collection after Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth 23 19 8			
Less expenses 2 3 0			
	21	16	8
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage choir, at the Circus, Southampton 28 19 0			
Mr. A. Barling 1 1 0			
	30	0	0
Half a little boy's savings for a year...	0	4	6
Mr. Wm. Biggs	2	0	0
"Every little helps"	0	2	6
Mr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
Mr. S. Vast	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Philips, per Mr. B. W. Carr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hilton	0	4	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0
Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
A Friend, per Editor of "Christian Herald"	0	2	9
Mrs. Wm. Ross	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Mathewson	40	0	0
Miss S. Scott	0	5	0
Part collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	2	10	0
Willie's Christmas-box	0	2	6
S. G. C.	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Alfred Lyon	5	5	0
Baby's penny a week	0	4	4
Miss P. Haines	0	5	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Walters	0	2	0
Mr. James Trickett	0	10	0
Miss Edwards	0	10	0
T. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. M. J. Turner...	0	4	0
Mrs. Harvey's little girl	0	1	6
The Misses L. and H. Maynard... ...	2	0	0
Mrs. and Mr. Scott	2	0	0
Per Mr. John Best, J. P. :—			
Collected by—			
Mrs. Philip Richards ... 1 6 6			
Mrs. Thomas Rowe ... 1 0 0			
Master Harry Harry ... 0 12 6			
	2	19	0
Mrs. Jee	1	0	0
Miss Jessie R. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Wilcox	0	5	0
M. W.	0	2	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	12	0
Mr. Thomas Steer...	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Anon....	0	5	0
Mrs. and Mr. Martell	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Cattorill...	0	1	0
Miss Anne Knott	1	0	0
M. A. and M. J. Plucknett	1	1	0
Mrs. Pearson	0	10	6
Mr. H. Osmond	2	0	0
Mr. C. W. Brooks...	2	2	0
Mrs. Geo. Hooper...	5	0	0
C. C. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Robertson...	0	10	0
Carol-singers, Grove-road Chapel, Hardway	1	15	0
Miss Lizzie Robinson	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	0
M. K. and F. H.	0	3	6
Stamps from Edinburgh	0	5	2
Mr. Chas. Martin	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Chas. Wood	2	13	4
Collected by Mrs. Hearnden	0	4	2
Collected by Miss Caine	0	14	6
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	2	0
G. H. B., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	0	0
"Hope," per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	2	0
A Sermon Reader, Mid-Devon, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thodey	1	0	0
Rosa and Frank Nye, Sunday Collections at Dinner Table for the Orphans	0	15	10
Mr. R. Illsley, Maidenhead	5	5	0
Mr. J. Foxon	1	0	0
Free-will offering at Mr. W. Ross' Mission Hall 10 0 0			
A Friend at Hampstead ... 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Bartholomew ... 1 1 0			
	12	1	0
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Part Collection at Penge Tabernacle ...	5	2	3
Mr. J. Roberts, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Bowtell	1	4	2
Scholars' pence, Sunday Evening School, Ebury Mission, per Mr. C. F. Allison	1	11	2
Collected by Mrs. Walker, Thame ...	9	1	2
W. B. M.	0	5	0
Dalston Junction Baptist Church, per Mr. L. Evans	12	1	5
Messrs. Reading Brothers	3	3	0
Mr. A. M'Cay	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Walker from friends at New Cross, per Pastor D. Honour	2	8	0
Collected by Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong ...	0	12	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Gladwin	1	3	8

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class	1	4	2
Collected by Miss Webber	1	0	0
Miss Eustace	0	2	6
Gorebridge Sunday-school, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1	0	0
Sale of Plate marked B, bequest of the late Mrs. Timpson	10	0	0
E. K., West Bromwich	2	0	0
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
"M.," Aynhoe	2	0	0
M. M. Dowlais	1	0	0
A. B., Reader of "The Christian Herald"	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1	1	0
Per Mr. Mott:—			
Mrs. Davis 5 0 0			
Miss Hagger 1 0 0			
	6	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	1	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Thorpe	1	1	6
Anon., Wimbledon	0	3	0
S. G.	3	3	0
Llandudno Friends, per T. T. Marks ...	1	0	0
Two Postal Orders, Carlisle	0	6	6
Thankoffering for increase of salary	0	5	0
Mrs. Holttum	0	5	0
A twenty years' Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	0	1	0
Collection at Evesham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. C. Warmington ...	3	0	0
Postal Order and Stamps, Pewsey ...	0	2	9
Harriet Marsden	0	3	0
Mrs. Lord; Henley in Arden	0	9	0
Collected by G. Goldsmith	0	4	9
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	14	0
Collected by S. Pavey	0	2	6
A Widow's Mite, Auchterarder ...	0	5	0
Mr. Miles	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Corx	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. S. Hobill	1	1	0
Mr. W. Bird	1	0	0
Mr. D. Rutherford	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. Henry Head and Co.	1	1	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mrs. James Keddie	0	8	9
Miss Lucy H. Wilkinson	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Ewing	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Nelson 0 5 0			
Mr. Pewtress 0 5 0			
Amica 0 5 0			
Mr. Probin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probin 0 5 0			
"In Memoriam" 0 5 0			
Mr. Higgins 0 5 0			
Mrs. Lawrence 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bakewill 0 5 0			
Mr. H. Keen 0 5 0			
A. A. T. 0 5 0			
Mrs. Dix 0 5 0			
Mrs. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor 0 5 0			
F. R. T. 0 5 0			
"In remembrance" ... 0 5 0			
	4	0	0
Mr. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Layard	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Denniss	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Nov. 30 ...	2	2	0
Ditto ditto Dec. 31 ...	2	2	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mrs. J. W. Fidge	1	1	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
J. K. L. C. C. S. S.	4	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Parr	0	2	6
For Orphanage Christmas Festivities:—			
A Working-man and his friend, Dumfries ...	1	0	0
Sarah Hatcher	0	5	0
A poor Mother	0	10	0
Mrs. J. K.	1	0	0
Mr. John Wood	0	5	0
E. Clover	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Munday	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway ...	1	0	0
A Country Minister ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1	0	0
S. W. and B. W. S. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	7	6
Mrs. J. Goosey	0	7	6
Mr. John Betts	0	5	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	1	1	0
Louisa Howard	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Taylor	1	1	0
The Misses Rowland ...	0	5	0
T. S.	2	2	0
Rev. James Irwin	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school Teachers and Children, Newton, Salop	1	5	0
Littlehampton Congregational Sunday-school ...	1	0	0
Collected by E. Harvey ...	0	12	0
A Christmas-box	0	2	4
Mrs. Shearman	1	0	0
Charlotte Cooper	0	1	0
Collected by Percy and Bertie Monk from friends at Bures	1	1	6
Mr. Alfred Tyrrell	0	10	6
George and Elizabeth Kirby	0	2	0
Mr. S. Cornborough ...	1	0	0
Friends at Hardway ...	0	11	0
Frank and Percy	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clabon ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Warmington and friends	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn	0	15	0
Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie, Lottie, and Bennie Tice	0	5	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends ... 11 5 0			
Mr. T. Bollard ... 1 11 0			
Mr. S. Tebbut 1 4 0			
	14	0	0
Dora, Isabel, and Grace Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	5	0
Little Totsy	0	1	0
Mr. John Harper	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Ashe	3	4	9
Mrs. Parker	0	10	0
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	10	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	2	0	0
Nanna	0	5	0
Mr. Abijah West	1	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	1	0	0
From Auld Reekie, Land o' Cakes	1	0	0
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	17	6
Mr. Easton	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Mary Best, Helston:—			
Miss Collins ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Heynes ... 0 10 0			
Miss M. Best ... 0 5 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Richards ...	0	1	0
Miss Bishop ...	0	1	0
Mr. Winckworth	0	1	0
Small sums ...	0	2	0
	1	10	0
Mr. John Fear	0	5	0
L. B., Prittlewell	0	5	0
C. Bartlett	0	2	6
Mr. James Lang	0	5	0
Mrs. Little	0	2	0
Collected by scholars at Brockhurst Sunday-school	0	18	0
Margaret and Jessie	0	4	0
	53	11	1
	£725	10	6

Articles for the Bazaar, per Mr. Charlesworth, not otherwise acknowledged :—

Anon.—Four parcels containing 3 articles each; a parcel containing 5; ditto 6; ditto 19; ditto 28; pair worked Slippers and a Card of Lace.

Initials only.—"G. N. R."; "C. C."; "E. E. E."; "L. B. and S. C. R."; "M. B. L."; "M. K."; "R. M. J."; "T. H."

Initials and names of places.—"A. F," Weston-super-Mare; "A. B." Victoria Park; "A. L. B.," Frome; "D. G. W.," Coney Weston; "F. C.," Birkenhead; Mrs. K., Edinburgh; "J. M.," Alverchrider; "M. A.," Thame; "M. B. C.," Dundee; "S. A. G.," for Villagers, Houghton; "S. A. K.," Torquay.

Other designations.—Abbotsford Lodge, Inverness; Friends at Liskeard; a Mite from Dundee; an old Lady; a Widow, S. H.; a Servant, Edinburgh; a Widow's Mite; a Sermon Reader; 2 Articles: 6 Articles; 28 Articles; an Ice-wool Shawl.

Presents received from the following friends, per Mr. Charlesworth :—

Clothing :—Bartholomew, Mrs.; Brown, Mrs.; Children's Sewing Circle, Downs' Chapel, per Mrs. Davies; Clarke, Mrs.; Cory, Miss; Edwards, Rev. T. L.; Ellis, Mr.; Lenny, Mrs.; Lewis, Mr.; Lloyd, Mrs. J.; Millar, Mrs.; Olney, Mr. T. H.; Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Miss Nellie Withers; R. E. B.; Rix and Bridge, Messrs.; Smith, Mrs., Bradford; Smith, Mr., Huntingdon; Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class; Wilson, Mrs.

Provisions :—Arnold, Mrs.; Chivers, Messrs., and Sons; Collins, Mr.; Cornford, Mrs. and friends; Doulton, Mr. J. D.; Elwood, Mrs.; Gordon, Mrs.; Hall, Mr. R.; Huntley and Palmer, Messrs.; "Little Eva"; Medcalf, Mr.; Newman, Mr.; Peek, Frean, and Co., Messrs.; Plummer, Mrs.; Read, Mr.; Saunders, Mr.; Tubby, Mr. A.; Vinsen, Mrs. W.; Walker, Mrs.; Ward, Miss Janet.

General :—Bilborough, Mr.; Cork, Mrs.; Crosher, Mr.; Gye, Mr.; Higgs, Master Teddie; Olney, Mr. T. H.; Smith, Mr. Jonas; "W. L."; 400 Christmas Cards, A Friend.

We intended to print the lists of donors to the Bazaar-stalls, such as those of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, Richmond-street, &c., but we found that the space occupied would be enormous and the expense heavy. Therefore we have omitted these lists, believing that the kind donors would be content with the acknowledgments which we believe they have received. What a glorious list of love it is! To look it over brings the dew upon our eyes. God bless you all, kind, kind friends, and make you a hundredfold return.—C. H. S.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
M. Roper	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	10	0
A Sermon-Reader	1	0	0
Mr. James Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. William Smith	3	0	0
Mr. Joseph Brown	0	2	0
Mr. John Betts	1	0	0
Miss Annie Hughes	0	7	6
J. and M. A., and P. M.	0	2	6
M. A. P., near Totnes	0	2	6
A Well-wisher	1	0	0
Mrs. Plunkett	0	6	0
Miss Alice Yates	0	10	6
Miss Steer	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allard	1	10	0
Yorkshire	0	2	6
A couple of Bricks from Plymouth	0	5	0
H. M. R., Edinburgh	0	1	1
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6
A Widow	0	2	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	10	0	0
A. L. H. R.	0	5	0
W. S	0	2	6
An aged Widow	0	1	0
Mrs. R. Wright	1	0	0
D. F.	0	3	0
Friends at Tunbridge Wells	0	10	0
H. M. S., South Australia	5	0	0
Mrs. Dudgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Halket	2	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0

				£	s.	d.
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon :—						
Proceeds of Sale of Penny Cards after Lecture by Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	21	0	0			
Proceeds of Lecture at Swindon, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	2	2	0			
Collected by Pastor C. Spurgeon	3	1	0			
J. M. N.	0	10	0			
Mr. David Batchelor, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	2	2	0			
				28	15	0
Mr. Thomas Sowter				0	1	0
Mr. Thomas Weir				0	10	0
Mr. Andrew Nuttall				1	0	0
Miss Muriel Joyce				0	10	0
Three Arniston Miners				0	10	0
A Sermon-Reader				0	2	0
Lizzie, Louie, and Jessie				0	10	0
Mrs. M. Collier				0	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett				4	0	0
W. D. K.				4	19	5
Jemima Orton				0	2	6
A Sermon-Reader, Balbirnie Mill ...				0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and Mrs. Semple ...				0	7	0
E. A. H.				0	10	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by Miss Nellie Withers :—						
Mr. William Moore ...	2	2	0			
Mrs. Chaplin, Southampton	1	1	0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. Philip Davies	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Poulton	0	10	0
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0
Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0
Miss Bissell	0	10	0
Mrs. Hammond	0	10	0
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mrs. Warwick	0	10	0
Master Harry W. Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. James Boorne... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Ward	0	5	0
Mr. R. P. King	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Miss Richardson	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
	11	19	6
Collected for "The Reading House" by G. E., per Miss Nellie Withers:—			
Profit from Reading Market Book Stall, per G. E.	4	15	7
Collected in Box	0	3	6
Books given by Mrs. Gostage, jun.	0	2	6
Miss Blake	0	1	0
Mr. West	0	1	0
	5	3	7
Mr. W. H. Ryder, per Mr. W. J. Harman	4	0	0
A Nurse	0	5	0
Mrs. Binck	0	10	0
Mrs. Martha Binns	0	10	0
A Lady, per Mr. George Greenwood ..	1	0	0
Actraliny	1	0	0
From a Servant Girl, presents received from visitors	0	5	6
Miss Annie Brown...	0	10	0
M. O., two or three bricks	0	10	0
S. V. W.	0	1	0
I. H., Glasgow	0	1	0
Mr. James Ballantine	0	2	6
Mrs. Baxter...	0	1	6
L. C.	0	2	0
S. A. C.	0	1	6
Mrs. French...	5	0	0
Miss Jessie M. Stobo	2	5	0
Mr. William Moir...	1	0	0
Miss Katie Barham	0	2	6
Proceeds of Bazaar held in Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown's Drawing-Room, in aid of "The Liverpool House" ...	27	11	0
A constant Sermon-Reader	0	10	0
Mrs. Cave Browne Cave	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Rump	0	2	6
M. M. D.	0	2	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Proceeds of Bazaar, per Miss Mary Jane Ashton	1	2	6
Mr. C. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. Bateman Brown	50	0	0
Pastor E. H. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Verry	2	2	0
Miss Caroline Verry	0	14	0
A Sermon-Reader, Portobello	0	3	0
J. G. H.	0	6	0
An Aged Believer	0	5	0
A Sermon-Reader, Saltash	0	5	0
Stamps from Canterbury	0	3	0
D. C.	0	10	0
Mr. George Shand	0	5	0
Mr. George Seivwright	0	7	6
Mrs. M. E. White	0	15	0
A Widow and her Daughter	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	2	0	0
A Friend, Stockton	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott for "The Liverpool House"	0	5	0
Mrs. Collins...	0	1	0
E. and R. W.	0	5	0
Houston and Penicuik Mission Box, per J. M. Lang	0	10	0
A Friend, per Pastor A. Greer, Quorndon	1	0	0
A Friend, Strathaven	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Colman	2	2	0
Mrs. Hurnell	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Godwin	5	5	0
"Sixty-one"	1	0	0
Miss Hinton...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. James Wyllie	1	0	0
Mr. George Powell...	1	0	0
Two or three Friends in Kinellar, per Mr. George Gibb...	0	5	0
A Brick from Langholm...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dawson	0	2	6
Mrs. Hill	1	0	0
Mrs. Richards, per Mr. W. Powell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Plaisto...	2	0	0
Ellen Black	0	10	0
A Sermon-Reader, Thame	0	5	0
D. Loftus	0	2	0
A Thankoffering, per C. H. S.	0	19	0
Collected by Miss Ewen	2	15	0
T. O. D.	5	0	0
Mr. John Strachan	10	10	0
Miss Barker's Mothers' Meeting, Leamington	0	15	0
Mrs. F. Hudson	2	2	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. T. C. Mc I.	25	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Moss	0	6	6
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	0	0
A Barrow Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Walkey	0	5	0
H. E.	0	2	6
J. W. P.	0	10	0
Stamps from Edinburgh...	0	2	6
A Sermon-Reader	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Gibson...	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Watt	0	3	0
Mr. William Angus	1	0	0
Mrs. M. B. Stevens	0	15	10
Alice's money-box	0	9	3
Mrs. Sutherland	0	5	0
G. and M. O.	8	0	0
Per Mr. C. Gladish:—			
Mrs. Meiklam 2 0 0			
Miss Meiklam 1 0 0			
Miss Reading 0 10 0			
Mr. C. Gladish 0 10 0			
	4	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Parmenter	1	1	0
Miss C. A. Robertson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Bevan	0	5	0
S. and F. W.	5	0	0
Mrs. A. G.	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Annan	1	0	0
A Working-man, H. D.	0	2	6
A. H.	0	5	0
Stamps from Huddersfield	0	7	0
A Mother and her Four Children, Spalding	0	4	0
A Friend, Bridge of Allan	1	0	0
Pastor A. G. and Mrs. Short	0	10	0
Miss A. Chastney	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnston	1	0	0
Mr. A. Cowan	1	0	0
Mr. John W. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Pringle:—			
Mr. Henry Pringle ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. H. Pringle 1 0 0			
Mr. William Parke ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Dr. Henry 0 5 0			
Mr. John Pringle 1 0 0			
Miss King 0 5 0			
Mrs. James Pringle ... 0 5 0			
Milk Money... ... ... 0 5 0			
	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Mathewson	20	0	0
J. W., Carrickfergus	1	0	0
A Brick for the Girls' Orphanage ...	1	1	0
A Sermon-Reader, Sporle	0	2	6
A well-wisher to the poor Orphans ...	0	1	0
E. A. and M. P.	0	2	6
Contents of little Arthur's money-box	0	17	0
Children of Rev. F. H. Newton ...	0	2	6
Mrs. John Ward	0	2	0
A Plank from Langholm	0	5	0
E. W.	0	5	0
F. E. L.	0	19	10
Mr. John J. Betts	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton:—			
Sir Richard Green-Price, Bart., M.P. for County of Radnor...	2	2	0
Mr. S. C. Evans-Williams, M.P. for Radnor Boroughs	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Maitland, M.P. for County of Brecon ...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Kyrke Penson, Ludlow	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Moore, Northwich	1	0	0
Mr. H. R. Bowers, Runton	1	0	0
Mr. C. T. Macadam, London...	2	2	0
Mr. F. Tibbitts, Birmingham	2	2	0
Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton	5	0	0
Mr. H. E. Reading, Birmingham	1	1	0
Messrs. G. C. Dobell & Co., Liverpool	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Jackson, Birmingham	1	0	0
Messrs. Spiller & Co., Cardiff	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Davies, Knighton	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Lloyd, Chester	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Phillips, Valendre	0	5	0
Mr. George Gray, Ironbridge	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Cartwright, Ironbridge	0	5	0
Mr. Charles R. Gray, Northwich	0	5	0
Miss Lewis, Nantmel ...	0	4	0
Mr. David Lewis, Knighton	0	2	6
	22	13	6
E. Porter, five per cent. on earnings ...	2	0	0
Yate Thankoffering	0	2	6
Mrs. Mary Jones	1	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. and Mr. Martell	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Fortis	0	10	0
Mr. George Russell	2	0	0
Miss Lena Wilson	0	3	6
Mr. Alfred Cove	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Macandrew	1	0	0
Mrs. H. P. Waters...	5	0	0
A Servant	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson...	0	10	0
Collection in Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam, per Mr. Charles Cole ...	34	0	0
From Helen, Sybil, and Margery's box, opened New Year's Day	0	5	6
Mr. Richard Jones	1	0	0
My tobacco allowance	0	5	0
From yin Rintinnttawafan	0	1	0
Miss Everett	0	2	6
C. B.	0	2	0
Thankoffering from three servants, whose earthly stores have been lately increased	2	15	0
Miss Eliza Eno	0	4	0
Brasted Mission Church, per Pastor W. Burnett	0	12	6
M. W.	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Bull	0	5	0
Carshalton and Wallington Baptist Church, per Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	5	0	0
Mr. James Sharp	5	0	0
Toff	1	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
"Dorton"	3	0	0
"From a Scotch working mechanic" ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Goodson	0	3	6
J. P., Postal Order	0	10	0
W. B. M.	0	5	0
A Christmas Thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. A. M'Cay	1	0	0
From servants, per M. A. Harris ...	0	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Elliot, Toronto ...	2	0	0
Sarah Bradley	0	2	6
Mr. H. G. Brown, per Rev. T. Greenwood	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	10	0
Mr. W. Payne	25	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Amica	0	5	0
A. A. T.	0	5	0
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BAZAAR:—			
Mrs. H. Dodwell	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Battam	0	10	0
Mrs. Heffer (for frock)	1	15	0
Mr. C. F. Davisson and Family ...	5	0	0
H. and E. A.	0	5	0
Miss J. Young	0	2	0
Miss Mary S. Allen	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Dods	0	2	0
Miss M. Harvey	1	1	0
Mr. William Blott...	10	0	0
Mr. S. Carrington	1	0	0
Mrs. Pericles Green, Patras	2	0	0
W. A. M.	0	1	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw	1	0	0
"Baby's" Mamma	0	5	0
Mrs. M Rainbow	2	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Layard	0	10	0
A Sermon-Reader, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mrs. Isabella Scoular	0	10	0
Bazaar Articles sold, per Miss Thorne	0	5	0
Sarah Kennedy	0	10	0
Miss M. Challis	0	5	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible-class	20	0	0
Gordon Road Baptist Church, Peckham	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	0	10	0
Mr. Mingins...	0	10	0
Miss Abbott...	1	0	0
E. S. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman...	5	0	0
Friends at Haverfordwest, per Miss Ada E. Thomas	2	10	0
Mrs. E. Mundy	2	0	0
M. C. S. F.	6	3	0
Per Mrs. Griffiths—			
Mr. C. Kemp 0 10 0			
Three Friends 0 11 6			
Mrs. Griffiths 2 2 0			
	3	3	6
A working-man and his friend, Dumfries	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	3	0	0
Mrs. M. Clarke	1	0	0
Alpha	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker (sale of articles)	1	3	6
A few friends, per Mrs. E. Turnbull ...	4	0	0
One who is every month indebted to Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. Rawling	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker (Dolls sold)	0	11	0
Sermon-readers, Portsoy...	1	0	0
Mrs. Thompson (Lace sold)	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hollingham	0	2	6
Mr. H. Edwin	0	10	0
A Friend, per Miss Harper	0	5	0
A Sermon-reader, Montrose	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Shearman—			
Mr. Wm. Roberts 1 0 0			
Rev. T. Nicholson 0 10 0			
Mrs. Habershon 0 10 0			
Mrs. J. Habershon 0 10 0			
Mrs. Oxley 0 10 0			
Mrs. Haywood 0 10 0			
Mrs. Falding 0 5 0			
Mrs. Taylor 0 5 0			
Mrs. Spencer 0 5 0			
Mrs. Hirst 0 5 0			
Miss Cantrell 0 5 0			
J. C. 0 5 0			
H. F. 0 2 6			
Mrs. J. Oxley 0 2 6			
Mrs. Corbett 0 2 6			
Miss Leighton... ... ... 0 2 6			
	5	10	0
Mr. W. Pearey	0	5	0
Mrs. Fothergill (sale of work)	0	6	0
From a poor widow, thankfulness for mercies received...	0	10	0
Georgina Byrie	0	2	0
Miss E. Turner	0	4	0
Mr. J. Kemp (goods sold)	1	18	3
Collected by Mrs. Wright	9	0	0
Collected by Mr. Kelk	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Guyver	1	2	6
From friends at Sheffield, members of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's Song Service Choir, per Mr. T. F. Howard	5	0	0
Contributions for *Pastors' College Stall*:—			
An old Student and his Wife 0 5 0			
Pastor H. A. Fletcher 0 14 0			
Proceeds of Lecture, etc., by Pastor C. L. Gordon 0 18 0			
Friends at Salem Chapel, Dover 0 14 0			
A few friends, per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey 1 10 0			
Friends at Great Broughton, per Pastor J. McNab 1 11 0			
Mr. Green 0 3 6			
Mr. Glendening 0 10 0			
Pastor S. T. Williams ... 1 10 0			
Pastor R. Marshall... ... 1 10 0			
Pastor F. M. Cockerton ... 0 10 0			
Pastor Samuel Crabb ... 7 10 8			
Pastor E. J. Moore 0 10 0			
Pastor E. Spurrier... ... 0 15 0			
Mr. D. Russell 0 10 0			
Per Pastor W. Julyan—			
Mrs. Ormerod ... 0 10 0			
The Misses Daft. 1 0 0			
Mr. Cottew ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Goodhall ... 0 5 0			
Miss Rawlinson... 0 2 6			
Smaller sums ... 0 2 6			
2 10 0			
Pastor R. Ensoll 0 5 0			
Per Pastor Jabez Dodwell—			
Mrs. E. Dodwell. 0 10 0			
Mr. C. Dodwell... 0 5 0			
Mr. Cox 0 5 0			
Mrs. Cox... ... 0 5 0			
Pastor J. Dodwell 0 5 0			
Smaller amounts. 0 16 6			
2 6 6			
Per Pastor J. R. Hadler—			
Mrs. Poole ... 0 10 0			
Miss Attwater ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Ramsay's Bible Class ... 0 6 0			
A. and J. R. H. . 0 9 6			
Smaller amounts. 0 4 6			
2 0 0			
Articles sold by Mrs. G. H. Kemp	0	15	0
			26 17 8
Contributions for *Mr. Bartlett's Class Stall*:—			
Mr. A. Ferguson	52	13	10
E. M. P.	2	2	0
Mrs. Seeley	0	5	0
			55 0 10
Donations for *Richmond-street Mission Stall*, per Mr. J. T. Dunn:—			
Miss Hall	0	5	0
Miss Gardiner	1	0	0
Miss Crofts	0	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Wheeler	2	0	0
Mrs. Hill	0	6	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Harden...	0	10	0
Mr. Elliott	0	10	6
Mr. McGowan	4	4	0
Mr. Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Case	0	3	0
Mr. Neville	0	5	0
Miss Edwards	2	0	0
Miss E. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange ...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Gardiner ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. H. Frost	1	0	0
Mrs. Wakeling	0	5	0
Mr. Wells	5	0	0
Mr. Parker	5	0	0
Mrs. Husk	0	5	0
Mrs. Thompson (Hull) ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mrs. Wardell	0	5	0
Mr. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Gooch	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Phillips	0	7	6
Mr. King	2	2	0
Miss King	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jones ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Phillips	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Pomeroy	0	2	6
Mrs. Goodman	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Coombs...	0	2	6
Miss Dixon	0	10	0
Miss Mackwall	0	10	0
Miss Harding	0	3	0
Miss Jumpson	0	2	6
Mr. Everett	5	0	0
Miss Bowley	0	19	6
Mr. Odell	0	18	0
Mrs. Buckley	1	17	0
Miss Dibley	2	3	6
Mr. Abbott	0	7	6
Mr. M'Hattie	0	11	0
Mr. Weekly...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Turner	0	5	3
Mr. Sioblom...	1	2	6
Mrs. Payne	0	11	2½
Mrs. Huggett	0	15	0
Miss Charmon	0	8	0
Miss Pummery	0	12	0
Miss Beaumont	0	2	6
Mrs. Bannister	0	6	6
Mr. Hunt	1	1	0
Mrs. Berry	2	10	8
Mr. David	0	5	0
Mr. Silcocks...	0	10	0

	£ s. d.
Miss Mooney	0 10 0
Stamps	0 1 0
Mr. Blackford	0 11 6
Miss Robinson, Cape of Good Hope	0 5 0
Mr. Vincent...	0 5 0
Miss McLean	0 13 0
Mrs. Goldsten	0 13 0
A friend, per Mr. C. ...	0 2 0
Mr. Rudd	1 1 0
Mr. Humm	0 2 6
Mr. J. M. Allen	0 2 6
Miss Summers	0 5 0
Mrs. Westwater	0 10 0
Mr. H. Fenner	0 2 6
Mr. Court	0 5 0
Miss Orchard	0 2 0
Mr. Remmington	0 5 0
Mrs. Hall	0 10 0
The Misses Howell ...	0 5 0
Mr. W. Hill...	0 5 0
Mr. Matthews	0 5 0
Mr. Johnson, Staffordshire	0 10 0
Miss E. Finch	0 5 0
Miss Girdlestone	0 5 0
Mr. Pickford	0 5 0
Mr. Liddiard	1 1 0
Miss Brentnall	0 2 6
Miss Anstiss...	1 0 0
Miss Gilbert...	2 5 0
W. D. L.	0 5 0
E. B. P.	0 5 6
Mr. Llewellyn	10 0 0
Miss A. Andrews	1 0 0
Mr. J. Grant	0 10 0
Mr. G. Elms...	1 1 0
Mr. J. Dent...	0 10 6
Mr. Field	5 0 0
Mr. Skeet	1 1 0
Mr. Lowe	0 10 0
Mr. Curtis	0 10 0
A Friend	0 2 0
Miss Harons	0 3 0
Mr. Foreman	1 0 11
Mr. C. Cole...	0 10 6
Mrs. Underwood	0 5 9½
A little Friend in Rome ...	0 5 0
Mr. Wilson	0 10 0
Mr. Harris	1 0 0
Mr. Tinson	0 10 0
Mr. Marks	0 10 0
Mrs. Curtis	0 10 0
Mr. Curtis	1 1 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Day-schools, per Mr. S. Johnson	5 5 0
Messrs. Dunn, Llewellyn, and Johnson	6 1 9
Mr. Sargeant	0 5 0
Mr. Coppen...	0 10 7
Mr. Worts	0 1 0
G. L.	1 0 0
	124 2 9
Less Expenses	22 6 2
	101 16 7

Donations received by the Colparteurs towards the *Colportage Stall* :—

			£ s. d.
Per Mr. S. Shaw :—			
Mrs. Brown ...	0 10 0		
Messrs. W. Fox and Sons ...	1 0 0		
Small sums ...	0 3 2		
		1 13 2	
Per Mr. R. Moody... ...		0 15 3	
Per Mr. W. M. Hopkins ...		0 2 9	
Per Mr. James Pearce ...		0 3 6	
Per Mr. D. Witton : —			
Mrs. T. Haworth	1 0 0		
Small sums ...	0 16 0		
		1 16 0	
Per Mr. J. P. Allen :—			
Mr. R. Ratcliff	1 1 0		
Mr. C. Salt ...	1 0 0		
Mr. E. Salt ...	1 0 0		
Mr. A. Allsop ...	1 1 0		
Small sums ...	0 13 8		
Subscription by Railway Servants, Willington	0 4 0		
		4 19 8	
Per Mr. W. Lloyd... ...		0 10 0	
Per Mr. J. Moham ...		0 19 3	
Per Mr. G. Athay:—			
Mrs. Musto ...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	0 10 6		
		1 0 6	
Per Mr. E. Paine :—			
Mr. Parker ...	1 0 0		
Monks Eleigh Sunday-school	0 8 6		
Small sums ...	0 17 6		
		2 6 0	
Per Mr. H. Mears		0 11 6	
Per Mr. J. Smith		0 9 4	
Per Mr. T. Bignell :—			
Mr. W. Vinson	1 0 0		
Small sums ...	0 10 0		
		1 10 0	
Per Mr. R. Beard, Donations not exceeding five shillings each		4 14 2	
Per Mr. H. Schofield ...		0 12 6	
Per Mr. Israel Moody :—			
Messrs. W. N. & R. Reynolds ...	0 10 0		
S. A. R.	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	1 0 0		
		2 0 0	
Per W. Hodge		0 10 0	
Per Mr. A. Portingall :—			
Mr. W. Underwood	0 10 0		
Mrs. J. Toller...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	1 7 0		
		2 7 0	
Per Mr. Ireland		0 1 3	
Per Mr. H. Turner :—			
A Friend ...	1 0 0		
Miss Rendall ...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	0 6 0		
		1 16 0	
Per Mr. G. Boyden :—			
Mr. R. Cory, jun.	1 0 0		
Mr. E. Moxly ...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	2 7 0		
		3 17 0	
Per Mr. L. King—			
Whitbourne ...	1 1 0		
Miss Cooper ...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	2 4 4		
		3 15 4	
Per Mr. A. Sealey ...		0 5 3	
Per Mr. W. Morris—			
Miss Manley ...	0 10 0		
Small sums ...	0 13 0		
		1 3 0	
Per Mr. J. Patrick—			
Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Society	1 11 6		
Small sums ...	0 10 7		
		2 2 1	
Per Mr. Brodie		0 1 0	
Per Mr. E. Garrett ...		0 10 10	
Per Mr. J. Hughes—			
Mr. and Mrs. Dillnott ...	1 0 0		
Small sums ...	0 10 6		
		1 10 6	

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. F. Collier	0	2	0
Per Mr. J. Keddie... ...	0	18	3
Per Mr. A. Frost:—Mr. Fleming	1	1	0
Per Mr. M. Frost	0	10	6
Per Mr. W. Ford	1	1	6
Per Mr. W. Macdowell ...	0	4	8
Per Mr. T. Richards ...	0	3	0
Per Mr. G. Bass	0	0	6
Per Mr. W. Salter	0	4	7
			46 8 10
			£812 17 8
Total receipts at the Bazaar Stalls (as per list, page 83)...			3733 17 0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, for Cardiff	10	0	0
Cheddar District, per Mrs. Clark ...	5	0	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Bulwick District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Kingsteignton District...	10	0	0
Tiptree District, per Rev. H. Hagell ...	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association...	15	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	61	13	4
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Ventnor Districts	30	0	0
Orpington District, from Mrs. Allison's Class	5	19	10
"W. R.," for Ilkeston and Riddlings	7	10	0
Rock Lane Mission, etc., per Mr. James Evans, for Ludlow	2	8	3
Chippenham District, per Rev. H. B. Bardwell	15	0	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0
East Devon Colportage Association, for Ottery St. Mary District	10	0	0
G. E., for Kettering District	5	0	0
	£285	1	5

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Rev. Spencer Murch	2	0	0
Mrs. Martin	0	10	6
Mr. F. Redman	0	10	0
Mr. George Cadbury	1	1	0
Box, Lowfield Heath	0	7	3
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	5	5	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	2	10	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Mrs. Hurrell	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Darby	10	0	0
"Sixty-one"	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Layard	0	10	0
Per London Baptist Association ...	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co. ...	2	2	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	1	1	0
Mr. William Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. F. Rayment	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Clarkson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Kent	1	1	0
Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. Raybould	1	0	0
	£82	10	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1881, to January 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
For Mr. Burnham's support (1882):—			
Mrs. C. Tinker	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Macfe	10	0	0
Mr. T.	5	0	0
Mrs. B.	50	0	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
"Fides"	10	0	0
Mrs. Maclean	1	0	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	6
Mrs. D.	0	4	0
	£81	9	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1882.

Bible Enterprise.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

NO one can positively tell when the Scriptures were first brought to our favoured British Isles. If any portions were ever translated into the language of the ancient Britons, they were all swept away in that hurricane of persecution which characterized the reign of Diocletian in the opening of the fourth century. According to references in Chaucer the gospels once existed in the old British language, but on that point we are unable to speak with certainty. After the Saxons embraced Christianity we may suppose that they possessed portions of the Scripture in their own dialect, even before Bede and Alfred at successive periods undertook the work of translation. When, however, the long Dark Ages succeeded, these old versions, with no printing press to multiply them, fell into disuse, and were, of course, obsolete when Wyckliff, as the pioneer of the Reformation, made the first translation into English at the latter end of the fourteenth century. When at length the printing press was invented, the first book it sent forth was very properly the Latin Bible, a copy of which would now realize sufficient money to purchase a small estate. We have to remember that in its earlier stages printing was a very costly business ; and, not dreaming of meeting their expenses by sales, practisers of the art frequently issued books under the patronage of some grandee. Thus the first Bible printed in Polish, in the sixteenth century—copies of which are now among the scarcest treasures of the universe—was issued at the expense of Prince Radzivil, who for this purpose subscribed ten thousand golden crowns. The work carried on in this way in centuries preceding our own was probably greater than we are sometimes disposed to think, the principal drawback being that such producers looked to the wealthy for custom instead of supplying cheap copies to the poor, who, however, were for the most part unable to read. Just after the Revolution France showed such a dearth of Bibles, that persons sent over for the purpose searched for four days among the booksellers of

Paris without coming upon a single copy ; but happily the French were not altogether a fair sample of other nations. We learn something of what had been done from the fact that a century ago the then unique collection of Bibles belonging to the Duke of Wirtemberg included between five and six thousand specimens, the German and Teutonic versions alone showing one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight different editions. About seventy years ago a writer laboriously endeavoured to prove that a free circulation of the Scriptures was quite in accordance with the spirit of Romanism ; but such special pleaders read history upside down. Rome has shown a good deal of enterprise in repressing the Scriptures by fire and sword, but virtually no enterprise in scattering them. Pius IV. assured the world that "more harm than benefit" arises from reading the Word in the vulgar tongue; and thus betrayed the spirit which has actuated the great apostasy throughout. With iron hand has Rome locked up the Word of God, a hand which she has dipped in blood, for it has been calculated that the murdered victims of popery are even more numerous than those who during the same period have perished in war.

For several centuries the printing of the Bible in England was more or less a monopoly; and perhaps the evils arising from favouritism never reached a greater height than during the discreditable reign of Charles II. In the opinions of grandees who flourished in those times, peoples and countries existed for the benefit and convenience of royal personages and those pure-water aristocrats who basked in the sunny atmosphere of courts. In an age of general political retrogression, and of loose notions in morality, all kinds of injustice were rampant, so that things which would now be considered monstrous wrongs were then regarded by oppressors, if not by the oppressed, as very commonplace transactions. The profits of the national post-office were given to the king's brother; a tax on coals entering the port of London went towards the support of a bastard branch of the royal house, while many similar dead weights hampered every trading enterprise. If we except the Puritans, the time of Charles II. was not an age of Bible-readers; and, as supply is usually regulated by the demand, Bibles were badly produced, and were also sold at excessive prices. Even after the presses of England and the Continent had been at work for two centuries the promise of earlier days as regards cheapening production was not realized. Printers had exercised a mighty influence in consummating the Reformation, but in an age when better things might have been expected of them, they themselves sadly needed reforming.

Monopolies naturally foster jealousies and discontent, and at one time the rivals who were most constantly inclined to come to blows were the king's printers, the representatives of the University press, and the Stationers' Company. In the seventeenth century it was the custom for persons representing one interest to subsidize those of another interest, so as to make things pleasant all round ; but occasionally a hitch culminating in a quarrel occurred, which conduced to the gain of the public. At one time, in the reign of Charles II., a sharp competition sprang up between the Universities and the royal printer, in consequence of which quarto Bibles were sold very greatly under cost price ; and it is curious to find Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's hospital, mixed up in the trade squabbles of those days. Guy was free of the Stationers' Guild; and,

finding that finely printed Dutch books were successfully competing with the poorer productions of the English printers, the old philanthropist, who was a master of compromise, arranged with the printers, and at his "little corner house, betwixt Cornhill and Lombard-street," he carried on a large trade in Bibles, the profits of which were eventually sunk in the great hospital.

In coming to the eighteenth century nothing so forcibly testifies to the religious deadness of the reign of George II. than the patronage accorded to the Bible by pretentious journalists. It is referred to by one wiseacre as a book containing "a great deal of morality and good sense." Publishing enterprise, such as it was in those days, seems to have chiefly confined its operations to issues in numbers so corrupt through careless or wilfully incorrect printing, that a London newspaper of 1736 declared the public to be "exposed to the mercy of a set of pirates, who have no other end but filthy lucre in their weekly publications." "I cannot but find that all men agree," remarked another representative writer in 1750, "that the Bible containing the Old and New Testament abounds throughout with false pointings and false translations; and that a new translation, some time since mentioned to be finished by a noble earl, would meet with universal approbation." We do not know that folly in writing could well sink lower. At all events, the age which would have really superseded the grand old Authorised Version by the amateur work of "a noble earl" must have greatly needed that second reformation which was inaugurated by the Methodist preachers.

In the last century the supply of Bibles throughout the British Isles was extremely small, but the scarcity in England was slight when compared with the famine which afflicted Wales and Ireland. In 1745 an endeavour was made through the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to print an edition of fifteen thousand copies bound up with the Common Prayer and the Psalms in metre, the total cost being a little over four shillings a copy. At that time the Welsh people in general were quite ignorant of English, and being unable to procure copies in the national tongue their case was pitiable indeed. More than fifty years afterwards the fact that a certain child at Bala was wont to travel seven miles over the hills to read the Bible—the only copy accessible—became a powerful argument for the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

But while Wales, Scotland, and the Isle of Man might suffer from a comparative scarcity of the printed Word, they enjoyed the privilege of having religious services conducted in the only language they could understand. In Ireland it was not so, and to this source we are able to trace very many of that fair country's sorrows. If at the time of the Reformation a little trouble had been taken to give the Irish people the Bible in their own tongue, how many religious, social, and political perplexities might have been avoided! The Irish Reformed Church was an English institution set up among Irishmen who could not understand the lessons read week by week, because they were not read in Irish, but *in English*. In many instances the pastors appointed to the livings were unable to converse with their parishioners. In this respect the Romish priests occupied vantage ground; for, although they

gabbled their masses in Latin, and interdicted the Scriptures, they were at least competent to speak to the people in their own mother tongue. A century ago, when Bible societies were springing into existence, many were found to maintain that there was truth in the poetical lie, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" and by suppressing schools and proscribing the Scriptures they would have denied the peasantry their most valued birthright, while they themselves lived in a fool's paradise. We have no intention of making more than passing references to that mighty and far-reaching enterprise of this century represented by the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society; but we would still recall the fact to remembrance that even this work of mercy would have been strangled at its birth if many so-called Protestants could have prevailed, and its triumphant progress was achieved in spite of the vehement opposition of those who ought to have been its friends. What, indeed, are the fruits of checking this enterprise and of withholding the sacred volume from the people? The condition of Ireland to-day is a complete answer to such a question.

Scotland supplies a very fair example of what a monopoly could do, and of advantages arising from its abolition. The patent for printing the Bible in that country expired in 1839, and firms wishing to produce copies are now empowered to do so by license. Since the expiration of the patent one house alone, Messrs. W. Collins and Co., have issued twenty different editions, the prices ranging from thirty to fifty per cent. below those previously charged.

Monopolists in any trade do not, as a rule, care to distinguish themselves by being pushingly enterprising, and this was painfully exemplified in the history of Bible publishing even until the present century was somewhat advanced. Though England, Scotland, and Ireland were parcelled out among certain privileged persons, in addition to the University presses, no inventive genius had as yet planned a pocket edition which could with any sort of convenience be carried in the pocket. The days we are speaking of were those good old times of the Regency, when the public were chiefly interested in sanguinary wars abroad and royal quarrels at home. There was then living in the Strand a worthy who was, in a sense, one of the last of the London booksellers—that is to say, he was a classical scholar as well as a successful trader; and, being also a Christian, he had devoted special attention to Biblical literature. In his after experience this veteran, by name Samuel Bagster, was destined to prove how sometimes a fortune may be embodied in an idea. He discovered that one of the wants of those times was a pocket Bible of convenient shape—a sightly contrast to the dumpy specimens then offered to the people by the magnates of the Universities. At the date in question there was literally no pocket reference edition in the market, the nearest approach to that desideratum being a Cambridge medium octavo, and royal octavos of Oxford or the royal printer. Having planned his book, Mr. Bagster transformed one of his attics into a printers' workshop, besides engaging the assistance of competent scholars; and one of these, a Cambridge doctor, is said to have given the firm the motto they have used ever since—ON EARTH THERE ARE MANY LANGUAGES; IN HEAVEN ONLY ONE. From the first it appears to have been determined that no pains should be spared in the

production of the work; the references were to be in the main original, the thin tough paper was made expressly by a young experimentalist, who afterwards made his mark in that department of business; and not only was particular attention given to the binding, but an entirely new style was introduced by substituting a flexible back sewn with silk for the stiff-opening backs hitherto provided. The venture was an immediate success, and "Bagster's Bibles" became synonymous with all that was painstaking in editing as well as beautiful in printing and binding. Though Mr. Bagster never sanctioned gilt covers, there was rare beauty in the costly and chastely elegant binding which he introduced, and he was one of the first to utilize sealskin and Turkey morocco for the purpose. For several years he had the market to himself, but eventually one competitor after another entered the field, and now pocket reference Bibles are about as common in the country as any others. The present Mr. Bagster is a grandson of the founder of the firm, and he is certainly privileged in being associated with an ancestry which has been thus honourably distinguished in Bible enterprise.

The Bible affords scope for many kinds of enterprise, a fact to the truth of which our own times have borne very gratifying witness. Thus, while Samuel Bagster supplied just what was wanted by the well-to-do classes, not overlooking the needs of aspiring students and hard-working pastors, John Cassell, by means of one master stroke, introduced the Scriptures into tens of thousands of homes where, we may be certain, the sacred oracles were not as familiar as household words. Born at Manchester in 1817, and dying before he was forty-eight, in 1865, this celebrated publisher, whose very name became equivalent in value to a large capital, rose from the carpenter's bench to occupy that distinguished position in trade and in the esteem of the people which even princes and peers might have envied. Inheriting full sympathy with the working classes as one of themselves, he issued a variety of educational and literary works of sterling quality; but it was not until 1859 that the grand idea of his life found expression in the issue of that book, the appearance of which represented a new departure in Bible circulation. John Cassell had for long itinerated as an enthusiastic temperance advocate, often using a policeman's rattle to call together his village congregations; but in launching his popular edition of the Bible he found a still worthier work, and one likely to redound in lasting benefit to the poor. His aim was to issue in large quarto size, at the cost of a penny a week, the sacred text with a suitable commentary and references, the whole being supplemented by a gallery of illustrations exceeding nine hundred in number. The cost of this work in the first instance amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, an enormous capital indeed to embark in one book, but then in six years three hundred and fifty thousand copies were disposed of, the subscribers ranging from the residents in palatial homes to the poor denizens of St. Giles's, who were, of course, attracted by the pictures. "The Illustrated Bible," still published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., is the complete work, extending to about fifteen hundred pages, and handsomely bound. The work is still largely sold by colporteurs, showing the hold it has taken of the hearts of the population. A modern work which has met with much approval is "The Bible Educator," the leading scholars and

divines of the day having furnished much information concerning the Scriptures useful to teachers and Bible readers.

Some have been disposed to ask why years previously the Religious Tract Society did not take advantage of their opportunities and occupy in the interest of the people the field which John Cassell invaded so successfully. The answer is that the committee, by their own bye-laws, are precluded from embarking in such an enterprise; they may not engrave any representation of the Deity, and thus cannot give copies of those masterpieces of the old masters which the public would be most likely to value.* Apart from this, the society has done its share in popularizing a knowledge of the sacred text. More than a generation ago a commentary was issued, besides a pocket paragraph Bible which has been very extensively circulated. Quite recently this has been reprinted in a much improved style, and every summer four thousand copies, costing five hundred pounds, are distributed as prizes among children belonging to the Board Schools of London, Mr. Peek having subscribed a capital of five thousand pounds to supply half the annual outlay.

The Tract Society's most ambitious work in this direction, however, is "The Annotated Paragraph Bible," a very carefully prepared work, well adapted for life-long use, and costing one pound. Printed in paragraphs, as its name implies, extraordinary attention has been devoted to the marginal readings, those only being inserted which illustrate or throw some light on the text. Each book has a competently written preface, and the comments, though brief, are pointed, and in few words throw considerable light on manners and customs, geography and history, as well as on many other things which a diligent enquirer desires to have made clear.

This is pre-eminently the age of commentaries, no honest worker who has the will having any excuse for not making bricks for want of straw. Matthew Henry, the greatest of the train, has been nearly one hundred and seventy years in the grave, but his successors, with greater sources of knowledge, have, of course, left the Hackney pastor far behind in some departments of learning. We are also glad to see that this is becoming more and more an era for the production of standard commentaries at prices which show that the spirit of enterprise is not extinct. Well printed editions of Henry's great work are published by various firms at very reasonable prices, and are still in extensive demand. Evidences are likewise not wanting to show that the work of Dr. Adam Clarke—a man of another school, who lived a century later—is still very widely appreciated. At all events, the edition now in course of issue by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. can only return a profit on a very large edition, for in addition to illustrations given separately on plate paper, each shilling part consists of about one hundred and sixty royal octavo pages. The whole being well printed on good paper, is one of the cheapest things of the kind ever attempted.

But of all commentaries, perhaps the one which is really best adapted for popular use is "The Biblical Museum," recently completed in fifteen

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* This we do not understand. Surely no Christian persons would buy engravings representing the Deity. If they did they would be partakers with idolaters.—Ed.

volumes, by Mr. J. Comper Gray, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock at five shillings each. When we say *popular use* we mean a book which all classes, professional and non-professional preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and private students of the Word can appeal to with satisfaction. This is the character of this work, and in the way it originated, as well as in the way the plan has been carried out, both by editor and publisher, we are glad to note a development of that spirit of enterprise which is characteristic of these times. Perhaps this commentary has the more right to be designated popular because it is sufficiently portable to be carried about by those who cannot do all their work within the four walls of a study. There are not a few diligent Sunday-school teachers and local preachers who, with one of these volumes within reach, would in the intervals of labour competently equip themselves for the work of the coming Sabbath.

The editor calls his work a Museum because it is filled with a great variety of curiosities—things new and old, illustrative of the teaching, or throwing light on sacred history—and because the collection occupied many years in making. The best writers of the world have been laid under contribution, their choicest paragraphs, like ripe, precious fruit, have been taken fresh from the trees on which they grew to be presented to the student like apples of gold in baskets of silver. The result is "*one* commentary having the chief characteristics of *several*, with certain features not found in any one."

This work was for long a desideratum, and its production points to a want which is in itself a very gratifying testimony to the Christian activity of the day. There are in all parts of the country numbers of earnest men who, having to work hard during the week for the bread which perisheth, still find richer pleasure than any recreation could yield in dispensing to scattered congregations on the Sabbath the bread of life. Then there are the pastors of churches of limited means, men who want much in little compass, mental aliment of superior quality, and still at a reasonable cost. What this wide constituency required in the way of help was not always accessible; the stones they needed to build up the temples of the faith were spread about among a number of quarries, and some diligent collector was wanted to gather together the goodly materials. This service has now been rendered by Mr. Comper Gray in a masterly manner; and the evidences of success are seen in the verdicts of approval which come from such representative quarters as the high *Church Times*, the evangelical *Record*, and the Nonconformist *British Quarterly Review*. Many who use such a work have little idea of the large capital in industry and money which is required for its production. We who know something about such things give the work a high place among books representing one important phase of Bible enterprise.

The man who knows how to use a commentary ought not to be an indifferent preacher, but there are not a few men already settled over churches who are anxious for advice on this one point. Mr. Gray assures us that the letters he has received asking for such counsel are well-nigh innumerable; and we have a shrewd suspicion that these perplexed applicants unwittingly prompted the commentator to commence and complete his extensive compilation. "The question proposed with such remarkable

ease, and doubtless regarded as extremely simple, I have often felt to be an exceedingly difficult one. When I knew the correspondent, and knew also what other aids to Biblical study he possessed, I could sometimes venture to name a commentary that might be most serviceable for *him*. But such cases were necessarily few. Very often, therefore, the question was met—following a very high example—by proposing another. What kind of commentary do you want—critical, illustrative, doctrinal, devotional, practical, or what? The querist would then discover how difficult a question he had proposed. He scarcely knew what he wanted. He quickly found that he desired what did not exist."

In a happy moment Mr. Gray determined on supplying the lack, and the collection of his vast mass of materials occupied many years, even before a first instalment could be published. The notes are of various kinds, including critical and explanatory hints by the best ancient and modern authors, and a key to the subject of each text. There are twelve thousand outlines of sermons by the ablest divines of all times, and as many illustrative anecdotes, apophthegms, parables, &c. There are also no less than twenty-one thousand aphorisms and quotations, and thirty-six thousand Scripture references, making one text explain another, together with numerous archæological notes and etymologies of old Bible words.

We have thus explained this work because as a commentary it is so far unique that instead of being the work of one man it is what its name implies—a Museum furnished with things new and old from six thousand authors. A few mighty ones who have from time to time been given to the church have proved how much may be done by a single hand in elucidating the sacred text; but such is the richness of the book that thousands of quarrymen fail to exhaust its mines. A house conveniently arranged is never the handiwork of one man, and a commentary is more likely to meet one man's requirements when many hands have supplied its materials.

Bible enterprise means spreading the principles of the Bible; and as this is a business in which all may engage, we may be allowed to make one suggestion. There is at this time something near akin to a book famine in many a study where the unknown workman has to prepare that which shall edify and build up the church, and the question arises, Shall not this be relieved by the means placed within our reach? To make the most of a minister one must encourage him; and there is no surer way of encouraging an earnest worker than by supplying him with good tools. There is many a man to whom the timely presentation of a good commentary would be more welcome than food to the bare cupboard, or water to thirsty soil. All seasons are supposed to be times for exemplifying this generosity; and this year the need is greater than usual on account of agricultural depression. Looked at from this standpoint, Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund represents one branch of Bible enterprise, and in proportion to its means it has, perhaps, let more sunshine into despairing pastors' homes than any other agency in operation. We make good men happy in proportion as we enable them to work effectively. Many a discouraged preacher would find a bracing tonic in a presentation copy of "The Treasury of David" or "The Biblical Museum," or of Clarke's or Henry's Commentary.

A Meditation in the longest Psalm.

EXPOSITION OF VERSES 89 TO 96.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FOR ever, O LORD, thy word is settled in heaven.

90 Thy faithfulness *is* unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

91 They continue this day according to thine ordinances: for all *are* thy servants.

92 Unless thy law *had been* my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

93 I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.

94 I *am* thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.

95 The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: *but* I will consider thy testimonies.

96 I have seen an end of all perfection: *but* thy commandment is exceeding broad.

89. "*For ever, O LORD, thy word is settled in heaven.*" The strain is more joyful, for experience has given the sweet singer a comfortable knowledge of the word of the Lord, and this makes a glad theme. After tossing about on a sea of trouble the Psalmist here leaps to shore and stands upon a rock. Jehovah's word is not fickle, or uncertain; it is settled, determined, fixed, sure, immovable. Man's teachings change so often that there is never time for them to be settled; but the Lord's word is from of old the same, and will remain unchanged eternally. Some men are never happier than when they are unsettling everything and everybody; but God's mind is not with them. The power and glory of heaven have confirmed each sentence which the mouth of the Lord has spoken, and so confirmed it that to all eternity it must stand the same,—settled in heaven, where nothing can reach it. In the former section David's soul fainted, but here the good man looks out of self and perceives that the Lord fainteth not, neither is weary, neither is there any failure in his word.

The verse takes the form of an ascription of praise: the faithfulness and immutability of God are fit themes for holy song, and when we are tired upon this shifting scene the thought of the immutable promise fills our mouth with singing. God's purposes, promises, and precepts are all settled in his own mind, and none of them shall be disturbed. Covenant settlements will not be removed, however unsettled the thoughts of men may become; let us therefore settle it in our minds that we abide in the faith of our Jehovah as long as we have any being.

90. "*Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.*" This is an additional glory: God is not affected by the lapse of ages; he is not only faithful to one man throughout his lifetime, but to his children's children after him, yea, and to all generations so long as they keep his covenant and remember his commandments to do them. The promises are ancient things, yet they are not worn out by centuries of use, for faithfulness endureth for ever. He who succoured his servants thousands of years ago still shows himself strong on the behalf of all them that trust in him. "*Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.*" Nature is governed by fixed laws; the round globe abides in its course by the divine command and displays no erratic movements: the seasons keep their predestined order, the sea obeys the rule

of ebb and flow, and all things else are marshalled in their appointed order. There is an analogy between the word of God and the works of God, and specially in this that they are both of them constant, fixed, and unchangeable. God's word which established the world is the same as that which he has embodied in the Scriptures; by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and specially by him who is emphatically THE WORD. When we see the globe keeping its place and all its laws abiding the same, we have herein assurance that the Lord will be faithful to his covenant, and will not allow the faith of his people to be put to shame. If the earth abideth the spiritual creation will abide; if God's word suffices to establish the world surely it is enough for the establishment of the individual believer.

91. "*They continue this day according to thine ordinances.*" Because the Lord has bid the universe abide, therefore it stands, and all its laws continue to operate with precision and power. Because the might of God is ever present to maintain them, therefore do all things continue. The word which spake all things into existence has supported them till now, and still supports them both in being and in well-being. God's ordinance is the reason for the continued existence of creation. What important forces these ordinances are! "*For all are thy servants.*" Created by thy word they obey that word, thus answering the purpose of their existence, and working out the design of their Creator. Both great things and small pay homage to the Lord. No atom escapes his rule, no world avoids his government. Shall we wish to be free of the Lord's sway and become lords unto ourselves? If we were so, we should be dreadful exceptions to a law which secures the well-being of the universe. Rather while we read concerning all things else—they continue and they serve, let us continue to serve, and to serve more perfectly as our lives are continued. By that word which is settled may we be settled; by that voice which establishes the earth may we be established; and by that command which all created things obey may we be made the servants of the Lord God Almighty.

92. "*Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.*" That word which has preserved the heavens and the earth also preserves the people of God in their time of trial. With that word we are charmed; it is a mine of delight to us. We take a double and treble delight in it, and derive a multiplied delight from it, and this stands us in good stead when all other delights are taken from us. We should have felt ready to lie down and die of our griefs if the spiritual comforts of God's word had not uplifted us; but by their sustaining influence we have been borne above all the depressions and despairs which naturally grow out of severe affliction. Some of us can set our seal to this statement. Our affliction, if it had not been for divine grace, would have crushed us out of existence, so that we should have perished. In our darkest seasons nothing has kept us from desperation but the promise of the Lord: yea, at times nothing has stood between us and self-destruction save faith in the eternal word of God. When worn with pain until the brain has become dazed and the reason well-nigh extinguished, a sweet text has whispered to us its heart-cheering assurance, and our poor struggling mind has reposed upon the bosom of God. That which was our delight in prosperity has been our light in adversity; that which in the day kept us from presuming has in the night kept us from perishing. This verse contains a mournful supposition—"*unless,*" describes a horrible condition—"*perished in mine affliction,*" and implies a glorious deliverance, for he did not die, but live to proclaim the honours of the word of God.

93. "*I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.*" When we have felt the quickening power of a precept we never can forget it. We may read it, learn it, repeat it, and think we have it, and yet it may slip out of our minds; but if it has once given us life or renewed that

life, there is no fear of its falling from our recollection. Experience teaches, and teaches effectually. How blessed a thing it is to have the precepts written on the heart with the golden pen of experience, and graven on the memory with the divine stylus of grace. Forgetfulness is a great evil in holy things; we see here the man of God fighting against it, and feeling sure of victory because he knew the life-giving energy of the word in his own soul. That which quickens the heart is sure to quicken the memory.

It seems singular that he should ascribe quickening to the precepts, and yet it lies in them and in all the words of the Lord alike. It is to be noted that when the Lord raised the dead he addressed to them the word of command. He said, "Lazarus, come forth," or, "Maid, arise." We need not fear to address gospel precepts to dead sinners, since by them the Spirit gives them life. Remark that the Psalmist does not say that the precepts quickened him, but that the Lord quickened him by their means: thus he traces the life from the channel to the source, and places the glory where it is due. Yet at the same time he prized the instruments of the blessing, and resolved never to forget them. He had already remembered them when he likened himself to a bottle in the smoke, and now he feels that whether in the smoke or in the fire the memory of the Lord's precepts shall never depart from him.

94. "*I am thine, save me.*" A comprehensive prayer with a prevailing argument. Consecration is a good plea for preservation. If we are conscious that we are the Lord's we may be confident that he will save us. We are the Lord's by creation, election, redemption, surrender, and acceptance; and hence our firm hope and assured belief that he will save us. A man will surely save his own child: Lord, save *me*. The need of salvation is better seen by the Lord's people than by any others, and hence their prayer—"save me"; they know that only God can save them, and hence they cry to him alone; and they know that no merit can be found in themselves, and hence they urge a reason fetched from the grace of God,—"I am thine." "*For I have sought thy precepts.*" Thus had he proved that he was the Lord's. He might not have attained to that which he desired, but he had through life studiously aimed to be obedient to the Lord, and hence he begged to be saved even to the end. A man may be seeking the doctrines and the promises, and yet be unrenewed in heart; but to seek the precepts is a sure sign of grace; no one ever heard of a rebel or a hypocrite seeking the precepts. The Lord had evidently wrought a great work upon him, and he besought him to carry it on to completion. Saving is linked with seeking, "save me, for I have sought"; and when the Lord sets us seeking he will not refuse us the saving. He who seeks holiness is already saved: if we have sought the Lord we may be sure that the Lord has sought us, and will certainly save us.

95. "*The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.*" They were like wild beasts crouching by the way, or highwaymen waylaying a defenceless traveller; but the Psalmist went on his way without considering them, for he was considering something better, namely, the witness or testimony which God has borne to the sons of men. He did not allow the malice of the wicked to take him off from his holy study of the divine word. He was so calm that he could "consider"; so holy that he loved to consider the Lord's "testimonies"; so victorious over all their plots that he did not allow them to drive him from his pious contemplations. If the enemy cannot cause us to withdraw our thoughts from holy study, or our feet from holy walking, or our hearts from holy aspirations, he has met with poor success in his assaults. The wicked are the natural enemies of holy men and holy thoughts; if they could they would not only damage us but destroy us, and if they cannot do this to-day they will wait for further opportunities, ever hoping that their evil designs may be compassed. They have waited hitherto in vain, and they will have to wait much longer yet;

for if we are so unmoved that we do not even give them a thought their hope of destroying us must be a very poor one.

Note the double waiting,—the patience of the wicked who watch long and carefully for an opportunity to destroy the godly, and then the patience of the saint who will not quit his meditations, even to quiet his foes. See how the serpent seed lie in wait as an adder that biteth at the horse's heels; but see how the chosen of the Lord live above their venom, and take no more notice of them than if they had no existence.

96. "*I have seen an end of all perfection.*" He had seen its limit, for it went but a little way; he had seen its evaporation under the trials of life, its detection under the searching glance of truth, its exposure by the confession of the penitent. There is no perfection beneath the moon. Perfect men, in the absolute sense of the word, live only in a perfect world. Some men see no end to their own perfection, but this is because they are perfectly blind. The experienced believer has seen an end of all perfection in himself, in his brethren, in the best man's best works. It would be well if some who profess to be perfect could even see the beginning of perfection, for we fear they cannot have begun aright: or they would not talk so exceeding proudly. Is it not the beginning of perfection to lament your imperfection? There is no such thing as perfection in anything which is the work of man. "*But thy commandment is exceeding broad.*" When the breadth of the law is known the notion of perfection in the flesh vanishes: that law touches every act, word, and thought, and is of such a spiritual nature that it judges the motives, desires, and emotions of the soul. It is far too broad for us to hope to cover all its demands, and yet it is no broader than it ought to be. Who would wish to have an imperfect law? Nay, its perfection is its glory; but it is the death of all glorying in our own perfection. There is a breadth about the commandment which has never been met to the full by a corresponding breadth of holiness in any mere man while here below. The law is in all respects a perfect code, and each separate precept of it is far-reaching in its hallowed meaning. We may well adore the infinity of divine holiness, and then measure ourselves by its standard, and bow before the Lord in all lowliness, acknowledging how far we fall short of it.

The Harbour of Refuge.

SINCE I have been watching the sea a wind has sprung up, and suddenly the ocean is dotted with ships. This little town has a harbour, and trading vessels of small tonnage evidently expect a storm, for here they come. Like sea-fowl borne on white wings they are flying for the harbour. Differing in their tacking, yet it is evident that they are all making for one spot. How beautiful it is to see them enter the haven, cast anchor, and rest! O that our fellow men were equally wise as to spiritual things! A thousand signs betoken the approaching tempest; they know there is a place of refuge, will they not hasten to it? They will suffer loss, nay, they will be wrecked totally, if they try to weather the last dread storm; the harbour is free, there is time to reach it, there is ample room within its shelter; why will they refuse the safety? Ah me; this is cause for tears. Are my fellow-creatures mad? Do they despise Jesus, the appointed haven of souls? Do they so despise him as to perish to show their contempt? My God, help me to mourn for them, if I cannot persuade them, and do thou give them understanding enough to accept their own lives.

"To them that love God."

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE most familiar truths are sometimes made to acquire the novelty of a new revelation by circumstances which give them emphasis. As the dark tunnel reveals the light in the carriage which we had previously overlooked, so the emergency of a trial or the occasion of a sorrow discovers to us a promise which exactly meets and, in its gracious fulfilment, satisfies our necessity. Amidst the perils of shipwreck on the lonely sea, or the desolations of a home, in which the light of joy is quenched by "the shadow of death;" in the gloom of the dungeon, where the prisoner for conscience' sake endures the loss of liberty, or by the flames which wreathe themselves around the martyr's stake. the promise is read, as it can only be read under such circumstances—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

During prosperity we hold truth, as it were, in custody; but we acquire it as our own in a special sense when we pay its price in the currency of the kingdom—"much tribulation."

The inspired testimony of Paul, "All things work together for good to them that love God," has been as a treasured piece of solid gold by all of us, and yet only a few know its practical value.

We shall never forget how this fact was impressed upon our mind during the severity of a long winter, now nearly twenty years ago. The district in which our lot was cast was one of the poorest of the metropolis. Houses in which wealthy merchants resided in the early part of the century were tenanted by almost as many families as there were rooms, from basement to attic. Scarcely a family had a house to itself. While there was work to be had, and strength to labour was continued, all managed to exist—that was all; and this seemed all they hoped for. *And this is the condition of large sections of the community still:*

"'Tis each for himself,
And all for a crust."

The time was when capital and labour were not separated by the gulf which divides them to-day. Masters lived near their works and warehouses, and the men they employed felt an incentive to decency of behaviour in the fact that they were living under the eye of their employers. The well-ordered household of the master extended its influence over the humbler dwellings of those in his employ, and the regard of "the family" for the proprieties of life preached a salutary lesson to those around. How sadly this has altered our City missionaries, and Bible women, and District visitors reveal from time to time by the reports of their work. Toil as they may for the accomplishment of the task for which they are engaged, they will tell you that, labouring single handed, they are ofttimes crushed by the difficulties which beset them. What would they not give if only in every street they saw but two or three families who, by the sanctity of their lives,

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

Will it come to this, that we must send to our missionaries abroad and beg them to appeal to their converts for volunteers to come over and take up their residence in the midst of our heathen population at home? That something must be done, and done soon, is the deepening conviction of all who know anything of the condition of the poorer classes of the population. The casual visits of paid officials or voluntary agents cannot compensate the poor for the loss implied by the removal from their midst of those who have found the true secret of life, and whose homes are brightened by the joys and hopes which spring from their fellowship with "things not seen and eternal." The example of families living and labouring in a poor district is a more eloquent appeal in the interests of true religion than a tea and cake raid upon a benighted region, where people are shut up to all the demoralizing influences of their own social circle. A Christian home is the unit of a Christian society, and the centre of the truest beneficence. Service by proxy should supplement but never supersede personal devotion to duty. While we give, from a grateful heart, to encourage and sustain other workers, we must never dream of compounding with conscience by our subscriptions. The plain command of the Lord we love and profess to serve runs thus,—"*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven!*"

Will this page be read, we ask ourselves, as we write, in the calm retreat of suburban villas, and what response will the implied appeal evoke? When the echoes of these poor words have been silenced, may the divine call quicken the resolution, which does not wait to reckon with the sacrifice involved—"Here am I, send me!"

In the district to which we have referred, an aged couple had taken up their abode in which to spend the closing years of their life. The one room they occupied was, at once, a Bethel and a mission station. For many years they had enjoyed the favour and fellowship of the Lord, and had laboured together in doing good. Never earning more than sufficient for the common necessaries of life, age found them dependent. Their eldest son, by economy and self-denial—to his honour be it said—managed to send them sufficient from his wages as a mechanic, to keep them above want. Having food and raiment they were content, and counted themselves happy to feel free to carry on their simple ministry for the good of their neighbours. They preached of Jesus by their character and conduct, and made many a heart glad by their testimony to the lovingkindness of the Lord.

That *they were not paid for it* disarmed unkind criticism, and broke down the opposition which often hinders other workers. The lessons they unconsciously enforced operated powerfully for good — it is possible, though standing alone and surrounded by adverse influences, to live a Christian life, and the grace of God does not need the seclusion of a monastery, but "teaches," or disciplines, "us to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," just as it is, and just where our lot is cast.

The City missionary often called upon this happy couple for Christian fellowship, and went his way to his work with a lighter heart for the influence of their sacred intercourse. Their home was to him an oasis in the vast spiritual desert of his district. As they knelt together in

prayer the feeling of loneliness, which at times was almost enough to crush the heart of the missionary, would pass away, and as they rose, he would resume his work with the strength and impulse of a new inspiration.

Familiar as they were with their visitor they never obtruded their circumstances upon his notice, and, from the cleanliness and comfort of their dwelling, he inferred they were raised above anxiety by the possession of an income from the savings of former years or by an annuity sufficient for their need. In this he was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

The attention of the well-to-do had been attracted to the poor by the long-continued severity of the weather, and one lady applied to the missionary to find a necessitous and deserving family to whom she might send a weekly allowance. With what a light heart he sallied forth, armed with such a commission, it is not difficult to imagine. The day was spent in visiting some of the homes, with which he was acquainted, where the general squalor seemed to indicate the most extreme poverty. Without betraying the reason for his enquiries, he managed to elicit the fact that want of thrift and improvidence accounted for the appearance of things, and not the absence of means. He was not altogether unprepared for this revelation; but, as he bent his steps homewards, he could but indulge the painful regrets of a disappointed man. Only those who have laboured amongst the poor, and have seen their best efforts frustrated by the folly and wickedness of those they strive to serve can enter into the experience of a true servant of God when his soul is lying under the shadow of a failure.

The missionary was in no mood to return home, so he resolved to look in upon this bright spot of his district where he was sure of finding Christian sympathy. The conversation turned upon the point Christian experience and the faithfulness of God.

Quoting the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," the aged Christian remarked, "I believe this, you know, though I cannot always see how it can be possible." Just so. Our view of things is too limited to enable us, at present, always "to vindicate the ways of God to men." We must wait for the "light that maketh manifest" the completed chapter of human life before we can fully see what it is now our highest wisdom to believe—that "The ways of the Lord are right."

"Yesterday," said the old man, "my wife tried to warm in the frying pan a little cold vegetable, but a gust of wind drove the soot down the chimney and spoilt our dinner, so that we had nothing to eat all day. I cannot see, for instance, how that is going to work together for good."

"Can't you?" said the missionary whose curiosity was evidently excited, "I can," and then he proceeded to enquire how it came to pass that they were in such circumstances. The story was soon told, how they had been for some time dependent upon their son for the few shillings per week upon which they managed to live by dint of the most rigid economy, and how the supply had stopped in consequence of the son's loss of employment. Their eyes moistening with tears, they told how they dreaded the trying ordeal of an application for parochial

relief, and how they were prepared for the Lord's will, whatever it might be, as they had committed their way unto him. Little did they dream of succour being so near, and that the missionary was the bearer of such good news as would silence all their fears, and fill their lips with adoring praise. Is not this often the case with the Lord's tried ones! The darkness which gathers about them is but the prelude of a speedy dawn. Their eyes are so dim with weeping that the morning star is not seen, and they forget that the sun is pressing on with the glad-some light of another day.

When the missionary had heard their story through, he told them of the fruitless errand on which he had traversed his district, and of his thankfulness to be able to offer them more than sufficient to raise them above want during the remainder of the winter. In a moment they saw, and gladly acknowledged, that the gust of wind which spoilt their only meal was no chance current of a fitful atmosphere, but a link in a chain of circumstances by which an all-wise providence brings about the fulfilment of a gracious purpose, and proves that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Among the Tea-planters of the Darjeeling District.

BY H. RYLANDS BROWN.

SOME few days since I began a tour among the planters of this district. I started on my pony with my syce, or groom, following. My bearers had gone on before with a coolie, who was carrying my bedding and portmanteau. The first call was at a bungalow, where I met, strange to say, a number of ladies, with whom I read a chapter and prayed. Remounting I pressed on to a bachelor's bungalow, where I spent the night. Previous to turning in, our conversation mainly consisted in my telling stories of conversions that had come under my own notice.

I left a copy of the revised New Testament with my host on leaving. About mid-day the next day, accompanied by my genial host, I descended many hundreds of feet to the bottom of a ravine through which a torrent was forcing its way. Here we rested awhile admiring the foaming waters, and watching the monkeys at play in the bamboos. We parted here, and I pursued my journey alone—up, up, up, through brake and forest, with an ever-expanding view, when the forest was left, of hills and mountains, sun-lit and snow-clad. At length I was warmly welcomed by the son of one of the worthiest of the Scotch secession ministers and his brother planter. The next morning the latter went with me to a planter's quarters a few miles off to breakfast. It is a small thing to go a few miles to breakfast out here. My friend, who escorted me, intended staying behind; so, after a pleasant hour or two, the gentleman whom I had visited came part of the way back with me, and I had an opportunity of speaking to him about religious matters.

In the evening at the young Scotchman's house we were joined by

the Deputy Commissioner, and after the reading of Psalm ciii. and prayer, we retired for the night.

On Sunday afternoon two ladies and a gentleman came over from a neighbouring plantation. An interesting religious service was held, at which the sin and folly of not following Christ fully was pressed upon the hearers. I left here copies of "All for Jesus" and "The Blood of the Cross."

Early on Monday morning I started for a long and tedious journey, which proved more tedious than I had expected. A great part of the mountain road was made up of rocks and roots, over which I scrambled while my pony led by the syce with difficulty picked his way. Very weary, I at last reached a planter's house where I had some much needed refreshment, and sought to repay my host by urging upon him the wisdom of valuing the Bible. I could tell by the novels and prints on the wall that the Bible was little regarded there.

Pushing on, I made another brief call where I gave one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and after yet another mile or two reached the end of my long day's travel.

The next day I went over to another planter's not far off and had breakfast. By the way, breakfast among the planters is usually a noon-tide meal, being the second and big breakfast. Before leaving I read Isaiah lv. and prayed.

I returned to the family mentioned above. The evening was pleasantly spent in singing Sankey's hymns, and closed up with the Bible and prayer. Before leaving this happy home, I spoke earnestly to the owner about the absolute importance of instituting family prayer if family blessings were desired. The next day my way lay in another direction, and as I did not leave until about two o'clock, I only just reached my halting-place before nightfall. Indeed, the last mile or two was a race with the night, and I only just won. The consequence of a night in the jungle, which might follow my being overtaken by the night, would be most serious. However, I escaped this contingency. Arrived at my destination, I was welcomed by the gentleman-resident and his wife. Here was a family of nine. They were lovely children, but as none of them could prattle anything but Hindustani I was debarred the pleasure of interesting them. We closed the day with thanksgiving and prayer, an uncommon practice, I regret to say, out here. The next morning the whole process of quinine febrifuge manufacture was explained to me. After a few words with my hostess about the need of early training the children for God, during which I introduced to her notice the children's "Our Own Magazine," I left, though strongly pressed to prolong my stay. Now my journey was through a very picturesque spot. Precipices, adorned with trees, many of which were fantastically decked with creepers, rose above me, or yawned beneath me—far below foaming waters were rushing along their rocky beds—birds of brilliant plumage were flitting to and fro among the trees, while on every hand patches of the bright cinchona-tree gave additional beauty to the scene.

I next rested at a bungalow in which lived part of a family made up of Roman Catholics and Protestants. A conversation with a young Roman Catholic lady upon the difference between salvation by faith and by works was the chief incident. My bed for the night was to be in a

place a little higher up, inhabited by the son of an English clergyman. My bachelor friend was very kind, and I trust that the prayer offered for him when we were on our knees together will be abundantly answered. The next morning I was away again on a long journey over a high mountain, and through a thick forest, my host lending me a stout pony for the first part of the distance, my own having been sent on before.

After a night in Darjeeling I left for another long trudge, in which I descended some 2,500 feet. This time it came to be a race with the night, and I was fairly beaten, so I had to make for a nearer plantation. The disappointment was, after all, no disappointment; for all the friends at the house to which I was going had come over to the house to which I had been driven for shelter. This was a good providence. It was Christmas-eve, and it was well kept up in English and German style—a giant Christmas-tree, many children, lots of good things, and much happiness. I came well off, for I got a clothes-brush, a *black* necktie *an inch and a half deep,* and cakes and sweets in any quantity. We closed the festivities by bowing to God in prayer. Christmas-day was spent here, though I slept the previous night at a place some distance off where I originally intended staying. At 12.30 a large party of ten adults and four boys assembled in the drawing-room for worship. I preached from Luke ii. 11—"Unto you is born this day a Saviour."

It was a great pleasure to me to spend my first Christmas in India so happily. Here I must stop writing, though continuing my travels. During this tour I have sought in every place to sow the good seed of the Kingdom in some form or other. Wherever I have stayed for the night, and at times when calling in the day, I have read the Word of God and prayed. Religious conversation has been engaged in, and suitable books given away. The need of such work is very great. There is little godliness among these men: I regret to say it, but it is so. From year's end to year's end there is scarcely any interest shown by Christian men in these planters. It may be said, then, What can be expected as the outcome of a hurried visit? Little enough, truly; yet our God is a wonder-working God, and can bring much out of little. There is nothing too hard for the Lord.

Will you, my readers, join me in *prayer* for these our fellow countrymen who are cut off from the Christian privileges which you so highly value? In this way, though at home, you may become a co-worker with me in this mission for their souls' salvation. I would like to add that I have undertaken this tour in connection with the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society.

[We are pleased to get this brief record from our Indian evangelist. We believe that the Lord will open his way, and cause these flying visits to lead to far greater things.—ED.]

Mental Athletics.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WHO has not enjoyed an afternoon on the athletic sports' ground? As boys at school the men and fathers of to-day fought peaceful battles on the greensward, while parents and sisters and friends formed an admiring circle round the seat of war. And when they came to man's estate they were loath to quit the combat, but when the bones grew older, or the business larger, they had to be content to watch a rising generation strive for the mastery. Still they were glad to mingle with the throng, and shout "Well done" to a long jumper or a swift runner.

There is, however, another arena open for all ages and both sexes; an arena in which mind rather than muscle is exercised, and mental gymnastics take the place of muscular performances. Many of those who shine brightest at such feats would never venture to enter the lists at leaping and running. It must not be concluded hence that their minds are more capable than their bodies. It is merely that their bodies are more largely developed than their minds.

An active brain is not necessarily a sign of extraordinary intelligence. Some brains are never so active as when the owner is wrapt in slumber; but the dreams they produce are seldom characterized by depth of feeling or sublimity of thought, though, I must confess, they often approach as near as *one step* from the sublime. Glancing at a programme of one of these mental contests I select four items for practical comments, viz., "Jumping at conclusions," "Running risks," "Putting one's foot in it," and "Standing on one's dignity."

Jumping at conclusions is a very dangerous pastime. The jumper himself does not always come to grief; but if not, someone else is bound to suffer. Many an inconvenience and oftentimes actual injury has been sustained through rash conclusions. Here is an illustration of the former and the lesser evil. Two young men, who lodged together, had, among other luxuries, a deaf maid to wait upon them. Perhaps in consequence of her affliction she had a wonderful faculty for guessing and surmising. I have noticed that a kind providence often balances a man's faculties; for instance, those who are deprived of eyesight are gifted with a remarkably sensitive touch. So this deaf domestic was blessed with an activity of mind and a proclivity for coming to conclusions which were truly remarkable. Never did her special forte appear to such advantage as on a certain memorable morning when the events now to be recorded first took place in history. The table was laid; so were the eggs, as fine and fresh as the most fastidious could wish. The young men sat down to break their fast. Lo and behold, there were no eggspoons! The little hand-bell was smartly rung, but the servant turned a deaf ear to it (she had no other.) After two or three repetitions of the tintinabulating process the waitress arrived, probably congratulating herself that she had attended so promptly, and quite unconscious of the fact that she had been in such demand. The request was made for eggspoons. The maid forthwith retired, but did not return. Again the alarum was called into requisition, the door

being held open to allow free egress to the waves of sound. At this urgent summons the damsel reappeared upon the stage, this time in the new character of "boots." She was armed with a couple of pairs which she had evidently been hurriedly polishing under the impression that the gents wanted to be off immediately.

But for their vexation they could scarce forbear to laugh—yet it was no laughing matter. It may be that "there's nothing like leather," but leather in such a shape was bootless. Mary had jumped at a conclusion, and come to the wrong one. At this juncture the breakfasters endeavoured to explain their real need. They shouted simultaneously, "spoons, spoons." They pointed to their unbroken eggs, and then confidently awaited the result. But, having jumped once, Mary determined to take another leap, on the principle, I suppose, of "Try, try again." Her second conclusion was even more remarkable than the first. Whether her own flurry at the discovery of mistake No. 1, or the frantic gesticulations of the lodgers prevented her grasping the situation, or what it was, I am not in a position to state. Certain, however, is it that, before very long, the landlady appeared on the scene in a great state of astonishment. Mary had reported that "the eggs were so bad the young gentlemen really couldn't eat them," and how this could be puzzled her mistress, who had reason to believe that they were laid that very morning.

Matters had reached a climax now and began to right themselves. Explanations were made, a good laugh enjoyed, and the necessaries supplied. Be it far from us to chide the poor deaf girl. She did her best no doubt. Arguing from previous experience she guessed that business was so pressing on the gents that they wanted their boots at once; hence error number one. Reasoning in the second place (very likely from experience too, for she might have lived where they did not keep fowls), she concluded that though eggs are eggs, these might be rotten; but, O, how many jump quite as much at random who cannot plead hardness of hearing as an excuse! These are the people who "made sure," and "felt positive," and "never thought but what," and "didn't hesitate," and "were quite confident," and *guessed wrong!*

They see a young man and maiden walking together, and therefore conclude that they have become engaged, and here beginneth the first chapter of an unauthorized version of what was perhaps never even dreamed of. They count their chickens, and other people's too, before they are hatched. They attempt to put the roof on before they have completed the foundations and walls, on the Irishman's theory, that they won't have so far to carry the rest of the material. Commence to tell such a tale, and these people know exactly how it will end before you get half-way through, and if it terminates contrary to their expectations they were "thinking of another story wonderfully like it." They grasp the situation in no time, and hold it about as long. They come to a conclusion so quickly that they have to begin again immediately. They see so far into the future that they quite overlook the present. Let Jack-o'-Lantern dance before them and, without thought, they are in the mire. Every mirage is to them a reality, every promise a performance, and every myth a matter of fact. It is good fun to find these folks getting into scrapes sometimes, as they are bound to do. If they

never look before they leap they must. perforce, make some mistakes, like the tourist who, at the celebrated Hot Lakes (N.Z.), jumped into a hot water hole supposing its temperature to be identical with that of another basin from which he had just emerged, whereas it was as near boiling point as possible.

Thus, over and over again, though in not quite so literal a sense, do jumpers at conclusions leap into hot water—and serve them right! Many an unwary purchaser fancies he is driving a bargain, and eventually discovers that he himself was driven to market and sold. He is wisest who tries before he buys, and puts on his spectacles before he lays his money down. Take a good, long look before even a short leap—better tire your eyes than break your neck. Look out, or you will be taken in. Keep your weather-eye open, or you will have to open your eyes whether or no. Be careful, or you may be full of cares. Mind what you do, or someone will do what you mind. Be up to him, or he will be down on you. All men are not honest if you are, and if you don't watch them they will prey upon you. He who leaves his door on the latch, or his safe unlocked, tempts the thief, so does the man who concludes that the salesman is honest because he is so polite, and therefore takes no precautions, and exercises unbounded confidence. Being in a barber's establishment one day, I was suddenly deprived of the service of the scissors by the entrance of a customer in the front shop. Left alone in my glory with nothing to contemplate but a row of pomade pots and "hair-wash" bottles, and a figure in the looking-glass which looked like a chorister ex officio, I listened to the conversation beyond the partition. I should here explain that the barber was also a lapidary. Hair-cutting and stone-cutting were both in his line. The visitor was a lady with a decidedly foreign accent. I could hear her undo a little screw of paper, and forthwith commenced a loud complaint to the effect that she had paid a high price for its contents under the impression that they were forty diamonds. Since completing the transaction the thought had struck her (and it was an evident blow to her) that she had been defrauded, and had therefore come to enquire if they were really precious stones. The barber maintained the belief that the lady had been swindled. On resuming the other branch of his business, he assured me that the supposed diamonds were not even paste and utterly worthless.

Here was a careless business transaction which is a fair type of many mental dealings. Foregone conclusions in either case are dangerous. Many a mistress engages a servant, and fancies from first appearances that she has got "a gem," but alters her mind ere long, and servants have concluded hurriedly that their employers were all that could be wished, and have afterwards been disappointed. One meets with a stranger; forms an acquaintance which speedily deepens into friendship, and this without enquiry or reference. The new friend is thought everything of, a diamond of the very first water; but by-and-by the brilliant fades, and the friend is found to be a little too like a well-cut gem, at least in one respect, for he has too many faces by half. It is wisdom to sip before drinking deep of any strange cups; to taste the cheese before buying it; and to look over a house before calling it "home." The people called Jumpers are far more numerous than they themselves allow, for if they

did but reckon on their lists the persons I have spoken of, their sect would be second to none. But I, for one, am not disposed to join either party, nor to make such a practice of jumping whether in the physical or metaphysical sense. If any of my fellow men care to turn into kangaroos they are welcome, or to frogs either, only may I not be involved in their false conclusions or suffer for their leaps. To my thinking it is better far to come to conclusions in a slower and a surer style. We need not, however, loiter in arriving at some decisions. For instance;—given, a pair of very long ears, and an unmistakable bray, we cannot be far wrong in guessing that there is an ass at no great distance. Similarly, on beholding a man who is swift to hear, and quite as quick at blabbing it all out again (with comments), we conclude that there is a donkey close at hand. Again, if I see a man whose main difficulty seems to be to maintain his equilibrium, albeit his legs are equal and the pathway level, I jump at the conclusion that he is not a teetotaller, and if he swears he is (as he probably will), but has "been in the sun," I decide immediately that it was "The Rising Sun" at the corner. I may also safely conclude that if he has a wife the poor creature sometimes wishes he had not, and that if he has a home, it is anything but a sweet one.

Here is another safe jump, with no ditch on the other side. A church member patronizes the theatre, and the dance, and the card-table. Who can help deciding that such a one had better be outside the pale than in, both for his own and the church's sake? Thorns and thistles may call themselves vines and figs if they will; but unless the fruit be there few will be deceived. Strange, that some who are only too ready to jump at rash conclusions are wonderfully slow in coming to correct ones, about which one would think there could be no doubt. Some there are who gaze on "this present world"—this house of God's building, with its treasures and its pictures, its curtains and its lamps, its granaries and stores, and yet will not allow that a wise and gracious God has planned and piled it all. "O fools, and slow of heart" to believe all that nature so plainly speaks. If there is one thing in the world of which we may be sure and certain it is the self-evident fact that a beneficent Designer has been and still is at work for his creature's good. Conclude also, without a doubt, that Jesus Christ his Son delights to pardon and to save. Why do so many fear that he will not be merciful? Ready enough to strike hands with strangers, why will not men rejoice in this best and truest friend? Everything about him bears plain testimony to the fact that he is "good and ready to forgive."

> "If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay?
> Not till earth, and not till heaven, pass away!"

Event No. 2 on the programme (running risks) is equally popular and finds a great variety of practisers. At the menagerie Professor Spangles puts his head into the lion's jaws, and at last gets it bitten, but *only once*. On the share market Awfully Sharpe, Esq., forgetful that he is dealing with Mr. Sharper, takes a bold stroke and regrets it ever afterwards. He knew it was a risk; but he had run so often and so successfully before that he would chance it again.

At dead of night the burglar picks the lock and robs the house; but though he has often escaped before, he gets caught at last and punished. But all these desperadoes would do it again if they had the opportunity. How near people will go to danger, and how surprised they are when they get hurt! They steer their ship purposely to within a few yards of the reef, and when she grounds they blame a current for which they ought to have accounted.

Such are they who live beyond their means, and coming to want, blame the hard times rather than their own soft heads. They spend their cash on their backs, and then want back their cash. So is it, too, with some professing Christians. They warm their hands with Peter at the world's fire, and wonder that, like him, they have to weep bitterly afterwards. Such voluntarily put themselves in danger's way. They stand at the cannon's mouth and feel hurt when they have to suffer or get blown up for it. If a Christian goes on Satan's ground he must expect to get prosecuted, and travellers on his road must be prepared to pay the toll.

Go into a fever den, and escape the pestilence; fall on a mud-heap, and get no stain; stand shelterless in a rain-storm, and not be wet, and when all this is accomplished you have yet to prove that it is possible for a Christian to frequent questionable amusements, and to play with the devil's fire without being harmed and burned. Granted that some have escaped; it does not follow that you will not yet come to awful grief. Christians have something better to do than act the Blondin, or indeed to place themselves in any dangerous position where Satan will have a vantage ground. Run not risks in religion whatever you do in other matters. Life, death, eternity, heaven, hell, depend upon our use of present opportunities.

The third item, putting one's foot in it, finds many patronizers. Those who are most successful at the jumping do well also in this performance. Jumping at conclusions necessarily involves putting one's foot in it sometimes. Those who do not think before they speak bear off the palm in this competition. They do not shut off the steam when they see the green light, and consequently run far past the red one and into danger. They make great discoveries when the mischief is done. They put this for that, and that for the other. They get off the eggs and sit on the straw. These are they who reckon without their host; who say what they don't exactly mean, and don't quite mean what they say. Such need to write and read their speeches lest they should make a grand mistake; and, after all, they put the emphasis in the wrong place, and turn what was intended as a flattery into an insult. There would, however, be far less of this performance if people were not so touchy. Far fewer would put their foot into it if the crust were not so thin.

A little more circumspection in walking, and less of readiness to take offence, would save many a stumble, and spare many a trouble.

Last, but not least, on our list is a performance which is not so popular as the others, but quite enough so. Standing upon dignity is a feat which reminds me much of the wonderful performing elephant who by some manner of means managed to balance himself on an inverted tub, and even attempted a dance thereon. Now, we must

admit that the monster looked out of place and undignified, though as a matter of fact he was a very superior sort of an elephant and far above his fellows, not only by the extra height of the tub, but by reason of his wonderful attainments.

After all, he was still an elephant, and it was only a tub he performed on, and any of his species could have done as much had they received the same training. There are human beings—hundreds of them—who imitate the performing elephant. By force of circumstances they have been made to differ from their fellows. As low as any in the social scale, they have, by a kind providence, or by what they perhaps call "luck," been raised above the common herd. They are elephants still —everyone can see—but they are performing ones. They have travelled considerably—so has our friend in the circus. Like him, they dance, and are the observed of all observers. The tub they stand on is labelled "dignity." Such folk are better than everybody else. Their acquirements and accomplishments demand for them the chief rooms at the feasts, and the uppermost seats in the synagogue. They must not be crowded in their pew nor hustled in the aisle. If they purchase a few tickets for the tea-meeting it is something wonderful, for, of course, they cannot be there themselves. *They let their servants come!*

Gold is often the secret of this sort of thing. It covers them with glitter, and they fancy they are bright and shining lights. It overflows their coffers, and at the same time overturns their brains. It gives them a better coat than their neighbours, and hence they conclude that they themselves are better. If an ordinary person dines with them he gets the cold shoulder whatever choice viands may load the table. These people are too high to sympathize, and too mighty to assist the weak. They are wanting in several important items of the domestic economy, to wit, a heart, and the bowels of compassion.

Some of these actually profess to be Christians, and yet treat the Lord's people in the same off-hand style. May the meek and lowly Jesus deliver his churches from such. Let the world be starch and "proper" if it will; but bring not the elephant and his tub into the Church of Christ. Let our pulpits be lowered, and their occupants too, to as near the level of the pews as is consistent with seeing and hearing well. Let our officers be official, but not officious. Let the rich mix freely with the poor, and mingle their riches too. Let the gifted put talents to the best of usury, and all the people share the profits. Let the well-dressed count no uniform so grand and glorious as that of the towel-girt Saviour, and no employ so honourable as washing the disciples' feet. It is some consolation to know that those who balance so nicely and perform so splendidly are bound to topple over sooner or later. I say, a consolation; because it is to be hoped such a come-down would teach them the lesson they are so slow to learn. Their riches will burn holes in their pockets. They will yet have to drink their ground-up gold if they have made an idol of it, and veal made of a golden calf is not the most palatable or digestible of food. They will lose their balance on the high-rope some day and come down with a crash, and though God's people will gladly stretch a net beneath them that they be not killed outright, their fall will give them a never-to-be-forgotten shaking. God grant it may! O for the happy time when

no man will think of himself more highly than he ought to think, and each esteem other better than himself. Would God we could take a leap and jump to this conclusion; but since that cannot be, let it be ours to labour on until the knowledge of our self-sacrificing Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea. Surely a knowledge of him, who is not ashamed to call us brethren, will link the hands and hearts of rich and poor, and old and young, and literate and rude, and one brotherhood shall kneel before the Elder Brother and call him blessed.

He gave up his class.

HE gave up his class because he *thought* he was doing no good to it. He did not speak to the Master about it. If he had done so, he would have found the Master's thoughts somewhat different.

2. He gave up his class because some of his scholars worried him. He did not stop to consider how much the Master was worried and troubled with disagreeable pupils, nor did he reflect that he himself was a greater trouble to the Master.

3. He gave up his class because the Superintendent rubbed him the wrong way on one occasion, unintentionally. He works under a good master during the week; the foreman and he do not get on well, but he has not thrown up his work.

4. He gave up his class because he thinks one or two of his fellow-teachers are disagreeable. He is associated with some nasty fellows during the week, and we wonder that he continues among them, seeing there are so many places in the world without disagreeable people.

5. He gave up his class because he differed with some of his fellow-teachers on some secondary point. He went off in a bung, throwing mud behind him. He often differs with his comrades in business, but, strange to say, he is still in a good situation. We are curious to know what he will do when he enters heaven, and sees his old friends there before him.

6. He gave up his class because he did not get the exact place in the school which he wanted. He wanted (did not *say* so) the school rearranged to suit him. He got, as he thought, footman's work, and he felt conscious that he ought to be butler. He did not ask the Master, however, to put him just where he could serve Him best.

7. He gave up his class because he accepted a situation with larger salary, but which stopped his teaching. Trouble upon trouble fell upon him, and his money went like water through a sieve. His increased wages took wings and flew away. Perhaps the Master would have dealt more tenderly if he had kept his class.

8. And when he gave up, how did he perform the operation? Not a word of warning. Resignation sent in on Friday or Saturday, scarcely a day left to provide a successor. No thought of the Superintendent's trouble—what cared he? No thought of a disturbed school—what cared he? Nay, rather he was somewhat gratified that his sudden departure should make us feel that he was of consequence. No anxiety for his class—what cared he? It could take its chance; the scholars might go to heaven or hell, no matter to him which. His *feelings* were more to be considered than their souls. The ties which bound him to them were cotton threads, easily snapped. The other day he had to change his workshop. He gave his master a fortnight's warning. Why did he not set off at once? Why did he not say all at once that he would not come back? Because he would have been fined! But he is not fined for leaving the school. Stay, what are we saying? Not fined! When pay-day comes, on the day of reckoning, he will be fined *a crown.—From the New Porthill School Year Book for* 1882.

Demas.

THIS gentleman is a highly respectable member of one of our most popular and fashionable churches. That he is so, need excite no surprise, nor does it necessarily imply that he has departed from the traditions of his family. For there is good reason for believing that, had the apostle Paul succeeded in maintaining his claim to respectability, or, at least, avoided the utter degradation into which, in the eyes of the Mrs. Grundy of his time, he succeeded in dragging himself and his followers, the great ancestor of the Demas family would have continued at his side. The fact is, this notable family has for its motto a free paraphrase of a well-known passage in the Book of Proverbs, to be read thus: "I, *Prudence*, dwell with, and am the better part of, Wisdom." Prudence, be it observed, which is not necessarily limited to a somewhat close frugality on the one hand, and a free acquisitiveness on the other: for the phrase, "loved this present world," is by no means to be confined in its application to *money*. Every intelligent reader knows that it is generic; and while it includes money, unquestionably, it no less signifies pleasure, position, and reputation. For example: an eminent member of this family which, from its great care and zeal on behalf of a whole skin, has derived among other advantages great numerical strength—known as the Vicar of Bray, was, evidently, tenacious not only of the emoluments, but also of the honours, and not less the *immunities* of the position of which he was so conservative. Thus it comes to pass that our friend often figures in subscription lists, almost invariably selecting those which are *printed*.

Let it not be supposed, however, that he is by any means prodigal of the possessions which he has succeeded in acquiring. It would, appear upon investigation that his donations to societies, charitable and religious, do not bear an extravagant or unwise proportion to his actual income. He nowhere can be discovered in the infringement of the supplementary beatitude, in which he is a firm believer, "Blessed are they who take care of themselves." Guided by this, which is the pole-star of his life, he everywhere insists upon the due observance of the command, "Be just before you are generous," and has never yet been detected in any unwise approximation to the debatable ground which borders upon these admirable qualities. Thus, while he seeks to stimulate others to liberality by the presentation of his name in print, as a benefactor of humanity, he does not waste his power by frittering it away on obscure objects of a questionable benevolence. He believes fully in Charity Organization societies.

In like manner he feels it his duty to give liberal support to such grand and imposing schemes as the building of large chapels, many of which, it is true, may afterwards be chiefly distinguished by their emptiness. The great purpose to be served is the education of observers, not only—which is a great end gained—in æsthetics, but also in denominational growth and importance: for it is a grand achievement to be able to chronicle at the end of each year, that the body which he honours by his support is in possession of so many more "chapel seats" than in any previous year. The fact that the ministers of these

places find it hard to keep body and soul together by reason of insufficient stipend, occasioned by an onerous debt, is an accident of the case, which may the more readily be tolerated because of its wholesome influence in teaching the man of God patience and humility. If, as sometimes happens, the minister, forgetful of New Testament precepts to the contrary, worries himself into his grave by reason of his manifold cares, Demas waxes virtuously indignant if a request is preferred on behalf of the surviving wife and children: for, he justly argues, that he who does not "provide for them of his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." He is known to be an advocate of the principle, which he never wearies of urging upon the committees of denominational colleges, that one of the leading subjects to be mastered by our students should be—"How sixpence in the pocket of a minister is to be made to possess the power of a half-crown in any other man's." Under this head range in order various collateral topics, as "the diminution of youthful appetites," "the application of leather in lieu of cloth in ordinary sartorial operations," "shoes (including boots) of iron and brass," and so on. For the foundation of a professorship "on the domestic economy of the manse" he is ready to subscribe at once.

Similar considerations enter into his views of church discipline. He sees no real charity in attempts to modify that discipline in cases which have become *undoubtedly public*. But in what he knows as "carefulness" and "attention to business," vulgarly, and on no sufficient grounds, styled *covetousness;* as also the cultivation of genteel habits and high-class society, less euphemistically known as "*worldliness*," he recognises no ground of discipline. He expresses himself as very indignant with the revisers of the New Testament, because they have left the words, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon" just as they were, and have not even found an alternative for the margin. The passage, too, in 2 Timothy iv. 10, which has reference to his great ancestor, he regards as spurious, and believes that, some day or other, manuscripts will be discovered from which that most objectionable verse will be found omitted: and, if not, he entertains the opinion that such manuscripts must have perished in some one or other of the conflagrations or catastrophes which destroyed so many: for, he reasons, his family have never held aloof from anything respectable or proper; and seeing that it is in the highest degree respectable to be a Christian nowadays, it could not have been otherwise in those times. Or, at least, if Demas the ancestor *did* leave Paul the apostle, it was solely because of some rude, indiscreet, or uncharitable word or action, which his keen sense of fitness and his artistic regard for appropriateness could not brook: and, we must admit, that there were times when the tent-maker, by his evident determination to call a spade a spade, did, from our friend's point of view, so transgress.

JAMES DANN, *Greenock.*

Henry Moorhouse.*

MANY persons will be familiar with the name of Henry Moorhouse as the man to whom Mr. Moody acknowledged his indebtedness for a fuller insight into the heart of the gospel, and more will remember him as the evangelist who preached to them with saving power the glad tidings. For nearly twenty years in England, Ireland, and America he proclaimed the gospel with great simplicity, and with wonderful result, and few men of his day were more useful in gathering sinners to the Saviour or in deepening the work of God in the hearts of believers. The main characteristic of his preaching was its fulness of Scripture truth. "Henry Moorhouse," said one minister, "taught me how to use my Bible." Said another, "He brought us a new Bible, and almost a new Saviour." And another said, "He was a servant of one Master, a student of one Book, a man of one aim, a preacher of one theme." Indeed, his chief excellency and power as a teacher lay in his Bible expositions. He made the word itself speak, and this is, perhaps, the highest function of the Christian teacher. His Bible readings were attended by crowds of persons, educated and uneducated, who listened to the word of God from his lips with deepest interest. The power which seized and held their attention lay partly in his quick perception of analogies, partly in his large and firm grasp of vital truths, and in his faculty of setting them forth in the glowing colours of lively fancy and fervid emotion, but chiefly in his sympathy with the mind of the Spirit, which he had attained by years of loving and prayerful study of Scripture. The Chicago people, with a vague feeling that the charm lay in the particular edition of the Bible used by the evangelist, bought Bagster's Polyglot in great quantities, just as was afterwards done in England by persons who attended Mr. Moody's services. The strength imparted to Mr. Moorhouse's work by this richness of Scripture teaching increased the permanence of its results. He communicated, with the religious impressions produced at his meetings, a love of God's word which was likely to grow into a habit of Bible study, making the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. If "he that winneth souls is wise," then Henry Moorhouse was wise; and if "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever," then he will be one of the ever radiant lights of heaven.

And yet he had not greater advantages than most possess. Born in Ardwick, Manchester, in the year 1840, he grew up an obscure Lancashire lad; in personal appearance puny and fragile, in speech rude and provincial, gifted with no wonderful natural powers, possessed of no learning, and escaping by a rare marvel from the quagmire of reckless living into which he early plunged. For though he had a good Methodist father he was led astray by wicked companions, and his daring disposition led him to outdo the rest in wild foolhardiness and profanity. But the influence of a Christian girl, who afterwards became

* Henry Moorhouse, the English Evangelist. By Rev. John Macpherson. London: Morgan and Scott.

his wife, deterred him from breaking entirely loose from the Sunday-school ; and though he plunged into card playing and drinking, and once enlisted as a soldier, from which career his father bought him off, he never could get himself wholly freed from the power of conscience. Often was he ill at ease, and in his fits of wretchedness carried about with him a loaded pistol to end his miserable life ; but an unseen hand frustrated the desperate attempt.

One night in December, 1861, passing along an out-of-the-way back street, he heard the sound of hymn singing issuing from a little room. He entered, but the room was crowded, and he could get no further than the stair. There in the dark he listened to the reading of the parable of the prodigal son. A sense of guilt, piercing and intolerable, seized upon him, and such a tremor shook his soul that he was fain to catch hold of the banister to save himself from falling. Three weeks of mental anguish succeeded. He was convinced of sin. Remorse, dread, despair, held him in an iron grasp. One day he went to see a young Christian in the engine room of a Manchester warehouse. This friend opened his Bible at Romans x. and read, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach ; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"Now," said the young teacher, "do you believe that? Do you believe in the risen Saviour, and that the work of redemption is finished because Christ is risen?"

"I do, with all my heart," replied Moorhouse.

"Then are you going to confess what you believe?"

"Of course I will," was the ready answer.

"What then?" said the other, pointing to the words, "thou shalt be saved."

Henry trembled with a strange emotion. "Oh," he cried out, "I see it! I am saved!"

He saw, he believed, he rejoiced, he confessed, and he was ready from that hour to bear witness for Christ, there or anywhere else.

So simple, so easy! say some. Too simple, too easy! say others. When the Holy Spirit teaches it is always simple, always easy.

Such was the seed-sowing which brought forth a hundredfold. Moorhouse soon began to preach Christ in mission-rooms in his native town. Presently he accompanied such men as John Hambleton and Harrison Ord in their evangelistic expeditions to race-courses and fairs, and held theatre services with them both in England and in Ireland. Doors opened on every side. His evangelistic labours grew incessant. He himself became a leader, and not only in England and Ireland, but across the Atlantic he preached the gospel with success. To America he paid six visits, gathering in that field many sheaves for his Master.

His preaching was well illustrated. The truth was lit up so that the dullest eyes could see it.

In a Bible reading on the subject of the Christian's separation from the world the evangelist asked, "Should a Christian go to dancing parties? What do you think? Suppose a young lady is affianced to a truly noble and good man whom she tenderly loves, and there comes in

a dastardly ruffian who murders the bridegroom in the very presence of the bride. Now, if the murderer were to invite the bride to dance with him on the floor crimsoned with the blood of her beloved, tell me, should she consent? Once I was commissioned by my brother," he went on to say, "to fetch from town a little article of gold which he wished to purchase. This I put into my pocket where, from lapse of memory, it lay for several days in too close proximity to some leads I happened to carry with me. On recollection I drew the gold from my pocket and, to my amazement and chagrin, found it had taken the dull hue of its meaner companions. The lead had borrowed nothing from the gold; its complexion was as grey and coarse as ever; but the gold had lost its beauty, it had grown like its company, it was become dim. So, the world gains nothing from the worldly Christian, whilst, in his unwarrantable fellowship with the world, the Christian loses all his brightness and not a little of his worth."

To make the same lesson pointed and memorable he told of a canary which, placed in the same cage with a sparrow, lost its own sweet song, and learned to chirp like its vulgar and unmusical companion.

GRACE was a favourite theme with him. "Grace," he was wont to say, "is—

The Bread of Life seeking the hungry.
The Living Water seeking the thirsty.
The Garments of Salvation seeking the naked.
The Truth seeking the liar.
The Rest seeking the weary.
The Light seeking the darkness.
The Pardon seeking the guilty.
Mercy seeking the wretched.
Life seeking death.

Grace is all this in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ seeking and saving that which was lost." This is a memorable way of teaching. Such sayings stick like burrs.

"A little girl in the slums of London," said he, "won the prize for a flower growing out of an old, broken teapot; her success in training the plant being due to the pains she took in always placing her flower in the only corner of the window favoured with a sunbeam. A lesson for the Christian to walk in the light."

Standing at the window one wintry day, he sees a poor ill-clad child taking shelter from a hailstorm, in the corner of the gate. A working man passing that way catches a glimpse of the little one, hastily retraces his steps, lifts him in his arms, and turning his back to the blast, lovingly presses the stranger-bairn to his bosom. When the fierce shower is over he sets the child down, and passes on. That night our evangelist related the incident, and then amidst the tears of his audience pictured the Son of God giving his own back to the pitiless storm of divine wrath against sin, whilst he hides the helpless sinner in his bosom.

Many pages might be filled with interesting incidents of usefulness which accompanied his preaching. We give one as Moorhouse himself related it:—

"When I was holding meetings a little time ago at Wharncliffe, in

England, a coal district, a great burly collier came up to me and said in his Yorkshire dialect, 'Dost know wha was at meetin' t' night?' 'No,' I answered. 'Why,' said he, 'So-and-so,' mentioning the name. The name was a familiar one. He was a very bad man, one of the wildest, wickedest men in Yorkshire, according to his own confession, and according to the confession of everybody who knew him. 'Weel,' said the man, 'he cam' into t' meetin' and said thou didn't preach right; he said thou preached nothin' but love o' Christ, an' that wont do for drunken colliers; ye want t' shake 'em over t' pit; an' he says he'll ne'er come again.' He thought I did not preach enough about hell. I did not expect to see him again, but he came the next night without washing his face, right from the pit, with all his working clothes upon him. This drunken collier sat down on one of the seats that were used for little children, and got as near to me as possible. The sermon from first to last was on 'Love.' He listened at first attentively, but by-and-by I saw him with the sleeve of his rough coat wiping his eyes. Soon after we had an enquiry meeting, when some of those praying colliers got round him, and it was not long before he was crying, 'O Lord, save me! I am lost! Jesus, have mercy on me!' and that night he left the meeting a new creature. His wife told me herself what occurred when he came home. His little children heard him coming along—they knew the step of his heavy clogs—and ran to their mother in terror, clinging to her skirts. He opened the door as gently as could be. He had a habit of banging the door. If a man becomes converted, it will even make a difference in the slamming of doors. When he came into the house and saw the children clinging to their mother, frightened, he just stooped down and picked up the youngest girl in his arms and looked at her, the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'Mary, Mary, God has sent thy father home to thee,' and kissed her. He picked up another, 'God has sent thy father home,' and from one to another he went and kissed them all, and then came to his wife and put his arms round her neck—'Don't cry, lass; don't cry. God has sent thy husband home at last; don't cry:' and all she could do was to put her arms round his neck and sob. And then he said, 'Have you got a Bible in the house, lass?' They had not got such a thing. 'Well, lass, if we haven't, we must pray.' They got down on their knees, and all he could say was—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,—

for Jesus Christ's sake, amen.'

"It was a simple prayer, but God answered it. While I was at Barnet, some time after that, a friend came to me and said, 'I've got good news for you. So-and-so (mentioning the collier's name) is preaching the gospel wherever he goes,—in the pit, and out of the pit, and trying to win everybody to the Lord Jesus."

This was a blessed life to live, and we thank Mr. Macpherson for his delightful narration of it. Moorhouse's health broke down under the strain of his incessant labours. The doctors told him he must desist, for his heart was affected. He enquired, "How long do you think I

may live if I desist from preaching?" "Probably eighteen months." "And how long if I continue to preach?" "Perhaps nine months," said the doctor. "Very well, I will take the nine months, and preach Christ as long as I can." For the last two years of his life he worked a Bible carriage with immense energy, and sold in 1879 and 1880 no less than 120,000 Bibles and Testaments, which, with books and tracts given away, amounted to some "2,100,000 messages from heaven to poor, guilty, and lost sinners." The prayers, conversations, pointed words, addresses—in short, the living voice-work—which accompanied this labour, and the spiritual results produced, it is impossible to tabulate. But all this was accomplished, under God, by a man without money or health, by a dying man who had nothing left him but faith.

He died on the 28th December, 1880, and was buried on the last day of the year—a chill, snowy, wintry day. But the Christian brothers that looked down into the grave joined in singing the hymn—

"I love to think of the heavenly land;"

for he was passed away from the winter to the summer, from the shadows to the light.

C. A. DAVIS.

Is it True?

IN his work entitled, "Disestablishment, from a Church Point of View," Mr. Gilbert calls attention, as an attached member of the Church of England, to some abuses which must shock the sense of propriety of every section of the community, and must, we think, cause the most earnest Episcopalian to resolve to remove the blot by every means in his power.

Among other grave matters, in dealing with the Temperance question, Mr. Gilbert prefers charges of complicity with the drink traffic against the Church in its corporate capacity, which must mantle the cheeks of its devoted adherents with the blush of shame. This is what he says:—

"But to return to the connection between the Church of England Temperance movement and the State clergy at large. Does it not appear an absurdity that our archbishops and bishops should give temperance lectures and address public meetings on the sin and misery caused by intemperance, teaching their hearers to avoid the public-house, as leading them into temptation, while in their corporate capacity, as members of the Ecclesiastical Commission, they are perhaps the largest owners of public-house property in the country, certainly they own more than any brewer's firm in the kingdom. Indeed, so well is this fact known among the working classes, that frequently in the Western Road from Hyde Park Corner, through Knightsbridge, they are in the habit of pointing, as typical of the Establishment, to a Church of England on the right-hand side of the way, near Albert Gate, having a gin-palace on each side of it, built up side by side in a row, the place of worship and the gin-shops being all Church property. It is stated—and I believe it would be found to be a fact—that the Bishop of London, when he leaves his house in St. James's Square, and rides to his palace at Fulham, passes on his road more than 100 public-houses built on land belonging to the Church.

"Of the expense at which some of these public-houses are maintained by their customers may be estimated from the returns of two respectably conducted establishments of the kind—one, the Royal Oak at Notting Hill, on the land of the Bishop of London; the other, the Hero of Waterloo, near the terminus of the South Western Railway, on the estate of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is stated that the returns of the Royal Oak will not be less than £10,000

a-year, or more than the maintenance of all the places of worship of every denomination, schools, and the police-force of the district within a diameter of a mile; while the returns of the Hero of Waterloo are equal to a similar expenditure, on the Surrey side of the water. Nay more, it is asserted—and I believe will hardly be disputed—that when the lease of a public-house in possession of the Church Commissioners falls in, it is valued by a professional gentleman employed on property of the kind to know if its rental can be increased. The Church will also grant ground-leases for the erection of public-houses, as may be seen on the Paddington estate. Nay more, when one of the leases of their public-houses is for sale, and it be thought a bargain, the Commissioners will become the purchasers. Nor is this evil confined solely to London. Some time since I measured a square of 300 paces each way in the centre of Salisbury, and found on it no less than 18 public-houses and gin-shops, all on Church lands; and other localities may be mentioned where they are equally numerous.

"I may now be told that I am doing the bishops an injustice by making this accusation against them; that a special commission has been appointed for the management of the estates of the Church, in which they have nothing to do. But it must be remembered that the Estates' Commission is simply a branch of the Ecclesiastical Commission; and if any legal quibble should be forthcoming (and I have shown in many ways that legal quibbles are admitted by our law authorities with astonishing facility when used in the service of the Established Church), the bishops have seats in it. But I submit that if their hands are tied their voices are at liberty, and they have had full power of using them. Possibly the cry of 'confiscation' may be raised against any attempt to deprive the Establishment of its gin-shops. And I admit the cry of 'confiscation' has frequently had tremendous effect on the minds of the public, occasionally scarcely less so than that of 'the Church in danger'—and with as little reason. But let us first see whether there really is any confiscation in the matter, and if so, in what it consists. The Church, as represented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, has indisputably the right to refuse the renewal of a public-house lease when it falls into their possession. Say they refuse to renew the lease—what then? The house still remains, and is applicable to any other trade, consequently there is no confiscation of any property. The sole thing confiscated is the spirit and beer license. If the spirit license is admitted as a portion of the foundation for the support of our Ecclesiastical system, let it be stated honestly and candidly, and the public will then have in their possession another plea to urge them to exertion in the separation of Church and State."

Is it true? We ask without casting any doubt on Mr. Gilbert's veracity; but fearing the possibility that he has been led into error as to the true state of affairs. His book is before the world, and challenges reply. Meanwhile we urge every temperance man, whether he be Churchman or Nonconformist, to be urgent and incessant in the demand that this abuse be brought to a speedy end. Fancy what an outcry there would be if the Tabernacle derived its income even in a small degree from owning gin-palaces. We say no more. Let the members of the Episcopalian body see to this evil, of which the most of them have never heard before. Now that they have heard of it, let them accept no quibbles by way of justification; but let them demand a clean sweep of the whole concern. There are plenty of uses for lands and houses without consecrating them to Bacchus, in order to bring in a larger revenue for Christ.

Lambeth Auxiliary Sunday School Union.

AN EXHORTATION BY THE PRESIDENT.—"TEACHERS, STICK TO YOUR WORK."

THERE was never a time when the sacred work of the Sabbath School was more needed than now. As the Board Schools give secular instruction, we must salt and season it with holy teaching, or the next generation will be capable of greater mischief than the present. Secular education puts tools into the hand which may be used for the best or the worst of purposes; religion alone can secure the right use of these tools. We hail the advent of knowledge, but we long most of all to spread the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, without which all other light is but a form of darkness.

TEACHERS, STICK TO YOUR WORK, for the world has need of you,—as much need as when Robert Raikes first instituted the right reverend order of Sunday School Teachers.

Without you the children of London will grow up to live godless and vicious lives. Without you they will die wretched and hopeless deaths. No golden age has yet arrived, in which all parents are pious, and therefore train up their children in the fear of the Lord. Walk the teeming streets, look into the crowded courts and alleys, glance into the police-courts, and visit the prisons and reformatories, and judge whether there is not urgent, crying, awful need for you!

In our own locality there is special need of all of you, and of many more. Oh that new workers would come to recruit your ranks! We cannot spare a single teacher, however aged and sickly; for we want double the number, and want them at once.

The removal of our wealthier friends into the suburbs casts a heavy share of Christian work upon those who remain in our district. What is to become of the children of the poor if teachers are not forthcoming? They will be raised up, we feel sure; but, meanwhile, it is not the time for a single veteran teacher to give up the work. The spread of education affords us hope that more teachers will soon be forthcoming; but just now the schools are sadly pinched, and teachers are in great demand. Superintendents are driven to their wits' end for want of helpers.

TEACHERS, STICK TO YOUR WORK, for just now you are each one more precious than a wedge of gold. The Church has need of every one of you to nurse her little ones, and to gather in her wandering lambs: the work is urgent, the labourers are few.

I hope no one will be offended if I urge that the teaching be in every case well and thoroughly done. I would not find fault, but I am sure there must be some slovenly work in this as well as in every other department of the Lord's work, and it is a pity that it should be so. I have met with children who have been very ignorant of well-known Bible histories, and of the main doctrines of Scripture, and yet they have been to the Sabbath-school for years. This ought not to happen in a single case. I blame no one, but I would stir up all the soldiers in the noble army of teachers to make themselves thoroughly efficient, that this blessed work may be done as our Lord would have it done. Children deserve and demand our best services. If they are taught at all, the teaching should be thorough, or it will only be a deception, hindering true instruction.

TEACHERS, STICK TO YOUR WORK, and throw all your strength into it; for the little ones need the best you can give them. He who is best furnished will not find himself any too well prepared for this difficult service. I reverence the man or woman who can efficiently teach an infant-class: I question if Robert Hall, or Chalmers, or even Whitefield could have performed the task. To impress the young and thoughtless is work which needs all our present strength, and more.

Above all, we long to see the children saved while they are still children,

and this will not happen by accident, nor occur in schools where it is not aimed at. Conversion is the work of God, and not of man; but it usually takes place in classes where there are earnest, loving, praying, believing teachers, whose hearts are set upon obtaining this great blessing for their charge. The Holy Spirit honours those who rely upon him, and make it their one object to honour the Lord Jesus. He will not let loving, living, longing words fall to the ground. Persevering endeavours are rewarded. The Lord does not suffer his servants to lose the seed which they sow in tears.

Teachers, Stick to your Work, and look for immediate results; for the Lord waits to be gracious, and to glorify his name by you.

To the presence and power of the Lord Jesus through his Spirit we must all look for success in our holy service: this presence and power we may have; let us not rest without it. May you and all the Lord's servants enjoy the fulness of the blessing, and may Lambeth be the happier and the holier for our united efforts. I am a poor President for so important a body of teachers, but I wish you overflowing blessing from the fountain of all good, and,

I am, yours very heartily,

February, 1882. C. H. SPURGEON.

Notices of Books.

The Clerical Library. Three Hundred Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is a shame that such a volume should see the light, for it is a grievous wrong to those whose sermons it professes to epitomize. The compiler does not know how to dissect a sermon; he is not qualified even for the humble duty of picking a preacher's bones. We are threatened with twelve such volumes. Those skeletons which are marked C. H. S. convey no idea of our sermons, and could excite no feeling towards the preacher but that of contempt. With such an array of names upon the opening pages we did expect something; but the nut is a mere shell, containing nothing but dry dust.

Jesus Christ: his Life and his Work. Popular Edition. By the Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. Ward, Lock, & Co.

This work, upon its first appearance, had our best word of commendation, and we gave it as our opinion that Messrs. Ward and Lock had done a great service to our holy cause by publishing so excellent a book; not needed, it may be, by scholars, but one which would be highly prized by the many. What shall we say now that they have issued a shilling edition of it? Why, buy it; for certainly it is about the best shilling's-worth we know.

Early Days in Christian Life. Kindly words to the Young in their Christian course. By the Rev. Jno. Richardson, M.A. Elliot Stock.

Everything written by Canon Richardson is certain to be thoroughly orthodox and evangelical. This little manual "from an old disciple" may be safely presented to those who have just entered upon their Christian career, and even experienced believers may profit by its perusal. These "kindly counsels" are very different from the light literature which so many nowadays provide for the young; in fact, we fancy they would have been more generally useful if they had been a little less solid and sombre.

Stories of the Mountain and the Forest. By M. A. Paull. With Illustrations. T. Nelson and Sons.

Just the sort of book Young England dotes upon. Stirring, daring, full of incident and life. These stories and adventures are taken from first-class works, and make up reading of a far healthier order than works of fiction. If they should tempt novel-dupes to a sounder literature their object will be answered. Like all works published by Messrs. Nelson, the book is well produced. Though we have little time to spare for juvenile books, we must confess to having been held captive by these stories.

Many Versions, but One Bible: A Paper on the Revised New Testament read before the London Baptist Association. By Rev. T. Matthews. Preface by Rev. C. D. Ginsbury, LL.D. G. W. Coving, High Barnet.

This is an admirable dissertation upon the subject, although we do not agree with it. The Revised Version we venture to assert is not accepted by the church at large as the successor of the Authorized Version, nor will it ever be. It is a good version, and in some respects the best yet produced; but it must be made far better before it can be compared in all respects with the Bible of our youth, and it will even then be long before it supplants it. The members of the London Baptist Association must have felt while hearing this paper, that in the person of Mr. Matthews they have a great addition to their strength; for he shows deep research, learning, and common sense. We like his production none the less because we take the other side.

Seventeen Opuscules by Juán de Valdés. Translated from the Spanish and Italian, and Edited by John T. Betts. Trübner & Co.

Our friend, J. T. Betts, Esq., deserves the thanks of the universal church for presenting in an English dress, another portion of the works of Juán de Valdés, the great Spanish reformer. Here we have deep and sound theology; not always set forth in an accustomed form, but devout and profound. It is a sort of rehearsal of the resurrection that Valdés should come to light and life again after some three hundred and fifty years of entombment. Verily, the good man never dies. It is marvellous that those who had newly broken loose from the superstitions of old Rome should have had such clear views of the gospel. Thus they afford another proof that where the Spirit of God is the teacher men are well and infallibly instructed. We commend these Seventeen Opuscules of Valdés to all thoughtful minds.

Sermons by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. 66, Paternoster Row.

We are glad to have these memorials of a great preacher, whose falling asleep has robbed our age of one of its brightest ornaments. It is not for us to criticize so great a master of ornate rhetoric as our deceased friend; his productions are classical. The *imprimatur* of William Arthur is a sufficient guarantee for accuracy of reproduction.

Past and Present in the East. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Notes of a journey through the Holy Land by a thoughtful Christian minister. Nothing very special, but good in its own way. One among many, and not likely to take a very eminent place among its comrades, though it is very prettily got up both within and without.

The Last Supper of our Lord, and his Words of Consolation to his Disciples. By J. Marshall Lang, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

We so much like the plan of these expository books that they all please us. This is very good, and yet we have seen better. The theme is so deeply spiritual that it is not every man who can fitly handle it. In reading such an old book as Hutcheson on John, we should have got far more of the marrow, but yet we will not find fault. What can these moderns do? They are good, but shallow; the depth of the ancients is not in them.

Pleasant Talks about Jesus: half-hours with the Children. By John Colwell. Bemrose and Sons.

Yes they are "pleasant talks," or in other words, Sunday-school addresses of fair ability. Read at home on Sunday evenings they would secure the attention of the little ones.

Hints to Hospital and Sick Room Visitors. By Mrs. Colin G. Campbell. Nisbet and Co.

These hints are just what they profess to be: hints only. But, for that reason, they are the more valuable. General principles only, applicable to most cases of sickness, can be given, and these must be regulated according to the variety of individual need. We hope soon to see an army of sick visitors doing an evangelistic work in the hospitals, and we believe that such a little handbook would be very useful to them.

Edith Oswald; or, Living for Others. By JANE M. KIPPEN. S. W. Partridge & Co.

DEDICATED to "those who desire to do good to others," this story concerns the trials and triumphs of a Christian girl, who, after years of devotion and self-sacrifice, while living with an eccentric invalid relative, at length reaps the reward of her bravery and consistency. The story is written by a practical hand; and, while all girls will be interested, the tried who are treading an uphill path will find that Edith's experiences touch very tenderly their own hearts.

Old Blind Ned; or, the Lord will Provide. By the Author of "Louis Michaud." The Religious Tract Society.

A STORY that will teach the tried poor that trust in God is never misplaced. We hardly know which to admire most, Ned, or his dog. The old man who earned his bread in the streets with a fiddle having been such a ripe, cheerful Christian; while his faithful dog is represented as having possessed a common-sense sagacity such as some Christians might almost envy. The dog is in our judgment a little overdone, so easy is it for the story-teller's liberty to lapse into license.

Herbert Ellerdale; a Tale of the Days of Wycliffe. By W. OAK RHIND. S. W. Partridge & Co.

To those who like to learn their history from the pages of fiction, this story may be recommended as giving a pleasant, unsensational picture of English life and manners five hundred years ago. A rather odd effect is produced when extracts from Wycliffe's translation of the Bible are given in the very words of our own authorized version.

The Two Bars: a Tale of Rescue. By the author of "Found on the Dark Mountains," &c. Partridge and Co.

A SIMPLE little story designed to show the enthralling power of strong drink, and how a servant of Christ may by persistent, prayerful effort, and self-sacrifice pluck a firebrand from the flame. Those who have acquaintances in danger of utter ruin of soul and body through the monster evil—and, alas! who has not?—might try the effect of putting this little book into their hands—or, better still, of learning the lessons it teaches, and then laying out themselves to save such souls from death, and covering a multitude of sins.

Two Standard Bearers in the East. Sketches of Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson. By the Rev. J. MARRAL. 66, Paternoster Row.

IT is well for our youth to be stimulated to holy enterprise by such lines as these. The book is profusely illustrated.

Our Folks; John Churchill's Letters Home. By AGNES GIBERNE. "Hand and Heart" Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings.

A MOST amusing affair. The portraits of all the parish notables are well drawn. We seem to have known them all, and their wives and families. At sixpence, in a paper cover, this is given away, and in smart red cloth it is cheap enough. Mr. Bullock has a genius for sending out attractive books. May he prosper.

Uncle Fred's Shilling: its Travels and Adventures. With Illustrations. By EMILY BRODIE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THE clever authoress of "Rough, the Terrier," in making a shilling tell the story of its wanderings, has evidently aimed at enlisting the sympathy and help of her young readers on behalf of their poorer brothers and sisters by making "the rich and the poor meet together." Again and again we find some of the persons into whose hands the shilling passes "telling the story simply of Jesus and his love" to others. The work is tastefully got up, and will be a very acceptable present to boys and girls.

The Three Trappers. A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of Canada. By ACHILLES DAUNT. Nelsons.

FIRST-RATE illustrations, vivacious writing, and a capital subject. Boys will get engrossed in these stories of Canada as it used to be, when tribes of Indians and herds of buffaloes roamed its wilds. Our only fear is that the roaming propensity which dwells in so many British boys will be roused by the exciting descriptions.

The Paradox of Life; or, Christian Koheleth. A Poem. With a Sheaf of Sacred Sonnets and other Poems. By the Rev. James S. Blackwood, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

We have some real poetry here. We received the volume at Mentone; but we were too far gone for verses, and laid the work aside; but not till one choice hymn had charmed us and our little company. Here it is. The writer is a constant invalid, and his poems enlarge the number of instances in which the bruising of sweet spices has revealed hidden perfumes.

Dove's Wings Desired.

Psalm lv. 6.

I want to slip, just slip away
Unto my gentle, loving Lord;
For life's cold, coarse, and dusty way
Nor rest nor flowers doth now afford.

Time was when, blooming here and there,
Faith, Hope, and Love in clusters grew,
Fragrant in Joy's warm summer air,
Or sweetly steeped in sorrow's dew.

But Faith lies crushed by giant Pride,
And Hope beneath Death's dust is trod,
And lingering Love at last hath sighed,
And sought once more the throne of God.

Time was when brethren valued high
The priceless preciousness of grace,
And in each other lovingly
Beheld the Saviour's loving face.

Now critical and isolate,
If wrangling not, they coldly move.
I say not they each other hate;
I only say they do not love.

O Christ! O Christ! that heart of thine,
Tender and true, how deep it bled,
When man, despising love Divine,
Caused thee such awful tears to shed.—

Seems it the human breast can fence
Itself with hate as with a shield,
Till ev'n Divine Omnipotence
Weeps and forsakes the dreadful field.

Then let me slip, just slip away!
Unto my gentle, loving Lord,
Since earth's cold, coarse, and dusty way
Nor rest nor flowers doth now afford.

The Preacher's Monthly. A Storehouse of Homiletic Help. Vol. II. Lobb and Bertram.

First-rate. The best of its class. Evidently the fruit of great pains, and therefore really valuable. Friends tell us that they have got several sermons out of it. We do not value all the outlines; but some are excellent, and the magazine, as a whole, is of a high class.

Contributions to a New Revision; or, A Critical Companion to the New Testament. By Robert Young, LL.D. Edinburgh: G. A. Young and Co.

To students of the New Testament who have a little (!) knowledge of the original language, this volume may be of great value. Ripe scholarship in Greek grammar is rather a rare accomplishment. Dr. Young is not an unknown adventurer in this path of criticism. He has won a good reputation in the guild of classical authors. With a keen eye for articles and particles, for tenses and turns of expression, he reviews as a private annotator the revisions and rectifications of our authorized version. The book is published with so wide a margin that the possessor of this "*vade mecum*" can enhance its worth (to himself at least) by the notes and comments he may be pleased to insert. Under such distinguished tutorship the less learned brotherhood might improve their acquaintance with the peculiar dialect which was once the mother-tongue of a living race of mortals like ourselves, but now needs to be expressed in the familiar idioms of modern conversation to represent with fidelity the same relation the words bear to us that it did bear to them in days of yore. Our colporteurs and city missionaries do well to keep clear of such criticisms. The fact is, we have been hunted by hyperliteralism of late, till it has haunted our dreams. For an illustration that everybody can understand, were we editing an English edition of a French novel, we should consider "*How do you do?*" a perfect equivalent, although not a precise translation, of "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" And we are equally content with the translation of John's wish or prayer in his letter to the beloved Gaius, that he might "prosper and be in health." Neither the sense nor the sound are improved by altering it into "To make good progress and to be healthy." It is very true that the derivation of ευοδοω points to a good journey, but its popular use gave it a wider significance, as Dr. Young himself concedes, in annotating upon 1 Cor. xvi. 2, where Paul counselled each individual to lay up in store on the first day of the week, according as he had *prospered*.

The Acts and the Epistles of St. Paul. By Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Malleson has a popular style and, what is better, an orthodox spirit. We consider Conybeare and Howson to be all that a man needs upon St. Paul, but probably this is not everybody's opinion. Canon Farrar we always feel afraid of, but he is a graphic writer, and by no means to be snuffed at. Mr. Malleson is safe: he writes for edification and not for display, and gives us the fruits of learning rather than the parade of it. At twelve shillings this volume will come within the range of many for whom the larger works are too costly. In the Sunday-school library this will be found to be a valuable aid to the careful student, and the same may be said of the minister's study. Happy is it for Mr. Malleson that among the hills he finds the quiet needful for the production of such works.

A Practical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark. By James Morison, D.D. Third edition, revised. Hodder and Stoughton.

A new and improved edition of a work which we consider to be invaluable to the scholarly student who wants to go to the root of Scriptural meanings. The day has gone by when the name of Morison aroused the horror of all orthodox men; indeed, if it were not, we should still commend this commentary, for it displays the learning and the judgment of a man well instructed in the Scriptures, and qualified both to translate and to interpret. Wherever sound criticism and suggestive exposition are prized, there will Morison's Mark command admiring attention.

The Greatness of Christ relatively and absolutely considered. By T. S. Engall. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A new idea, well worked out. Making the Scriptures testify, by comparison with others, to the superlative greatness of Jesus. It is a distinct addition to our stores of exposition, and the papers would form a capital series for Bible-class study or Sunday-school lessons. A little book, but a great acquisition to any thinking man or woman who could use it aright.

The Dynasty of David; or, Notices of the Successive Occupants of the Throne of David. By Rev. Jas. Duncan, Bayfield, Ontario. Toronto: James Campbell and Son.

Would be of immense service to a Bible class taking up the subject of the dynasty of David. A lecturer might here find a splendid series of topics. It takes a road which has never been too much frequented.

Mission Life in Greece and Palestine: Memorials of Mary B. Baldwin, Missionary to Athens and Joppa. By Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Miss Baldwin was a niece of Mr. Madison, a former President of the United States. She relinquished the comforts of a wealthy home in Virginia to devote herself to mission work. In Athens, from 1835 to 1869, she taught a girls' school with great success, and accomplished a useful work amongst the Cretan refugees who fled to Athens during the struggle for independence in 1866. Thence she removed to Joppa, where she opened a school for boys, which is now carried on by her sister, Mrs. Hay. It is called the "Mary Baldwin Memorial School," and is one of the most successful schools of the East. She died there in 1877. Christian women should study this noble, consecrated life, and emulate it, whether at home or abroad.

The Morning Star of the Reformation. The Life and Times of John De Wycliffe. Religious Tract Society.

There cannot be too many histories of the struggles of bold men against the tyranny of the Papacy. Especially is it the case to-day when the pretensions of priestcraft are so great and loud. This brief book gives a pretty clear idea of the early Reformers and their work in plain, straightforward style. We could have forgiven a little more vivid description and raciness of language, such description and raciness as have made Carlyle's "French Revolution" a classic. The only drawback to this book is its school-lesson prosiness. Young people, and old people too, do like a little "spice" here and there. However, we trust it may have a good sale.

The Theology of Consolation; or, an account of many old writings and writers on that subject. By Rev. D. C. A. Agnew. Edinburgh: Ogle and Murray.

As a compilation this bulky quarto volume displays considerable knowledge and perseverance on the part of its author. Starting with the theory that the gospel as a consolation is an aspect too often overlooked in theology, the writer aims at emphasizing and bringing into prominence this truth. This is done mainly by quotations from the religious teachers of two centuries ago. Anything that strengthens Christians in their assurance and confidence we gladly welcome, and this book is certainly successful to a degree. The latter half of it, giving a sketch of the various writers quoted, looks a good deal like "padding," and might very fairly be foregone. We are sorry that the author should, in writing of Dr. Gill, have grown so angry about his distinctive Baptist principles as to go out of his way and make it the occasion of a savage attack upon the worthy doctor and ourselves. He says, "There is one blemish in this admirable commentary (as in our own Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning,' and 'Evening by Evening'), namely, a vein of insinuation against all Christians who practise infant baptism. . . . . In a commentary written by a member of the sect of the Baptists, it is quite seemly and honourable to bring forward before the eyes of hearers, not unprepared for the charge, and in connection with all relevant texts of Scripture, a full and reiterated detail of the commentator's baptismal theory, and of its practical application. 'But it is an *unseemly and unmanly style of warfare* to insinuate it into the exposition of texts which deal quite generally with such topics as the means of grace and the commandments of Christ and Christian courage: and thus continually to drag that *ritualistic theory* before the bewildered eye of devotional inquirers after spiritual and immortal realities.'"

Of course there is nothing unseemly and unmanly in thus dragging in an attack upon ourselves in a brief sketch of Dr. Gill and his work. Nothing unseemly and unmanly in calling what is to the Baptist a solemn spiritual ordinance a "*ritualistic theory*." Why this sensitiveness to our speaking out our principles as he speaks out his? And if so confident of the truth of his own teaching on Baptism, why grow so wrathful about ours?

"Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

Life, a Mystery. By A. M. B. Elliot Stock.

A laudable attempt, necessarily imperfect in a pamphlet of only forty-five pages, to solve some of life's mystery by a reference to the character and work of Jesus Christ. There is a loyal devotion to the person of the Saviour and a love for gospel truth manifested herein, added to considerable felicity of composition. We trust it may be useful in confirming in the faith those troubled with doubts, and also in directing those "seeking after God if haply they may find him."

The Sabbath and the Sabbath-law before and after Christ. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This reprint of some papers, originally contributed to the *Sunday Magazine*, deals with the Sabbath question from the standpoint of those who regard it as the Christian day of rest founded upon the law of the Fourth Commandment. Dr. Rigg writes ably and argumentatively, and is no puny champion. We wish, however, his style were as clear as his logic is strong: more Saxon and less Latin would make him yet more doughty. But even with this reservation, he is a capital antidote to Hessey and his Bampton lectures.

Christianity and War. A series of Letters written to show the Cause, Curse, and Cure of Wars. By an old Royal Dragoon. Yates and Alexander.

The Old Dragoon fights right valiantly on behalf of peace, and has produced a trenchant pamphlet in its defence. No one can have a conception of the horrors of a battle-field unless he has seen one; but this little book helps to its realization and fills us with sickening loathing of all war. May many read, and learn to hate bloodshed, through these pages.

Without a Reference. A Christmas story. By BRENDA. Hatchards.

BRENDA'S stories are well known, and highly prized; and the one before us will not lower her reputation as a writer of semi-religious novels. This book traces the history of a young man of good position, who was all but ruined by his drinking habits, but who was reclaimed by his wife's prayers, and after many severe struggles with what a negro called "his upsettin' sin," was restored to his former friends and his widowed mother. The title of the tale refers to the conduct of the good old lodging-house keeper, who was moved by the Christmas sermon of her clergyman to take in the poor couple "without a reference," although previous lodgers had robbed her. Of course, in due time her charity and trustfulness were abundantly rewarded.

All Among the Daisies. By Mrs. STANLEY LEATHES. Shaw and Co.

WE have before commended Mrs. Leathes' graphic delineations of life and work among the London poor, and are pleased to be able to give hearty praise to the prettily-bound volume now before us. Like her previous story, "On the Doorsteps," this tale is intended to excite the sympathy of the children of the wealthy for their sorrowing and suffering sisters and brothers in various parts of this great city.

Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. By ANNIE E. KIELING. Wesleyan Conference Office.

AN old, old story, told with new force and charm. Bringing out the fact of Palissy's stern Protestant godliness, as well as his indomitable perseverance. May it have a good sale.

Edgar Nelthorpe; or, The Fair Maids of Taunton. A story of the Monmouth Rebellion. By the Rev. ANDREW REED, B.A. Shaw and Co.

THE third and last of a series of "Stories of the English Puritans," and as charming a book of its kind as it has been our lot to light upon. It deals with the Monmouth Rebellion, the "Bloody Assize" of the infamous Lord Jeffreys, the martyrdom of those noble women, Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, the invasion of William, Prince of Orange, and his happy settlement of Protestant liberty. The leading personages of that era are associated with the plot of the fiction, which is employed to allure the attention of the reader, especially our young people, to the events of a portion of our Nonconformist history with which they are but too little acquainted. We thank Mr. Reed for his delightful and instructive book.

Notes.

WE give notes of even the smaller meetings at the Tabernacle, because many friends like to know everything about the work, and also because hints may then be thrown out as to church work,—hints which may be useful to young ministers.

On *Thursday evening, Feb.* 2, the members of the Youths' Bible-class at the Tabernacle were invited to a tea at the College by Mr. Pearce, the superintendent of the Sunday-school. At the close of the meeting the Pastor arrived, and in the name of the class presented to the leader, Mr. Thomas Hoyland, a morocco leather writing-desk and a lamp. Under this brother a large class of youths has been gathered, and many of them have been led to decide for the Lord Jesus. In our school are several teachers, both male and female, out of whose classes scores have been called by divine grace into the liberty of the gospel.

On *Friday evening, Feb.* 3, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Church was held, when the senior Pastor was glad to be well enough to preside. There was a thick fog outside, and some of it penetrated into the interior of the building; but the warmth of Christian affection and enthusiasm which prevailed throughout the whole meeting prevented anyone from feeling much of its influence. It was a huge, happy family gathering of brethren and sisters in Christ, who had met to hear and tell what the Lord had done for them and by them during another year. Both the pastors, and several of the deacons and elders spoke, the annual balance-sheets of the Church and College were presented and approved, and the following statistics:—Increase, by baptism, 279; by letter, 68; by profession (*i. e.*, those who have been previously baptized), 35; total, 382. Decrease by dismission, 144; by joining other churches without letters, 34; by emigration, 7; by removal for non-attendance, 56; exclusions, 3;

withdrawal, 1; deaths, 70; total, 315—leaving a net increase of 67, and making the number of members on the books 5,310. Special gratitude was expressed that, notwithstanding the general depression, and the pastor's long illness last year, the finances of the church had been well maintained, and that in addition so large a sum had been raised for the Girls' Orphanage. The happy burden of the church lies in the great number of its poor. Although about £1,000 had been distributed among the poor members, yet more could have been usefully employed upon cases of deep distress. Any friends who wish to be sure that their money would go really to the Lord's poor might aid this fund. We have more than our fair share of poverty, and this is a blessed charge, but it would be painful if means were not forthcoming for its relief. There is still a considerable draw upon the church funds for the alms-women, for we have not found that the amount provided by the Pastor's endowment is sufficient for the old ladies to live upon. A few more hundreds would put this institution beyond want. Thus it is clear that good investments for the Lord's money are still to be had.

On *Monday evening, Feb.* 6, the monthly missionary prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Several representatives of the China Inland Mission were present, including three sisters and one brother who were about to sail for China. Prayers were offered by several brethren for mission work in general, and specially for those who were leaving for the foreign field, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Baller, McCarthy, and Macgregor. We cannot withhold our tribute of admiration for the work of Mr. Hudson Taylor and his brethren in China. The work is so great that it needs a hundred times the number of missionaries now employed; but still, much has been done, and hopeful beginnings have been made in many cities in the interior. Oh that God's people would lay the work to heart!

On *Monday evening, February* 13, the annual prayer and communion service in connection with the Lambeth Auxiliary Sunday School Union was held at the Tabernacle, in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. The chair was occupied by the Pastor, who has been the President of the Auxiliary for the past year. Prayer was offered by representatives of various schools, and the President delivered an address upon Jesus—the teacher's subject, model, helper, and reward. At its close the communion was enjoyed by several hundreds of teachers and friends. It was a holy convocation, and the Lord was in the midst of us. The leaflet issued by Mr. Spurgeon to the teachers is reprinted in this month's magazine; a copy was given to every teacher connected with the Lambeth Auxiliary.

At various Monday evening meetings public thanks have been rendered for answers to prayer notified by persons for whom petitions had been presented. This is a great stimulus to prayer.

COLLEGE.—Mr. G. Simmons, who has retained the pastorate at New Malden while attending the College classes, leaves us at the close of the present session, to devote himself entirely to his pastoral work.

During the past month, Mr. M. Mitchell has sailed for Calcutta, *en route* for Mr. Haegert's medical mission among the Santhals. We have paid for his outfit from our fund for Indian evangelists. May the Lord make this brother a blessing among the heathen.

Mr. H. Charlton, formerly of Maldon, is going shortly to Queensland, where he hopes to find a church to which his ministry will be acceptable and useful. Mr. T. Harrington has removed from Oxford, New Zealand, to Invercargill.

Writing to us on January 16, our Bro. Hamilton, of Capetown, says:—"In a month's time I hope our new chapel will be open. What a glorious day that will be to me after having striven for over five years for the result!" We trust, therefore, that by this time the labours of this honoured brother are rewarded, although a considerable sum will still be needed before the building will be out of debt.

The following letter from our late student, Mr. John Downing, is so full of good cheer that we must print it here, in order that those who have helped us to train pastors and evangelists may share our joy, as they deserve to do:—

"Brisbane, Queensland,
"5th Dec., 1881.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I feel impelled to let you know how the Lord has been working in Brisbane of late. In March last I had a run down to Tasmania, and came back to Victoria with Harrison, who was in College at the same time as myself, and who was then on the way to join Isaac for Evangelistic work. I asked Harrison to come on up to Queensland, and after working down south, *i.e.*, in Victoria and N.S. Wales, he and Isaac arrived here in August. The first meetings were under severe disadvantage; the evangelists were unknown. It was the annual exhibition week, and people were mad after the young princes just arrived in the "*Bacchante*," but souls were saved, and the news spread so that at the next place between one hundred and fifty and two hundred went forward for personal conversation, and, as a consequence, the Christian enthusiasm steadily rose. The third church could not hold the throngs, and when anxious souls were asked to come into the vestries, they did at such a rate as to fill them to overflowing, and this continued for nearly three months. Harrison's last meeting in any church was held in mine, and never before has such a crowd gathered there; every seat was more than full, every available inch of standing-room was occupied, and the overflow contented themselves

with listening outside the open windows. When the preaching was over we could not get the people away, they wanted eternal life, and would not go without it. To my knowledge, there are scores upon scores professedly saved. Many have received assurance of faith; churches have been roused; pastors and other workers have been cheered, and the whole tone of religious life heightened. Harrison's Sunday-afternoon meetings in the Theatre Royal, too, were, numerically, a big success, though, through the lack of accommodation for personal dealing, very many slipped through our fingers. Except when your son Thomas was here, I have never seen such packed meetings. I might say that when *he* was here, fifteen months ago, we took advantage of his presence and preaching to begin theatre-meetings in the only place we then could get, a little pokey, cockroachy hole, holding about four hundred. Through his instrumentality, and in the teeth of much prejudice, the place was filled, and from that has sprung a regular Sunday-evening theatre-service in a new theatre, holding over fifteen hundred, and which, when Harrison preached there last, was so packed that hundreds could not get in. Jesus of Nazareth has been passing by, and eyes once blind now see him, while the communion of soul granted to his people has been blessedly close and choice. The manifestations of the Spirit's power which have come under my own notice have been remarkable, this is one—We had finished a meeting, and the enquirers had gone into the vestries. I felt very happy, and commenced to sing while the people were going away. Many stopped, and joined in the verse, 'Glory, honour, etc.' One fine-looking young fellow stood laughing while we were singing, but, before we had finished, his stiff neck bent, and he broke down, fairly making a dash for the vestry in which were the anxious souls. At another meeting, several young Christians were in the church, praying for the anxious, who had filled the vestry. An ungodly young man did not want to leave his companion, and remained. While someone was praying, suddenly there burst over the solemnity of the meeting great sobs as if one were dying of grief. The Holy Spirit had come in convicting energy upon him; he has since shown by his consistent life that he is a new creature. He has applied for baptism; and there have been many cases somewhat similar. The work is still going on, and fresh cases of conversion are coming to light.

"I am anxiously expecting Thomas Went from the Tabernacle, and purpose having more special meetings when he arrives. Harrison is a grand fellow; everyone regretted his leaving us. He is a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost; may he long be spared for the Lord's service on earth.

"I do not know how any of the other men are getting on save by far-off report. I am five hundred miles from the nearest, eleven hundred from any of the others. Wherever your son Thomas goes he carries a blessing, and is received very heartily, first for his father's sake, and the next time none the less so for his own. I wish he might be the *flying* angel of the everlasting gospel for the Colonies. Whichever way his Master will use him will be wisest and best.

"Praying day and night for blessings upon yourself and kind Mrs. Spurgeon,

"I remain,

"Ever gratefully, yours,

"JOHN DOWNING."

"P.S.—From what I can glean I believe the churches will be increased through Harrison's visit by upwards of two hundred who have been savingly converted."

Mr. K. McCullough also sends us a cheering report of his work at Longford, Tasmania, where he ministers in one of the "Tabernacles" built by our generous friend, Mr. Gibson. A year ago a church was formed of twenty-seven members, and since then twenty-six have been added, in spite of opposition.

Just as the "Notes" are being made up, tidings have reached us of the death, at Ventnor, of our Brother D. Morgan, formerly pastor of the church at Luton.

On *Thursday, Feb.* 9, the Vice-President presided at the formation of a new church, consisting of twenty members, at Sandown, Isle of Wight. The room in which the services have been held up to the present time is quite inadequate to the needs of the work, so that a building of some kind must speedily be erected. A few friends have promised liberal help, and doubtless other amounts will be forthcoming as the scheme is unfolded. We hope many who know Sandown will be willing to assist this effort to provide a place in which evangelical truth may be preached and the ordinances practised as they were delivered. The building of a Baptist chapel for Sandown is now an object near our heart, and we hope to see it carried out. Several other places are rising, and among the rest Mr. Hobb's chapel, in Gipsy-road, Norwood, deserves immediate assistance. We take special interest in the building, as it is somewhat in our own region.

On *Friday afternoon, Feb.* 10, the half-yearly meeting of the Students' Missionary Association was held at the College. The President occupied the chair, and after the report had been read, and the officers elected, Mr. Matthews, who was on his way to America to join the Teloogoo Mission, gave an interesting account of his call to the work. He was followed by the Rev. Burman Cassin, M.A., Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, who delivered an excellent address upon mission work. The students had at tea the company of our London brethren, who had met to make the necessary arrangements for the Conference, and afterwards held a meeting under the able chairmanship of W. Haig Miller, Esq., the author of "The Culture of Pleasure," etc.

The speakers were Revs. W. Williams, (Upton Chapel), Anderson (Allahabad), J. McCarthy (China Inland Mission), and A. Hægert (Bethel Santhal Mission), all of whom spoke with considerable power and unction.

EVANGELISTS.—The following letter further describes Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Greenwich:—

"Dear Father,—I send with the greatest pleasure this condensed report of the special services. The meetings have been well attended throughout, and often the place has been too small. Grouping the different classes together, I must mention the children first. Every Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, the chapel has been packed with little ones, all eager to hear their friend Mr. Smith. Even on that dreadful foggy day over five hundred found their way to the meeting. In all, five services for the boys and girls have been held, and on one occasion sixty received book prizes for having written out one of Mr. Smith's addresses. Next came the special meetings for *men only* and *women only*. Three of each of these have been conducted by the brethren, and if preference is to be shown to either it must be to the men's meeting, on account of their numbers being larger, though if the babies had been reckoned up with their mothers the gatherings might have been about equal. It was good to be at all these, for the Master was there. The 'Song Services' have proved wonderfully attractive, overflowing congregations gathering each Saturday, and good has come through the singing of the gospel. Many that never go to any religious service have been constrained to come to these. But the best is to come last. On Sundays we have hardly known what to do with the crowds of people. Chapel and schoolroom have both been crammed, until we have had no more room. It does not end here, though. God has been moving in our midst, and by his Spirit converting many. Some most interesting cases have been met with, and there are more to follow. I am rejoiced to say that the prayer-meetings are full of power. Before I forget it, let me mention that we had a seven o'clock gathering on Feb. 2, when about four hundred came together. A real work has been done, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am that two such workmen as these brethren have been to Greenwich. 'God bless them both' is my hearty prayer. I must tell you a good deal more than I can write.

"With filial love,

"I am, your Boy,

"CHARLIE.

"P.S.—The last meetings were the best, and as the result of all I send a *bona fide* thankoffering of £55."

On *Sunday, Feb.* 12, the evangelists commenced a month's services at Peckham Park Road.

Mr. Burnham has recently paid his third visit to Sheepshed, where his labours have been once more highly appreciated and richly blessed. A cheering report of his services at Gamlingay has also reached us. Wherever he goes the churches are revived, backsliders are reclaimed, the careless are aroused, and souls are saved. This month he goes to Shoreham, Sussex; and Watton, Norfolk.

ORPHANAGE.—We trust all our collectors will make an effort to bring in the contents of their boxes and books on *Friday evening, March* 3. After tea the President hopes to take the chair, and Mr. J. Williams Benn, of the Royal Polytechnic, will give his popular sketching entertainment, entitled, "Notes on Noses, and those who wear them." Now that we are increasing the number of girls, we shall be glad to secure the help of many fresh collectors.

Mr. J. T. Dunn furnished us with a list of several hundreds of persons who contributed goods for the Richmond-street Mission stall at the Bazaar; but, as we explained last month, we were unable to publish it. He wishes us, however, specially to mention that parcels were received from the Cape of Good Hope, the Rescue Society's Home, Bethlehem Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the Hospital for Incurables, and last, but not least, Balmoral Castle. He has also paid in £15 10s. 6d. for additional contributions, making the total receipts from the stall under his charge £443 9s. 6d.

The following letter came safely to hand with 25s. for the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—My heart is filled with joy as I read of the success of the Bazaar, and I bless the name of the Lord who moves the hearts of his people to will and to do of his good pleasure. I have read the account with tears of joy, and am ashamed of having done so little, although that little has been done with self-sacrifice; but I have read of the one who gave the tenth part of her savings in the bank, and you said, 'Oh, that others would do the same!' That prayer is answered: I have done so; and pray that God may lead many to follow who have their thousands.

"I have sent you an order for £1 5s., that is, the tenth part of what I have in the bank. I have through grace saved it; or it might have gone in drink.

"I have given God more than a tenth part, and do every week; but what is that when I think what it cost my Master to save my soul? My all is nothing worth.

"Dear sir, if you should use this with the hope of others following, please not to let my name go with it: I want no man's praise.

"I have sent you 10s. annually; but with God's help I will send double for the time to come.

"Yours in the Lord,

"A POOR GARDENER

"With 16s. 6d. a week."

Such instances of consecration are too touching to be allowed to pass without notice.

After we had printed this month's cash-lists we received the following letter, which speaks for itself:—

"Cardiff, Feb. 16, 1882.

"Pastor C. H. Spurgeon,

"Dear Friend,—Desirous of sharing in the Christ-like work which you have so lovingly undertaken for poor orphan girls, I have decided to enclose you a cheque for £250 for their and our adorable Master's sake, and towards the several thousands you still, I understand, need to pay for their Orphanages. Now, upon condition that you can get nine other friends to give, in the course of this year, £500, I will increase my £250 to the same amount. With cordial Christian regards and best wishes,

"Yours very truly,

"R. Cory, Jun."

Since the accounts were closed Mr. Samuel Barrow has sent us his promised contribution of £250 for furnishing "The Olives," the house erected and paid for through the generosity of himself and his friends.

We have received and perused with much gratitude the first annual report of the *Reading Young Ladies' Working Party* for the Stockwell Orphanage. This new device of our ever-generous Reading friends has been adopted in consequence of our naming one of the houses for girls "The Reading House," and as the result of one year's work they have already dispatched to the Orphanage two parcels containing 118 garments for the children, two Scripture quilts, 34 sheets and pillow cases, and 24 scrap-books. The working meetings are held monthly at the residence of our constant helper, Mrs. James Withers, whose daughter is the secretary of the society.

COLPORTAGE.—During the past month new districts have been commenced at Tewkesbury and Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, where we trust that the newly-appointed colporteurs will prove useful and successful in their important work. Other openings, too, are in prospect, which will make an increased demand upon the general fund of the association. This is already nearly £300 in arrear as compared with the previous year. As it is from this fund that all deficiencies in working the districts are made good, the power of the association for maintaining and extending this useful agency is entirely dependent upon the success or failure of the general fund, and we, therefore, earnestly appeal for the needed help. It should be remembered that some districts which most need the work spiritually cost the Association more to work than others where the receipts are larger. Is there not some wealthy friend who will send a special gift to supplement the small amount yielded in the poorer districts? Without entering into details of circumstances, reports are in possession of the Association which will testify of numerous people and places visited who are not reached by any other agency, of souls won for Christ, both by the books read and the services conducted by the colporteurs. The annual report is in preparation, and will give full particulars. In the meantime, will friends specially remember and supply the lack of funds?—W. CORDEN JONES, Secretary.

RICHMOND-STREET MISSION, WALWORTH.—The annual meeting of teachers and workers was held at the Mission-rooms on Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th. About seventy sat down to tea, and at the meeting afterwards about one hundred workers were present. Mr. J. T. Dunn presided. Fifteen reports were read from the secretaries and others engaged in the different works carried on at the Mission. Almost every department of Christian labour is represented here, including a Sunday-school, Ragged-school, Children's - services, Mothers' - meetings, Young-men's Bible-class, Band of Hope, Pure Literature Society, Tract Society, Penny Bank, Evangelists' Association, Mutual Improvement Society, etc., etc. The amount of work done for the Lord at this Christian beehive is really astonishing, and the Master is honouring the faithfulness of his servants in an especial manner. They all seek as the supreme object of their endeavours the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In most of the reports individual instances were mentioned of God's favour being shown. The Mission has already done a noble service in the neighbourhood where it is situated, and knowing him on whom they depend, the teachers and workers engaged in this work are expecting greater things than these, and a more extended sphere of usefulness in the future. They have indeed much cause for thankfulness.

GREEN WALK MISSION.—The death of our brother, Mr. Bennett, is a great and grievous loss to this most useful work. Prayer is desired that others may be raised up that this blessed service for teeming Bermondsey may not flag.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A correspondent in *Yorkshire* sends us the following characteristic note:—"A young man in this neighbourhood, who had been brought up as a Congregationalist, was got hold of by the Ritualistic party, and made into a Churchman, and induced even to go to confession to one of the vicars in ——. He fell ill, and consumption set in. When death stared him in the face he found no comfort from his church creeds and practices, and at last turned with disgust from his spiritual advisers. Having heard much of you, and no doubt at times seen your works, he told his father he should like to read some of them. His father was only too glad to hear this, and at once procured a copy of your "Morning by Morning." He found here just what he wanted, and through the reading of this book, and the conversation he had with a Christian friend, he was able to say with confidence, 'I know whom I

have believed,' and he died in a sure hope. He said to his father once or twice that he got more good from your books than from aught else he read."

We are glad to find that the letter of Dr. Culross, in last month's Magazine, referring to the distribution of our sermons, has already suggested to others the desirability of commencing similar work. Any friends who wish to circulate the sermons as loan tracts, can obtain a regular supply of them, in return for a small subscription, by applying to the Secretary of the Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society, Mr. C. Cornell, 60, Hamilton Square, Borough, London, S.E., who will be glad to receive contributions to assist in defraying the cost of the sermons. At the present time he has more applications for grants than the funds in hand will enable him to meet.

We were very delighted recently to hear of a singular case of conversion through one of our sermons. Last "Derby day" we were preaching in *Essex*, and a gentleman, who was on his way to Epsom to attend the races, seeing the announcement of the service, determined to be present. He came, the word was blessed to the salvation of his soul, and not long ago he fell asleep in Jesus.

One of our church-members writes as follows:—"Dear Pastor,—I thought it would gladden your heart to hear of another soul brought to Jesus through reading your sermons. A tract distributor from Chelsea Chapel, some two or three years ago, called at the house of an invalid, but was constantly told not to leave her tracts, for the man would neither read them nor allow anyone to come in to see him. She, however, persevered, and one day left one of your sermons, which he read, and told his wife to tell the woman that, if she had got any more of that sort, she might leave them, which of course she was pleased to do. He has continued reading them, and now is rejoicing in Jesus. He tells the distributor that it is all through those sermons."

A liberal helper of our work, in sending contributions, says:—"You may remember the initials. My husband has sent pieces of calico to the Orphanage, also when at —— he gave you three five-pound notes. He would say I ought not to tell you this, but I have often thought I should like to write to you, knowing that it gives you great pleasure to hear you have been the means of blessing to any soul. My husband lived in London for fourteen years as a draper's assistant, and when he went was a gay, worldly young man. He was sent for to come home to see his sister, who was very ill, and died. Her death made a great impression upon him, and on his return to London he thought he must attend some place of worship. The first Sunday he started, not knowing where to go, but seeing a number of people going into a large building, thought he would go in. Need I say it was the Tabernacle, and that he was ever after a regular attendant. The word that seemed most blessed to him was preached by you from the text, 'Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro?' He was baptized by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, and I am thankful to say is a very consistent Christian. He has been in business here more than ten years now, and the Lord has indeed blessed him in basket and in store, and I am also pleased to add that he has given him a liberal heart. Of course he takes a great interest in your great work."

A *Middlesex* policeman writes:—"Before going on duty one evening last November, as I sat talking with my wife respecting a sergeant, who was sick at the police-station, with no one to tell him of Jesus, I felt condemned that I had not spoken to him. The Lord told me to take him some of your sermons, which had been preached about sixteen years ago. One of them was blessed to him; he was led to pray, and after seeking about ten days he found Jesus, to the joy of his soul. He has been baptized by our pastor, and is now very busy telling his friends what the Lord has done for him. One woman who lives at the police-station has found the Saviour, and her husband is anxiously seeking the Lord."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 2nd, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Sutherland, per Messrs. P. and A.	0	10	0
A. V. S., per Mr. S. Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Almshouses' Sunday-school	6	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hull...	1	0	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	2	10	0
Mr. Lewis Bell	2	10	0
Lizzie...	0	10	0
Executor of the late Mr. W. Smith ...	90	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander	5	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson...	2	0	0
Mrs. M. E. Bedwell	0	5	0
J. C. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. De Kavanagh	0	2	6
Mrs. Priestman	1	0	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Pledge	2	10	0
J. M.	20	0	0
T. E. T.	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Hopkins	0	2	6
A Traveller	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Gough	0	10	0
F. S.	0	2	0
T. H. W., per Mrs. Jas. Withers ...	5	0	0
Miss Ann Fyfo	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. R.	10	0	0
Miss Wade, per Mrs. Blott	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	8	5	3
A Friend, per Pastor C. A. Davis ...	1	0	0
Moiety of collection at Horsforth, per Pastor W. H. Rolls	2	4	6
Mr. Samuel Needham	1	0	0
Faith and love	0	12	6
Mr. W. J. Loch	2	0	0
Mrs. Macintyre	0	5	0
A Brother, Bankhead	0	2	6
Miss E. Mundy	1	0	0
"A Barrister"	1	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	25	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	1	1	0
S. B. T.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	50	0	0
A Friend, per Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Haig Miller	5	0	0
Executors of the late Captain Hugh Mc Kay	424	4	7
Baptist Church, Bridgwater, per Pastor H. Moore	1	8	0
Weekly Offerings at the Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 15	30	16	8
„ 22	10	5	0
„ 29	32	2	3
Feb. 5	21	1	0
„ 12	32	14	0
	129	18	11
	£832	10	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. A. Bellamy	1	1	0
....ss M. Robertson	0	10	0
Two friends, per Mr. Alexander Shaw.	0	8	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	2	7
A friend or two, per J. C. R.	0	4	0
A believer in Jesus, D. E. T.	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Mr. John Robson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	2	10	0
Mr. Lewis Bell	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Helgindorf 0 5 0			
Mission Sunday-school, Waihola, New Zealand... 1 0 0			
Circle Hill School 0 7 0			
	1	12	0
Miss Susan Griffin	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Sharp	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem—			
P. L. E. 1 0 0			
P. M 0 10 0			
P. S. 0 2 6			
S. P. 0 2 6			
S. B. 0 5 0			
Church of England ... 0 5 0			
G. H. 0 5 0			
G. W. S. B. 0 5 0			
C. Adlem and friends ... 0 10 0			
	3	5	0
"In memory of mother"	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Joscelyne	2	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson...	2	0	0
Two poor old widows	0	1	0
Mr. Jas. Baillie	0	10	0
Mr. A. A. Urquhart	0	3	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	3	6
J. C. S.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Boutcher, J. P.	21	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Downing	1	1	0
A Christian widow, per Mrs. Downing.	0	5	0
Mr. John Hind	0	1	1
The Lord's box	0	10	0
Thankoffering	0	7	6
R. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. McConnell	1	0	0
Mrs. Priestman	1	0	0
E. S.	0	6	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Rev. J. Matthews	1	1	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Bale	0	1	0
Mr. S. Nutter	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dobson	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. FitzGerald ...	1	17	6
Miss M. Root	0	5	0
D. H. J.	30	0	0
F. G. B.	0	2	6
B. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. George Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey ...	2	0	0
M. S. A. and T. L.	2	10	0
Per Pastor C. Pearce:—			
Mr. George Parrott ... 5 10 0			
A widow's mite, Tring ... 1 0 0			
	6	10	0
T. E. T.	4	0	0
Two sisters, in memory of their deceased brother	10	0	0
Mr. John Coventry	1	1	0
M. L. R.	0	5	0
H. K.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. A. Paxton	0	3	0
Collection in Baptist Sunday School, Sittingbourne, for "Christmas Dinner," per Mr. G. H. Dean	1	2	0
Mrs. Marsland	0	1	0
Collected in Congregational Sunday-school, Stowmarket, per Mr. L. Webb	3	0	6
Mrs. Harris	0	1	1
Mr. J. Maggs	1	1	0
Mr. T. J. Leggett	1	5	0
Mr. Bucknaster, per V. J. C.	0	10	0
Miss McDowall, per Mrs. Brees ...	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Blackwell, per Mr. W. C. Jones	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. John Cunliffe	0	1	11
Collected by Miss Dibley	0	14	5
The Widow's Mite, per Mr. W. Monnery	0	5	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
Miss "M," from Mr. Staples	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
"Your Heavenly Father," A. A. R. ...	3	3	0
Pastor J. T. Almy, Ryde	0	5	0
Collection at Baptist Sunday-school, Battersea-park, per Mr. G. Powell ...	2	3	0
Mr. J. Bewley, per Dr. Barnardo ...	0	10	6
Mr. J. Dennis, per Mr. Berryman ...	0	5	0
Collected by Master J. Webb, per Miss Hetherington	1	7	0
Collected by Miss Ellwood, per Miss Moore	0	8	4
Mr. J. Young, Londonderry	2	0	0
"Collection at first Morning Communion this year," per Pastor J. R. Hadler	0	8	10
Registered Letter, "Putney"	0	10	0
Mr. S. Hobbs	2	2	0
R. B., Norwich	0	10	0
Executors of the late Captain Hugh McKay	421	4	8
A working man and wife...	0	2	6
S. S.	0	1	0
A domestic servant	0	3	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Scarfe	0	1	0
Blairingone Parish Church Sunday-scholars	0	10	0
H. Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Ronald	1	10	0
G. C., Tain	0	5	0
J. J. H.	1	1	6
Per Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Edwin T. Woodeson ... 1 10 0			
William Woodeson ... 0 13 0			
	2	3	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Mr. Gapper	0	5	0
An aged friend	2	0	0
A Holloway cabman	0	1	6
Friends at Nottingham, per Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	5	6
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	12	0
Mrs. Ferrett...	0	1	0
Readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	2	6
Captain E. R. Cox	1	10	0
Mr. W. Matthew	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weightman	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Elgley	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	18	4
"For Christ's sake"	0	3	9

	£	s.	d.
E. C. C.	0	1	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Hodges	0	2	6
Pennies saved by three little folks ...	0	4	6
Mr. Thos. R.	5	0	0
Mrs. Collen and friends	2	2	0
Miss Wade, per Mrs. Blott	10	0	0
A Methodist, Co. Cork	0	2	0
"A little bit of thread"...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. McIntyre...	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
I. A. M., Nairn	1	0	0
Faith and love	0	12	6
A lover of children	0	6	0
Two friends in S. Africa, per Pastor W. Hamilton	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wilson	5	0	0
Mrs. Bax's Bible-class	1	0	0
Mrs. Macintyre	0	5	0
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Miss E. Mundy	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Annie Paul	1	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	1	1	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
Stamps from Reading	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Gooding	2	0	0
Halbeath Sunday-scholars	0	4	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	16	11	7
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, Rothiemay	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer, Penge ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Graham	20	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, January 31st...	2	2	0
Mr. T. S. Heley	2	0	0
Mr. W. Kelly	0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Stinger	1	1	0
From two friends	0	10	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, at West Croydon Baptist Chapel	7	15	8
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Free Church Sunday-school, Fort William	0	10	0
Mrs. Padgett	1	1	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson, per F. R. T. ...	0	10	0
	£708	15	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to Feb. 14th (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—44lbs. Sausages, Mr. A. J. Thompson.

CLOTHING:—8 Articles, Mrs. Wilkins; 10 Articles, Mrs. Gardiner; 6 Articles, Miss E. Rogers; making and trimming 6 Vests, Mr. Ellis.

(*Girls' Division*):—CLOTHING.—6 Articles, Mrs. Wilkins; 19 Articles, Mr. Gardiner; 10 Articles, H. Kidner; 2 Articles, Mrs. Goslin.

GENERAL.—200 New Year's Addresses, 200 Almanacks, 200 copies "Pleasant Readings," Committee, Sunday-school Union; 13 Worn Garments, Mr. Turnbull; 14 lbs. Fancy Soap, Mr. R. Medlin, per Mr. T. P. Chard; 2 Articles, Miss J. Allen; a Parcel for sale-room, Mr. H. Mears; 7 volumes "Little Folks," unbound, Miss Holmes.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. Allan	1	0	0
Stamps from Barnstaple...	0	1	0
H. Green	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Bowen	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Barker	0	10	0
Postal Order from Lambeth	0	5	0
Emily Ellis	0	4	0
Mrs. Spurdens and Friends	0	7	0
Mr. C. C. Harris	2	10	0
Mrs. L. Wheatley	0	16	6
Mr. William Badden	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. M. Prestwich:—			
Mr. Brocklesby 0 11 0			
Mr. Brocklesby and Sister 0 11 0			
Jane Falconer 0 10 0			
Selina Rees 0 1 0			
Jane Ackford 0 1 0			
M. Prestwich 0 6 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. E. Wollacott	20	0	0
Mrs. Parry	1	1	0
Children of Mr. R. T. Hallett	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Graham	0	10	0
College Evening Classes, per Mr. S. Johnson	21	0	0
Mrs. M. Job	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Mercer	5	0	0
A constant Sermon-reader	1	0	0
For "The Liverpool House":—			
Mr. R. Lewis 1 0 0			
M. A. Wright 0 10 0			
	1	10	0
Mr. J. McMaster	0	5	0
Mr. S. and Friend	0	5	0
J. C. S.	1	0	0
Mr. John Ridgeon, per W. G.	1	0	0
Stamps, per W. G.	0	1	0
Mr. Robert Dawson	0	4	0
A tiny Thankoffering	0	5	0
H. M.	0	5	0
Mr. H. D. Marshall	0	10	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	0
Friends at Fornham, per Pastor M. Cumming	0	15	0
Mr. C. E. Thomas	1	0	0
E. J. D.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Sears	0	9	0
Little Leo's Bricks	0	2	0
Mrs. B. Joyce	1	0	0
Mrs. Kerr	0	3	0
Mr. E. Johnson (goods sold)	2	5	0
Mrs. Kitts, per Mr. Campbell	0	10	0
Per Pastor C. W. Townsend:—			
Mr. John Jackson 1 0 0			
Mr. William Jackson 0 10 0			
Miss Alice Jackson 0 5 0			
Pastor C. W. Townsend 0 10 0			
Messrs. R. and J. Seed 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Roe 0 1 0			
Mrs. Kirby 0 4 0			
Mr. J. Snalam 0 5 0			
Miss Reynolds 0 2 0			
Mr. Joseph Parkinson 0 10 0			
Mr. William Parkinson 0 10 0			
Mr. R. Tripyer 0 2 0			
Mr. Thomas Crook (Chesham House) 0 10 0			
Miss Hall 0 5 0			
Mr. John Crook 1 0 0			
Mr. John Catterall 0 10 0			
Mr. Henry Snalam 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Crook (Larkrack) 0 5 0			
Mr. G. Parr, jun. 0 5 0			
Mr. G. Parr, sen. 0 1 0			
Mr. John Clark 0 2 6			
Mrs. Catterall (Inskip Mill) 0 5 0			
	7	17	6
Miss L. Grome	0	3	0
Miss E. Hall	5	0	0
Mrs. Sturdy	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrett	0	5	0
Mrs. G. B. Richardson	0	5	0
J. Middlesbro' (three months)	0	3	0
Miss Catherine Payne (less £2 paid for books)	48	0	0
M. Y. A.	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman, per Pastor D. Russell	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Mrs. Collen and friends	1	1	0
A deaf sermon-reader	5	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. G. Barrett	0	5	0
"Granny Bishop's bricks":—			
Richard Gough 0 2 6			
Susan Gough 0 2 0			
M. Jane Cureton 0 2 6			
Mrs. Cureton 0 2 6			
Jane Gough 0 2 0			
Sarah Gough 0 2 6			
	0	14	0
Mrs. Larlham	5	0	0
Mrs. Aldridge	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Hosegood and brother	1	0	2
A poor gardener	1	5	0
S. J. J., N.	0	5	0
Mr. George Hacksley	0	5	0
Miss A. E. Thompson	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Edith Paul	1	0	0
Mr. E. B. Illidge	0	19	11
Mr. Thos. Moore	5	0	0
Harriette and Polly	0	2	0
An invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6
"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
A widow's mite, Leith	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Krell (sale of silver dish)	10	6	0
Mr. J. S. Browne	2	0	0
Grace, Agnes, Mabel, and Eva Bristow	1	0	6
Mr. J. Hanly	5	0	0
A Widower's mite	0	5	0
A few friends, per Mr. G. Stanley	1	3	0
Mrs. Vowles	0	10	0
Mr. Josiah Goodchild	5	0	0
Additional Contributions for the Bazaar:—			
Mrs. M., per Mrs. Cornborough	0	10	0
Mrs. Joan White, per W. G.	2	10	0
Mr. F. Heritage, per Mrs. Allison	5	0	0
Miss Jarrett, per Mr. Bartlett	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Tarrant	10	0	0
Bazaar Goods sold by Mr. G. H. Carr	0	3	9
Mrs. Richardson	0	3	0
Mr. Edward Joynson	10	0	0
Pastor J. S. Geale	0	10	0
Richmond-street Mission Stall, per Mr. J. T. Dunn:—			
Mr. Watkins 2 14 0			
A friend 0 5 0			
Mr. E. R. Close 0 5 0			
Mr. Cornell 0 17 0			
Goods sold 0 12 0			
Mr. Blake 0 17 0			
Mr. Simon 0 5 0			
J. W. S. 2 0 0			
Mrs. Ward 5 0 0			
Miss Whitome 2 2 0			
Mr. Bloomfield 0 10 0			
Smaller amounts 0 3 6			
	15	10	6
For Mrs. Carr's Stall:—			
Mr. Henry Thompson	10	10	0
For Colportage Stall, per Rev. W. Corden Jones:—			
Mr. Leach, Colporteur's, two little boys 0 1 0			
Per Mr. Mizen 0 7 0			
Per Mr. Kilby 0 12 6			
Per Mr. Botwright 1 2 0			
Per Mr. H. Payne 0 1 0			
Per Mr. C. Morgan—J. Cory, Esq. 5 0 0			
Small sums 0 5 0			
	7	8	6
Supplementary List Bazaar Goods, sold after closing Stall Accounts:—			
Mr. Mills' Meat and Poultry Stall 2 10 0			
Mrs. Dring and Mrs. Huckle's Stall 3 11 4			
The Misses Crumptons' Stall 3 4 7			
Miss Brooks' Stall 1 10 0			
Colportage Association Stall 1 8 2			
Mrs. Ashby's Stall 2 10 0			
Sale of models of "John Ploughman" 0 12 0			
	15	6	1
	£265	4	11

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 14th to February 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Friend, per Mr. T. Watson	0	2	6
Mr. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hull...	1	0	0
W. P., Chicago	1	1	7
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Pickard...	0	7	6
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	7	0
J. M.	10	0	0
J. C. S.	1	0	0
T. E. T.	2	0	0
M. H., Thankoffering for answered prayer	0	10	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. R.	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Brown	5	0	0
Miss Wade, per Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	5	0
"A Barrister"	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	2	10	0
Mr. W. Graham	10	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	15	0
Annual, and other Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. McHattie (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mr. Quinn	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson (half-yearly) ...	7	10	0
Miss Penstone	0	10	6
E. B. (Quarterly, towards salary of travelling secretary)	50	0	0
	£138	9	1

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
High Wycombe District	12	0	0
Islington District (per Rev. F. A. Jones)	10	0	0
North Wilts District	6	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Cheddar	6	5	0
Kettering District...	5	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	5	0	0
Arundel District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Mr. Thos. Greenwood, for Brentford...	40	0	0
Wilts and E. Somerset Association ...	17	10	0
South Birmingham Colportage Association	10	0	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Perry Bar District ...	5	0	0
Arnold District:—			
Per Miss A. Wells:—			
Mr. R. Mellon	2	2	0
Mr. A. Wells	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Wells	1	0	0
Mr. W. Goodliffe	1	0	0
Mr. H. Ashwell	1	0	0
Mr. F. Burton	0	10	0
Mr. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. Wheatley	0	2	6
Mr. Gripper...	0	5	0
Per Miss Dabell:—			
Rev. Truman	2	2	0
Mrs. Armitage	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	6
Miss Cheetham	1	1	0
Mr. Dabell	0	10	0
Mrs. Lang	0	10	0
Mrs. Thackeray	0	5	0
Mrs. Crofts	0	5	0
Mrs. Clark	0	2	6
Mrs. Antil	0	2	6
Mrs. Tukes	0	2	6
Mrs. Phips	0	1	0
Mr. Dyer	0	1	0
Mr. Kirk	0	5	0
Per Miss Langley:—			
Mr. R. Bexon	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Birch	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Birch	0	10	0
Mr. John Lindley	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. Ford	0	2	6
Mr. Jno. Crampton ...	0	2	0
Mr. S. Cox	0	1	0
Mr. G. Briggs	0	2	0
Mrs. Woodward	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bexon	0	2	6
Miss Langley	0	2	6
	17	2	0
	£161	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
J. C. S....	1	0	0
Balance of Collection at Rushden, per Mr. Burnham	2	2	9
Balance of Collection at Sheepshed, per Mr. Burnham	3	13	9
T. E. T.	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	10	0	0
	£18	11	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1881.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,581	0	0
„ Donations	3,632	4	3
„ Collections by Students	531	12	2
„ Annual Meeting	80	0	9
„ Interest on Balance at Bankers...	45	14	6
Total Receipts	6,170	11	8
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1881	1,515	19	1
	£7,686	10	9

PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.
By Salaries				1,497	10	8
„ Board and Lodging, and Medical Attendance				3,831	6	9
„ Clothing				143	2	10
„ Lighting, cleaning, and warming				152	11	2
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, and Office disbursements ...				196	10	2
„ Books printed and published	70	2	0			
Less Receipts for Coles' "Divine Sovereignty," Watson's "Body of Divinity," and Rogers' "Conference Addresses"	48	9	4			
				21	12	8
„ Books to Students on leaving				160	4	4
„ Preaching Stations,—Home Mission Work and New Chapels ...				509	13	7
„ Annual Conference,—Hire of Materials, Labour, Decorations, &c.				323	8	2
„ Furniture and Fittings				37	5	0
				6,883	5	4
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1881				803	5	5
				£7,686	10	9

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

Audited and found correct, January 31st, 1882.

WILLIAM P. OLNEY,
BENJN. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1881.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations, as published in the "Sword and Trowel"	348	11	1
,, Contributions by Churches visited by Evangelists	703	4	1
Total Receipts	£1,056	18	2
,, Balance in hand, 1st January, 1881	167	13	10
	£1,224	12	0

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries of the three Evangelists	769	7	0
,, Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	166	0	0
,, Printing, &c.	28	4	0
Total Payments	£843	12	0
,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1881	381	0	0
	£1,224	12	0

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

Audited and found correct, January 31st, 1882. WILLIAM P. OLNEY, BENJN. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1881.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1881	1,040	10	10
,, Repayments of Loans	947	15	0
,, Interest on Deposits	5	9	3
	£1,993	15	1

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Loans to Churches:—			
Woolwich	300	0	0
Catford Hill	500	0	0
Worthing	500	0	0
Hampden Chapel, Hackney	50	0	0
Walthamstow	200	0	0
	£1,550	0	0
,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1881	443	15	1
	£1,993	15	1

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, 31st December, 1881	4,639	5	1
Cash Balance in hand ,, ,, ...	443	15	1
Total amount of the Fund	£5,083	0	2

THOMAS H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Examined and found correct, January 31st, 1882. WILLIAM P. OLNEY, BENJN. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1882.

Editorial Apology.

THE magazine is demanded, and the Editor can scarcely think two consecutive thoughts. He has an idea, and then a pang, a sigh, and the idea has flown out of reach, like the boy's butterfly. Or if he gets the pretty thing, he beats it to pieces in his eager effort, and it is no longer worth the having. A sword and a trowel are poor things to work with when one tosses to and fro in bed. Will not our kind readers first excuse us if the number should be dull, and next prevent the consequences of such dulness by setting more than usual store by such things as we have, considering what they cost us? We could not postpone the affliction, or we would have had the magazine first, and the gout afterwards; but the sickness waylaid us, and stopped us just when the hour for labour had arrived. If it were only a matter of legs and arms we would manfully bear the pain at the extremities, and carry on our work; but the essence of our mischief is the brain, and, with the foe penetrating our head-quarters, it is not easy to carry on the war.

Our comfort is that our Lord and Master will not expect more of us than we can render, and we may surely hope that his children will be moved by the same compassion.

Friends of many years' standing, you will sympathize with one whom you have so often cheered; and if he be weak, your love will be all the stronger. When he was a lad, it was from his little wallet that the Lord and Master fed you with loaves and fishes marvellously multiplied; and now that he is older, and can hardly lift even the little breakfast-basket of his younger days, you will pray that the Master will not stint the feast because he weakens the servitor. If we were dead God could glorify himself by us, and so he will now that we can say no more than—"To will is present with me; but how to perform that which I would I find not."—C. H. S.

Essence of a Bible-Society Speech.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SCATTER the Bible without stint, strew the sacred pages "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." Put it into the hand of prince and peasant, leave it in the waiting-room and the car, give it to the sceptical philosopher and the unsophisticated child. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Spread the Scriptures till they are as universal as the light, as all-pervading as the air, as all-refreshing as the dew.

To that end I commend the British and Foreign Bible Society as a great means of disseminating the word of God in all quarters of the globe. We have our own conscientious difference with this Society on a certain point; but that can never prevent our co-operating with it to the utmost of our power where the one object is to keep the Holy Scriptures before the public eye, and within the reach of all mankind.

Of course, we are not so superstitious as to believe that the mere dispersion of Bibles must do good, whether they are read or not. Our hope is that they will be read, and that the Holy Spirit will lead many to study them to their souls' eternal benefit. Apart from this, there is no special benefit in putting a Bible to sleep in every bedroom, and a well-dressed copy to be on parade in the drawing-room; neither is there any great thing done when you can sell a Bible for sixpence, and a Testament for twopence. But we look for this, and have no reason to reckon upon disappointment—place the Bible within every man's reach, and see what will come of it.

What is the Bible to us that we should wish to spread it throughout the habitable earth? The answer is a large one. First, it is to us *the umpire of truth.* Let the umpire be where he can be heard. The Scripture is our court of appeal; let it be open to all comers. Every man must have an anchorage for his faith; even for his unbelief he needs some form of hold-fast. The disputer of this world believes in himself, and so he ends the matter. The Roman Catholic finds his anchorage in the infallibility of the Pope, and submits his reason to the traditions of his church. You and I find our anchorage in the infallibility of Scripture. The Holy Ghost moved holy men of old to write this Book, and we believe that every word of it is inspired, and that if we could get absolutely the exact words in which it was written at the first, we should have a book as perfect, certain, and immutable as God himself. We know that in any one version of it there may be minor errors of copyists, which could not have been avoided unless a miracle had been wrought every day for thousands of years; but, allowing for that, we hold that the volume containing the Old and New Testaments is God's revelation of himself to us in words,—a revelation positive and clear. Hence it is that we desire every living man to read it. We desire to see truth triumphant, and error defeated; and therefore we scatter the Bible. We would see the divided church once more purged of heresies, and united in one Lord, one faith, and one baptism; and therefore we scatter the Bible. If this book be the test of truth, those who are the children of truth are the most deeply concerned to see it brought to the front.

"This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail."

Let us proclaim the judgments of this judge in all places. To me one text of Scripture is worth seven years of argument. Fathers, schoolmen, reformers, Puritans, bishops, and even ecclesiastical courts are nothing in comparison with this oracle of God.

The test-book should be accessible to every man. No one should be allowed to go abroad into an atmosphere loaded with superstition and scepticism without bearing the antidote with him. We should not merely provide it for him when he seeks it, but we should suggest his use of it by furnishing an abundant supply. Every man should be able to judge of the truth and value of the teaching of the pulpit and the press by having in his hand the law and the testimony by which all must be judged.

Brethren, the Bible is to us, next, *the storehouse of truth.* It not only helps us to judge what is truth, but it tells us what truth is. Shall we not wish that all our neighbours should possess such a treasure? Will we allow one poor wandering gipsy or street-beggar to be without the book which makes wise the simple? The marvellous fulness of Holy Scripture reminds me of certain of our coal-mines. Coal is found upon the surface, and it gladdens the cottager's hearth, without costing him labour in coming at it. Even thus there are truths in the Bible which are conspicuous to every reader, and are learned without study or research. When the surface-coal is gone, the miners dig down till they come to another seam, and the same thing is done many times: they go further into the bowels of the earth, and they find still more treasure. In such mines there is no exhaustion; so long as the expense of the descent can be borne, the enterprising digger may go far down under the bottom of the mighty sea, and still find full veins to reward him. Men exhaust a coal-mine, but they will never work out the Biblical mine, nor come to the end of the truth that is in God's word. I do not know what truth is not in the Bible. A band of eminent men once taught that all science is to be found in the Bible: they conceived it to be a thesaurus of philosophical and physical truth, as well as of theological truth, and they said that all discoveries which are made externally by science might have been made within the inspired volume if we had looked for them. They asked if the circulation of the blood was not taught by Solomon long before Harvey's day, and if the rotundity of the earth and its position in space were not clearly indicated? All things were and are known to that great Author who inspired the writers of this book, and it is small wonder if his omniscience betrays itself. When our very wise men have discovered all they can, it may be that their wisdom will become sufficiently prudent to look up to the foolishness of God; but as yet the foolishness of God is wiser than men—the book in which God conceals the secrets of nature is yet too bright for mortal eye.

Every stray hint in the Bible is of value, but evidently it was written chiefly to teach us moral and spiritual truth, to teach us the truths that concern our relation to one another, and to God. Upon those subjects it gives us everything we require. There is no subject upon which it does not treat, or if there be a subject upon which it is silent,

it teaches us that God having nothing to say upon it, we ought to have nothing to ask. This marvellous book says all we want to know, and ought to know, in every case.

What a storehouse it is, since a man may continue to preach from it for five-and-twenty years, and still find that there is more to preach from than when he began to discourse upon it! What pyramids of books have been written upon the Bible, and yet we who are students find no portion over-expounded, but large parts which are scarcely touched. If you take Darling's Cyclopædia, and look at a text which one divine has preached upon, you will see that dozens have done the same; but there are hundreds of texts which remain like virgin summits, whereon the foot of preacher has never stood. I might almost say that the major part of the word of God is in that condition; it is still an Eldorado unexplored, a land whose dust is gold.

This is a tempting subject. The word of God is the great Popular Educator, the treasure-house of wisdom and knowledge, and surely, we, who desire to see around us a holy, happy, instructed people, must most anxiously desire that all men should read and believe, and understand the message of the Lord.

Next, far and wide disperse the Holy Word, because it is *the great exemplar of morals*. To whom shall we go for help in this matter, if we forget this thrice-holy Book? The common novels of the day are sorry teachers of morality; they teach a great deal more of immorality. The religious fiction of the day is little better: it is either goody-goody, teaching men and women how to be babies, or else it is suggestive of doubts which minister weakness to the soul. And what are all the essays and the theories of reviewers? What are all the tomes of the sages, and the gatherings up of centuries? London would become a field of blood if its only force for the maintenance of law, order, and right were found in the current literature of the period apart from the Bible and religion. The Scriptures give us a perfect law, and fix its commands upon the firm foundation of God's claim to man's obedience. It reveals to us the perfect example of our Lord Jesus Christ, and gives us the most powerful motives for copying that example, by attracting our love to him on account of his life and death on our behalf. It supplies virtue with courage, and gives zeal to justice. If we would create a thoroughly moral people, it can only be done in connection with the diffusion, belief, and practice of the Scriptures. The spread of sound morals is an absolute necessity of good government, especially in our great cities. Sin is a political danger. But the people's morals cannot he cared for except upon the basis of religion, and there is no religion but that of the cross. Banish religion, and you destroy virtue. We will not say that no infidels have been moral, but we do say this, that unknown to themselves they were under influences which sprang out of religion and its outgrowths, and so they were not fair specimens of what atheism alone would produce. Go to France in 1797, and see what happens to a nation when the sacred volume is removed and its teachings are derided: there the gospel of Pandemonium brought forth its Millennium, and anarchy created upon earth the express likeness of hell. If you would settle the pillars of order upon the basis of liberty, let the word of God be

in the hands of all your citizens; and if you would go on to build an enduring empire, which shall be a temple of blessings to all mankind, let the sacred page be every day more studied, better understood, and more heartily practised.

Holy Scripture is not only the teacher of morals, but it is *the great enforcer of truth.* Other books tell us the truth, but this puts us in love with it: they instruct us, but this converts us. That is a fine instance which is told of Junius, who had been for years an infidel. His father persuaded him to come home, and, being grieved at his opinions, begged him, for the love of his father, to read the New Testament. He said he would read it once; and here is his testimony concerning it: "When I opened the New Testament I first fixed my eyes on that august chapter with which St. John begins his Gospel: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' I read part of the chapter, and was soon convinced that the divinity of the argument, and the majesty and authority of the style, did far excel all the eloquence and art of human writings; my whole body trembled, my mind was astonished, and I was so affected all that day that I knew not where or what I was. O my God, thou wast mindful of me, according to the multitude of thy mercies; and in pity broughtest home thy lost sheep into thy fold."

The word not only contains the truth, but it distils a certain secret unction by which that truth penetrates the heart. The Spirit of God is usually pleased to bless the word of God to the conversion of men. It is a self-evidencing book, proving its own inspiration by its effect on the soul. I find when I question people about their conversion that it is almost always a text of Scripture that God has blessed to that end. I may have expatiated on the text in my sermon, but the main instrument which the Lord has employed has been the passage itself. It is God's word, and not our comments upon it, which he usually blesses to the conversion of men. Have you not all felt, who know the Lord, that a wondrous charm is in the word of God, by which men are gently led to the Saviour? Was it not by one touch of Scripture that the scales were made to fall from your eyes, and you saw the light? *Lex lux:* the law is light. The Bible itself is a preacher, yea, an army of preachers in one; its silent tongue has more eloquence in it than all the tongues of all God's ministers; and often those who have not been led to faith by human voices have heard in the Bible the "still, small voice" of God himself, and bowed before the throne of the Most High. If you want sinners converted and souls saved, spread the sacred Scriptures. You cannot tell where God will bless them; sow them beside all waters.

Let us spread the Holy Scriptures also, and perhaps chiefly, because they are *the very throne of Christ.* I hate to hear Scripture and Scriptural doctrine made into a great stone to roll at the door of the sepulchre of a dead Christ. This may be done by teaching a creed, and forgetting the living personality of our Lord. I have heard of Christians whose principal talk is about "the church." God bless the church! But it is not the chief object of our affection. Christ—Christ crucified—must ever stand first. I have joined the society of "know-nothings"; not the American "know-nothings," but the old Pauline know-

nothings; for I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified. Those who are of that persuasion will be sure to love the word of God, for it is full of Jesus. "The Scriptures are the swaddling-bands of the child Christ Jesus;" so St. Augustine used to say. The Scriptures are those beds of choicest flowers where he is ever present:—"He feedeth among the lilies." This is the garden where he delighteth to walk. In the Scriptures, as in the Temple, everyone speaks of his glory. All the prophets and apostles point to him, and with one voice cry, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The ivory palaces of inspiration are fragrant with cassia and myrrh, and all that myrrh and holy perfume come from the presence of Christ in the midst of them. Oh! you who love the Incarnate Word, spread the inspired word which does him honour. Oh! you that feel that he loved you and gave himself for you, if you desire to bring him an acceptable sacrifice, spread the word of God all over the world, till every creature shall read the glowing page.

Last of all, let us spread the Bible, for we have no idea how greatly it is *the consolation of the afflicted*, and the comforter of the poor and troubled. It nourishes the souls of the famished ones. I know many persons who cannot get out to a place of worship, for they have been bedridden for many years; but the Psalms of David, and the blessed words of the Saviour, such as, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me," have been their daily food.

I have heard it whispered by some of God's people sometimes, "We know not where to get the gospel. We have a preacher, but he is a dry bone; there is no marrow in him, for there is no Christ in his preaching." When you hear a sermon that has no Christ in it, you are to be pitied: if you hear that man again it is your own fault, and you will deserve to be blamed. I would not give a man a second chance to preach me a Christless sermon. "That is hard," say you. If a man were to advertise that he could make bread without flour he might add, "but I will never do it." It may be so, but let us judge by an analogy. When I get the idea that a gentleman believes in a gospel in which Christ is not first and last I leave him alone in his glory. Christ must be all in all, or the gospel is not preached. When people live in a region where an adulterated gospel is served out, what a blessing it is that they can go and get the bread of life at first hand from their Bibles! If you live in a region where the milk is watered down, the best thing is to keep a cow of your own: to have your own Bible is like keeping your own cow; from it you get "the sincere milk of the word." And what a blessing it is to be able to have God's word at so small a cost! Time was when your forefathers would have given all they were worth if they could have had such a treasure. You have it in all your houses; therefore take care that you have it in your hearts.

When we think of the many, many poor people in this great city of ours that suffer very much, and yet are happy because they live on the word of God as their daily manna; when we think of the many who are full of diseases, whose very bones decay, and yet are joyful and sing all day long because the holy promises are their comforters; when we think of the many that are almost homeless, scarcely knowing where to

lay their heads, and are, nevertheless, supremely blessed through the grace of God, we cannot but adore the sacred Scripture, which is the meat and drink of their souls. Take the Bible away! You might as well strike the sun from the firmament, or dry up all the rivers and springs.

I was sitting under a beech-tree in the New Forest some time ago, thinking and meditating on that tree. The beech is a very wonderful tree, exhibiting many curious habits and growths. If any tree has intellect it is the beech-tree. I was meditating upon my friend the beech, and looking up through the interlaced branches and enjoying the shade, when I saw a squirrel up in the tree, and I said to myself, "Ah, I do not value this tree as the squirrel does. He knows the trunk avenue, and calls it his High Street, and then he knows all the branch streets, all the little thoroughfares, and the nooks where he can hide himself away. This tree is his town, and he almost counts the leaves as he runs about it. Moreover, he has a little store of nuts somewhere in his own private bank, and this tree is a sort of mother and father and general provider for him. He can tell me what sounds it makes at midnight, and what creaking of the branches he hears when the storm is out; for this tree is his world, it is everything to him."

Now, we ministers go to the Bible for our texts, and value it for that purpose; and ordinary readers go there, and see much of poetry, and much that is interesting and instructive in it; but the poor sinner, heavy-laden with his sins, how precious it is to him when first it reveals his Saviour, and afterwards, when he is worn and weary with the cares of life, how precious is the Word to the believer when it assures him that his bread shall be given him and his water shall be sure. We do not know the value that one line of Scripture has in the eye of one of God's saints whom that Scripture has sustained. Whenever you give a Bible, you bestow a priceless treasure upon the man who receives it; therefore, go on with your contributions, and do all that you can to spread the word of God. The Bible is not Christ, but it points to him: you may not rest in your Bibles as though they could save you, but you must go to Christ himself for salvation; but still, when you have once believed in the Lord Jesus, set about leading others to him, and how can you do this more surely than by seeing to it that the Scriptures are scattered everywhere? Farewell.

A Review of our Gospel Work in North-west Spain.

WE are not now about to say anything of our introductory Spanish experience in Barcelona and Madrid. This paper is to review our work in the North-west of the Peninsula, which extends from Arteijo to Morgadanes, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. We have gone over this line when there was no gospel work in any place, when it was impossible to meet a Spanish Christian there, for the simple reason that there was not one. Since then we have visited the places now to be mentioned, preaching the gospel in them for the first time, at least for centuries. Indeed, we have written about them all in *The Sword and the Trowel* before. *Then* we took the reader into the various places,

showed him all the "ins and outs" of the meetings at leisure; *now* we intend to take him as by express train, only saying a word about each place as we fly past.

How happy the reader may consider himself to go in an express train of thought over this ground! It is the only express that exists in the North-west; indeed, there is no other train in which the through journey can be performed. The usual conveyance is from Loureda to Corunna, eight miles, donkeys or diligence; from Corunna to Santiago, forty miles, diligence; from Santiago to Carril and Villagarcia, twenty-five miles, train; from Carril to Pontevedra, fifteen miles, diligence; from Pontevedra to Redondela, twelve miles, diligence; from Redondela to Vigo, seven miles, train; from Vigo to Morgadanes, ten miles, partly by conveyance and partly on foot: the entire journey occupying about thirty hours. Eighteen hours in the diligence or stage-coach, without any possibility of getting anything to eat by the way, is not a new experience to us; and said I not well that you may be glad to go with us by an express train, made up of carriages of thought, along this difficult line? It is the quickest train we know of; there is least jolting; you may go even without feeling the springs of the carriage; the company is no worse than if you were sitting in your own house; the fare, the price of the magazine; and we promise not even to give you the trouble to take your gloves off to look for the ticket. One thing we have no desire for you to do—we are very anxious that you should not go to sleep on the journey.

Our first imaginary station is Loureda, the carriages stand along the platform, the engine is coupled on, steam is up, there's the cry "Take seats;" jump in. Do you hear the whistle? Now we are off. Here we are, just approaching Arteijo. Look ahead! There, do you see that house standing alone? That was our first meeting-place. Just in front there is where the priest gathered a crowd to annoy us at our first meetings. He made the people yell and shout, "*Viva la Virgen!*" and "*Viva el Papa!*" and got one man to ride his horse up against the door. Poor fellow! He gained nothing by it; and his death was very sad; but I'll tell you about it presently. Do you see the river over there, and that tree with its boughs growing over it? There one of the converts jumped into the river, and hid under the tree, when pursued by a man whom the priestly party had hired to murder him. That farm-house we are passing now is the present meeting-place. Both husband and wife are Christians, and if you like to come back when the journey is over they will show us hospitality. Sometimes four of us go, have a meeting in the house, and stay the night. The mistress has been called the "Lydia of Spain." Come to the other side—there's the sea, and in that cosy inlet we baptized some of the Christians. Here's Arteijo itself—a small town, celebrated for its mineral waters. You may be glad we are in the train; for in this way you escape insults, and all manner of queer names.

Now we have nothing important for eight miles. "You spoke of baptism in the sea—have you any truly converted in the place?" Oh, yes, we have baptized nineteen people here; and the sufferings they are made to undergo give a reality to their confession of Christ. One man used to get his living by means of his donkey; but when he was converted somebody shot his donkey in the mouth. Another had his little

house burnt down (our friend, the farmer, afterwards gave him a place to live in rent free); the schoolmaster of the village was baptized, and he soon lost all his scholars; a beggar was converted, not a man who went to begging as a trade, as you may see many doing during our journey, but a true case where charity would be well employed. Well, he became a Christian, as I tell you; but, poor fellow, he could not any longer beg in the Spanish orthodox beggar style—in the name of the Virgin—but only in the name of Christ, and thus he became a loser by the gospel; for begging in the name of Christ showed he was an evangelical beggar, and but few would heed him when thus he asked an alms.

"But you spoke of the priest's death being a sad one." Yes, I'll tell you that in a few words, because we are nearing Corunna. After annoying us, and persecuting our converts whenever he could, the priest became too ill to go through his official performances, and another priest came to officiate instead of him. The second priest thought the first one too much taken up with his pigs and poultry, and reasoned with him about it, telling him he ought to begin to think a little about God now; but the first priest replied, "No; I have thought about God rather too much; I need now to be taken up with the poultry and the pigs;" and shortly afterwards he died. Poor man, poor man; I would rather be the converted beggar than be the priest.

Well, God bless, and increase, the little church at Arteijo.

"Is this Corunna? Why, it is quite a large town." Yes, it is, and the largest in the North-west of Spain; and, like the country, is nearly surrounded by the sea. We turn off at the next corner. Be quick and get a glimpse of that row of houses to the right, just outside the town. There Brother Blamire and I took a house each, and below his home was our meeting-place. How the Governor threatened when we announced we should preach in it for the first time! He wouldn't allow us to begin, he was sure the people would mob and murder us; no such thing as gospel-preaching had taken place for centuries, and if we commenced he would put us in jail. And sure enough when we went down to our first meeting, three or four policemen were at the meeting-house door, and both Mr. Blamire and I were uncertain as to their mission.

"Did they put you in jail?" No; as we went in and the people followed, they commenced calling, "Order, order," and instead of putting us in jail, they kept the door for us. Nor were the people as a whole at all inclined to mob us. On the second Lord's-day evening the meeting-place was crammed with curious hearers *twice*,—and after the second meeting about two thousand people who could not find room cried out, "Speak to us from the balcony." That's now seven years ago, and meetings still continue to be held. If we were not on a hasty journey it would be interesting to you to visit the preacher, himself one of the first converts, and the other twenty or thirty people converted here.

From this point, Santa Lucia, a kind of suburb, you can get a good view of the harbour and the town behind it; the town ascends somewhat gradually, and, as you see, Corunna is rather an attractive place. "At what a speed we are going now!" Yes, and it is well we are, for the country between this and Santiago, a distance of forty miles,

excepting one little village, called Ordenes, is almost a desert, and you had better rest a little. "We are just coming down upon rather a large town."

Yes, Santiago is the next largest town to Corunna in the North-west of Spain; and it is one of the most priest-ridden towns in the country, and the immorality there is great. As to the college where priests are made, one of the priests made in it told me that when he was there among the many students, he only knew one honest man, and him they cast out. There is some architectural beauty in the town, especially the Cathedral, but the beauty is forgotten when you remember that it is all to deceive the people. It is sufficient to awe most who go into the Cathedral and see the "performance," as it is well called,—it would be wrong to call it "service," unless "of the devil" was understood. In the nave you look up and see a large painted eye looking down upon you, in front is the organ with symbols representing the angel sounding the last trumpet; to the left you see priests in costly and attractive vestments going through their mummery in imposing style; looking toward the altar to your right, you have to take care when six men lift up the large censer and swing it by means of ropes attached to pulleys, for if it struck you you might lose your life by the blow. When I am in the nave I think of knaves; when I see their altar I think of the table of devils; when I see the performing priests I remember that Spaniards say they are all fornicators; when I walk round and see confessional-boxes for English, French, Germans, etc., I loathe the whole thing, for thus they use any language to get the people's secrets for purposes of authority over them; but they lock God's word away in an unknown tongue: and when I see the eye painted above it all, I think how God has his eye upon them, and will be clear when he judges them, and rends them in pieces as a lion.

Let Santiago go with its hypocrisy and lies, we shall have more interest in a smaller place, Villagarcia, twenty-eight miles or so from it. "We seem to be approaching the sea again, which we have not seen since we left Corunna." Yes, that small town is Carril, where the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company's steamers touch once a month when going out from England, and just a mile-and-a-half from here we come to our next meeting-place at Villagarcia. We commenced here about eighteen months ago. When we began, the whole place was up; and the priests talked about us for miles round. They told the people we were keeping away the rain, and had scorched up their Indian corn, that we had brought the last comet upon them; and one priest eight miles off, got up and said to the congregation, "One hundred years ago it was prophesied that Antichrist should come this year, and that afterwards the world would come to an end. Now," said the priest, "see how true this prophecy was, Antichrist has come, and is now preaching at Villagarcia;" and he charged his congregation not to come near us. After such talk of course it was natural for the people to desire to see Antichrist, and from every quarter for miles round they came to hear us. Some were converted, and last year we baptized sixteen in this place. Look! do you see this row of houses—well, there's our meeting-house, and may the Lord bless Brother Blamire's preaching and mine in that place. I mention Brother Blamire, for we

are only fifteen miles from where he lives, and there is our next meeting-place, Pontevedra.

"What pleasant scenery; how delightful it is to have the view changing thus at every turn!"

Yes, how often have we enjoyed the free, bracing air of these hills as we have footed every step of the way between this and Vigo, and Morgadanes, and many and pleasant have been the thoughts suggested by the common surroundings of the way! The early walk made us think of David, who said, "Early will I seek thee." The fresh morning air spoke of the refreshing, bracing breezes of the Spirit of God; the rising sun explained much about the light, heat, and beauty of the Sun of Righteousness; and these hills, bathed in glory, spoke of the everlasting hills, especially of the holy hill of Zion, where we shall stand in the light of God, where there shall be no enemy, and no going down to the valleys of mist and sadness, but where all is bright and joyous for ever. Do you see Pontevedra there away in the distance, with the sun making almost every piece of glass sparkle like a diamond? When in our walks we have come upon it, the heavenly home, with its sunlight and golden glory, has been made real, and the hymn has been made true—

"As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still."

Well, this is Pontevedra. This is the place where the governor threatened us with fourteen years' imprisonment if we did not leave his province; this is the place where the Archbishop of Santiago came to excommunicate us, our landlords, and any who would sell us food; this is the place where the newspaper editors took our part against the archbishop, and one of them, the editor of a daily paper, was sentenced to thirty days' silence and a fine of ten pounds for publishing a letter written by us in answer to lectures against us by a priest; and in this place last year we baptized thirteen persons, one of them being the rector of an adjoining parish.

But on goes our train, dashing away, waiting for nothing, on the Vigo line, whistling and snorting and puffing, rocking us from side to side, and breaking up our conversation into pieces. At any rate, you can delight your eyes with the leafy vine near almost every house you pass, the maize fields, and the beautiful and winding bay, ever widening till Vigo is reached.

"But what place have we here? This dirty little town, so unattractive, so unfavourable a contrast to the splendid scenery about it—did you not think this place worth working?" The truth is, I had almost forgotten the place. It is Redondela. The people, speaking of its being a fat place for the priests, say—

"El abad de Redondela
Come si la mejor cena."
(The chief of Redondela priests
On the fat of all the land he feasts.)

We found the priests here powerful. We did the best we could

under the circumstances; but, so far as we see, there are no results. This shows us that success is of God. Had the Lord not made the difference we should have had to say about all our other places the same thing, therefore heartily do we say of any success we have had in Spain, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

But have your eyes about you, here is Vigo. There, to the right, at the end of that row, is our first meeting-place in this town. Now, to the left, there lives our greatest enemy. In this town, when we commenced, we did not know how to make the meetings known, for there was no liberty to print bills or advertise in the daily papers, or even to affix a notice outside the meeting-house door. The Lord helped us. One of the editors, not knowing the law of the case, announced our meeting of his own accord once and again. The second time, however, just when he had printed all the copies of his paper, they made him *blot our announcement out* of every copy, but the *four black lines* were the talk of the town, and our meeting-place was crammed. Here we were taken prisoners twice, but after much ado we were released, and now the few brethren go on alone. We baptized here fourteen converts.

And now our train enters the mountainous and solitary road to Morgadanes, and this is the end of our journey—here the train will stop. You see it has shut off the steam, the break is being applied. We are stopping, you had better get out, and we will just walk round the place for a change. You see it is a village of huts rather than houses. A little way from this is Gondomar, where with our wives we were stoned in front of the magistrate's office. In this village a man was fined two dollars for allowing a Christian from Vigo to sleep in his house, and the magistrate threatened those who should dare *to read the Bible together!* They came to us, and we began a meeting in one of their houses. At the first meeting we had as many as the room would hold, and some had to stand at the door. Let us walk up this hill. Do you see how lonely this mountain pathway is? Well, when we left the first meeting, the priests had this path lined with about two hundred men, women, and children, with stones in their pockets and aprons. When we began our homeward way we were surprised by the report of a gun from behind that low wall, and over these rocks the stones rolled down upon us, and when we got to this place where we now stand a large group pelted us, and so we passed through group after group for about a mile and a half, till we got to the main road, which you noticed we left to the right on our way here. The authorities at Madrid, stirred up by the newspapers, interfered, and until lately we have had the meetings in comparative peace. "Why do you say until lately?" Because a week ago I had a letter to say that three of the brethren, the other day, because they did not take off their hats to the host as it passed, were sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment, and a fine of ten dollars each. On one of them, the preacher, they have inflicted a second fine of ten dollars.

Now, I hope I have fulfilled my promise made at the outset. I hope the journey has been pleasant and quick enough; and let me tell you, if you lay the periodical down, in addition to the advantages promised at the beginning, you will not need to pay your fare back, but will find yourself at home in less than the twinkling of an eye.

J. P. WIGSTONE.

At a Street Arabs' Tea Party.

UNDER the most favourable conditions there is nothing very exhilarating in a ride on the Blackwall Railway; but on a raw winter evening the exercise is nothing less than depressing. After leaving Fenchurch-street we are sufficiently elevated to obtain a view of that portion of the wonderful East-end which borders on the Thames, and which after sunset, while as yet there is no moon, spreads before us as a wilderness of houses with a sheet of yellow gas-light beneath, while a cloud of smoky mist hovers above. Narrow, sloppy, and with only lamps enough to make them visible, the streets look quite comfortless; and yet so valuable is the ground that trains pass within a few feet of where human beings are working, sinning, or sleeping. We are continually coming upon contrasts in this city of anomalies, and perhaps the strangest anomaly of all is seen in the way in which wealth and poverty are found in company. Though this may sometimes be more apparent at the West-end of the town, the East is in reality no less remarkable for its strange scenes contrasting one with another. Thus, while the homes of poverty are thickly scattered, a few steps from any one of them will take us to warehouses and cellars, acres upon acres in extent, in which are stored almost incalculable quantities of the richest produce of the most fruitful climes.

It happens to be an evening on which Dr. Barnardo is giving an entertainment to a large company of that waif-and-stray class who have learned to look up to him as a benefactor, the place of meeting being the Edinburgh Castle, at Limehouse. To those who know this rendezvous, and something about the strange manner in which the premises were reclaimed from the basest of uses, there is a charm even in the name; and now, on approaching the brilliantly-lighted hostelry, where gin and beer have been superseded by tea and coffee, the ear is saluted by a very Babel of sounds, from the throats of children struggling to gain admission to the feast within. In point of fact, however, these clamorous youngsters are ineligible. The party consists of some fifteen hundred boys and girls, all probably under fifteen years of age, but not one of them is earning a living in a straightforward manner apart from evil associations. For nights previous to the meeting the tickets of invitation were carefully distributed in various parts of London, by experienced agents, who well knew what they were about. They penetrated to the hot, reeking kitchens of those curiously awful dens known as common lodging-houses; they visited the railway-stations, the cold market-places, and still darker haunts at the water-side. The aim was to invite a party fifteen hundred strong of virtually homeless children, those alone being invited who were such, or who were living alone in a lodging-house, or who herded with some adult in what, in a lodging-house neighbourhood, is known as "a furnished room." Of these places generally we will presently speak more particularly; but in the meanwhile, as we view the strange scene from the platform, we may well feel somewhat appalled, not only at the ease with which so unique a party was gathered, but at the

remembrance that, in London alone, there are at least twenty-eight thousand of these unfortunate children who are born to misery.

Inside the hall, or, as we may say, in the large reception-room, the scene is one of great activity, offering a rare opportunity to any who are disposed to study character. As it is considered to be the safer plan, no tables are provided; a mountain of well-filled paper-bags on the platform, representing nearly a ton of food, shows that there will be no stint in the way of provisions, while the fragrant tea is brewed in sixteen urns, each of the unfashionable but still respectable capacity of thirty-six gallons. In addition to the present meal there is a conditional promise of a new sixpence and a couple of oranges to each guest provided good behaviour is preserved throughout the evening. Although the youngsters are expected to make a noise, the order preserved is wonderfully good considering the conditions, and when we again consider the privations suffered by these youngsters, we shall wonder to see the cares of life sit so lightly on their shoulders. Thinking nothing about the hardships of to-morrow, they are only concerned with present enjoyment.



SOME OF DR. BARNARDO'S GUESTS.

Dr. Johnson enlisted the sympathy of posterity by once writing himself *dinnerless*; but it is said that a sum of £5,000 would be required to give the dinnerless children in the streets of London *one* good meal. When invited to a treat, as in the case before us, they eat as if having enough were an uncommon experience; and the rapidity with which the mountain of bags of food disappears is one of the noteworthy phenomena of the evening. Taking it as a whole, the scene is one such as might have been described by Defoe, or portrayed by the pencil of Hogarth. Walk down the centre of the room while the cake and bread and butter are being devoured, and notice well that, while no two faces are alike, there is, as it were, that monotonous sameness in all which marks them as belonging to one class. So smoked and dried is their hair, for example, that all might readily be mistaken for one colour; not that there are no exceptions; for sprinkled here and

there in the dark mass are a few specimens of that Saxon red which even a lodging-house atmosphere cannot dye. Talk about the freshness of youth; here are faces which never knew any freshness; an in the sense in which others have passed through the happy springtime of humanity, they were never young. They are familiar with plenty of jokes and tricks; but instead of being the overflowings of the buoyancy of youth, these are counterfeits brought from the gutter, the markets, and the waterside. What is vulgarly called *larking* is all that the vulgar, undisciplined mind has to fall back upon. This may occasion inconvenience; but if nothing else can repress the disposition to "lark" and play practical jokes, a powerful amateur band is in readiness to drown all other sounds. The gas is far out of the reach of mischievous hands; and the waif generally finds it impossible to follow any freak of gaiety when he cannot hear himself speak.

A round of speeches, such as are generally supposed to be given at other meetings, would be quite out of place here, neither the patience nor the mental capacity of the youthful audience being equal to such an infliction. If such listeners are to be addressed at all advantageously, the speaker must be what certain editors would call an expert; that is, he must be a person who, in addition to possessing Christian sympathy, is acquainted with that strangely repulsive world in which these boys and girls pass their days. He must understand all about their hardships and their manner of looking at things above them, and comprehend the influences, ordinary and extraordinary, which, unless a helping hand is held out, keep them in the mire. Dr. Barnardo excels nearly all the men we have ever met with in this department of knowledge, and also in the tact with which he turns his acquirements to account. Perhaps no other leading philanthropist in England, with the exception of Lord Shaftesbury, possesses so thorough an acquaintance with the horrible institutions of modern London known as the common lodging-houses—the places whence the young creatures before us have been brought.

Having ourselves done something in the way of lodging-house visitation, a few words of explanation will assist the reader in realizing the surroundings of those whom we, perhaps sometimes too lightly, call waifs and strays. Since Parliament passed a certain measure, framed by Lord Shaftesbury about thirty years ago, common lodging-houses have been under police supervision, and in 1881 there were 1,220 establishments in London alone, which harboured a total population of nearly 30,000 persons, about thirty per cent. of whom are understood to be juveniles under sixteen years of age. Large as this total is, however, it is supplemented by about a thousand other places, ranking among unregistered houses, and which are continually receiving notice to register by the police authorities.

Then it requires to be understood that bad as the lodging-houses proper may be, a lower depth, if possible, is reached in that kind of temporary accommodation, peculiar to lodging-house districts, known as *furnished rooms*. The *furnished room* is expressly provided for the nomad lodging-house class, and no more corresponds with "furnished apartments" than the lodging-house kitchen itself corresponds with the coffee-room of a comfortable hotel. The landlord never invests

very largely in furniture, he gives no credit, and his charge is from eightpence to a shilling per night. A tramp of the vagrant class, having dependents, prefers these so-called "rooms," because they at least relieve him from any inconveniences attendant on police supervision, the police not being allowed to inspect them as they do the lodging-houses. We need not wonder, therefore, if in these low retreats immorality is practised, disease is engendered, and crime is planned. Dr. Barnardo, who knows much more about the subject than we do, has privately supplied this information. "A man takes a 'furnished room,' for which he pays, say, eightpence per night, and is accompanied by two or three children, and perhaps his wife; but wishing to economize, he sublets the room, so that there may really be *four or five other persons asleep in it also;* but no inspector of police can enter that room, *nor can the landlord be summoned for overcrowding*, unless the attention of the sanitary inspector is called to the case by some catastrophe, whereas if the same offence occurred in the house situated next door, and registered as a common lodging-house, a summons with deprivation of license might follow. The opportunities afforded for devising crime and practising immorality by the semi-privacy of these so-called 'furnished rooms' lead to immense numbers of them being used by the 'tramp' or 'vagrant' class who are here to-day and away to-morrow. Vast numbers of *little girls* in the company of men and women of the hopelessly pauper class find a refuge for the night in the 'furnished rooms,' and are, as may be imagined, in almost certain training for a vicious career."

The reader will now understand from what kind of retreats the fifteen hundred boys and girls who constitute the tea-party we have already described have come. Having been reared in company with tramps and vagrants, they are all in a greater or lesser degree in training for a career of crime, unless something is done to put them in a better way. The board-schools cannot reach them, for being here to-day and off to-morrow they very successfully elude the pursuit of any inspector, and even if able to read them, their elders treat summonses as of less consequence than waste paper. If they are to be won at all for a course of honest usefulness, private enterprise alone can win them. Experience has proved that there is no more effective way of repressing crime than by laying hold of the young creatures in their native haunts, and saving them from further contamination. The East-end lodging-houses were never more crowded with children than they are at this moment. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes there are over a thousand of these children rescued from these awful depths; and if the number were increased five-fold, society would be the gainer, although thousands upon thousands would still be abroad in London.

It is enough to make one harbour misgivings for London when it is found possible so readily to invite a party of fifteen hundred of this one class, many of whom are able to convince us that they never had a chance in life. Thrown as they have been among vicious surroundings, there are doubtless some present who would rather steal than work; but the greatest wonder is, that there are so many who still struggle on to gain their livelihood honestly. It is one chief object of the meeting to offer assistance to such by admitting them to the

training-homes, which will prepare them for a creditable start in the world. Those who are living by dishonest practices are found to be shy of coming forward, and these are old enough to understand the caution which is given about a sinful course leading to a bad end. In a few years all would be over; they are told their bodies will die, but the soul must live for ever. The result of the meeting is that about a hundred are selected for reclamation.

The urgent need of using every endeavour to save these waifs and strays from the sorrows and crime of the streets, is shown by the fact that about seventy-five per cent. of those constituting our evening assembly have been cast on the world at a tender age to shift for themselves. Out of thirteen hundred gathered together on a former occasion, eight hundred and twenty-six were so completely destitute and friendless, that they frequently remained all night out of doors. Indeed, on one bitterly cold night, as many as four hundred and seventy-five were spoken to who had no money wherewith to pay for their lodging; and yet out of that large number there were only twenty-seven who had ever seen the inside of a prison.

The common lodging-houses of London represent the lowest depth to which fallen beings can sink outside of the workhouse. In them are found the low-born and the vicious, who have never fared better in life, and have never known what it was to enjoy more decent accommodation. But at the same time the crowded kitchens, hot and unsavoury with the fumes of tobacco, herrings, onions, and other things, are enlivened by the presence of persons of classic education who have fallen from high social positions. These are sometimes accorded titles by the motley assembly, which are naturally suggested by their appearance. Thus "Gentleman Jack" is so called because he has a military bearing; while his "Reverence" is accorded a clerical distinction because his features yet retain traces of what he may once have been in former days. The darkest part of the story is that these fallen stars, by reason, as it would seem, of the height from which they have come down, are more degraded, are more repulsive in their manners, and use fouler language than those whom we may call the natives proper of the lodging-house. Quondam lawyers, clergymen, magistrates, and others excel all competitors in their horrid depravity. How awfully suggestive is this fact of what society may come to in another state where the unredeemed only live to make progress in iniquity!

Let us, at all events, save the children by every means in our power from the cruel fate which threatens them. Since the foundation of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, twelve years ago, nearly 4,000 boys and girls from the streets have been received. Though that number is easily spoken, it represents the population of a small town, and no one could estimate the amount of good which it represents. The gain to the children themselves is only equalled by the advantages won by society at large by their reclamation.

The Remarkable History of Thomas Shillitoe.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE account of the life of this very zealous servant of the Lord and representative Quaker is contained in two ample octavo volumes published soon after his death, in 1839. The work is, in point of fact, a long, rambling, and loosely composed autobiography, but is, at the same time, a book abounding in striking incident and remarkable experience. The author confesses at the outset that he wrote to relieve his own mind, and to encourage others who might come after him.

Thomas Shillitoe was born in Holborn in 1754, a time of deadness and of superstition which, however, were gradually giving way before the sure advance of the Methodist revival. His parents were ordinary people of the world of that day, who attended the parish church, and who supposed that religion began and ended with rites and ceremonies. The elder Mr. Shillitoe was keeper of the library at Gray's Inn, and during the youth of his afterwards celebrated son, he moved about from one part of London to another in a somewhat erratic fashion, now appearing near the place of his occupation, then in Whitechapel, and finally setting up as host of the Three Tuns Tavern at Islington. Thomas, who had hitherto been carefully secluded from what his parents thought to be improper society, was now "allowed to ramble the village unprotected, both by day and late of an evening, carrying out beer to the customers, and gathering in the pots, and waiting upon such company as came to the house." He might have been ruined altogether had not his father providentially failed as a publican, and thus found it to his advantage to return to Gray's Inn.

At sixteen years of age Thomas was apprenticed to a drunken grocer at Wapping, who failed in business through dissipation; and then, with his apprentice, removed to Portsmouth to make another beginning. The connection being altogether unpromising, however, the indentures were cancelled, and Thomas returned to London to find another situation in the same trade with another grocer, a sober, religiously-inclined man who attended the chapel of the Foundling Hospital.

While in this situation Thomas Shillitoe had his attention first turned towards the Society of Friends by meeting with a youth, a distant relation, who attended the meetings, though not by any means a converted character. The two youths, after leaving the Sunday morning worship, dined together, and then passed the remainder of the day in frivolous amusements, so that young Thomas might again have been caught in a snare if he had not been subjected to what proved the salutary influence of a little persecution. His unaccountable liking for the Friends cost him the loss of his situation and of his parents' favour. Then things came to a crisis. "My father one day told me," he says, "he would rather have followed me to my grave than I should have gone among the Quakers; and he was determined I should quit his house that day week, and turn out and *quack* amongst those I had joined myself in profession with."

So wonderful were the workings of Providence in this instance, that

the young Quaker actually found himself advanced in the social race by means of the harsh treatment which his father administered as a corrective on the day of leaving the paternal roof; for a situation was found for him at a banking-house in Lombard-street, which was a colony of his co-religionists. It was there, at the age of twenty-four, that he experienced what was supposed to be a mysterious inward call to the ministry, to which he gladly responded in after days. To obey that call he was ready, if need arose, to renounce the allurements of the world; but, unexpectedly, conscience soon demanded a sacrifice quite apart from this question. Those were the days of lottery tickets, and thinking it was wrong to aid in any manner such a form of gambling, the young clerk decided on resigning his situation. How sore was his dilemma; and how extraordinary the answer that seemed to come to him as he prayed over and meditated on his troubles—"I must be willing to humble myself and learn the trade of a shoemaker." He confesses that while the spirit was relieved, flesh and blood was humiliated. At this time he was even more advanced than many of his own Society; for while many Friends sympathized with his scruples, others were unable to see the reasonableness of them. Shillitoe, however, was quite firm; he left Lombard-street and its aristocracy of wealth, and betook himself to "a man in the Borough," to whom he handed more than half of what he possessed as payment for lessons to be received in the art of shoemaking.

Owing to ill-health, the Southwark shoemaker was unable to complete his agreement; and had it not been for that indomitable perseverance which sprang from trust in God, the young artisan would surely have been wrecked on the troubled sea of London life. Imperfectly taught the business on which he was henceforth to depend for a livelihood, he set up in the City with a capital of a few shillings only. Here, probably through not taking sufficient care of himself, his health gave way—a trial which led to his removing into the country district of Tottenham. There he at least enjoyed the advantage of being in the midst of a colony of Friends; and these kind people, like their cotemporaries in the City, seem to have been willing "to make allowances for one who had only newly entered" the trade. Out in the sunshine of the respectable suburb all things seemed to brighten in a corresponding degree. He found more trade as well as a suitable wife, and of course he also enjoyed more peace in his soul. He soon had sufficient business to employ two journeymen, and thus all went on smoothly until the year 1790, when Thomas Shillitoe began to look away from his own interests towards "the Lord's work."

We have to think of him at this time as a shoemaker in a small way of business, with a wife and several small children requiring care, especially as the family finances did not allow the mistress to have the aid of a domestic servant. There were also several journeymen needing constant superintendence; and besides all, those were the days of robbery and violence, and reports were current of one house after another in the neighbourhood having been plundered. For such a man to seriously think of leaving home to travel over England and other countries at his own charge in the service of the gospel might certainly seem to savour of enthusiasm. No wonder that he speaks of misgivings,

of discouragements, of difficulties suggested by the adversary. He went on in great straits until on a certain day, while standing at the bench cutting out material for his men, a voice, as he imagined, spoke in his ear:—"*I will be more than bolts and bars to thy outward habitation; more than a master to thy servants; for I can restrain their wandering minds; more than a husband to thy wife, and a parent to thy infant children.*" The knife fell from his hand, while all remaining doubts were dispelled from his mind. "I no longer dared to hesitate after such a confirmation," he remarks; and immediately afterwards he was recognised as an "approved minister" by the Monthly Meeting.

In March, 1791, he started on his first journey through the Eastern Counties. He visited a number of meetings, and on his return found that his foreman, contrary to all expectation, had been uncommonly diligent. His next journey was to Dunkirk in France, after which he made a tour in Lincolnshire. His object was to stir up Friends to greater earnestness in their Lord's service; but when other opportunities offered he was quite ready to take advantage of them. Thus, during his tour in Lincolnshire he is found preaching with great acceptableness to a crowd around the market-cross at Waddington. He frequently speaks of having been accompanied by his "kind friend William Forster," who was grandfather of the present Secretary of State for Ireland.

Things progressed in this manner until, early in 1793, Thomas Shillitoe became oppressed with what he calls "a concern" to visit George III. in the interest of the gospel. This project, faithfully carried out in obedience to what was believed to be a divine suggestion, really forms one of the most striking passages to be found in the annals of the shoemaking craft, remarkable as numbers of the votaries of that craft have been for sterling characteristics which have enabled them to benefit the world. It was not, as one can readily imagine, a congenial task; and for more than a year a conflict, more or less distressing, raged between the unwilling flesh and the willing spirit. He prayed over this matter by day and by night, he sought counsel of judicious friends, and was so borne down that he suffered in health, and only with great difficulty managed to get through his daily business. At length, on Monday, February 12th, 1794, Thomas Shillitoe, accompanied by George Stacey, drove to Windsor, and that night halted at an inn in the town, their manner of procedure being as yet all uncertain. To write a communication seemed to be quite impracticable, and to secure a private interview also appeared to be impossible. "Who art thou that art afraid of a man that must die?" one had asked of the adventurer before leaving London; but even after appropriating as his own those stimulating words, he passed the night in thought rather than in sleep. "I have heard of people being brought into such a state of perturbation of mind" that "they might be knocked down with a feather," he tells us; "I thought I was now in degree brought into this state of inability." It was decided that the most likely manner to see the king would be to take up a position in the stable-yard at 8 a.m. on the following day, when his majesty would start on a hunting excursion. This was done; but such was the excitement of the two Quakers that one calls the other "my companion in tribulation." On

turning a corner of a building, George Stacey said, "There is the king!" Seeing his visitors, George would have made towards them had the two been sufficiently composed to give his majesty a sign of encouragement. As it was, he re-entered the stable, and thither the Friends, unaccustomed to the etiquette of Courts, would have followed had not a wiser attendant, "in a handsome manner," prevented them. Thomas Shillitoe himself describes what followed:—

"The king, we suppose, hearing what passed, immediately came to the door of the stable, on which, my companion being favoured with strength, said, 'This friend of mine hath something to communicate to the king:' on which the king stepped up to me, raising his hat from his head, his attendants placing themselves on his right and left hand, my companion on my left. We occupied a small paved space round the stable-door. Silence was observed for a few minutes, during which my dwelling continued to be, as it were, in the *stripping-room*. Strength being given to me to break silence, and utter the words, 'Hear, O king!' all fear was taken away from me, and I felt to myself as if out of the body; as my companion afterwards said, I was enabled to stand like a wall of brass. It was evident that which was communicated was well received by the king, the tears trickling down his cheeks. The king stood in a very solid manner, until I had fully relieved my mind of all that came before me, not attempting to move from us, until I made the motion to my kind companion that I was clear. When George Stacey acknowledged the king's kindness in giving us that opportunity, the king inquired my name and place of abode, raising his hat from his head again. It was said, he did not pursue his diversion of hunting that day, but returned to the queen, and informed her of what had passed. It was supposed the communication lasted about twenty minutes." His relief at having fulfilled this mission was "that of a porter who had been travelling under the weight of a load ready to crush him down to the ground; but having reached the end of his journey, had become relieved from both his knot and burden."

After this he continued his travels, in 1802 visiting the meetings in the Channel Islands, and in 1803 making an excursion through Berkshire and Oxfordshire. For a time he was troubled in consequence of his foreman, whom he had reproved for some irregularity, threatening to resign by way of retaliation; but the heir of the household, who was only fourteen, making a tolerably good substitute for his age, the man was discharged, and the trouble blew over.

At the Burford meeting, in 1803, an extraordinary incident occurred which we shall not attempt to explain. Before proceeding to the meeting Thomas Shillitoe and his companion had been entertained by an aged couple who outwardly seemed to be models of sanctity and decorum, the man being of "patriarchal appearance," the woman, who probably was a more consistent character, wearing a similar appearance to her husband. "After we had sat down a short time together," says Thomas Shillitoe, "on a sudden my mind was struck with the idea of something coming towards me, which bore the resemblance of a sheep, down to the very feet and over the whole body and head; but as it seemed to approach nearer me, I plainly discovered the snout and piercing eyes of a wolf, which it had not the power with all its craft and cunning to

disguise. Nothing could I come at but this wolf, so completely disguised down to the very feet, and yet its sharp snout and its fierce eyes betrayed it; all my endeavours to have my mind diverted of these ideas proved unavailing." Thinking that this should be the burden of his message to the meeting, the visitor was not unfaithful; but although no hint had been given by any person, he found at the close of a searching address that his delineations and warnings were true to life, that the wolf's "snout and piercing eyes" really belonged to the apparent patriarch, whose backbiting ways greatly injured the cause of religion.

In 1805 the shoemaking business at Tottenham was entirely relinquished, and henceforth Thomas Shillitoe wholly devoted himself to the service of the gospel. In the course of this year he again visited the Channel Islands, and not to remain idle in harvest time during the intervals between the meetings, he says, "I showed them a farmer's linen frock I had provided myself with for the purpose, that I might be prepared to do any dirty work that fell out for me." Though he insisted on paying for board and lodging, he put on his smock, took a sickle, and worked like a common labourer through the sultry hours. The honest farmer, unable to speak English, would occasionally, in a tone of French politeness, call out "*fatigué*" to his strange visitor, doubtless meaning that he ought to retire to some shady place for rest; but though he held bravely on, the amateur reaper was "truly glad when night came." This example of labour was well spoken of, but we suppose it was an example which could not be universally copied with profit. Though it did not do so in the case of Thomas Shillitoe, such eccentricity might have entailed the loss of more precious opportunities. As it was, he proved himself to be a good workman in a higher service. Not only did he visit the meetings, but he preached in the open air to large numbers of the ordinary population. His narrative affords some glimpses into the condition of the common people. "Those who travel amongst these islanders in the country," he says, "must not look for great things, or to be much waited upon, their means in general being very small, and it is a rare thing to find a servant kept; yet so far as I have experienced, there is no want of necessaries for such as are devoted to Christ's cause."

In 1807 he spent about six months—chiefly on foot—in visiting the northern counties, the particulars of which he very minutely records. At West Houghton, in the neighbourhood of Warrington, he unexpectedly came upon a company of thirty-four persons, who, "after the manner of Friends," assembled for worship in a very lonely place, in an antique meeting-house worthy of the primitive times. "Three forms were in the middle, and by bricks against the walls, with planks, they had seated it round; and to obtain light, a large hole was made in the wall at each end of the building, with shutters, keeping that open least likely to incommode them by wind and weather, as there was no glass." The season which Thomas Shillitoe and his companion in travel passed with this "contrite company" was one long remembered. Conscious of the divine presence, the visitors were almost too affected to speak, and "when the meeting broke up, the floor in every direction was strewn over with their tears." After meeting, dinner—"a large dish of

potatoes, well seasoned, with about one pound of meat cut in pieces,"—was served in an adjoining cottage on a clean, clothless table, with only a spoon and knife in each plate. Homely as this repast was, the refreshment both of mind and body was abundantly refreshing. Though so poor in worldly gear, these people were rich towards God; and in a dream shortly before, our Friend had looked upon those who were in an opposite condition. He saw before him a steep, narrow path, founded on solid rock, a yawning precipice being on either side, and along which a trusty guide offered to conduct him. In a plain beneath he saw a number of persons grubbing in the earth, or otherwise trivially employed, and who, though conscious that they were mis-spending their time, sought consolation in the thought that they were only doing as their neighbours did. They wore rich robes, and possessed abundant wealth; but because they were estranged from God they were miserable and undone.

In the following year, after he had composed and printed an address to the rulers of this nation, we find him again setting out northward on foot, *en route* for Ireland, calling at places on the road. At this time he made light of walking thirty or forty miles in a single day in the height of the summer weather, and it is therefore hardly strange that we occasionally hear something about the perils of the country. Thus, in the middle of July, while travelling alone far from the turnpike road, in a very lonely part of Leicestershire, the heat so far exceeded aught he had ever experienced before that he half expected he should die before any cottage or haven of succour could be reached. Hour after hour he seems to have walked without seeing any human being or habitation, and having eaten the bread and drank the cider with which he had been provided at the start, he felt overcome with weariness and thirst. His distress became such that he once filled a bottle from "a small body of stagnant water, in which a cow was stamping her feet to cool herself." While the sun glared like a main furnace, the shade seemed surrounded with breath as from surrounding fires. Coming to a cottage he procured some water, and gave seven shillings to be conveyed one mile to a little inn, whence after further refreshment and rest he proceeded in a vehicle to Hinckley. He tells us that that day was supposed to have been the hottest ever known in England, and as report said, many people died in the fields, nearly fifty horses "dropped down dead on the North Road;" while on the day following, fruit on the trees in exposed places appeared as if it had been cooked over a fire.

After this he proceeded to Ireland, where he met with perils and adventures of another kind. In the course of extensive rounds he visited the Friends' meetings; but counting this as the pleasurable part of his experience, duty led him into many less congenial avenues. In a day when such intrusion was less thought of than at present, he penetrated with the gospel message into the public-houses of towns like Waterford, Carrick, Ross, etc. He even called on several Romish bishops, with whom, after warning them of their duty to God and men, in the most pointed, straightforward manner, he commonly parted on exceedingly friendly terms. His unvarying faith and holy boldness carried him victoriously through many a dreadful conflict. While

weaker Friends were fearing consequences, he was undaunted, and after many a dark morning he was enabled to rejoice in the light of evening.

The phases of Irish life he witnessed caused him to feel a great solicitude for the people, who were priest-ridden and miserable, sunk low in poverty and superstition. He was constantly exposed to abuse and insult, and more serious dangers sometimes threatened; as, for example, when in a lonely and crowded drinking house, where he was speaking to the people about their eternal interests, an opponent appeared armed with a large butcher's knife. As a further example of his faithfulness, take this adventure which befell the heroic missionary in 1811, when he paid six hundred visits to the worst dens of Dublin :—

"The first house we entered made a deplorable appearance; it was now very early in the morning, yet we found on descending the steps into the drinking room, which much resembled a cellar, the window frames and glass broke to smash, several young women, without shoes, stockings, or caps, dancing to the fiddle." He spoke plainly to the master and mistress of the house, and with so much success that the woman appeared to be deeply affected. The visitors then left; but remembering that he had not spoken to the people in the room, Shillitoe with his companion returned, when at his request the fiddle and the dancing ceased. The scene is depicted as one of misery and depravity : "On a bench near us lay young girls so overcome with their night's revelling in drunkenness, that they seemed past being roused by anything that occurred around them. Others, from the same causes, their heads reclining on the table, barely able to raise their heads and open their eyes, and altogether incapable of comprehending what was going forward; companies of men and women in boxes in other parts of the room drinking." For a time the gospel messenger stood silent; then when strength was given he spoke to them of sin and its consequences, and of the fountain opened in Christ for all uncleanness. He fortunately noticed the signs of distress and horror pictured in many faces; but when the address was ended they thanked the preacher heartily, and hoped a blessing would attend his efforts. This is only a sample of long, persevering efforts among the lowest classes in the Irish capital; besides which he paid religious visits to the mayor, and the principal of the clerical chiefs of both the English and Romish churches.

In August, 1812, while on a journey to a different part of the country, Thomas Shillitoe quite unexpectedly heard that a Friend, named Ann Fry, "from an apprehension of religious duty was likely to visit the families of colliers, miners, and a description of men called the Gang, at Kingswood and in its neighbourhood." He wrote to this lady in "a courteous way," the result being that he himself was soon committed to the enterprise.

Since the days of Whitefield, when that great preacher and lesser agents of the great revival extended their holy crusade to Bristol, Kingswood and its colliers have at least been familiar by name to readers of religious literature. What the character of the district was in the days of George II. is therefore generally known; and it appears to have progressed from bad to worse, until in 1812, at Cockroad, there was an extensive colony of the criminal class, who under the name of the Gang

became such a terror to the respectable inhabitants of the surrounding country that an association was formed specially for their extirpation. At that time the number of the thieves appeared to be daily growing, their depredations were carried on over a wide area, and the daring effrontery with which robberies were committed was unequalled even in that dissolute age. They carried on their traffic systematically; many hundreds of children were in training for thieves at one time; labourers so inclined were formally admitted into the fraternity, and they were in league with a large number of hucksters who gained a livelihood by receiving cart-loads of stolen goods at a time. It was stated that thousands of people were directly or indirectly connected with the Gang.

Such was the character of the colony which Thomas Shillitoe and Ann Fry undertook to visit in the capacity of missionaries in the fall of 1812. In the Journal the people are described as living by "robbery, coining, horse-stealing, and every evil practice within their reach." The plan adopted was quite simple; fearing nothing on their own account, the two visitors, carrying milk and bread and butter with them for dinner, went forth day after day to visit from house to house. Advanced as the season was, they appear to have dined in the open air, and, quite naturally, occasionally found themselves surrounded by a crowd of ragged, inquisitive children. Besides this separate visitation, however, meetings were held, while a great deal of other business was got through which is chronicled with some minuteness in the diary. To do all that had to be done, travelling along dangerous bye-roads on dark nights became necessary ; but such was the respect in which the gospel messengers were held that no bodily injury was ever feared from the desperadoes who infested the locality. Men who were well-known members of the gang were in some instances singled out to be dealt plainly with ; and so far were they from resisting, that some of the number were thorough cowards when confronted by the placid gaze and searching words of the plain-spoken Quakers. One powerful young fellow who was wanted for a meeting thought to escape by bolting into a cottage ; but, being nimble for persons in middle life, Thomas Shillitoe and Ann Fry quickly followed to enquire for him. The woman said he had gone out again, but as there was no back door Ann Fry declared this to be impossible, and thus, giving in, the cottager called out, "Richard, come down stairs." The summons was repeated, still without effect. "Fully believing, if we preserved our own peace of mind we must not miss seeing him, but persevere," says Shillitoe, "I went to the stair foot, calling out, 'Richard, come down stairs, or I must come and fetch thee down.' No reply being made, strength was given me to go up into his chamber, where I found him crouched down behind the head of the bed. I should have been as nothing in his hands, a large-boned, hale young man, had he been permitted to have resisted me. I told him we wanted to have his company, took him by the collar from behind the bed, and sent him down stairs before me, on which he quietly took his place in the chimney corner." The work of visitation extended far away from this particular notorious district, and many phases of life—some as distressing as others were cheering and encouraging—were met with as the work was pursued. The fruit of such endeavours may not have

been presently seen, but it certainly appeared; for a few years afterwards the thieves' colony we have described survived only in the memories of the middle-aged inhabitants.

(*To be continued.*)

Christmas Evans on Preaching.

FROM an old Welsh periodical called *Greal y Bedyddwyr*, for April, 1827, we extract part of a long article by the celebrated Christmas Evans. The article is headed, "The State of Religion among the Baptists," its closing portion contains the following remarks on preaching:—

"I want preachers to read all they can, and make use of ideas which fall like the manna of old; but let them take them home to grind, and boil, and bake in the mill of prayer and the heated pot of reflection; then place them like the twelve loaves of shewbread on the golden table of the ministry before the worshippers and holy priesthood. I want the entire word to be preached, because it is given of God; but with such connections as exist in the Solar System, or in the human body, which, if disconnected, the life and effect depart. The sun is 'the world's life and a globe of fire.'* Were a husbandman who tilled and cultivated the earth for its products to hold a sackcloth towards the sun he would be esteemed an ignorant owl in our sight. Were a surgeon to amputate a limb, a hand or leg from the body, so that the connection with the great artery of the heart be broken, and then endeavour to make the blood circulate through the severed limb, to quicken and to warm it, we should only say, 'Reunite the limb to the body that the blood may pervade it in its course, or else as soon as you like bury it in the earth.' Many preachers, I understand, have more interest in preaching about the earth's being stricken and punished with drought last year than about Jesus being struck on the cross all red with his blood! Christ's sacrifice and the Holy Spirit's grace occupy the place of the central sun and of the heart's blood in the Christian system as those do in their own systems. I have observed that an unevangelical style like that described has latterly crept in amongst all denominations in Wales in preaching duties. What good has preaching the dead cross ever done? Are the churches more heavenly, industrious, and striving? Or are they more unspiritual, insipid, and lethargic? Here is gun, here is leaden bullet, here is flint, here is touch-hole, here is finger, but where is the powder? The ball will never start without that. He is the mover of the whole, 'Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' 1. Let us, then, preach the whole truth evangelically. 2. Faithfully, for souls are in danger. 3. Plainly and clearly, since heaps of our hearers know less than we imagine. 4. Affectionately, fervently, and winningly! for the flame of Calvary's love is intense, and should cause a glow in the pulpit, melting everything to its own consistency, and joining man to God by the cross, to be one spirit for ever and for ever."

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* A poetical quotation from the Welsh.

Reason and Faith.

YOU know, beloved, the Scripture hath laid a flat opposition between faith and sense. "We live by faith," says the apostle, "and not by sight or by sense." They are as two buckets—the life of faith and the life of sense; when one goes up, the other goes down; the higher faith rises, the lower sense and reason; and the higher sense and reason, the lower faith. That is true of the schools. Reason going before, faith weakens and diminishes it; but reason following upon faith, increases and strengthens it. Besides, you know Paul says, "Not many wise," &c. Why not many wise called? Those that are wise consider the things of God in a more rational way, and therefore not many wise are called. It hinders them from the work of believing. Luther says well, "If you would believe, you must crucify that question—why?" God would not have us so full of wherefores, and if you would believe you must go blindfold into God's command. Abraham subscribes to a blank when the Lord calls him out of his own country.

Besides, you know the great field that faith hath to work in—the large and vast orb and sphere that it hath to move in. Faith can go into the Old Testament and come back again to the soul, and tell the soul, I have seen a man whom God hath pardoned, and why may he not pardon thee? Faith can run up to heaven and come home again to the soul and say, I have seen the glory there; be of good comfort, there is enough in heaven to pay for all. Faith can run unto God's all-sufficiency, to God's omnipotency, and having viewed that well, it returns home again to the soul and says, Be quiet; there is enough in God alone. Faith having seated herself upon the high tower and mountain—God's omnipotency and all-sufficiency—hath a great prospect. It can look over all the world, and look into another world too. But now reason—it gets upon some little mole-hill of creature ability, and if it can see over two or three hedges, it is well; and, therefore, oh what a pain it is to faith to be tied to reason! I suppose you will all say that if a man were able to go a journey of two or three hundred miles afoot, he were a very good footman; yet if you will tie him to carry a child of four or five years old with him, you will say it would be a great luggage to him; and the man would say, "Pray, let this child be left alone; for though he may run along in my hand half-a-mile, or go a mile with me, yet notwithstanding I must carry him the rest of the way; and when I come at any great water, or have to go over any hill, I must take him upon my back, and that will be a great burden to me." Thus it is between faith and reason. Reason at the best is but a child to faith. Faith can foot it over mountains and difficulties, and wade through afflictions, though they be very wide; but when reason comes to any affliction, to wade through that and to go over some great difficulties, then it cries out, and says, "Oh Faith, good Faith, go back again; good Faith, go back again." "No," says Faith, "but I will take thee upon my back, Reason." And so Faith is fain to do indeed, to take Reason upon its back. But oh, what a luggage is Reason to Faith! Faith never works better than when it works most alone. The mere rational considering of the means, and the deadness thereof, is a great and special enemy to the work of believing.—*William Bridge.*

The Humiliation of Christ in its Physical, Ethical, and Official Aspects.*

BY ALEX. B. BRUCE, D.D.

IN this substantial volume we have a sterling contribution to sacred classics. It forms the sixth series of the Cunningham Lectures; an institution designed to advance the theological literature of Scotland in connection with the Free Church. The worthy author has acquitted himself of a delicate and arduous task with much discretion and ability. Deep learning, wide research, and sound catholicity, qualify him to perform the part of a guide for those good people who seek recreation in romantic literary excursions to the summit of mountains that terrify ordinary travellers, or through districts not marked upon common maps. The title of this book suggests a theme, beyond all others to our taste; yet in perusing the treatise, we seem to be traversing a road where the trail of the serpent is to be traced at every step.

In the dignity of the person of Christ we take infinite delight; and in the depth of his humiliation we find matter for devout gratitude. With the sweetness of his character as a sojourner on our earth we are always charmed. His sufferings awaken our tender sympathy. We hail him as the Saviour of our ruined race, and we greet the redemption he wrought with a faith that feasts on the sacrifice he offered of himself. For contemplations of Christ we have the keenest relish; but from controversies about Christ we recoil with the utmost aversion. There are fields of enquiry into which we should never venture were we not venturesome enough to follow a foe. We had thought that there was no limit to the interest we felt in thinking of Christ, and conversing about him; but we must confess that we should shrink from joining with Ebrard, Martensen, Liebner, Keim, and other German professors in a discussion as to whether he had any particular temperament. Be the question propounded on a physical or ethical basis, we should equally demur to it. But even amongst intricacies like this Dr. Bruce does not lose his way.

What think ye of the Christ? Who do men say that the Son of man is? These have been moot questions ever since his advent. Two heresies of an opposite character, the seeds of which were sown in the apostolic age, witnessed a remarkable development in the age that immediately succeeded it. Of *Judaism* and *Gnosticism*, our readers have, we presume, a general idea: and those who have tracked the course of church history in the controversies of the schoolmen, would be aware that *Ebionites*, the extreme on one side, saw little that was divine in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, being content to recognise him as another Prophet, greater than Moses; while, at the other extreme, *Docetists* ignored his human existence, holding that his appearance in the flesh was merely an illusion; or, at least, in their writings the realism of his biographical history became more or less overshadowed by the idealism of their sentimental speculation. For five centuries from the opening of the Christian era, the great anxiety and care of the

* Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke.

church was to preserve this one article of faith in the Only-begotten Son of the Father pure from sceptical corruption and sinister construction. For our own part, in the teeth of modern prejudice, and since it has become a fashion dogmatically to denounce all dogmas, we are rather prone to look back with respect, and even with veneration, to the creeds and confessions which were framed to preserve orthodoxy. They are but the masonry of men, we may be told. Not exactly so, we should reply. They are fortifications built into the Rock, and form a promontory which looks defiantly on all assailants. A brief extract from the fifth book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity will perhaps help to put this matter in a clear light: "There are but four things which concur to make complete the whole state of our Lord Jesus Christ: his Deity, his manhood, the conjunction of both, and the distinction of the one from the other being joined in one. Four principal heresies there are, which have in those things withstood the truth; Arians, by bending themselves against the Deity of Christ; Apollinarians by maiming and misinterpreting that which belongeth to his human nature; Nestorians by rending Christ asunder, and dividing him into two persons; the followers of Eutyches, by confounding in his person those natures which they should distinguish. Against these there have been four most famous General Councils: the Council of Nice, to define against Arians; against Apollinarians, the Council of Constantinople; the Council of Ephesus against Nestorians; against Eutychians, the Chalcedon Council. In four words—atéthōs, tĕlēōs, adairĕtōs, asugnchutōs—truly, perfectly, indivisibly, distinctly; the first applied to his being God; and the second to his being man; and the third to his being of both one; and the fourth to his still continuing in that one both; we may fully, by way of abridgment, comprise whatsoever antiquity hath at large handled, either in declaration of Christian belief, or in refutation of the aforesaid heresies. . . . We conclude therefore that to save the world it was of necessity the Son of God should be thus incarnate, and that God should be so in Christ, as has been declared." This quotation is but the fragment of a paragraph (No. 54). The entire treatise may be studied with advantage. Hooker having flourished three centuries ago, carries us back to a period when the Anglican church had not as yet put forth by the mouth of her prelates or presbyters any monstrous pretensions to catholic authority or apostolic succession. The "Lambeth Articles" had been framed by Archbishop Whitgift and others, asserting the Calvinistic quality of her Protestantism; but Archbishop Laud had not inaugurated the reactionary movement which encroached upon liberty of conscience by enforcing a Popish liturgy with wilful espionage and wanton tyranny.

Although Dr. Bruce, in his second lecture, takes an interesting retrospect of the Patristic Theology, yet, so far as the general design of his work is concerned, he starts his survey from a point and a period when the dogmas were all determined. Digging down to the division between the Reformed Protestant churches, he inspects the strata, and minutely examines the volcanic rocks where the fires once furiously raged, and then he works his way gradually upwards to modern theories that have never crystallized, and it is not likely that they ever will. It is all quicksand, and no quartz, by the time we reach McLeod Campbell

and Horace Bushnell, who reduce momentous questions to petty quibbles.

"In the sixteenth century, memorable on so many other accounts in the annals of the Church, Christology passed into a new phase. Only a few years after the commencement of the Reformation, there arose a dispute on the subject of Christ's person, producing in its course a separation of the German Protestants into rival communions, distinguished by the names of Lutheran and Reformed, and even giving rise to bitter internal contentions between the members of that section of the German Church which claimed Luther for its founder and father. The long, obstinate, and, in its results, unhappy controversy originated in what to us may appear a very small matter—a difference of opinion between Luther and Zwingli as to the nature of Christ's presence in the sacrament of the Supper. Zwingli maintained that the Redeemer was present spiritually only, and solely for those who believe,—the bread and wine being simply emblems of his broken body and shed blood, aids to faith, and stimulants to grateful remembrance. Luther vehemently asserted that the body of the Saviour was present in the Supper, in, with, and under the bread, and was eaten both by believers and unbelievers; by the former to their benefit, by the latter to their hurt. It is easy to see what questions must arise out of such a diversity of view. If Christ's body be present in the Supper, then it must be ubiquitous; but is this attribute compatible with the nature of body, with the ascension of the risen Lord into heaven, with the promise of his second coming; and how did the body of Christ come by this marvellous attribute? &c." Page 82. The area of these polemics widened as they progressed. From the ubiquity of our Lord's body, the debate advanced into a discussion of his complex person, and still further into a third stage—the theory of his earthly humiliation. "The final result of the whole controversy on the Lutheran side was the formation of a doctrine concerning the person of Christ artificial, unnatural, and incredible." Dr. Bruce, in his first lecture, deals very discreetly with axioms, chiefly drawn from two passages of Scripture which are forcible enough of themselves, but which have become rather more famous in debate. A modern author has observed that "We do not commonly enter or dwell very long on minute criticisms of a text until some subtle heresy has been proposed to us, and, perhaps, already prepossessed our thoughts; and such criticisms are doubly perilous, both as drawing us away from the true means of assurance, without which the questions must remain open for ever, and as leaving us at the mercy of the subtlest, not always or necessarily the most enlightened, disputant." R. H. C. Sandys. Just so. Well may Dr. Bruce complain as he does:—"It is specially discouraging to the inquirer after first principles to find that as a rule the interpretation of the passage in question depends on the interpreter's theological position. So much is this the case that one can almost tell beforehand what views a particular expositor will take, provided his theological school be once ascertained." In treating of Philippians ii. 5-9, and Hebrews ii. 5-18, his exegetical criticism is alike searching and satisfactory. Both passages bring before us the subject of Christ's humiliation, but from a different point of view. In the one Paul exhibits that humiliation as something voluntarily endured by

Christ in a spirit of condescension and self-renunciation which he exhorts his readers to admire and imitate. In the other he regards the same humiliation as an experience to which Christ was subjected, and which, as apparently incongruous to his intrinsic dignity, demands explanation. The grand thought here is that Christ to be a Saviour must be a brother, and that, as things actually stand, he must be humbled, must pass through a curriculum of temptation and suffering as a man, in order that he may be in all things like unto his brethren. This is a condensed quotation of our author's own words. We beg his pardon, but we lack space to do him full justice.

For the parentage of modern thought, or at least of modern religious thought, we turn to *Fatherland*. German genius has been generating theological problems for the past half century. We have not for our part been scared by the scepticism in which on the outset it seemed to be clouded. No fear ever crossed our simple hearts that neology could supplant Christology, or that inspiration would be imperilled by investigation. The Pyrrhonists may have led the van, but they have pioneered the way of progress. Our great antipathy is to indifference. When a storm is raging men are obliged to keep their eyes open, and their wits ready for an emergency; but in a long, dead calm everybody gets demoralized. We note with satisfaction that such controversies have been entered into to promote concord. Authors, whose great aim has been to defend the faith, attempt one after another to define the truth in such terms as shall reconcile those who heretofore had professed rival creeds. "It is a feature common to modern Christologists of all schools, to insist with peculiar emphasis on the reality of our Lord's humanity. . . . Every theory must be recognised a failure which does not faithfully reflect the historical image of Jesus as depicted in the gospels, and allow him to be as he appears there, a veritable, though not a mere man." This is of course only a reiteration of the dictum that was delivered to us from the beginning, 1 John iv. 2, 3. The Greek word Kĕnōsis has been almost universally adopted as the motto of the litigants. Its meaning may be readily measured by anyone who takes the pains to compare the authorised and revised versions of the New Testament in Philippians ii. 7. In the one the Pre-existent Saviour is spoken of as *having made himself of no reputation*, in the other as *having emptied himself*. The latter is the more faithful translation. Two states are spoken of, and his condescension in each is recorded. "Being in the form of God. . . . he emptied himself, (then) taking the form of a bondservant, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross."

Dr. Bruce has classified and reviewed the leading types, and diverse shapes, which the abstruse problems that have been raised on this passage have assumed in the divinity works of the last forty years. Count Zinzindorf, founder of the Moravian brotherhood, broached the exposition which awoke the lively interest of recent times. The grain of thought cast by him into the ground lay dormant for a hundred years; then in the fourth decade of the present century it began to germinate, and ever since it has gone on multiplying abundantly. We will, however, quote the doctor's admirable summing up. "The hypotheses are legitimate enough as tentative solutions of a har

problem; and those who require their aid may use any one of them as a prop around which faith may twine. But it is not necessary to adopt any one of them; we are not obliged to choose between them; we may stand aloof from them all; and it may be best when faith can afford to dispense with their services. For it is not good that the certainties of faith should lean too heavily upon uncertain and questionable theories. Wisdom dictates that we should clearly and broadly distinguish between the great truths revealed to us in Scripture, and the hypotheses which deep thinkers have invented for the purpose of bringing these truths more fully within the grasp of their understandings." Yes, yes; this is very true. But did not old Martin Luther put the matter into more forceful language long, long ago? That little word "*How!*" It is a hateful, damnable monosyllable. How did God do this or that? If a man come to the boldness of proposing such a question to himself he will not give over till he find some answer. Then others will not be content with his answer, but every man will have a different one. When the church fell upon *Quomodo* in the sacrament, How, in what manner, the body of Christ was there, "We see," (says old Dr. John Donne,) "what an inconvenient answer it fell upon, that it was done by transubstantiation. That satisfied not, as there was no reason it should, and then they fell upon others, *in*, *sub*, and *cum*, and none could and none can give satisfaction."

Our author draws nearer to our own doors when he proceeds to speak of "*Christ the subject of temptation and moral development.*" We admire his patience, though we cannot emulate it, when he examines the writings of poor Edward Irving, convicts him of bad temper for contemptuously nicknaming the current doctrine of atonement "the bargain and barter hypothesis," and advocating in lieu of it a REDEMPTION BY SAMPLE, as though Christ took a portion of sinful humanity and made it holy, and through it sanctified the whole lump. Nor is he less severe upon this erratic Scottish preacher for his rhetorical inexactitude, a confused habit of thinking, and a loose mode of using the same word in two distinct senses, which constantly involve him in self-contradictions. In the last chapter, however, *the humiliation of Christ is surveyed in its official aspects*, as a servant and an apostle; as a priest and a victim. As might be expected, the worthy doctor has raked together a great heap of rubbish, but then he has sifted and sorted it very carefully and very skilfully before he makes a grand bonfire of the ephemeral essays of self-opinionated professors. His own studied moderation gives special point to the censure or commendation he awards to other authors. Horace Bushnell, whom he designates an ingenious writer, comes in for a quiet lecturing, which men of his type who survive him may well lay to heart. In his treatise, "The Vicarious Sacrifice," he had expressed views which in a subsequent treatise, entitled, "Forgiveness and Law," he revoked and replaced with certain new views, which had come into his mind, he tells us, almost like a revelation, and propounded them as an unquestionable solution of the problem. His overweening confidence is the gravest fault of his book. It would not become every disciple to bring reproach against a brother because he was slow to understand the full meaning of Christ's death; but one who claims to have got new light by the very claim confesses previous partial

error, and ought to avoid the oracular style, and to speak with modesty. If the Catholic doctrine be true, Bushnell had still a good deal to learn. Of many American divines Dr. Bruce makes honourable mention: "but foremost of all, the great Transatlantic theologian of last century, President Edwards, whose statement on the question, in what sense Christ suffered the wrath of God, deserves and will repay the most attentive study of all who desire to think justly on the delicate theme."

In commending this valuable contribution to our theological literature to all students we take occasion to protest with all the emphasis in our power against the treatment that profound subjects meet with in paltry pamphlets with which the press constantly teems, and which are rather apt to excite uneasy doubt than to instruct the ignorant or confirm the wavering.

Notices of Books.

Old Testament History of Redemption. Lectures by FRANZ DELITZSCH. Translated from Manuscript Notes by SAMUEL IVES CURTISS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IT is a long, long time since we have come across a book for students that has so delighted us as this. It is no crutch for lazy men; it doesn't profess to do the thinking for idlers; but in verve, suggestiveness, and fulness of thought it is most admirable. Gold in the nugget, a forest in an acorn, and a sermon in a sentence—that is the style of this little volume.

Professor Delitzsch is thoroughly acquainted with the German criticism of to-day, and yet is untainted by it; and the fulness of his Hebrew scholarship has only made him more loyal to Evangelical truth. The ordinary reader had better not meddle with this book, but for a diligent student it has a rich reward. Here are a few of his sentences taken from a whole host which might be quoted:—

"Christianity, as the religion of redemption, stands and falls with the recognition of the historical character of the fall."

"The sentence on man's sin is not, Thou shalt be put to death, but thou shalt die. Not an arbitrary punishment with death, but the necessary consequence of the transgression; not an instantaneous death, but a dying beginning from that time. Compare Hosea xiii. 1. Ephraim offended and died, that is, he carried thereafter the germ of death in himself."

"As the evil arising from freedom of choice preceded the good arising from the same source, so the bad child (Cain) preceded the good (Abel)."

"Since the strife between good and evil has entered into the world, a new separation of that which is dissimilar is always the sign of true progress."

"Grace always raises itself on the foundation of that which is natural, after it has first destroyed it: thus the body of Abram must become as good as dead, before he could become the father of the son of promise."

"It was not the blood of the passover-lamb which changed the divine wrath into mercy, but the antitypical redemption which stood behind it, as yet a dumb, unrevealed secret."

Such specimens as these will show the kind of writing which Delitzsch indulges in, and the sort of sentences that Mr. Curtiss would not willingly let die. Nor do we think students of theology will be inclined to do so. We wish for it the heartiest success, and bid it a warm welcome.

Mothers' Meetings: how to form and conduct them. By Rev. W. H. PEERS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A SMALL book giving hints as to the establishment and conduct of mothers' meetings: nothing very novel or instructive, but tolerably useful.

Decision for Christ. Counsel and encouragement for young people. By Flavel S. Cook, D.D. Elliot Stock.

Excellent, compact, earnest, bright in manner, and withal full of earnest godliness. Dr. Cook is a sympathetic and helpful counsellor to the young, and his little book cannot fail of usefulness.

The Choice of Wisdom. By Canon Bell, D.D. Elliot Stock.

Eight earnest addresses of evangelical type, suitable for the young: somewhat prosy and proper.

The Holy Supper: A Manual for young Communicants. By W. K. Moore, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

Dr. Moore has the happy faculty of putting old truth into fresh language, and giving a novelty of aspect to it. This he has done in these addresses, showing the different aspects in which the Lord's Supper may be regarded. It will be sure to sell, and we believe will be read: it deserves to be.

Our Brothers and Sons. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Hodder and Stoughton.

Having written a book for "Our Daughters," a book which has gone through more than one edition, Mrs. Reaney has now turned to advising the other sex as to their life, its happiness, and work. The style is clear, crisp, and attractive up to a certain point, and will be sure to be read; but we are half afraid it is too "preachy." Souls are wondrously shy things, and must be very wisely dealt with: the old-fashioned tract-style of writing is scarcely likely to do much to-day. Mrs. Reaney, we think, would have preached more had she manifestly preached less. Still, these are but spots on the sun, and we wish for her book a quick and extended sale.

The Biblical Kaleidoscope. For the Use of the King's Daughters at Noontide. By J. M. M. Elliot Stock.

Daily readings for a month, each meditation being drawn from the distinguishing trait in some female Scripture character. The writer thus describes the design of her book:—"It is for noonday. While we are bearing the burden and heat of the day, we usually find a brief breathing-space at midday, to gird on our armour afresh, to 'anoint the shield,' to gather up some fragments of cheer amid depression and discouragement, and to draw near to him who is the gladness of our joy" (Ps. xliii. 4).

The little volume, which is very nicely got up, would be an acceptable gift to a "daughter of the King"; but what can the authoress intend by calling it a "Kaleidoscope"? Is it that she has shaken together texts of Scripture, sayings of good people, anecdotes and brief reflections, which have, at first sight at least, as little connection with the subject and with each other as the fragments of pretty-coloured glass, beads, and odds and ends which are found in that pretty toy, needing correctly-adjusted reflections to give form and beauty to the heterogeneous mass? These were our reflections; if the Kaleidoscope be taken and shaken by others their reflections will take other shapes. Still, we think the title is very absurd.

Early Training: its Philosophy, its Nature, its Worth. By Rev. J. Tongue, B.A. Jarrold and Sons.

Bating its reference to the ordinance, so called, of infant baptism, this pamphlet is not so bad an attempt to treat the subject as some we have seen. There is nothing new, nothing old strikingly put, but it contains very proper commonplaces, nicely and simply uttered. Our author is not a "tongue of fire."

The Speaking Dead; or, Select Extracts from the Writings of the Reformers and Martyrs. By B. Bradney Bockett, M.A. Elliot Stock.

An attempt to make a book of daily readings out of Bale, Becon, Bradford, Bullinger, Coverdale, Cranmer, and men of their age and stamp. We do not think it is a success. Of course these venerable men said most excellent things, but their style is antiquated, and they are not quite the authors from whom to cut out brief extracts. We do not think purchasers will be numerous, and we feel sure that readers will be fewer still.

The One Hundred Texts of the Irish Church Missions. Briefly explained by the Bishop of Sierra Leone. Bemrose and Sons.

This little book of questions and answers to the hundred texts is intended for the use of schools; for the instruction of children. A *Scriptural* Catechism is always good, and adults might learn much of true teaching from this little manual. Its contents are better than appear at first sight.

The God-Man. An Enquiry into the Character and Evidences of the Christian Incarnation. Elliot Stock.

Such a book as this could only have been written after much research and more study; and yet, after having carefully read and pondered it, we are obliged to ask, with a sense of disappointment, "What has he proved?" The author has tried to fathom the consciousness of Jesus, and to explain what has always been unrevealed—the philosophy of the union of the divine and human in the person of the Saviour. After much of preparatory fencing, we are told on page 74—

"If we are now asked to fix the precise period in his human life at which Jesus had grown to perfect consciousness of his divinity, the question must be declined as inadmissible. It is the very essence of consciousness that, while *by* it we know everything, *of* it we know nothing; each of us is perfectly ignorant of his consciousness in itself, and can only give an account of it as active . . . . . We might be able to analyze particular actions or sayings of Jesus from the point of view of his consciousness, and to discover what that was as revealed in those sayings and acts. But of what we may call his potential consciousness, of this we can give no account. Moreover, there would be a species of theological vandalism in making such an attempt. The consciousness of every one of us belongs to a sphere of things which cannot be parcelled out and measured. How much less the consciousness of the Messiah! In fact, *the whole matter transcends the limitation of our faculties.*"

And yet our author peeps and pries, and endeavours to analyze and explain for two hundred pages more; but with questionable success. When will men learn that thought is limited, and that where mystery in the Infinite comforts us, reverence and not curiosity is our rightful attitude? Speculation is poor work at the best; but it approaches the irreverent when the subject is the person of Christ.

The Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages. An account of their Lives, and the Services they rendered to the Church and the World. By W. J. Townsend. Hodder and Stoughton.

This work conducts the reader along a track which has been but little trodden. The mass of students dispose of the schoolmen as all typified by Duns Scotus, who appears to have supplied a name for the whole family of dunces. To the general public the schoolmen are a set of word-spinners who wasted their time in vain jangling. This judgment is sufficiently true to pass muster among those descriptive generalities which are not altogether false; but yet it is not a fair verdict upon a body of learned and thoughtful men. Who can afford to despise "the Master of the Sentences", or the commanding Stagyrite? He who does not honour Lombard and Aristotle is not likely to be much honoured himself. We have lost ourselves while following the lead of Mr. Townsend among a company comprising "the universal doctor," Albertus Magnus; "the irrefragable doctor," Alexander of Hales; "the seraphical doctor," Bonaventura; "the angelical doctor," Thomas Aquinas; "the subtle doctor," Duns Scotus; "the invincible doctor," William of Ockham; and "the most Christian doctor," Jean Charlier Gerson. If our reader does not know these most venerable doctors, it is time he made their acquaintance. They were doctors indeed, and not mere flaunters of the double D. Mr. Townsend serves very well to introduce the learned gentlemen; indeed he does this so well that we return him hearty thanks; but he does not satisfy us as to anything more. With so interesting a subject he might have done better. However, it is no small achievement to have brought the subject forward in so complete a fashion. He indicates the tracks along which a diligent student may pursue his investigations at his leisure.

The Norfolk Herald of the Cross; or, Memorials of the late Robert Key. By the Rev. T. Lowe, M.B. Fenwick, 6, Sutton-street, Commercial-road, E.

Surely the art of bookmaking is here carried to an extreme. Pieces from eminent authors of every school are patch-worked together to set forth a meagre biography. A little thread-like stream of history finds its way amid flowers, and meads, and rocks, and hills with which it seems to us to have little or no connection. Everybody is drawn into the book, from Charles Dickens to President Garfield. The intention is excellent, and the skill is wonderful; but the result is a cauldron of broth made of all things under the sun, flavoured with the memoir of Robert Key, an earnest Primitive Methodist preacher.

London Missionary Society. Ten Years' Review of Mission Work in Madagascar. 1870—1880. Antananarivo: 1880.

We congratulate the Society on this noble Report of Ten Years' Work in Madagascar. In a volume of more than three hundred pages we are made familiar with the political and social events which have affected the Mission during the last ten years; with the successful efforts for extension; and with the state of the native churches, of evangelistic work, of education, literature, and medical work. The labours of the other Societies in Madagascar are also described. Of these the "Friends' Foreign Missionary Association," and the "Norwegian Missionary Society" work amicably side by side with the London Society; but the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" has shown itself to be a society for the propagation of its own narrow sect. It had *one* missionary on the island. It proposed, therefore, to send a bishop and four assistants to preside over him; to send these people to an island which the London Missionary Society has evangelized; where that Society has laboured for more than half a century; where it has 50 English missionaries, male and female, 1,142 congregations, more than 600 native pastors, 71,000 church members, and 250,000 native adherents; to an island where these native churches under the London Missionary Society have raised during the last ten years £40,000 for the evangelization of the country and for general mission work. In defiance of the protests even of Churchmen, and notwithstanding the refusal of Earl Granville to apply for the Queen's license to consecrate a bishop for Madagascar, it has thrust a bishop into Antananarivo, the capital, which is the centre of the London Missionary Society's operations. In protest against this unchristian conduct, the Church Missionary Society, which had three missionaries on the island, has withdrawn them. Such action cannot serve to propagate the gospel. It can only cast stumbling-blocks in the way of a people just converted to Christ, and make them understand, what they ought never to have understood, the unworthy jealousies which, in Christian lands, are supposed to be consistent with discipleship to Christ. The enemy has many ways of sowing tares amongst the wheat.

Talks with the People by Men of Mark. Vol. I. The Earl of Shaftesbury. Vol. II. President Garfield. Edited by Rev. C. Bullock. "Home Words" Office.

It was an excellent idea to give in these compact shilling volumes the utterances upon vital questions of our great men of to-day; and in the two specimens before us the idea is as well carried out as conceived. A capital portrait of the speaker is given, and selections from public addresses judiciously arranged. Long may Mr. Bullock live to carry on this admirable work. These books deserve to be read by the million.

Thirza; or, the Attractive Power of the Cross. By E. M. Lloyd. Elliot Stock.

A short, touching story of the conversion of a Jew and Jewess, father and daughter, to the Christian faith. If it could only be read and pondered by Jews, it would lead many to become "Israelites indeed." The Christian Church has not yet realized its responsibilities with respect to God's ancient people: if this little book should awaken them, we should be glad. It is well worth reading.

The Logic of Christian Evidences. By G. F. Wright, U.S. London: R. B. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon-street.

The Great Problem; or, Christianity as it is. By a Student of Science. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ. By John Kennedy, D.D. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

These three volumes have in some respects a common object, while each of them has its own special merit. They all essay to show the reasonableness of Christianity in reply to those who affect to regard it as a phenomenon of human fabrication, and to ignore its claim to be a system of divine revelation. If sound argument could suffice to answer the objections of agnostics, we should soon hear the last of cavillers against the gospel of Christ. The deference observed by theological scholars towards modern sceptics in recognising their freethinking as a fact, might well rebuke the defiance of those who persist in treating the gospel as a fable. No logic can reach men who revile the Scriptures as legends; who scout the possibility of miracles as if they could be nothing more than a mirage of the mind, however fully authenticated; who ascribe doctrines to pious dotage; and resent precepts as puerile, and of no value, unless they are verified by self-interest, like that egregious proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." When will the savans exhaust their stock of sneers? We ask the question in their own interest; for they do not disconcert us. They fight with feathers against the citadel of our faith. The living power of the gospel of the grace of God gives us such lively satisfaction every day that if the *evidences* of the past could be effaced, our experience of the present would amply suffice to confirm us in their credibility. But although books like these which lie before us are not very likely to be the means of converting many infidels, yet the learning and labour of their devout authors are not, therefore, wasted, nor are the pains they have taken to no profit. We can hail these treatises, each one of them, as helps to those young disciples who desire to qualify themselves for efficient service in the church. To join in the worship of the temple it was necessary to enter within its walls; and yet the worshippers of old were admonished to walk round about Zion, to behold her bulwarks, and count her towers. As partakers of the regeneration, they cannot doubt the Word of God, by which they are begotten again; but as little children they ought to be instructed in the rudiments of Christian knowledge. At least, we can say for ourselves that our heart is heaving with anxiety to get the goodly band of godly workers highly educated. If we are to have "*a salvation army*" worthy the name, it must be made up, rank and file, of something better than raw recruits who rely on anecdotes to attract attention. They who would be good Sunday-school teachers must study; and they who attempt to open fire on the adversaries of the cross of Christ as wayside-preachers must read avariciously and reason astutely. We should like to put them all through their first drill. The task we would try them with would be this:—*Read a dry orthodox book, and transform it into a lively evangelical discourse.* But we have not found a dull page in any one of the three volumes under review. From America we get a comprehensive manual of Christian evidences, plentifully enriched with quotations from standard authors on this side of the Atlantic. "A student of science" throws down the gauntlet in challenging an answer to "*the great problem*,"—How can you account for Christianity as a fact and a force without accrediting its own narrative? Dr. Kennedy needs no commendation. A more compact little essay we have not seen for many a day. One miracle absorbs his mind. It surpasses all other marvels. The historical evidence that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead is demonstrated on evidence so true and reliable that, after trying it by every recognised test, to doubt it were to discredit all the classic literature which has fostered the civilization of the human race.

Great Heights gained by steady efforts. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A. Nelson and Sons.

Encourages the young to press forward with diligent industry. Excellent.

Sam: The Story of "A Little While." By ISMAY THORN. Illustrated by T. PYM. J. F. Shaw and Co.

SAM is a poor little orphan, a "nobody's child," in training by sheer poverty to become one of the pests of the village till the squire takes an interest in him, and—well, he does not become Lord Mayor of London, though he did listen to "what the bells had to say." The writer is favourably known to many little boys and girls as a "story-teller"; but the moral which the book points is, to our thinking, not just that intended by its writer. It might teach village parsons and justices of the peace how much better it would be to catch all the little Sams and "teach the young idea how to shoot," than to wait until they are introduced to them by some virtuous ex-poacher to receive "justices' justice" for the horrible crime of trespassing in search of game.

The Light of the Home; or, Mabel's Story. By the author of "Aunt Hester." J. F. Shaw and Co.

ALTHOUGH in English dress—and very tasteful dress too—the story is one of American home-life. The central figure is one of that much-maligned class of the *genus homo* always supposed to make home odious—a stepmother. Mabel's story will do much to refute that calumny, and at the same time afford her listeners very much profit and pleasure. It would be difficult to find a dull or prosy page in the book.

Step by Step; or, the Ladder of Life. By M. A. PAULL. National Temperance Publication Depot.

A STORY written for a purpose in the author's best style. Two little boys, after the death of a pious mother, leave their home in St. Giles's because the place has become unendurable through the father's addiction to drunkenness. In the good providence of God they come within the influence of a godly man, and his assistance, together with that of their Sunday-school teacher, and the remembrance of a sainted mother, follow them in their chequered course, until, after one or two false steps, the ladder of life is actually climbed. While written to warn the young from the breakers of intemperance, the story never lacks interest; but something a little more decided might have been said about the immoral tendencies of the theatre. To talk about the purification of the theatre being effected by Christian people discountenancing those things which are improper, such as the ballet, is little better than maudlin sentimentality. The theatre is not likely to be reformed, because its frequenters do not desire that it should be; and by extending their patronage to playwrights, Christians will confer no benefit on the stage, but the stage will inflict lasting injury upon Christians themselves.

Orphan Lottie; or, Honesty brings its own Reward. By KATHLEEN MARY SMITH. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A TOUCHING story of a little orphan girl, who was too honest to steal, and too independent to beg; but who, through the blessing of God upon her mother's instruction and her own industry, was raised to a position of comparative comfort and considerable usefulness.

Everyday Stories. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. F. E. Longley.

WE should not like to be condemned to read such "stories" as these every day, and yet we feel sure that to many they will be acceptable. Tales of love, courtship, and marriage are here told in homely language, and illustrated in Mr. Longley's usual style, with which our readers are no doubt by this time familiar. The binding is the best part of the book, which seems to us dear at 3s. 6d.

Texts and Thoughts for Seamen. Arranged by a Naval Officer's Daughter. Paisley: J. and R. Parlance.

AN excellent little book both in design and execution. There is never a dull page, nay, not a dull paragraph in it. It is full of Scripture and practical godly teaching: but it is Scripture and godliness made winsome by plain, earnest exhortation and wise appeal. We should like every sailor's bunk furnished with a copy, in the hope that it might serve as a chart to guide him safely over life's stormy sea.

A Scottish Communion. By Rev. W. Milroy, A.B. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

Mr. Milroy is among those who look with fond memory to the long communion services once so general in Scotland, when, after six months' separation, the people would gather around the Lord's table, and set forth his death. In this book there is a full record of the high doings at such times, inclusive of the six sermons preached, the various prayers offered, and even the hymns sung on such occasions. The sermons are valuable as specimens of good sound Calvinistic theology, and altogether the volume is an excellent record of an institution destined in some of its features to pass away. We have no doubt that many of Scotia's sons will read with great pleasure this capital compilation.

The Drink Problem and its Solution. By David Lewis, J.P., Ex-Magistrate of the City of Edinburgh. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

This valuable work ought to be placed in the hands of every statesman, minister, philanthropist, and employer of labour in the United Kingdom. It is the most "thorough" book on the Temperance question that we have met with for a long time. Doubtless many persons will not agree with the "Bailie" that "the only true solution of the drink problem is to be found in the total *legislative prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages, or articles for dietetic use;*" but before they condemn the author as an unpractical fanatic, riding his hobby to death, let them carefully and prayerfully examine the arguments that have forced him to this conclusion. Mr. Lewis writes mainly from a Scotch standpoint, but his facts and figures are equally applicable on this side of the border, and also in Ireland. He thinks the flood-tide of the Temperance movement was reached at the general election in 1880, and very naturally rejoices over the great defeat suffered by "the trade" on that memorable occasion, when "the high-priest of liquordom," and no less than 80 other opponents of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the former Parliament, lost their seats, and 305 members favourable to the principle of Local Option were returned. Mr. Lewis believes that it would be possible to pass at once a *permissive* prohibitory bill for Scotland, where the privileges of a Sunday-closing Act were first enjoyed, and in support of his opinion mentions the fact that 46 out of the 60 Scotch members elected in 1880 were in favour of the Local Option resolution, while 8 were neutral, and only 6 opposed to it. Most devoutly do we hope such a measure will soon be upon the statute-book; together with a Sunday-closing bill for England; an act for the abolition of grocers' licenses, which have been the means of a frightful increase of drunkenness, especially among women; and any other legislation which will prepare the way for the final overthrow of the power of alcohol in these realms. We had marked several passages as being worthy of quotation; but we have probably said sufficient to induce many of our readers to get the book and study its contents for themselves.

Bible Light for Truth Seekers. Haughton and Co.

This is the first volume of a small "Monthly," and contains a considerable variety of interesting and instructive articles well calculated to fulfil the promise of its promoter or editor, whoever he may be—"to be useful to anxious enquirers and young Christians." The authors for the most part veil their identity under initials; but they all love "free grace and dying love," and so, for the sake of the name that is above every name, we commend the little serial, and take no notice of the one or two "dead flies" we just caught a glimpse of as we turned over the pages.

The Women of the Bible: Old Testament. By Etty Woosnam. Partridge and Co.

These biographical addresses are bright, thoughtful, and pious, and must have been both attractive and useful to those who heard them. They are good without being goody-goody, and entertaining without being puerile. A sensible teacher could get a capital series of suggestive lessons out of them.

Notes.

SPECIAL.—We have been obliged to cancel all our engagements to preach or speak for various friends and societies, as we find that we cannot hope to fulfil them, and to accomplish our ever-increasing church and home-work, without running the risk of being frequently laid aside altogether. It would be a great comfort to us if we could be spared from extra public service until we have the necessary strength for it. The work that we *must* do grows so rapidly that we are unable to undertake anything additional without either neglecting that which has the first claim upon us, or else, by attempting too much, being compelled to do nothing but lie and suffer excessive pain, with its consequent weakness of body and depression of spirit. For some time before we were taken ill, it was a daily burden to refuse all sorts of applications, presented either in writing, or by deputations. Those who could not possibly write their business, and therefore forced an interview, those who waylaid us at odd corners and inconvenient times, those who bored us with twenty requests to do the same thing, when we told them that it was not possible, have our richest blessing for the chastisement which they alone have brought upon us.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 6, the annual meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presiding. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. W. Olney, B. W. Carr, M. Llewellyn, J. T. Dunn, and J. W. Harrald. The report, in addition to detailing the work of the past year, contained special references to the many workers of the Society who had been called home since the last anniversary, and alluded to the pressing need of new friends to fill their places. The poor are still with us in great numbers, but those who are able and willing to help this and other kindred societies for their relief are not so plentiful. It may be that there are some ladies who would be glad to be employed in this Christ-like mission of benevolence. If so, we can promise them a hearty welcome at the working-meeting which is held on the Thursday after the first Sunday in each month in the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle.

On *Wednesday evening*, *March* 8, the members of the ADULT MALE BIBLE-CLASS held their annual tea and public meeting in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Much sympathy was manifested when it was announced that our beloved pastor was unable to take the chair. A kind note from him to the president, Elder Perkins, expressed his own disappointment that a sudden attack of his old enemy made bed his only resort. Mr. W. Olney kindly volunteered to preside. The gathering, both at the tea and public meeting, was much larger than on any former occasion, and the interest was well sustained throughout. The chairman spoke of his deep sympathy with such classes, and the secretary described the work of the class during the last twelve months; also its present state, and its hopes for the future. The subjects discussed had been very varied in character, practical rather than speculative, and had been well taken up by the class, showing generally diligent study of the word. The attendance had been good, the largest number present being one hundred and forty-eight, the average one hundred and six each Sabbath. The weekly prayer-meeting, though not always large in numbers, has been ever characterized by a devout and earnest spirit. The president with gratitude referred to his twelve years' connection with the class, during which the spirit of love and unity that had prevailed had been a bond of strength, while many backsliders had been restored, seekers directed, and a full and free salvation through a living Saviour proclaimed to all. Two recent and interesting cases of the conversion of casual visitors were also mentioned, and several members of the class spoke of the benefit they had received. Many others had been fitted for more extended Christian work by increased acquaintance with the word, deepened piety, and the opportunity given them of using and improving their gifts. A sum of £23 in aid of the Pastors' College, together with £25 in addition to £27 already given to our dear Pastor, to help him in spreading the gospel in India, is ready to be presented to the Pastor personally when our heavenly Father in his goodness restores him again to us.

During the evening a token of continued love and esteem for the President was shown by the gift of a pair of pretty ornaments matching a timepiece previously given, and also a handsome black marble timepiece to our beloved Brother W. Geen, the secretary, who has rendered loving and valued service to the class, but who, to the regret of all, is about to leave us, hoping to renew his health in his native air.

The meeting was closed with an earnest prayer by our venerable Brother Bowker.

On *Wednesday evening*, *March* 15, the inaugural meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity by an enthusiastic audience. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who has accepted the office of President of the Society, had promised to preside, but being too ill to leave his bed, he had to content himself by writing the following letter:—

"Dear Friends,—I am exceedingly sorry

to be absent from this first meeting to form the Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society. The worst of it is that my head is so out of order that I cannot even dictate a proper letter. I can only say, 'Try and do all the better because I am away.' If the leader is shot down, and his legs are broken, the soldiers must give an extra hurrah, and rush on the enemy. I sincerely believe that, next to the preaching of the gospel, the most necessary thing to be done in England is to induce our people to become total abstainers. I hope this society will do something when it is started. I don't want you to wear a lot of peacocks' feathers and putty medals, nor to be always trying to convert the moderate drinkers, but to go in for winning the real drunkards, and bringing the poor enslaved creatures to the feet of Jesus, who can give them liberty. I wish I could say ever so many good things, but I cannot, and so will remain, yours teetotally,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The duties of the Chairman were very efficiently performed by Pastor J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., and addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. E. Smithers (the secretary of the Society), J. W. Harrald, J. T. Dunn, W. Stubbs, W. Hill, J. W. Goodwyn, J. McAuslane (of the Pastors' College), and John Taylor (Chairman of the National Temperance League). A recitation, entitled, "The Drunkard's Fire-escape," was ably rendered by Mr. John Ripley; solos were sung by the Misses Price and Stubbs, and a choir of girls from the Tabernacle Band of Hope, and of boys from the Orphanage, sang at intervals during the evening. At the close of the meeting, upwards of one hundred persons signed their names in the pledge-book.

The explanatory statement, read by the secretary, informed the audience that the work had been established upon a distinctly religious basis, and that it would be carried on as a Gospel Temperance Mission. A committee has been formed, with representatives from most branches of the church, and meetings are to be held, for the present at least, every Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, in the glass-room under the Tabernacle. Further particulars can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. E. Smithers, 120, Newington Butts, S.E.

COLLEGE.—Our esteemed friend, Professor Gracey, has been obliged, in consequence of ill-health, to rest from his College duties during the whole of the past month, and several of the students have been more or less unwell, so we have judged it expedient to have a longer Easter vacation than usual. The students reassemble on *Monday, April* 17, the day on which the Annual Conference commences. Will all our friends pray that the meetings of the week may be full of spiritual life and power, and productive of great blessings to both pastors and people?

Yet another name has been removed by death from our Conference-roll. Our former student, Mr. R. Makin, who has been laid aside from pastoral work for the last three years, was recently stricken down by typhoid fever, and suddenly called to his rest and reward, leaving a widow and six children to mourn his loss. "Who'll be the next?"

EVANGELISTS.—Our Bro. H. Knee sends us the following cheering report of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Peckham Park Road:—

"It is with unfeigned gratitude to our gracious God that we record the manifest blessing which has attended the labours of our brethren, Fullerton and Smith, at Park-road Chapel, Peckham. From many overflowing hearts rise the ancient words, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"For a considerable season prior to the commencement of the Mission earnest prayer was offered, with the distinct view of seeking from the Lord a preparation for the work, and the expected blessing. Had we nothing but the experience of the past few weeks to convince us of the fact, it would be no problem with us as to whether prayer is heard; we know it, and have seen it. Constantly of late have we heard from parents, teachers, and others, such words as these—'I prayed for the salvation of my dear ones, and now, thanks be to God, they are rejoicing in Christ Jesus.' Others, with tears in their eyes, testify of their own souls' salvation, and many who have long known the Lord are conscious of a marked quickening of their spiritual life. 'Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary.'

"The services were commenced on Sunday morning, February 12th, by the usual service in the Chapel, and continued until the evening of March 5th. From the first the attendance was good, and the expectation evident; and as the meetings progressed both numbers and interest increased, until the crowd and the desire to hear the word were without a parallel in the history of the church.

"On Saturday afternoons, meetings for children were conducted by Mr. Smith, and certainly we have never seen children listen more attentively than they did at each service. Although the chapel was packed, and many of the audience very young, Mr. Smith, by his inimitable way of telling well-known and well-worn Bible stories, succeeded in holding them all spell-bound until the close of the service. The lessons and spiritual suggestions were not forgotten, the gospel was simply and earnestly enforced, and we expect fruits from these meetings in days to come.

"The Song-services on Saturday evenings were most extraordinarily successful; the chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many were unable to obtain admission.

The brief, bright addresses of Mr. Fullerton, and the hearty singing of Mr. Smith, aided by a large and efficient choir, made the meetings immensely popular.

"On Sunday afternoons meetings were held for men only, and the chapel was again well filled in every part. We shall not quickly forget the sight, nor will any of those present be likely to forget the earnest words addressed to them by the evangelists.

"Meetings for women only were held on Wednesday afternoons, and these were quite equal to the other meetings in numbers and in interest.

"Of course the Sunday evening services have been the largest, the commodious lecture-hall close by has been crowded, as well as the chapel, the pastor taking the overflow meeting, and Mr. Smith singing in both places. On the last Sunday, in addition to the other three meetings, a service was held at seven a.m., and the chapel was well filled, whilst the occasion proved a precious prelude to the after engagements of the day.

"After each evening meeting a prayer-meeting was held, the greater part of the congregation remaining, and much power being manifested.

"It is early yet to speak much of results, but we have already witnessed many cases of real conversion. Like Barnabas, we have *seen* the grace of God, and are glad, and we expect there is much more to follow.

"No words of ours are needful concerning the fitness of our two dear brethren for their special work, their ability is pre-eminently conspicuous. That they have the ear of the masses, concerning the irreligiousness of whom we hear so much, and that the power of the Holy Spirit crowns their labours with true success, are two facts which, without further comment, we commend to the earnest consideration of those *elder brethren* who are *angry*, and *will not go in* for such a mission as that which it has been our privilege to take part in, and our delight to describe. Most earnestly do we at Park Road continue to pray that a similar blessing may attend our brethren's labours wherever they may go."

On Sunday, March 12, the evangelists commenced a series of services at Chelsea, in connection with our Brother Page's church. The report of the first week's meetings gives promise of great blessing.

Mr. Burnham asks us to mention that he has removed to 24, Keston-road, East Dulwich, S.E., and to intimate that he is fully engaged for September, October, and November; but that he has a few weeks vacant in June and July if brethren are desiring his services.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors' meeting, on *Friday evening*, *March* 3, was a great success. After presenting the contents of their boxes or books to the gentlemen who sat at the receiving-office, and making an inspection of the new buildings, the collectors partook of tea in the dining-hall. At the meeting afterwards, in the same place, the President occupied the chair, and thanked all who had helped in any way in the work of caring for the widow and fatherless. A choir of girls then sang one of their school pieces very sweetly, and at its close Mr. Charlesworth introduced the Stockwell Orphanage Hand-bell Ringers. He explained that less than a fortnight before that evening he had purchased a peal of bells, for which he hoped to make an appeal to those present, and a friend had kindly taught four of the boys a little of the art of campanology. The young performers then stepped forward, and rendered two selections of music in a style that promises well for the future if they continue to learn as rapidly as they have done during their first week's tuition; and, as a consequence of their excellent playing, several contributions were given at once to defray the cost of the bells. The principal item in the programme, however, was the sketching entertainment by Mr. J. Williams Benn, entitled "Notes on Noses, and those who wear them." This gentleman has a marvellous facility for almost instantaneous drawing, and very wonderful are the effects produced by his dexterous fingers. With a few rapid strokes he depicts upon paper representations of most of the prominent types of noses, and in humorous, but always wise and sensible, language keeps his audience interested in the science which he has studied so well. Mr. Benn is a public benefactor, for he has struck out a line of amusement for the people in which there is nothing that can possibly do harm, while there is a great deal that will benefit those who go to hear what he has to say upon the noses that he sketches in their presence. Personally we are very grateful to him, for his services were voluntarily and gladly given to the Orphanage. Before closing the meeting the President announced that the contents of the boxes and books brought in during the afternoon had amounted to £130, in addition to which many friends had forwarded by post the sums they had collected. If there are, either in London or in the country, any ladies or gentlemen who would like to become collectors, a box or book will be at once forwarded on receipt of a post-card announcing their wishes, addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W.

COLPORTAGE. — The following extracts from Colporteurs' Reports give some idea of what a valuable agency Colportage is to reach individuals with the gospel:—

(1) "A whole family has been blessed through my instrumentality. A young man who was very reckless and wicked was brought to Christ at my Bible-class. He went home and confesssd it to his father and mother. His mother and one sister have given their hearts to the Lord, and another sister, upon whom I called the other

day, told me how anxious she was to find Christ. I prayed with her, and I feel sure that she is now a Christian, and all in the family, if not yet saved, are now seeking after salvation."

(2) "One place to which I go is a laundry where there are several women, besides the family, which is a large one. They always ask me for a little service of singing, reading, speaking, and prayer. Two have given their hearts to the Lord, and I have good hope of the others. I sell a good number of books and monthly magazines here."

(3) "I cannot record any direct conversion arising from books, etc. sold, but am persuaded that the many books and magazines sold by your Colporteur have tended, during a long period of spiritual dearth, in some measure to keep alive the grace in the hearts of many, and ofttimes to produce deep impressions and convictions of sin in others, and I feel that the improved condition of many has been largely caused by their reading of good books. I find I have sold during the year 118 Bibles, 192 Testaments, 2,644 books of various prices, 12,784 monthly magazines, 623 packets of books and cards, and 715 almanacks. All this good reading will and must have a great influence on the minds and hearts of the people."

(4) "The Lord has blessed my services to two poor souls this quarter, and I hear that others are seeking the Saviour of sinners. I have conducted about 26 services this quarter, some of which have been in the open-air, which have resulted in some going to the house of prayer who used to loiter in the street."

The General Secretary adds that similar cheering reports have been received from most of our 72 Colporteurs, and addresses to us the following note:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Can anything be done to increase our General Fund? So far this month the amount received is only £7 16s. We slowly, but surely, spend our capital in the working of the Districts unless the General Fund keeps up. Our home expenses were about £20 less last year than the previous one. If you will kindly apportion to us as much help as possible, when you have the opportunity, we shall feel very grateful. We are not run aground yet, but shall soon drift that way unless the tide comes to our rescue. We must either have increased funds, or give up some of the districts.—Yours very sincerely,

"W. Corden Jones."

"March 13th, 1882."

Personal Notes.—We continue to receive tidings of souls saved through our sermon preached last "Derby day." Here is an extract from one of the letters bringing us the good news:—

"Mr. Spurgeon, dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in telling you that my niece (nineteen years of age) heard you preach here last June, and through that message was led to Christ. *She is now with him.* I only knew of this a week or two ago, when waiting upon her in the night. We had sweet talk together of Jesus and his love, and she then told me how it was she came to him just as she was. I am very glad to tell you she came *when there was a prospect of her getting better.*"

One of our former students, in sending a contribution for one of our institutions, says:—

"My next item is to inform you that your Sermon, No. 1609 ('Faith: What is it? How can it be obtained?'), has been blessed in setting a soul at liberty. The person is a married woman of good character. Prior to her marriage she was servant in a Popish family, where all manner of expedients were resorted to to make her enter their community. Amongst other things they *took her Bible from her*, made her attend mass, etc., and, when they found they could not prevail, treated her so unkindly that she left her situation and came home. The loss of her Bible first caused her to prize it, and led her to realize somewhat of its value, a feeling she has never lost, though that is years ago. Three years since a serious illness made her thoughtful and uneasy about her state before God. Then, a year ago, a sermon of Mr. Talmage's, in *The Christian Herald*, broke her down, and made her completely wretched. All she read, heard, and did only made her burden the heavier. One day, however, I put your sermon, No. 1609, into the hands of her mother, who found it to be marrow and fatness to her soul. She read it once, twice, thrice, and found it improve on closer acquaintance, so that on my next visit, a fortnight after, she begged it, and has it still, and prizes it highly, I can assure you. Having drunk a good draught of its sweet contents herself, she passed it on to her daughter, who also read it, and was greatly struck therewith, but could not understand it the first time, so she read it again, and again, and then came the 'Jubilate Deo', for the night of weeping had given place to the morning of joy, and this poor, sorrowing, burdened one found the Saviour. Her testimony did me good to hear. It was so clear, joyous, and unassuming. Now this friend is before the Church as a candidate for baptism. Though personally I had no hand in this work, save as I delivered the sermon that God blessed, my heart is as glad as if the Lord had given me the honour; and you, dear sir, I know will be only too glad to put the crown on the Saviour's brow. You preach to a large congregation about here. It is my privilege to visit some two hundred homes every fortnight with your sermons. One of our members has a few also for a district I cannot very well take, as the other occupies much time. Most people gladly receive them, and only a few refuse them. After we have done with them they go to the Baptist minister at B——, who distributes

them amongst his people. We do not forget you in prayer; remember us sometimes."

A friend in *Dorset*, who reads our sermons at the village services which he conducts, writes that recently the Lord was pleased to bless the word to a young man, who is now rejoicing in his Saviour. The sermon read on that occasion was, "Vanities and Verities," No. 1,379. He also adds:—"Last Sunday evening I was in another village, and two of God's children came to me, after the service, to say how much the word was blessed to their souls. One old saint especially remarked that she did not know when she had been so lifted up. The subject was, 'For whom is the gospel meant?' (No. 1,345). So you see, my dear sir, that God is pleased to bless the word, not only as it falls from your lips, but years after, when it is read by other people."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Feb. 23, twenty-one; Feb. 27, eleven; March 2, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sarah Holroyd	1	0	0
βαπτισμα	10	12	9
Rev. John Wilson, Redcar	0	10	6
A. P.	1	0	0
Mr. F. Holden	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Mr. R. B. Warren	2	0	0
Rev. Geo. Hearson	2	2	0
Mr. Jas. Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
John xvii. 17—26	7	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis ...	9	17	9
"A Pastors' College Missionary" ...	2	2	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	10	0
Rev. John Barton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Hughes	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Dewar	1	0	0
Pastor J. Cruickshank	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster	2	18	4
Stamps from Ealing	0	3	1
C. W.	1	0	0
Collection at Blackpool, per Pastor S. Piling	2	0	0
An old student	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	10	0
Mrs. Scandrett	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Jarrett	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	20	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at the Met. Tab.:—			
Feb. 19	33	3	1
,, 26	32	0	1
Mar. 5	35	7	6
,, 12	37	0	7
			137 11 3
			£233 18 2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Guilford	2	13	3
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Champness	2	0	0
W. E. S., L., B.	0	2	0
Miss E. Chenoweth	25	0	0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	14	7	0
Mrs. Ager	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
Mr. J. B. Turner	2	2	0
"Thanksgiving"	25	0	0
Stamps from Higham Ferrers	0	2	6
Postal Order from High Holborn ...	0	2	6
Eythorne, Ashley, and Eastry Sunday-schools	4	3	4
Free Church Sabbath-school, Bishopton	0	5	0
M. H. S.	0	5	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	10	0
Mr. W. B. Randall, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	2	0	0
Mr. E. Wilkins	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers—			
Mr. W. Moore	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Huntley ...	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Morris	1	1	0
Mr. J. Omer Cooper ...	1	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
Millie Allright's box ...	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Oakshott ...	0	10	0
Ernie, May, and Winnie's box	0	9	7
Young Folks at Weddington House	0	5	0
Alberta and Edie Ward's box	0	5	0
James Withers	0	5	0
A Friend at Leicester, per Mr. J. L. Forfeitt ...	0	3	11
Arthur Sykes Pursey's box	0	2	10
H. Cooper	0	1	1
			13 8 5
Bible-class, Kent-street School			0 10 0
Mrs. Thos. Cousins			1 15 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. H. Love	2	0	0
J. R. Ellery	0	1	0
"My birthday"	0	5	0
A Ross-shire shepherd	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	9	5
A widow	0	2	6
Innellan U. P. Church Sunday-school..	1	0	0
Ceres, East, U. P. Church, Miss Agnes Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Caroline Mary Bidewell	1	0	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	2	3
Mr. John Jex, per Messrs. P. Leckie & Co.	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	12	8
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Welford ...	1	0	0
Collected by Master George Cormack...	0	16	6
Collected by Miss Mary Holmes ...	4	0	0
Collected by Miss Keys	3	0	0
Collected by Ada, Minnie, and Florry Pudney	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Burleton ...	1	1	3
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
Miss E. Webb	1	0	0
"Tribute"	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Miss C. Hall...	0	3	0
Stamps	0	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Edith Spurdens	0	7	0
Hopeful	0	1	10
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Beament	0	5	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
A Thankoffering	2	0	0
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Miss Fairley	1	0	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. L., first takings in a new shop ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Munro	1	0	0
Master A. W. Gibson	0	2	0
"One long dead"	0	2	6
A Friend, per Pastor J. F. Avery ...	0	4	0
Miss Gray, and brothers, and sister ...	0	3	6
Horley Baptist Sunday School:—			
First class, Girls 0 4 2			
Second class, Girls 0 2 6			
Third class, Girls 0 2 3½			
Fourth class, Girls... ... 0 3 0			
First class, Boys 0 13 5½			
Second and Third class, Boys 0 2 8			
Fourth class, Boys 0 4 10			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class 0 19 11½			
	2	12	11
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Mrs. Crawford	0	3	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	4	0
Miss B. Bamber	1	10	0
Mr. D. H Lloyd	2	10	0
Collected by Master E. Boome	0	7	9
Collected by Master Stanley V. Jones...	0	6	11
Mr. P. Fraser and Friend	1	5	0
Collected by Children of Sighthill Free Church Sabbath-school during January, ——, per Mr. T. Morrison	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Carrie Bennett ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone	0	11	6
Dr. A. C. Air (Collecting-box)	0	5	1
Collected by Miss M. Wade	2	2	0
"A well-wisher"	0	2	0
"Take this child and nurse it for me" (Dublin Note)	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Marion and Master Harry Everett	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Jefferies	0	5	0
Collected by Miss H. Clacy	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Lake	0	19	9
Collected by Miss Ellen Foster 0 18 0			
A widow's mite 0 1 0			
A servant 0 1 0			
	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe...	1	5	0
An Apprentice (Stamps, Keighley) ...	0	1	4
Collected by Mrs. Watts	0	8	0
Mr. E. Silvey	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Tiddy	1	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	11	3
Mr. Webb	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Buxton	0	17	0
Collected by Mrs. Steed	5	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Pickering	0	11	9
Collected by Mrs. Ferrar	1	4	9
Girls' practising School, Stockwell ...	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Parry	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Howling	0	13	6
Miss E. Marchant	1	0	0
Isabel Cowie	0	6	6
J. E. L.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Stevenson, per Mrs. Norris ...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Price	0	7	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Rev. Francis Tucker ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Henry Brown ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
Mrs. Peaple	1	0	0
Dr. A. Cummings Air	2	2	0
Mr. John Plumbridge	1	1	0
Mrs. Pope	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, March 3rd:—			
Collecting Books:—			
Bonsor, Miss 0 5 0			
Barrett, Mr. H. 1 14 0			
Bowles, Mrs. 0 16 7			
Booker, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Brown, Miss J. H. 0 7 6			
Bantick, Mrs. 2 0 0			
Brewer, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Crumpton, Miss 0 12 6			
Chard, Mrs. T. P. 0 14 1			
Charles, Miss B. 0 9 0			
Davie, Master E. 0 2 10			
Day, Miss 0 12 6			
Ely, Mr. G. 1 10 6			
Evans, Mrs. 0 15 0			
Fryer, Miss 2 10 6			
Friston, Mr.... ... ... 2 10 0			
Gosbn, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Horner, Mrs. 1 9 6			
Howes, Mr. C. 0 6 0			
Hallett, Miss 0 10 0			
Jephs, Miss 3 0 0			
Jumpsen, Mrs. 0 10 6			
Leworthy, Miss 0 15 0			
Livett, Mr. 0 19 0			
Miller, Mr. C. 1 0 0			
Mackrill, Mrs. 0 8 6			
McDonald, Mrs. 0 15 0			
Norris, Mrs. 3 11 8			
Powell, Miss... ... ... 0 5 0			
Prior, Mrs. 1 10 0			
Priestley, Miss S. 0 10 0			
Porter, Miss 0 12 0			
Pearce, Miss J. 0 8 0			
Page, Miss L. 0 5 0			
Pope, Mrs. 0 16 4			
Paine, Master G. 0 12 6			
Ryan, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Per Miss Smith—			
Gotch, Miss ... 0 5 0			
Berril, Mrs. ... 0 5 0			
Kelsey, Mrs. ... 0 10 0			
Thorne, Mr. ... 0 10 0			
Owen, Mrs. ... 0 5 0			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Smith, Mr. J. ...	0	1	0			
Carveley, Mrs....	0	1	0			
Gain, Mrs. ...	0	5	0			
				2	2	0
Seacombe, Mrs.				0	12	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...				2	0	0
Tyrrell, Mrs.... ...				0	9	6
Whitehead, Mrs. ...				2	1	3
Webb, Master F. ...				0	7	0
Wilks, Mrs.				0	4	3
Wells, Miss				0	13	6
Wilson, Miss ...				1	0	0
Willis, Mrs.... ...				1	5	0
Tea tickets sold ...				1	13	6
Stephen-street Sunday-school, Lisson-grove (Rev. J. Clifford's) per Mr. Webster				2	1	6
						49 13 6
Collecting Boxes:						
Ansell, Mrs....				0	3	2
Ayton, Miss...				0	1	3
Atley, Miss				0	12	0
Brook, Mrs.				0	8	0
Burrage, Mrs.				0	14	1
Briggs, Miss'..				0	7	2
Barnden, Mrs.				0	18	1
Bull, Miss A.				0	3	1
Burton, Mrs.				2	6	6
Blowers, Miss E.				0	0	8
Baker, Miss				0	1	0
Baker, Mrs.				1	3	4
Batten, Mrs....				1	0	2
Bryan, Miss				0	0	6
Bowden, Miss E.				0	3	0
Barnes, Miss H.				0	3	6
Bennett, Master J.... ...				0	1	2
Bates, Miss M.				0	7	3
Bould, Miss				0	15	1
Brewer, Alice and Lily ...				0	14	1
Brook, Miss				0	4	6
Burley, Miss L.				0	1	3
Betambeau, Miss				0	6	5
Bowden, Miss A. M. ...				0	4	0
Bennett, Misses L. and F.				0	3	7
Baskett, Miss N.				0	4	10
Bartlett, Miss				0	9	0
Buswell, Mrs.				1	6	8
Buswell, Miss K., Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel				0	18	11
Bennington, Miss M. ...				0	18	0
Chard, Mr. T. P.				2	2	0
Coupees, Master				0	4	6
Cook, Miss F.				0	3	0
Cobham, Master E. C. ...				0	9	2
Cowen, Mrs....				1	3	8
Cook, Master E.				0	1	2
Crew, Miss				0	12	0
Cox, Master J.				0	3	7
Choat, Miss				0	11	9
Call, Mrs.				0	2	11
Cornforth, Miss J.				0	4	1
Cook, Miss				0	8	0
Chillingworth, Miss ...				0	2	0
Chapman, Miss				0	13	7
Cullingham, Mr.				0	12	9
Caine, Mrs.				0	11	9
Calman, Miss L., and Miss N. Gamble...				0	15	4
Cox, Miss A.				0	3	8
Court, Miss				0	3	3
Clark, Mr.				0	5	7
Culver, Mrs....				0	16	7
Drew, Miss C.				0	10	8
Descroix, Miss				1	0	0
Dale, Miss C.				0	3	1
Darby, Laura				0	5	3
Deamer, Miss				0	6	9
Davie, Master H.				0	9	8
Davis, Miss C.				0	6	9

	£	s.	d.
Delacourt, Master S.	0	5	9
Dickson, Miss A.	0	5	7
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	6	10
Errington, Miss	0	12	0
Fern, Master C.	0	9	7
Frisby, Master T.	0	6	10
Frisby, Master H.	0	2	6
Frisby, Miss	0	7	0
Furlong, Miss M.	0	1	3
Fielder, Mrs.	0	6	0
Fairhead, H.	0	4	5
Finch, Masters Gilbert and William	2	1	10
Fairman, Mrs.	1	2	6
Franklin, Mr. J.	0	4	5
Foster, Miss C.	0	6	11
Goggs, Miss	0	7	0
Grant, Miss C.	0	11	7
Grant, Mrs.	0	2	2
Gray, Master A.	0	8	3
Hollobone, Mrs.	0	5	7
Hayler, Mrs....	0	8	5
Hutchinson, R.	0	2	1
Hockey, Mrs.	0	10	5
Horner, Master	0	4	7
Howlett, Miss A.	0	12	1
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	9	8
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	10	2
Herrmann, Mrs.	0	3	1
Harris, Master W.... ...	0	2	3
Harris, Miss A.	0	2	2
Hoare, Master W.	0	4	6
Hoare, Miss E. J.	0	4	6
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	4	6
Huitt, Lizzie	0	6	0
Hudson, Miss M.	0	4	11
Hardy, Mrs....	0	11	1
Hunt, Miss	1	2	7
Jago, Master	0	13	3
Jones, Mr. W.	0	2	0
Johnson, Miss J.	0	13	7
Jennings, Master L. ...	0	8	11
Langton, Miss	0	5	2
Larkman, Miss B.	0	6	7
Lightfoot, Mrs.	0	9	2
Lake, Mr.	0	19	9
Mackay, Miss	0	8	8
Monk, Mrs. S.	0	12	8
Mathews, Margaret ...	0	2	8
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	4	11
Mills, Master F.	0	3	1
Mallison, Mrs.	0	3	5
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	3
Maitland, Miss	0	2	4
Maitland, Master	0	2	9
Murrell, Miss E.	1	13	3
Murrell, Miss L.	1	10	11
McNeal, Miss E.	0	1	4
McNeal, G.	0	1	10
Martin, Mrs....	0	0	9
Mackrill, Mrs.	0	1	4
Marshall, Miss (Collected from Young Women employed at Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard's) ...	1	11	6
Mansfield Street Sunday School, H. C. S.'s class	0	11	0
Newman, Mrs.	0	11	10
Newbatt, Miss	0	3	6
Newark, Miss	0	0	10
New, Miss A.	0	4	4
Pitt, Miss V.	0	7	0
Poole, Mrs.	0	4	6
Perris, Mr. J.	0	4	0
Prior, Master A.	0	1	5
Payne, Mrs. C. J.	0	1	3
Peters, Miss F. W.... ...	0	13	0
Price, Miss F.	0	2	7
Perryman, H.	1	4	0
Price, Miss	1	11	8
Prebble, Mrs.	1	17	2

	£	s.	d.
Passenger, Miss	1	3	6
Richardson, Miss K. ...	0	1	0
Reddish, Mrs.	0	1	7
Rose, Master A.	0	6	3
Rogers, Mrs.	0	3	1
Retford, Mrs.	0	2	0
Rutter, Master H.	0	15	10
Ranson, Miss	0	6	9
Richardson, Mrs.	0	7	6
Robert-street Ragged School	0	8	3
Sedcole, Master	0	7	0
Spence, Miss M.	0	3	2
Smith, Mrs. J.	0	5	5
Saunders, E. W.	0	3	0
Strachan, Miss	0	2	1
Smith, Mrs. L. S.	0	10	0
Swift, Miss M.	0	1	7
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	7	3
Swain, Miss	0	19	9
Sullivan, Miss	0	7	0
Smith, Miss C. J.	0	11	4
Smith, Miss	0	2	10
Scudder, Miss	0	6	6
Taylor, Miss H.	0	3	6
Toms, Miss L.	0	14	6
Thomas, Miss (Box 355) ...	0	6	4
Thomas, Miss (Box 139) ...	0	1	3
Therritt, Mrs.	0	11	11
Vero, Miss	0	4	7
Watson, J. W.	0	16	6
Wilson, Mrs.	0	16	2
Watkins, Mrs.	0	14	1
Watkins, Miss	0	7	1
Woollorton, Mrs.	1	9	10
Wayre, Miss L.	0	4	4
Wigney, Miss A. R. ...	0	6	9
Williams, W. H.	0	11	3
Ward, Master B. E. ...	0	4	9
Wickstead, Miss B. ...	0	1	2
Weare, Mrs.	0	19	8
Willard, Mrs.	0	2	6
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	6	5
Woodcock, Mrs.	0	18	0
Wells, Mrs.	0	7	5
Wynne, Master A.	0	7	2
Small sums and odd farthings	0	1	7
Cash received without names	0	18	3
			82 12 7
			£319 10 6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to March 14th (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 6 Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; a Sack of Split Peas, "A Friend."

CLOTHING.—6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Faulconer; 26 Shirts, 4 pairs Cuffs, Teachers and Scholars of Cirrow School, per Mr. Beales; 12 Flannel Shirts, Miss Collins.

(*Girls' Division*):—CLOTHING.—10 Articles, Mrs. Lake; 22 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 72 pairs Hose, 138 pairs small Socks, Mr. T. M. Whittaker; 1 dozen Pinafores, 5 dozen White Pocket Handkerchiefs, 4 dozen pairs Merino Stockings, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 3 articles, Mrs. R. Oakley.

GENERAL.—6 Scrap Books, from Swansea; 8 Comb Bags, 6 Pillow Slips, 3 lengths Ribbon, "for Orphans," Anon.; 1 Woollen Antimacassar, Miss Roberts; 1 Woollen Antimacassar, Miss Powell; 350 each Tracts and Cards (2 sorts), Mr. John Macfarlane, *British Messenger* Office, Stirling; 12 pairs Blankets, Mr. John Anderson, Glasgow; a Pincushion, Mrs. Williams, per R. Beard.

OMITTED LAST MONTH.—CLOTHING—(*Girls'*).—12 articles, from two friends, per Mrs. Penstone; 13 articles, E. Best; 9 articles, Percy and Katie; 18 articles, Mrs. Moss; 30 articles, Miss May; 2 articles, Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 3 dozen pairs Stockings, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Master John W. Bell	1	5	0
A Friend, per Pastor J. G. Gibson ...	0	3	0
A Valentine for "John Ploughman"	0	5	0
James, Spencer, and Maude Blyth ...	0	12	6
Miss Duncan	1	0	0
M. L. P.	1	1	0
A Thankoffering, E. W.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Cory, jun.	250	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	17	3	8
Mr. James Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for furnishing "The Olives"	250	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle United Christian Brothers Benefit Society ...	2	2	0
"Thanksgiving"	25	0	0
Mr. G. Gale 1 0 0			
Mrs Gale 0 10 0			
Three children 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
A Thankoffering from C. C. H. ...	5	0	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	10	0
Friends at Green Walk Mission, per Mr. Wm. Olney, jun.	10	13	10
Mrs. E. Wilkins	1	1	0
Miss Mary Emily Arnott, and brother and sisters	2	5	0
A Widow's mite	1	0	0
Rev. Franklin Howorth, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	5	0	0
A Ross-shire Shepherd	0	10	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
Bazaar goods sold March 3rd	1	8	4
Mrs. Gardner, per Miss Swain	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Greenwood	5	7	8
A Farthinghoe friend	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Philip L. Kitchen :—			
Mr. B. Smith, Aslackby ... 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Vergette, Peterboro' 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. C. Roberts . 0 5 0			
Small sums 0 5 0			
	1	0	0
Additional contributions from friends in Amsterdam, per Mr. C. Cole ...	1	11	6
S. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
A sermon-reader, S. Shields	0	10	0
S. J. C.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frost...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gamage	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A. M. G.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Brine's Bible-class	0	7	0
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon :—			
Some friends in Greenwich 0 15 0			
The Misses York, Little Houghton 0 10 0			
	1	5	0
E. L. S.	0	10	0
Miss Hector	1	0	0
"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sadler	0	10	0
Friends at Kelvedon	0	3	6
An invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6
John Scotchman	0	2	0
Mr. Hall, per R. Beard, colporteur ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Abbott...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Williams, per Rev. W. Corden Jones	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Per F. R. T. :—Mrs. Henry Brown ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
Bazaar :—			
Richmond-street Mission Stall, per Mr. J. T. Dunn :—			
Miss Jones	0	10	0
Goods sold	0	2	3
Miss M. A. Wheeler	0	10	0
	£613	0	3

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Newbury District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Grosvenor-square District, per Rev. G. Brooks	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District.	7	10	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
For Bethnal Green—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
Tiptree District	3	6	8
Ringwood District...	10	0	0
A Friend for Kent	33	18	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
Dorchester, per Mr. Soundy	40	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington District ...	5	0	0
	£219	14	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Westmore	0	0	6
Mr. F. Holder	0	2	6
A. C. A.	2	0	0
Miss York, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. James Withers	1	0	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	0	0
Miss L. Steer	0	5	0
Mr. J. Carrington	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Chapman	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. Parker, per W. C. J.	0	5	0
	£9	6	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Gamlingay	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at South-street Chapel, Greenwich	55	0	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	0	0
Balance Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ossett, for Services by Mr. Burnham	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Balance Collection at Baptist Chapel, Staincliff, for Services by Mr. Burnham	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£59	15	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1882.

How Jesus Trained his Preachers.*

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, BRADFORD.

FOR the purposes of his great mission Christ selected twelve men to be his companions during his public ministry on earth. Wherever he went they went with him in almost daily attendance. Instructed by his teaching, and gifted with power to heal diseases, they were sent on preaching tours round the country; and after his departure were commissioned to carry on the work thus begun, and for which he had trained them, that the whole world might be eventually won to acknowledge him as its spiritual sovereign.

And who were they? What was their fitness for such a stupendous task?

The project itself, of world-wide empire, strikes one as a marvellous conception to enter the brain of a Galilean peasant. Unallied to kings and rulers, without worldly influence, relying not on the sword, as Mahomet did, looking not for an outward visible empire with pageantry and show, but for a dominion over men's minds and hearts, yet promulgating a doctrine which went full in the teeth of all men's inclination and prejudice, assaulting their cherished beliefs, humbling their idols to the ground, and levelling their national hatreds till nothing should be left above them but God, and nothing around them but

* A paper read at the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association.

brotherhood, the whole race joined, reconciled in one body, and under his own blessed sway presented to God—it was a stupendous project!

This, too, to be brought about in spite of an ignominious death inflicted on him by the influential part of his own nation; and by means of eleven poor men who had followed him about for three years, —who loved him, it is true, and were willing to serve him with their lives, or die for him, if need were; but who were as destitute of any worldly advantage as any whom he could have found for the work. Yet Jesus, who had never travelled, that we know, except in his infancy, beyond the confines of the little country called the Holy Land, a country scarcely larger than Yorkshire, took in the grasp of his mind the iron race of Rome, the polished triflers of Greece, the dusky tribes of Asia, India, China, Africa, the unknown Continent, and the wide seas; and laying down the plan of an empire over mind and heart which was to include the whole, sent out these eleven men to begin its accomplishment.

Thus it strikes one when looked at from without; but viewed from within,—taking into the grasp of vision the eternal council on the throne before the world was, the Incarnation when angels sang in this earthly air of ours, the hidden Deity which sometimes could not be repressed, but flashed through the veil of flesh as on the mount of Transfiguration, the crimson tragedy of the death of the Son of God, which veiled the sky, shook the earth, rent the rocks,—the splendour of the Resurrection, as he rose from death as from a pillow and ascended to the universal throne, the conception of universal empire becomes easy, gentle, natural, the only conception admissible; and we overlook the inadequacy of the instruments in the omnipotence of the hand that wields them. Nay, a fitness appears in their very unfitness. The great Master was himself to "continue to do and teach" through these men, and the achievement of his purpose would the more manifestly be his own work, as the means he chose to use were the more plainly in themselves unequal to its accomplishment.

We have to answer briefly the questions, Who were these men? What was their qualification for the work? How did their Master train them?

As to the men themselves, the raw material for the work, we shall find side by side with their inevitable inadequacy a certain appropriateness nevertheless to the purpose Jesus had in view. They were, first, Jews; men, that is to say, speaking generally, of intense, if somewhat narrow character, and, which is chiefly to the point, believers in God: no pantheists! no agnostics! They had in them the element of strength that comes from the rigid conviction that there was over them, behind them, yea, going before them, if they were called to any divine mission, the personal Almighty God. They were, moreover, devout Jews. Most of them had been adherents of John the Baptist. They had attended on the banks of the Jordan that stern prophetic preaching which had shaken the nation with its call to repentance and preparation for the Messiah. They had listened breathless as it was announced that this Messiah, awaited for centuries, was already standing among them; and from the outer ranks of the solemnized crowd they had drawn inwards

to the closest circle of discipleship, and had become thrilled and set aflame with the thought of the imminent appearance of the expected One. These thoughts made deep furrows in their minds, and when presently the Herald pointed out with his finger to some of them the very Christ himself, what could they do but reverently follow him, with minds prepared for the growth under the Lord's own influence of the faith that was to encounter all opposition and move the world? They were men who believed in God: they were men of faith. All history shows that such men have been the men of might.

Yet though this about them is noble and promising, who does not see many disappointing qualities in them? This is only to say that they were but men. We are brought so near to the little circle by the gospel narratives that we attain a sort of personal familiarity with them, and discern, alas! their foibles as well as their points of excellence. Peter was forcible, outspoken and to the front, but he was also self-confident, and therefore unreliable, and, when it could be least afforded, cowardly. John, affectionate, strong and manly, was yet stormy at times and overbearing towards men of a different mind, like a Dominican Inquisitor. Thomas was thoughtful and reflective; but he had the tendency to morbid sadness which generally accompanies such a cast of mind. And so of the rest. Brought into the clear light by their companionship with Jesus, we see them distinctly even at this distance of time; sometimes with the Master, strangely obtuse under that clearest, radiant teaching; sometimes by themselves, disclosing in their artless talk their small rivalries and unworthy jealousies. This band of students lives before us with all the human interest attaching to the play of passion, emotion, jealousy: as human they are as we know students to be today. And these are the men Christ took hold of as his material for the great work.

Their training demanded to be a double thing: first, the making and development of the men; secondly, their equipment. These two things —what they *were*, and what they *had*—were equally necessary, the latter no whit behind the former in importance. For *what they had* was the message to be delivered, and for Christ's purpose this must be not an evolution out of their own inner consciousness, but a revelation from Almighty God. Then these two things were to be blended into one; for the message they were to deliver was to be, in some sort, incarnated in their lives, as it had been fully and adequately in that of their Master; and the world was to be won by the eye as well as by the ear, as it read in the luminous lives of these preachers a corroboration of what it heard from their lips.

See, then, how the Master takes up the disciples, first, to mould their character. He found them, as we have seen, crude, small, and unripe: it was essential to nurture their spirit into the fulness and ripeness befitting their work. They approached it with the intolerant temper which has characterized all human movements for reformation. They would have put down the Nonconformist, for instance, who was casting out devils in Christ's name without following with them. They would have called down fire from heaven upon the unbelieving Samaritan village. This intolerant spirit Jesus confronted with such words as these:—"Forbid him not: for he that is not against us is for us."

And again: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." And when he significantly led them "to another village," he pointed out the pacific and fruitful course they were to adopt when opposed: rejection in one place was to be the opening of the door in another. Their tendency to plot and contrive for personal preferment was met and counteracted. The dim view they began to catch of their great future, distorted as it was by the low earthly atmosphere through which they saw it, led them, when he was not within hearing, to strive among themselves who should be the greatest. This spirit, had it grown to strength, would have strangled the church in its cradle. The first preachers would have forgotten their sublime mission to the world in mean wranglings for personal precedence. Moreover, it was the epitome of what prevailed in the great world outside. "Every man for himself" is the text on which worldly lives are the commentary; and how should men influence the world for good whose spirit was cursed with the same narrow selfishness that was the world's bane! Jesus saw and nipped this evil in the bud. On their coming in from a walk which had been enlivened by such a discussion, he put to them some such inconvenient question as this: "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" How inimitably natural the remark of the Evangelist, "They held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who should be the greatest." We do many things we are ashamed of. Exquisite was the method of remedy adopted on different occasions by the Master. "He took a child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." He took a towel and girded himself, and pouring water into a basin, began to wash his disciples' feet, meeting thus their astonished questioning—"Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Thus he corrected their jealous strife for precedence.

Closely allied to this spirit was the self-laudation to which they were tempted by the successes which their connection with his power secured them. The Seventy—for his treatment of these equally illustrates his method—return elated and excited from successful preaching and miracle-working. "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us." By the instant exhibition of a sublimer and purer theme of joy—"Rejoice rather because your names are written in heaven"—he at once sobered and strengthened them; lifting them to a lofty independence of mercenary aims, and communicating to them a high inspiration which should secure them from the degradation of gloating over personal success.

How magnificently he braced their spirit for hardship! It was no child's play to which he called them; nor did he ever minimize their difficulties. We can scarcely exaggerate the sublimity of those occasions on which he foreshowed to them their conflict. Standing by his side, they look out upon the dark world, vast and huge, its forces arrayed in fierce hostility to the cause they were to pioneer; and while they gaze, shuddering, upon the stormful scene, he indurates them with such words as these: "I send you forth as lambs among wolves. Ye

shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: ye shall be delivered up to prison and to death. Whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service. Do you shrink? He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Here was the soil in which Christian heroism was to grow to its sublimest height. These men were dipped in the waters of Lethe, heel and all. And yet, though he sent them out to death, he tenderly folded round them, against this bitter world-storm, the warm investiture of God's love. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without your Father. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thus he infused into them a lofty daring, meet for men who were to become world-conquerors. Well might *they* be bold who had seen the intrepidity of their Master! His majestic front as he stood calmly against all opposition, unmoved, immovable, engraved itself upon their character. See him, for example, advancing to surrender himself to the band of arrest. "Whom seek ye? I am he." The torchlight still reveals his captors lying prostrate at his feet, even in the moment of his humiliation. What wonder the disciples saw in him their tower of strength! that they drank in his saying, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and could afterwards transpose it into the sublime and modest vaunt, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

But behind these noble qualities of benevolence, self-suppression, endurance, daring, was the regal master-principle, Faith: the spirit which dares, endures, overcomes, as seeing him who is invisible. Faith! it is the man with the world against him and God Almighty at his back. It is the consciousness of being used by the Omnipotent as the instrument of his working. Disdainful of danger, it rushes on the foe and proves itself invincible in its collision with the world. Jesus infused into his preachers a sublime faith in God. In his presence they felt the divine nearness, breathed a divine atmosphere. God became more real to them than man; exerted a more potent influence on their lives. Earthly power, though armed with the scourge, the prison, the sword, dwindled to impotence by the side of the power of God. This same faith they learned to exercise also in their Master. Surely and steadily it grew with their growing knowledge of him. At first they followed him as the Messiah, but cherishing earthly ideas of that office. As they listened to his teaching, observed his life, watched the exercise of his superhuman power, their conception of him cleared, and their reverence grew. Contrary to the human rule that "familiarity breeds contempt," their increasing intimacy with Jesus deepened their awe. At first they could use some freedom in his presence; but on the hushed lake they exclaim, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" Later they confess him as the Messiah, the Son of the living God, yet not with such insight into their own confession but that they can take the liberty of rebuking him for his prediction of his own death. But towards the end we find them not even daring to ask him a question: one of them—denying him under the terrible pressure of immediate fear of death—is overwhelmed and broken down by a mere glance of his eye; and another falls at his feet with the confession, "My Lord and my God." But when to this is added that they were admitted to personal friendship with this glorious Being, we may infer

what a mighty force was imparted to them. They were the personal friends of Jesus. They could afterwards say, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Their faith grew to a greater thing. It transcended faith: it became knowledge. They were God's friends. Could the world resist them? Was it likely?

It was this faith-knowledge of God—of God incarnate—incarnate and therefore engaged for man—that formed the crowning feature in the making and development of these first preachers of Christ.

These are the men, and this their training. We must turn to watch their equipment. David, advancing to meet the giant, carried the simple equipment of a sling and a bag of well-chosen pebbles from the brook. The disciples of Christ, as they advanced to combat the gigantic evils of the world, carried with them three great truths:—

Redemption wrought by divine love.

Faith in the Redeemer, the instrument of receiving the redemption.

Divine wrath against impenitence.

These truths, which they learned from their Master's public teaching and private exposition, they were to bring to bear by the instrument of preaching. They were afterwards able to say, "The weapons of our warfare are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

The divine love displayed in redemption, the first and brightest of these regenerative truths, shone out like the sun in Christ's teaching. Its light had been, not dimly, heralded by his forerunner in the expression, "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The disciples were to hear more. The Lamb of God was "the Son of man, come to seek and to save that which was lost; come to give his life a ransom for many; lifted up that whosoever believeth on him should not perish." He was "the only begotten Son of God, given to the world by the divine love; his flesh was given for the life of the world; his blood shed for many for the remission of sins." The parables bore out this teaching. The seeking love of God appeared in the parable of the lost sheep; the receiving, welcoming, forgiving love of God, in the parable of the prodigal son.

Equal prominence was assigned in the Lord's teaching to the doctrine of faith. Men were to *believe* on the Son of man who was lifted up, on the Son of God given for their redemption. It was the will of God that everyone seeing the Son and *believing* on him should have everlasting life. The vital question was, "Dost thou *believe* on the Son of God?" This was illustrated on the physical platform. In the miracles of bodily healing faith was demanded or presupposed. "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" Here was the fruitful seed-bed of the whole magnificent system of apostolic teaching, which declared that man was justified by faith; that the golden link between man and God was not the servile performance of good works, but faith which worketh by love.

Of the third great truth, the divine wrath against impenitence, there was in the Master's teaching no lack of the most impressive demonstration. "He that believeth not," said he, "shall be condemned—is condemned already." There was a sin which had never forgiveness: everlasting punishment was to be the doom of those who failed to hallow their lives with beneficent labours. The disciples could not listen without awe to the denunciation of hypocrites. The eight-fold woe, the

awful challenge, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" showed them that God could frown—nay, *could not but frown* upon persistent sin.

Their grip of these truths was strengthened by the wonderful after-talks with Jesus, of which many hints are scattered up and down the gospels. Christ's general rule in this respect is indicated in the words, "And when they were alone he expounded all things to his disciples." Much of this private instruction is unrecorded; but a greater body of it exists than perhaps most persons are aware of. More than one-third of Matthew, about one-third of Mark, one-fifth of Luke, nearly one-fourth of John, consists of this private teaching of Jesus to his preachers. We can do little more than allude to it. There were single utterances of such formative power as to become epochs in the lives of these men; such as that forced from the Master's great compassionate heart as he gazed on the fainting multitude, and which for ever portrayed for them the world as God's harvest-field, and themselves as God's labourers. Or that incisive sentence which warned them of the insidious influence of false doctrine: "Take heed of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees:" a sentence which set them thinking and questioning, and indeed blundering, but with the result of ineffaceably engraving the lesson upon their minds. Or that which declared the seriousness of life and the surpassing value of the soul, weighing the world as a mere feather against it in the scales. Or that in which he showed them the tenacity of the spirit of forgiveness, that it must be capable of stretching if need be until seventy times seven. Or the hyperbolical, yet as they would afterwards discover, most profoundly literal, commendation of faith as able to remove mountains. Or the solemn intimation of divine judicial action, "Why speakest thou to them in parables?" "Because they seeing, see not: *their eyes they have closed: therefore to them it is not given* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." Or the equally solemn though inspiring fact of God's direct communication with the teachable soul: "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Or the high importance of the estimate entertained of himself, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" and, when they had recited the various opinions current, "But whom say ye that I am?"—the great question which, as they might afterwards begin to discern, was to grow greater and more engrossing to the end of time. Or the lightning-like rebuke of the spirit which shrank or would tempt another to shrink from a divinely imposed cross: "Get thee behind me, Satan! thou art an offence unto me."

Then there were the expositions of the parables, two of which have been preserved to us—those of the Sower and the Tares—unsurpassable in their mighty brevity and decisive clearness.

There were, moreover, the more prolonged addresses; as the charge with which the twelve were dispatched on their first preaching tour; and the tremendous discourse on the Mount of Olives uttered in the hearing, perhaps, of only four of them; which depicted in vivid outline the destruction of Jerusalem, and behind it the vaster tragedy of the end of the world; which made them hear the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" and see the fortunes of the wise and foolish

virgins; which showed them the servants called to account for entrusted talents, and, finally, the summoning of all nations before the throne of the Son of man, the King, at the last judgment.

Jesus took special pains to teach his disciples, with a plainness and solemnity which could not be exceeded, that he was to die and rise again. On three separate occasions, in the last few months of his ministry, he drew them aside for this purpose. The first time they rebuked him; the second time they did not understand him, and were afraid to ask him; the third time they began to intrigue among themselves for the precedence. The idea of Christ's death never rightly gained entrance to their minds, and, as a consequence, they apprehended still less the idea of his resurrection. Not till after his death had thrown them into despair, and the resurrection into amazement, did they remember his words.

Into the scene at the last supper we have already glanced in our reference to Christ's care to form their character, and we need now only advert to his use of the symbols of bread and wine as forming the solemn culmination of his teaching concerning his death and its atoning value. The heavenly discourse which followed the supper mainly prepared them for his departure, and for the coming in his stead of the Holy Spirit as their Teacher and Comforter; and then he took them with him to Gethsemane to meet his doom. For we must never forget that he was constructing the gospel they were to proclaim; that their training consisted in the witnessing of his life, his death, his resurrection, his ascension, as much as in listening to his words; that these great facts, with his incarnation and second coming, were to penetrate their whole preaching.

The brief post-resurrection period is remarkable in this—that the appearances and words of Jesus were confined to his disciples. This was the most fruitful period in the growth of their Christian intelligence; and naturally so; for events had cleared the film from their eyes, and they saw distinctly. It was their spring-time. The teaching which had so long lain in their minds, like seed dormant in the furrow, became vitalized and sprouted into life. The Master himself was changed. He came and went in an altogether mysterious manner. His words were like flashes of light, illuminating what they had hitherto but grossly and darkly known. He opened their understandings to understand the Scriptures; breathed on them the Holy Ghost; pointed them to the whole world as the field of their labours; promised them power; and bade them wait, after they had seen him ascend, for the enduement of the Holy Spirit which he would send them from the Father. A wonderful change was now wrought in them. No longer did they blunder along like groping men, but walked erect as men with opened eyes, amid the streaming light.

As to the method they were to use, their Master had instructed them by symbol and by example. Calling them from their fishing-boats, he had said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Breaking the bread for the fainting multitudes on the hill-side, he had said, "Give ye them to eat." These symbols, dimly seen at first, emerged into clear significance when they came face to face with their work. In the sea of the world they cast the gospel net, making its sweep wide, and

its meshes small, to enclose great multitudes. Up and down the ranks of the fainting world they travelled, distributing the bread of life which they had received from his blessed hands; re-enacting on the world-wide scale the miniature scene on the hills of Palestine. He had taught them, again, by example. His incessant itinerant ministry—which awakened the nation, set men thinking, and, when they were roused, returned upon them in repeated visits with tenfold effect—had shown them how, overstepping the bounds of the Holy Land, they were to carry on an itinerant ministry only limited by the confines of the world itself. And he had taught them by practical employment in the work. Disengaging them from his side, Jesus had sent them forth in couples to preach in every town and village whither he himself would come. Thus they had learned to face difficulty; had gained experience of the moods of men; and, best of all, had acquired the habitual consciousness that Christ was on their track; that not only in Palestine, but in all the world, they were sent to the cities and villages whither he himself would come.

And thus at length, having developed his plan, having instructed the minds of his preachers, kindled their hearts, emboldened their faces, touched with immortal flame their lips, and, chiefly, unveiled HIMSELF before them in the peerless majesty of his person and the splendour of his sacrificial love, he stepped back again to his throne, despatching them to their work with the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And they went forth to preach what was to prove itself no empty doctrine, but a revolutionary force. The world, hearing these men, looked up from its throng of idols, and saw God—saw the Omnipotent Love gazing down upon it in its guilt—beheld the Divine Sacrifice for its redemption—listened to the divine call to repentance and faith—trembled under the frown of divine righteousness against its sin. Old falsities and idolatries were overthrown, individual lives were regenerated; and, with amazement, the world saw men living according to the Sermon on the Mount. Such strange, outlandish qualities as humility, generosity, forgiveness, philanthropy, devoutness, self-sacrifice, purity came into view. Godliness, or, which is much the same thing if we will understand it rightly, manliness, appeared; and the old declaration, so long practically lost, became true again—"God made man in his own image."

For the weight of the omnipotent pierced hand was felt in the preaching of the Crucified; and the far-beaming blaze that streamed out from the cross was beginning to drive before it the flocking shadows of error and sin, and flood the world with the transfiguring light of the gospel, to disseminate which Jesus trained his preachers.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A FRIEND sent us a book entitled "Witty Inventions." There is genius in the title: it excites curiosity, and sets one's mouth watering. We opened the book, and were at once taken with one of its sententious utterances. It contented, satisfied, satiated, nauseated us. We had enough and more than enough in a single line. Henceforth these "witty inventions" are cast to the moles and to the bats. The author obtained our attention under false pretences. Here is the sentence, "*The best sermon is that which is least studied.*" This is an invention certainly, but not a witty one. It is as false a statement as was ever coined. Sermons which have been studied with some degree of care are often the cause of torture to their hearers; but to suppose that the case would be altered if our ministers diverted us with impromptu harangues is absurdity itself. The harvest may be small with all our ploughing, but it would be nothing at all if the feet of the ox quite forsook the field. As well might we say that the best dinner is that which is least cooked, or that the best room is that which is least furnished, as that the best sermon is that which is least studied.

Let every preacher give diligent attention to reading and meditation; let him become wise that he may teach the people knowledge. Let him be much in his library and his closet. Let him use all the help he can. But how is the preacher to prepare his discourse without aid? Keep the man without books, and what is he to do? Happily, few of us have long laboured at making bricks without straw; but there are such bondsmen among us, and for these we would arouse sympathy. Alas, the little library, which was the preacher's pride in his unmarried days, has been gradually dissolved into bread and house-rent, he scarcely knows how. Ask the good man, and he will tell you how small was the market-value of "The Saint's Rest," and how little he raised upon "The Rise and Progress." Yes, Matthew Henry went too, and with it the last chance of his sermons being worth hearing. In one case we heard of a minister's family, in which a twopenny homiletical magazine, which had been taken to help "father" in getting his sermons, was given up because the few coppers could not be spared, for the famine was sore in the land. We are sore pained for the lack of food and raiment for the sake of the good man and his household; but our grief for the scarcity of books arises out of a wider sympathy, for we think of his congregation. It is pitiable to think of the poor preacher, bowed down with cares, cudgelling his brains (none too many to start with), and finding nothing as the result. Had he been born to lead cattle to the pasture his lot had been enviable, for now he has to lead his flock to a desert, and as they gather about him they look up and are not fed.

It is not everybody who sympathizes with a minister in this need, and yet it is one of the keenest forms of poverty. We feel a kinship with any man who shares our concern for those afflicted in this direction, and we feel personally grateful to anybody and everybody who puts a good book on a minister's shelf. It is therefore one of the delights of our life that our beloved wife has made ministers' libraries

her great concern. The dear soul gives herself wholly to it. You should see her stores, her book-room, her busy helpers on the parcel-day, and the waggon-load of books each fortnight. The Book Fund at certain hours is the ruling idea of our house. Every day it occupies the hand and heart of its manager. The reader has scant idea of the book-keeping involved in the book-giving; but this may be said,—the loving manager has more than six thousand names on her lists, and yet she knows every volume that each man has received from the first day until now. The work is not muddled, but done as if by clockwork, yet it is performed with a hearty desire to give pleasure to all receivers, and to trouble no applicant with needless enquiries.

It is no small satisfaction to us to know from countless testimonies that the seven-and-twenty volumes of our sermons are a quarry out of which are digged or hewn discourses for pulpits of every denomination. These tomes placed in manse libraries will do more for the spread of the gospel than any other agency known to us. Where could books be placed to such advantage? Those who desire to see the orthodox faith maintained in the land can hardly employ a better agency. The blessing is that the volumes are eagerly sought and joyfully received.

The Report of the Book Fund, which has been lately issued, is as good as any of its predecessors. It is a good sixpennyworth for size, and worth far more if judged of by its contents. Few will read it through with dry eyes. We were going to quote largely from it, but upon second thoughts we think we will not, but will urge our readers to buy the neat little book for themselves. Our publishers will be happy to send it post free for seven stamps. The Report is full of precious pieces which deserve quotation, but we will only transfer a single passage in which the continued need of the work is earnestly stated. We let it tell its own tale, and pray our readers to heed it.

"A lady, writing to me the other day, said she 'supposed the ministers were nearly all supplied now'! Never was surmise more unwarranted and incorrect. The work is as urgent and important as ever, and the necessity for it as great and pressing. Did anybody ever hear of a preacher possessing as many books as his heart craved for? I never did; and I think such a state of contentment must be well-nigh impossible; for the more a man studies and enlarges his mind the more he hungers and thirsts for knowledge, and seeks to add to his stores; and the intense delight he takes in his few precious volumes is a constant incentive to add to their number. I am daily receiving letters from pastors to whom I made grants three or four years ago, whose mental craving, more stimulated than satisfied by the books previously given, is now urging them to seek further appliances for the development of thought and intellect. These good men might truly say—

> 'My hunger brings a plenteous store,
> My plenty makes me hunger more.'

They tell me with pleasing emphasis of the exceeding value and blessing of my former gifts, and they draw thence a plea for a renewed consideration of their needs. It would be, indeed, a hard heart which would refuse them, and with the coveted treasures at command send them empty away. Help in pulpit preparation, refreshment of spirit in times

of deep depression, stimulus to private devotion, assistance in pastoral duties,—all these blessings, and many more, are enfolded in the precious pages bestowed by the Book Fund, which as truly bless a minister's soul as they enrich his library. But although so many of God's poor servants have had reason to thank him for the help afforded them in this important matter through the agency of the Fund, my ambition is by no means satisfied with the present attainments of my work. There are still hundreds of men in the ministry whose stock of books is totally inadequate to their needs, and who, though painfully conscious of their famishing condition, are unable to procure the aliment which would nourish their souls, and promote their spiritual and mental growth. If the Book Fund only ministered to the necessities of these long-settled pastors, its work would be useful and important; but there is the fact to be considered that our colleges of all denominations are constantly sending forth their young recruits to the battle of the Lord; and these are seldom, if ever, "thoroughly furnished" for the warfare which they seek to accomplish. To aid *all* these needy ones, to supply *all* these longing souls, would without doubt require both more means and more management than this quiet little service and its happy servant can ever hope to command; but with this high aim in view, according as God prospers us, so do we deal forth our treasures lovingly and gladly till they be exhausted."

To the Doubting Ones.

BY WILLIAM BRIDGE.

ASK thy soul these questions:—First, Whether there be any gain by doubting? Faith purifies the heart; but doth doubting purify the heart? Secondly, Whether there is anything more pleasing to God than to trust him in and by Jesus Christ, when all comforts are out of view, and when you see nothing but what is contrary to the thing promised? Thirdly, Whether you must not venture upon Christ at the last? and if you must venture upon Christ at the last, why not now? When a man hath to go over a river, though he ride once and again into the water, and come out, saying, I fear it is too deep for me; yet considering that there is no other way for him, he resolves to venture, for, saith he, the longer I stay, the higher the water will rise, and there is no other way for me—I must go through at the last, why not at the first? and so he ventures through. Thus it is with you. You say, "Oh, but my heart is not humbled; oh, but I am a great sinner; and how can I venture upon Jesus Christ?" Will thy heart be more humbled by keeping from Jesus Christ, and wilt thou be less a sinner by keeping from him? No, certainly; for the longer you stay from Christ, the harder it will be to venture on him at the last. Wherefore, if there be ever a poor, drooping, doubting, fearing, trembling heart reading these words, know that I do here, in the name of the Lord, call out to you and say, O soul, man or woman, venture, venture, venture upon Christ now; for you must come to trusting in time at last; and if at last, why not now?

The Remarkable History of Thomas Shillitoe.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part II.

(*Continued from page* 186).

THOSE who are familiar with the chronicle of events in *The Annual Register* will remember that the spring months of 1812 were characterized by widespread trade-rioting in the north of England,—the spite of the mob venting itself against the newly-introduced cloth-workers' machinery; for this cause, in the following year, seventeen men were executed at York. Thomas Shillitoe was deeply moved, and at once resolved that he would pay religious visits to the households of those whom the law had overtaken in their crime, although "the prospect of such a service felt humiliating to the creature beyond words to describe." This painful duty, which conscience directed him to undertake, was duly accomplished; and in the Journal we follow him and his companion from one abode of woe to another, until the descriptions become painfully monotonous. During the riots a manufacturer was murdered, and the perpetrators of the crime were discovered through one of the guilty persons turning king's evidence. Though his turning informer made him one of a despicable class, Thomas Shillitoe felt much concern for this young man, of whom a particular description is given. "On his entering the room," it is said, "he appeared to us raw and ignorant; with such apparent self-condemnation in his countenance, we thought we had not before witnessed; as if he felt himself an outcast, and thought a mark of infamy was set upon him; newly-clad, as we supposed, from the money he had recently received, as the reward of his having discovered his accomplices in the murder, for which they had suffered." Shillitoe's work of mercy amid these scenes of distress was in a degree successful; for not only were many widows and fatherless children comforted and relieved, but the magistrates were successfully interceded with on account of one young man who, "more by constraint than inclination," had been drawn into the riots.

During this same year he experienced sore trial consequent on "a prospect of duty" opening before him in regard to a proposed visit to the Prince Regent, similar to the one paid to George III. in former years. Though not quite so nervous as on the former occasion, the business was not carried through without much dogged determination and mortification of flesh and blood. He was perplexed in regard to the best method of procedure, and at length, after much prayer and consideration, he decided that the best plan would be to write a suitable address, and to take advantage of the best opportunity that presented itself for its presentation. Fully conscious of the responsibility involved in such a piece of business, he sat down "emptied and stripped as to matter," but soon words and thoughts which appeared to be most suitable came faster than he could well write; and then, having taken care that the grammar was seen to, by some competent person, he started for Brighton.

The address, which in its faithful and affectionate outspokenness is

almost unique, is too long for quotation; but if any reader will take the document and read its solemn counsels and warnings in the now deserted saloons of the Pavilion, he will not fail to realize their weighty importance. It is dated the "6th of 8th mo., 1813." Of course he again passed a sleepless time through the night preceding the presentation, and at breakfast on the eventful day he was more "disposed for silence" than for talk. He was greatly agitated, and appears to have been very thankful that a Friend named Mary Rickman was engaged to pray for him. Troubled as he was, he went straight to business without stopping to parley with his feelings, and commissioning a number of persons "to be on the alert and obtain information," he soon learned that the Prince would presently ride on the Downs. Thomas Shillitoe and a few companions accordingly stationed themselves at the yard-gate, but when the royal party appeared they disappointed the Quakers by proceeding in an opposite direction. After pausing a moment, Shillitoe showed his decision by darting forward to fulfil his mission. "The hill being very steep, and the exertion great, my breath was so affected when I came abreast of the Prince, that I was unable to utter a word," he tells us; "I, therefore, pushed on some way before him, in order to recover my breath, my Divine Master giving me hind's feet; I then halted, until the Prince came up to me." When George was sufficiently near, the simple Quaker said, "Will the Prince be pleased to permit me to express a few words to him?" The Regent checked his horse, and bent forward, and politely answered, "Sir, you must excuse me, I am in haste." Not content to lose his opportunity, the Friend continued, "I have a letter for the Prince, will he be pleased to permit me to present him with it?" The final answer was, "You will please give it to Colonel Bloomfield," who then took the packet. "On which," adds Thomas Shillitoe, "I found that my work was not complete until I had requested of the Colonel that care should be taken the Prince had the letter and that it was read. Being assured that this should be the case, this exercise of faith and patience peacefully ended." On the day following a grand entertainment, which was to have been held at the Pavilion, was unaccountably put off, to the great disappointment of many persons; and this left no doubt in the mind of one person that his "request to have the letter read had been complied with."

Thomas Shillitoe harboured the strongest possible objections to play-going, and in 1816 he met with a curious adventure at Barnsley, in connection with a newly-opened theatre in that town. In previous days he had noticed the bad effects which arose from the performances of a band of strolling players who hired a barn; and now, though he did so without effect, he protested against the erection of a permanent building. He went even further, for he circulated throughout the town a handbill against such performances; and though he aroused a good deal of opposition, and received numerous insulting letters, besides getting caricatured on the stage, he in the end came off victorious. The theatre could not be made to pay, and was transformed into a Non-conformist chapel.

In 1821 he landed in Holland, and thence commenced one of those laborious journeys which seemed to constitute the business of his life.

He was an evangelist on board of the packets, he visited both meetings and private families, and his work in prisons was worthy of Howard himself. He called on those highest in authority whenever he obtained an opportunity, and urged them to exercise their influence in the cause of morality and the gospel. He even had an address printed in England for universal distribution among the inhabitants of Hamburg and Altona, a piece of business attended with considerable danger. "I never passed a more trying and distressing two months from exercise of mind," he says, "without an individual to confide in, lest I should involve others in trouble, as well as want of sleep and want of appetite." The distribution without first asking permission of the police was in point of fact an infringement of the law; but the only penalty really incurred was a night passed in the damp and dirty guard-room at Altona. At Hamburg his services were so highly rated that the master of the Stadthouse was anxious for so thorough a reformer to take up his abode in the town. At Altona his arrest made the address which he had circulated far more effective than it would otherwise have been. The keynote of his life at this period was, "I must be content to live one day at a time, avoiding all unnecessary anxiety about the morrow."

One of the striking adventures of this journey was an interview with the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, the whole affair being one of those "trying situations" which Thomas Shillitoe very minutely described. Admonishing crowned heads of their duty to God and their subjects was all along a duty from which his flesh recoiled, but which was nevertheless accomplished with all the determination with which a man of the world pursues his pleasures. His refusal to remove his hat was a small difficulty ever in the way; and on the present occasion the courtier to whom he was chiefly indebted looked in surprise at the Quaker's shabby clothes, over which he had recently spilt a quantity of chocolate, and asked if he really intended to appear before the king in that sorry plight. Nothing daunted at a reproof which touches most men in a tender place, Thomas Shillitoe merely promised to smarten himself in the best manner possible under the circumstances, and on the next morning he was ready to enter the royal chamber—to him really a stripping-room.

When he was actually introduced to the king, the Quaker found himself exceedingly well received. He was thanked, indeed, for the efforts he was making on behalf of the people. He acquainted the king with the reasons that had induced him to leave home, having previously introduced himself by "a short religious communication." One of the abuses which the monarch was asked to abolish was what was called "a little lottery," in which the poorest people were tempted to risk their all, and which fostered among them a taste for gambling. Having accomplished his mission, Shillitoe, who at this time was in a weak state of health, burst into tears, and his earnestness seems to have deeply affected the court.

Having accomplished thus much, he at first felt at liberty to leave Copenhagen; but, on being hindered from doing so by various unforeseen circumstances, he turned his attention to the queen and the princesses. A wish to visit them arose in his mind, and at length the way was opened. Suitable advice was given to the princess royal of

Denmark, while the queen appointed a special season for a more lengthened interview, which in due time took place. Without understanding the language of the country, this godly Quaker won the golden opinions of the highest people in the land.

This journey, which extended through a year and ten months, was continued through Germany, Norway, Sweden, etc., the return route having been through Geneva and France. In several of the cities of France he met with many characteristic adventures, all affording material for a charming narrative had his pen possessed more graphic power. His experience well illustrated the unspeakable discomforts of the road before the era of railways. Thus, on leaving Lyons for Paris, he and his companion found themselves provided with the luxury of "a new-built carriage," which soon turned out to be no luxury at all:—"Took our seats in what is called the *coupé*, which is intended to carry three persons; after we had taken our seats, a third person came, who was a man of such bulk, that we were so wedged down in the carriage as to be obliged to complain of our suffering, on which we were informed, the seat was one foot shorter than the usual measurement allowed for three persons, it being a mistake of the coachmakers." As the journey occupied three days and nights, we can only faintly imagine what the error in measurement must have cost the travellers. Whatever his discomfort, Thomas Shillitoe never shrank from doing all the service which lay in his power at every stage. At one time we find him taking a Lutheran preacher to task for frequenting the theatre after the day's duties were over on Sabbath night; anon he is found giving a similar reproof to a French Protestant pastor for playing away the Sunday hours at bowls. He also tried to put down bull-baiting at Nismes, by admonishing the bishop. The mayors, and others in authority at other places, seem to have listened to his exhortations with respect, if not with actual gratitude.

(*To be continued.*)

"Yes, Father!"

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IN a beautiful English churchyard is a small grave remarkable for its simplicity. It is evidently the resting-place of a little lad who loved his Saviour. The inscription is as follows:—

"Freddy!" . . .
. . . "Yes, Father!"

Let us enter the cemetery gate, and see the place where they laid him.

A lovely view, and an avenue
Of weeping willow trees:
The only sound in the burial-ground
The gently sighing breeze.

A tiny mound with flowers strewn round,
A simple stone at the head,
On which they carve an epitaph,
The simplest ever read.

Some laddie dear lies buried here
Whose heart to Christ was given.
The Father took the Lamb's life-book
And called his child to heaven.

"Freddy!" he cried, and Freddy replied,
"Yes, Father!" in childlike glee,
And angels said to dying Fred,
"Arise, he calleth thee!"

The Shepherd's voice made his heart rejoice,
He ran to the call of love;
Ran to be pressed to the Saviour's breast,—
"Yes, Father, I'm coming above!"

"Good-bye to mother, and father, and brother,
My Saviour's at the gate:
If Jesus came his lamb to claim
I must not let him wait."

"Yes, Father, yes, I love them less
Than thy dear self and Son,
Dear as they are, thou'rt dearer far,
The chiefest, fairest one!"

"Sweet home of mine! thou ne'er canst shine
Bright as the home on high:
No love can love like Father's love;
Break! break! earth's strongest tie!

"Willing rather to be with Father,
I'm here, for thou didst call;
Yes, I am ready," said little Freddy,
"To say 'Farewell' to all."

* * * * *

"Be ready too," he says to you
(He, being dead, can speak);
"You'll early find the Saviour kind
If you will early seek."

But if he came and called *your* name,
And you were still unready,
You'd have to die, but could not cry,
"Yes, Father!" as did Freddy.

A Philanthropist in Siberia.*

FOR some time the author of "Through Siberia" has been known to us as an explorer, who seemed to combine the intrepidity of Livingstone with the philanthropic aspirations of Howard; and for this reason we are glad to welcome a complete account of the very remarkable tour he lately undertook in one of the most extensive and imperfectly known regions of the world. Probably some readers may have seen references to Mr. Lansdell's exploits in the Reports of either the Bible or the Religious Tract Society; but, in addition to these, he contributed a series of articles to *The Times*, which naturally had the effect of quickening public curiosity in his adventures. By going over thousands of miles of territory, a part of which had never before been traversed by Englishmen; and by patiently studying the social and religious life of the people—especially the condition of the exiles—he has earned the right to rank as a chief authority on Siberian matters. While confessing that he is not a politician, and that he did not travel as the agent of any society, he assures us that nothing is either exaggerated or kept back. "I could not, of course, see matters as a prisoner would," he adds; "but I wish to state that, having visited prisons in every country of Europe, I have given here an unprejudiced statement of what I saw and heard in the prisons and mines of Siberia." The book of such a writer is of permanent value; the more so because he is able to convict a number of preceding authors—professed gleaners in the same field—of ludicrous or even malevolent misrepresentation. To a great extent Russia, in its remote corners, is still only semi-civilized; but it does not redound to the credit of our own civilization when English authors circulate falsehood in regard to the Muscovite government.

The two vast provinces of Eastern and Western Siberia, whither Russia has for long past banished her criminal offenders, have a population corresponding in numbers to that of our own metropolis—about four millions. This total, however, is scattered over an area measuring no less than 3,500 miles from east to west, and rather more than a third of that distance from north to south, comprising a quarter of the Asiatic continent. Every season the caravans which trade between Russian cities and China traverse the entire route, the great rivers with which the region is provided not yet having been thoroughly utilized.

Though Mr. Lansdell may have turned longing eyes towards this comparatively unknown land, it was not until he was persuaded to do so by a Finnish philanthropist named Alba Hellmann, that he actually decided on undertaking a tour of exploration. He did not know that he would ever have leisure sufficient to carry out such a purpose, that money would be forthcoming, or even that the St. Petersburgh authorities would allow of his visiting the prisons and mines. When in health, Alba Hellmann had visited the prisons of her native province with

* "Through Siberia." By Henry Lansdell. Illustrated with forty-three engravings, route and ethnographical maps, and photograph of the author in salmon-skin costume of the Gilyaks of the Lower Amur. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1882.

the enthusiasm of Elizabeth Fry; but overtaken by heart disease, and thus disabled, her exhortation, "Pastor Lansdell, go yourself to Siberia," was all the more touching. From first to last the lady wrote several letters, supplying information concerning Siberia, and drawing a sombre picture of the unhappy condition of the convict population. "A generous friend" offered to contribute the expenses of the proposed journey; and thus a start was made in April, 1879.

Mr. Lansdell's object was to confer some benefit on the people of the country—the exiles and natives of Siberia; and though he saw that ignorance of their language would prevent his having direct communication with the people, he knew how he could confer benefit in other ways. He could, at least, supply Scriptures and other evangelical books. "When travelling in the Russian interior in 1878," he says, "persons were met with who had never seen a complete New Testament, and I reasoned that a general distribution of such books in Siberia, whether by sale or gift, would be doubly useful; besides which, I intended to be on the look-out for such other opportunities of usefulness as might present themselves and be allowed me." The number of Testaments, Bible portions, and evangelical publications sold and given away amounted to nearly fifty-six thousand, including works in the Hebrew, Russian, Polish, French, German, Tartar, and Mongolian languages. Mr. Smithies' "British Workman" was made to assume a Muscovite dress; and large pictorial broadsides, especially one of the Prodigal Son, appear to have found plenty of favour. When he left Moscow, towards the middle of May, the adventurous traveller's baggage filled three lumbering native waggons.

As his work lay chiefly among the exiles, Mr. Lansdell gives particulars of the numbers and condition of that criminal section of the Siberian population. The numbers who annually go into exile may reach from seventeen to twenty thousand; but a large proportion of these are wives and children of the prisoners. The chief part are ordinary offenders, the political exiles being but a small percentage of the whole. The educational state of the prisoners is very low, and in a greater degree, even than with ourselves, drunkenness accounts for most of their crimes. There are many grades of punishment; those who are deprived of all social and political rights being practically outlawed. We can with difficulty comprehend the woes of the convicts banished to a vast country, whose distance cuts them off from communication with friends, and excludes all hope of return. If numbers really escape it does not very clearly appear what becomes of them; although in the case of ordinary workpeople, who have decamped from the mines with a quantity of stolen gold, their corpses have sometimes been found weighted with precious metal, but starved to death. The condition of the convicts proper, bad as it must necessarily remain in such a country is decidedly on the mend, the account which Mr. Lansdell is able to supply contrasting very favourably with the sensational descriptions hitherto offered as delineations of Siberian life. Food being abundant, the diet allowed is liberal in quantity and fair in quality. The knout has long since been abolished, corporal punishment being reserved, as it is in England, for desperate characters whom no better treatment will tame. Some surprise will be felt at the assertion that

no quicksilver mine exists in Siberia; for it is in connection with these supposed underground death-traps that many horror-striking pictures of inhuman treatment have been drawn.

In following Mr. Lansdell through his extended tour space will only allow of our looking chiefly at the philanthropic side of his labours, otherwise his charming book abounds with ethnological, botanical, and historical notes, as well as other references to the manners and customs of the different races, which will repay careful attention.

While Siberia is rich in minerals and other undeveloped wealth, the people appear to be still richer in time. "Days to them are of little consequence; hours of no moment," we are told. "With them time is *not* money." This means that everybody goes forward in life very leisurely. No one is in a hurry; a steamboat time-table will simply give the day of the month when a vessel will call at any given station, leaving the tourist himself to find out whether it is a.m. or p.m. by waiting in expectancy through the twenty-four hours. After this we are quite prepared for the traveller's statement that in no other country did he ever meet with a tenth part of the card-playing he witnessed in Siberia. No less than one hundred and ten tons of cards pass over the Moscow-Petersburgh railway every year. The Russians appear to be deficient in manly and innocent pastimes; and this is thought to be one reason why the young yield to the temptations held out by drink and gambling.

The entire area of Siberia is subject to the Greek church; and notwithstanding its vastness, there are but six dioceses, 1515 churches, 1509 priests, and eighteen nunneries and monasteries, containing only a little over two hundred inmates. The sees are divided into deaneries, and a single priest will have committed to his charge an extensive parish with several thousand inhabitants. The parochial committees, who appear to do the "table-serving," visit the people, and arrange what each shall pay. The churches are kept surprisingly clean, even in the remotest and most out-of-the-way places.

Though the service of the church is sufficiently Ritualistic, Mr. Lansdell is of opinion that, in regard to its teaching, it contrasts favourably with the Roman apostasy. Among its worst features he mentions picture-worship, and the excessive vanity in regard to dress which is manifested by certain of the higher clergy. We read of a metropolitan's garment at Moscow which weighs fifty pounds, so heavily is it adorned with costly gems; but even this is outdone by an archimandrite's robe at Troitza, which cost £600 for mere workmanship, and which is worth £11,000. The music in some of the principal churches is quite on a par with this magnificence of dress; but unhappily such things have no effect in raising the degraded people from the ignorance and vice to which they are the captives. The ordinary services are of tedious length—the complete prayer-book fills twenty folio volumes—and they are hurried through in the ancient language, which, as an obsolete dialect, is not understood. In what sense, then, can such a church be considered better than the Roman?

Our author writes, "Russia did not receive the religion of Jesus Christ in its purity. The merest tyro in church history knows that when the stream of Christianity had flowed down to the tenth century, it was no

longer pure as at its source. But follow the stream as it branches east and west, and observe which of the two remains the purer. And if this be said to be *negative*, and much of it belonging to the past, then other considerations may be adduced which seem to bring the Greek Church nearer to the English than many suppose, and notably so in two vital points, namely, the attitude of the Russian Church to the Holy Scriptures, and her doctrine respecting salvation through Christ alone. She does not forbid or hide the Scriptures from the people, even if she neglects them, nor has she stereotyped her errors by the claim to infallibility. There is room, therefore, to hope for a change for the better, which, in my humble opinion, should be attempted from within; first, by a greater circulation and more general study of the Scriptures; next, by a vastly increased amount of good and Scriptural preaching; and once more, by a powerful attack on the prevailing sin of intemperance. Would the priests only endeavour to instil into their people, respecting drink, half the abstemiousness and self-denial that they teach them to observe concerning forbidden food, they would render Russia such a service as I have no words to express."

The Russians are supposed to have very strong religious tendencies, and this would seem to be the case judging from the numbers who attend the churches, and from their eagerness for knowledge. At a station called Kansk, between Krasnoiarsk and Alexandreffsky, one hundred out of two thousand parishioners were said to be readers; and while three or four hundred attended the Sabbath services, one thousand or fifteen hundred came on special occasions. The pastor at this place gave "some idea of the desire there is for the Scriptures in remote parts of Siberia by saying that on one occasion he bought two hundred New Testaments and took them to Minusinsk, where he sold them in a single day at a rouble each." The experience of Mr. Lansdell more than corroborated the truth of this testimony. At the post-stations, after leaving Tomsk, copies of the Gospels, at three halfpence each, were purchased with eagerness. "Sometimes three or four were bought by one person," remarks the traveller; and it not unfrequently happened that the first purchaser would run off to tell others of his good fortune, and bid them lose no time in following his example. This was usually done whilst the horses were being changed; but if we stopped for a meal, and it was noised abroad in the village that tracts were being given away, we were taken by storm, and sometimes could scarcely eat in peace for the numbers who came to ask for our gifts." This village distribution represents some of the most admirable service; but something far greater was accomplished; for by the time that Mr. Lansdell had crossed Asia, he had left at different stations a sufficient number of Testaments and Gospels for a copy to be placed "in every room of every prison, and in every ward of every hospital throughout the whole of Siberia."

The eagerness of the common people to possess the publications was shared by the exiled prisoners. These poor offenders, many of whom are murderers, were willing to pay for what they received whenever they had the means. On a convict steamer, on the way to Tomsk, the money was quickly collected for forty-four copies of the New Testament; and having "nothing to read" appeared to be the sorest affliction of

prisoners at Alexandreffsky, when relief in the shape of one hundred and sixty Testaments and five hundred tracts was afforded. At Irkutsk, the prison was reported as being well supplied with literature ; but the traveller experienced some disappointment when he found thirty pounds' worth of well-bound volumes all kept in prim order "in case the inspector should come." Mr. Lansdell made the governor understand that that was not the way to treat the Scriptures; and it is to be hoped his promise "to look into the matter" was something more than a passing compliment.

Some good service in the way of distribution was also effected on the Upper and the Middle Amur. Mr. Lansdell boarded a capacious two-deck barge, filled with seamen, who were returning home with their families from service in the Pacific; and among these people he immediately disposed of a score of New Testaments. Fourteen copies were also sold to the captain. Besides this, copies for general use were placed in the cabins, where pictorial broadsides were likewise placed on the walls to excite the admiration of the crew and passengers. At wood-stations on the Middle Amur he frequently landed, and left numbers of Testaments and tracts among people who probably never before in their lives looked upon the face of an Englishman anxious for their enlightenment and salvation. Curiosity was aroused among the passengers until they in turn became purchasers.

"One day, on the Shilka," he says, "I sold more than thirty copies, some of them to very poor-looking persons. A merchant on board wished to invest largely, but I was unwilling to sell wholesale, preferring to scatter my stock over as wide an area as possible. I found, moreover, that travelling merchants in Siberia ask a shilling for the books I was selling at sixpence ; and although, considering the difficulties of carriage from Petersburg, this was not perhaps exorbitant, yet I wished rather to bring my wares directly within reach of as many purchasers as possible, and even to *give* them, if necessary, in lonely and far-off places. We reached some out-of-the way spots on the Obi by sending parcels of books to the priests with a letter, but this I was unable to do on the Upper and Middle Amur."

Such was the kind of work accomplished by this adventurous philanthropist, who since his return to England has received gratifying testimony concerning the fruits of his labours. Even from Archangel intelligence has come of fresh demands for the Scriptures which his distributions have stimulated. At the post-station, in the cottages of the peasants, and in houses of a higher class, the tens of thousands of publications, scattered by Mr. Lansdell, will be treasured for years to come, and will be the means of enlightening those who read. "I believed that in those Scriptures and tracts there were germs of new life, and thought, and hope," he says. "I remembered what reading the Scriptures had done for men in other lands,—for Luther in his cell, and Bunyan in prison; and having sown the seed, I was content to leave it with him in whose name I went forth."

One of the main evils yet remaining to be conquered in Russia is intemperance. To that vice much of the crime of the country is traceable, and teetotalism has made so little progress either among clergy or laity that an abstaining priest is one of the rarest of

phenomena. It is even thought that drunkenness, with its kindred vices of gambling and laziness, is actually encouraged by the excessive number of holy days in the ecclesiastical calendar. These times are observed more strictly than the Sabbath in regard to fasting and abstaining from work; but the reaction often leads to excess.

It may just be mentioned that one of the most interesting spots visited by Mr. Lansdell was the station whence the agents of the London Missionary Society were banished about forty years ago. The premises are described as resembling an English farmyard; and there the graves of Mrs. Stalybrass, Mrs. Yule, and several children are still found. The traveller adds that "the lady who occupied the house told us that now and then a traveller turns aside to see the spot, and that the ignorant people say that the English people come out of their graves at night—a report she is at no pains to contradict, on the plea that, as the house is in a lonely position, the idea may conduce to protect her from thieves." How shortsighted must the government have become to refuse the aid of a band like Mr. Stalybrass and his comrades who were simply working in the interests of religion and civilization! Besides keeping a school, they aimed at giving the Buriats the Scriptures in their own language. They printed the Old Testament on the spot—much after the manner of Carey at Serampore—and the New Testament was printed in London, but the missionaries were compelled to retire from the field.

In this notice of Mr. Lansdell's travels, we have almost confined our attention to what he says about the church, or to what he did in the way of Bible and tract distribution; but apart from this we value his book as one of the most readable volumes on Russian affairs. In one direction for seven hundred miles he went whither no English or American author had preceded him; he was allowed every opportunity of seeing both the best and the worst phases of Siberian life; and his final verdict is that "taken at the worst, 'condemned to the mines' is not so bad as it seems, and in the case of peasant exiles willing to work I cannot but think that many of them have a better chance of doing well in several parts of Siberia than at home in some parts of Russia." Mr. Lansdell has travelled for the highest purposes; for besides giving wings to nearly sixty thousand Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and tracts, he has given us what was hitherto a desideratum in literature—a portrayal of life in the Siberian provinces, which is calculated to foster kindly feelings between two great empires.

Christian carefulness.

SIR PETER LELY made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that, whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply this to bad books and bad company.—*From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*

The Three "Thens" of Leviticus xxvi.

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

IN the twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Leviticus there are three "THENS," which will afford us instruction if the Spirit of God will shine upon them. Turn to the passage and read for yourselves.

We have first the THEN of promise and *threatening* repeated several times. The children of Israel were not to make any graven images, nor to set up any images made by others, nor to bow to those already set up, but to keep clear of idolatry in every shape, and worship only their great invisible God, Jehovah, whose Sabbaths they were to keep and whose precepts they were to obey; and *then* the Lord says, "Then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid: and I will rid evil beasts out of the land, neither shall the sword go through your land. And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people." Very rich are the blessings which the Lord lavishes upon an obedient people; peace and plenty, conquest and communion, are the portion of believers whose hearts are chaste towards the Lord.

But should Israel refuse to hearken to the Lord, the chastening would be terrible indeed.

Listen to these verses from the fifteenth to the eighteenth. "And if ye shall despise my statutes, or if your soul abhor my judgments, so that ye will not do all my commandments, but that ye break my covenant: I also will do this unto you; I will even appoint over you terror, consumption, and the burning ague, that shall consume the eyes, and cause sorrow of heart: and ye shall sow your seed in vain, for your enemies shall eat it. And I will set my face against you, and ye shall be slain before your enemies: they that hate you shall reign over you; and ye shall flee when none pursueth you. And if ye will not yet for all this hearken unto me, *then* I will punish you seven times more for your sins."

Is not this first "*then*" a very terrible one? But this is not all; more sorrows are added if their sins be multiplied. Read verses 23 and 24: "And if ye will not be reformed by me by these things, but will walk contrary unto me; then will I also walk contrary unto you, and will punish you yet seven times for your sins." Here we have stroke upon stroke to break a hard heart. Nor even there does the judgment rest. Hear again the word of the Lord—"And if ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins." Brethren, read these words with holy trembling: they are written not for strangers but for the seed of Israel, and for us also who are grafted in unto the true olive. Those who are written in the eternal covenant will find it a hard thing to sin against the Lord their God. The utterly ungodly often go unpunished in this life, for their punishment is reserved for the world to come, where the due reward of their deeds shall be meted out to them for ever and ever; but the Lord dealeth far otherwise with his own, whose transgressions

he hath blotted out. These are absolved in their relation to him as a Judge, but as children they come under his fatherly discipline, and out of love to them he causes them in this life to smart for their sins if they break the law of his house. As our covenant God the Lord is jealous. He is no Eli who ruins his sons by indulgence, but he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Very heavily has the Lord chastised some of his children. I ask you not to judge of one case by another, nor suppose that all the family must needs be scourged in the same measure. The Lord speaks of the Church as having compassion and making a difference, and he in mercy makes differences in discipline, because real differences of character exist. Certain of the Lord's beloved ones were happily led to Christ in their early days, and therefore know nothing of those sins which are the torment of others; when these are kept by divine grace from all inconsistency the rod is little needed, and few clouds darken their path; but there are others of rougher mould and sadder experience, who smarted much at their first conversion, and having wandered again are brought back with heavy chastisements, and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them. The Lord may be dealing in discipline with some among you, and if so, you will smart indeed, for the heavenly Father never plays with the rod, but uses it in real earnest. It may be that sorrow of heart consumes your eyes, and your strength is spent in vain: a blight from the Lord seems to have fallen upon you both in temporal and in spiritual things; you sow, but you do not reap; you labour and obtain not. A faintness is in your head, so that the sound of a shaken leaf doth chase you, and you have no power to stand before your enemies: Sin and Satan, doubt and desolation triumph over you, and you flee when none pursueth. To you it has happened as in the nineteenth verse, "I will break the pride of your power," for now you find no spiritual power within you, even power in prayer is gone, and all around you is barren; God hath made your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass. Ah me! you are in a woful plight, for your strength is spent in vain, and your plagues are multiplied according to your sins.

It comes to this, my dear brothrer, that you are to be driven from your sins. God is "avenging the quarrel of his covenant," as he solemnly says in verse twenty-five. Read that word and mark it. It is an awful thing to have God walking contrary to you; and yet he told you that he would do so if you walked contrary to him. What else could you expect? If you are his dear child he will be much grieved if he sees you act like a traitor; if you have leaned upon his bosom as a favoured friend, he has a greater interest in you; and he cannot therefore endure to see you polluted. The dearer you are to God, the more angry will he be with you when you sin. The more he loves you, the more determined will he be to drive out the evil, and rid you of the abominable thing which his soul hateth. A judge when he is sitting upon the bench may feel a great indignation against a robber, or a murderer, yet he does not show it, but calmly condemns him to suffer the penalty of the law. See that judge without his robes, acting as a father at home: his child has transgressed, and now he is really angry, and shows far more sharpness towards his child than towards the offender. He who spoke in cold measured tones to the gross criminal now speaks severely,

and with heat of spirit to his own offending boy. You all understand it; his wrath is of that kind which grows out of the truest love, a love which cannot suffer evil in its darling object. The child does not think his father loves him much when he makes him tingle and smart beneath his strokes, but we who are wiser understand that "herein is love."

When God chastens you, my brother, yield at once, and yield completely. If you do not, you may take warning from this chapter, for the Lord puts his threatening before you three times over, "And if ye will not be reformed by me by these things, but will walk contrary unto me; then will I also walk contrary unto you, and will punish you yet seven times for your sins." The old Roman judges when they passed along the streets were attended by lictors, and these lictors carried an axe bound up in a bundle of rods, to signify this, that offenders should first be beaten with rods, but if these rods were of no use they should be slain with the axe. I beseech every soul that is under the striving influences of the Spirit, or suffering from the trials of Providence, to hear at once the warning voice of the rod; for those who will not hear the rod must feel the axe. The Lord useth great discretion and deliberation, for he doth not afflict willingly: when little will suffice he will smite but little. If men humble themselves under his mighty hand he will exalt them in due time; but, if they refuse and rebel, he will smite them more and more, till he has chastened them seven times for their sins. "*Then* I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins." We have known some men lose all their goods before they have turned to their God. Diseases, accidents, sicknesses have followed each other in quick succession, and hardly would they repent when they were all wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. Death has rent away their darlings; lovely children have been followed to the grave by their yet more precious mother; and hardly then has the proud spirit broken down. It has seemed as if Pharaoh was alive again, and the plagues were being repeated. Alas, in some cases there has even been a hardening as the result of affliction; the man has accused God of harshness, and has refused to turn to the chastening hand. Ah, me! what sorrows such are preparing for themselves. Those whom the Lord means to bless he will go on smiting till they bow before him, and make a full surrender. THEN, when they continue to rebel, *then* when they still harden their neck, *then* when they will not hear the rod, *then* when they cleave to their idols and depart from the Most High, *then* he will make them to pine away in their iniquity and will set his face against them.

We are glad to come to the second THEN *of wise and penitent action.* In the fortieth verse of this chapter we read, "If they shall confess their iniquity, and the iniquity of their fathers, with their trespass which they trespassed against me, and that also they have walked contrary unto me; and that I also have walked contrary unto them, and have brought them into the land of their enemies; if *then* their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they *then* accept of the punishment of their iniquity: *Then* will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and also my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will

I remember; and I will remember the land." They were brought very low: they were even driven out of their land to perish among the heathen; and God seemed utterly to have cast them off, but he declares that even *then* he would remember his covenant and restore them, if they would turn from their iniquities,—their turning from iniquity would be the turning-point of their affairs; the end of woe, and the dawn of hope.

I beg you to look at the call of mercy, and see when judgment will stay its hand. They were first to "confess their iniquity," and then would come the mercy, but not till then. O you chastened ones, are you prepared to acknowledge your transgressions, and your doings which are not good? They were to confess their trespass, their own peculiar trespass, whatever that might be; their hearts were to search out sin, confess it and mourn over it; *then* would forgiveness come,—there can be no pardon till this is done. We must take sin to ourselves before God can put it away from us. Next, their heart was to be humbled: see the forty-first verse—"If their uncircumcised hearts be humbled." Proud sinners cannot be pardoned sinners. If we are not submissive there are more plagues in store. They were to be lowly, and *then* they would be cleansed from sin. Humility dates the hour of comfort. Observe, also, the peculiar point, that they were to accept the punishment of their iniquity, by which, I suppose, is meant that they must see their sorrow to be the result of their sin, and must own that it was a just infliction, a natural fruit of their own conduct. We are to have no quarrel with God, but to own that we deserve all that he has put upon us, and that if he should cast us into hell itself he would be just: *then*, may we look for grace. If a child should say, "Father, you do well to punish me, for I deserve it," the father would put up the rod, for it would have wrought its end; and when a soul has been sore broken, till it sobs out in its agony, "I deserve thy rod; I deserve thy eternal wrath, O God," *then*, *then*, *then* it is that the Lord accepts the repentance, and looks with an eye of mercy upon the contrite one.

The third THEN will be observed in the forty-second verse. "Then will I remember my covenant"—"*Then* will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and also my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember; and I will remember the land. The land also shall be left of them, and shall enjoy her sabbaths, while she lieth desolate without them: and they shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity: because, even because they despised my judgments, and because their soul abhorred my statutes." "Yet for all that," he mentions all their sins, and he says in the forty-fourth verse, "Yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them: for I am the Lord their God. But I will for their sakes remember the covenant of their ancestors, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt in the sight of the heathen, that I might be their God: I am the Lord." Now, fellow-sinner, when the Lord has brought you down to accept the punishment which he has laid upon you, then will he remember his covenant, that old and glorious covenant of grace which was made with faithful Abraham, which, better still, is made with every believer in the person of the Lord Jesus.

Abraham was the father of the faithful, and the covenant is made with all the faithful, with all the trusters, and God will remember it towards them. What is the tenor of it? "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." This is the covenant of grace, and oh! it is a blessed thing when God remembers it on our behalf, for then he remembers no more the iniquities of his people. Poor sinner, though he has hunted you down and pursued you in his fierce anger, though conviction has broken you as a lion tears its prey, though you fear that the Lord has cast you away from all hope of grace, and outlawed you from all hope, yet if you accept your punishment, then you, even you, shall sing of pardon bought with blood.

"*Then*" when you are proud he will smite you; "*then*," when he has smitten you, you are to accept your punishment; "*then*," when you have accepted your punishment and confessed your sin, the Lord will remember his covenant, and forgive all your iniquity. Observe well the three steps: chastisement when you are wrapped up in your iniquities; genuine submission when you feel the chastisement; and full covenant blessing when your submission is fully made. If any of us are now smarting, may we hasten there and *then* to full confession, and may we *then* receive restoration and comfort. God is very punctual, may he never find us procrastinating.

God grant that we may be kept from sin, or if we fall into it, may he deliver us from its power; and if one of these *thens* happens to us, may the others follow in merciful succession.

John Thomas:

FIRST BAPTIST MISSIONARY TO BENGAL.*

OUR first missionary has gone out of the remembrance of the denomination to which he belonged, and the little notice he has obtained from those who have written of Indian missions seems to be due to the desire to use him as a foil, setting off the excellences of others, rather than to any wish to relate his services to the cause of Christ. This ought not to be, for let John Thomas's foibles and faults, eccentricities and errors, be what they may, he was the first man who made it the business of his life to convey the gospel to the Bengali-speaking people of India, and he was also the instrument employed to lead the Baptist Missionary enterprise in the direction of Bengal. Of him Mr. Marshman wrote—"Though he was not without his failings, yet his peculiar talents, his intense though irregular spirituality, and his constant attachment to that beloved object, the conversion of the heathen, will render his memory dear as long as the mission endures."

Mr. Thomas was the son of a deacon of the Baptist church at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, and was born on the 16th of May, 1757. From

* 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., London.

a child he had extraordinary stirrings of mind to the work of the ministry, and no doubt the desire was both created and fostered by the frequent visits of ministers to his father's house. Yet he was a source of great anxiety to his parents and friends, for he ran away to London, and eight or nine attempts to settle him as an apprentice proved fruitless. At last, however, he was sent to Westminster Hospital, and in 1784 he received an appointment as assistant-surgeon on board His Majesty's ship *Nymph*, whence he was afterwards removed to the Southampton frigate. He suffered shipwreck, was long laid aside ill in the Haslar Naval Hospital, and soon after, leaving the navy, began business as a surgeon and apothecary in Great Newport-street, London. In March, 1781, he was married to a lady who was a strong advocate for the Church of England. At this period he was often refreshed and aroused by sermons he heard, and Dr. Gill's exposition of the gospel of Matthew was his favourite study. A season of spiritual decline and failure in business followed, and he was led to take the post of surgeon of the *Earl of Oxford*, one of the East India Company's ships. This was in January, 1783. "On my arrival at Calcutta," he says, "I sought for religious people, but found none." He discovered one at last, however, but he was not long in discovering also that he was one as accustomed to taking God's name in vain as he was "a strict observer of devotional hours." After this he advertised in the *India Gazette* for a Christian, and to this he received two replies, one of which was anonymous, and the other from the chaplain to the Presidency. The *Earl of Oxford* sailed for England on the 16th of March, 1784, and arrived about the end of September.

On his return Mr. Thomas was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Burnham, of the Soho Chapel, without, however, any purpose of joining the church under that minister's care. This was on Christmas day, 1784. He made another attempt to establish himself in surgical practice, in Great Portland-street, but much of his time being devoted to preaching his success was not great in business. Friends entreated him to devote his time to his calling, for "while the dishonour of debt rested upon him" this appeared to them to be his first duty. A friend at last induced him to make another voyage in the *Earl of Oxford*, in 1786, and it was while awaiting the time of departure that he was invited to become the pastor of a small Baptist church at Hoddesdon. "But this," he said, "did not satisfy me. It may be that the Lord will take me another voyage, and among the unconverted desolate heathen he may send me to preach the gospel. . . . I abode in surprise and joy, believing that what the Lord had said (in Isaiah xlix.) would verily come to pass." On this second voyage to Calcutta Mr. Thomas availed himself of a privilege allowed all the principal officers on board East Indiamen, viz., to carry a certain amount of tonnage for sale on their own account. His profits were "more than enough to release him from all pecuniary difficulties" had they not led him to "venture yet more freely in the purchase of goods for the return voyage," a proceeding that ended in disaster, which affected all his subsequent life.

Mr. Thomas found a number of Christian friends in Calcutta this time, and from some of these he received a proposal that he should become a missionary, and eight young men then in colleges at home

were named also "as fit persons to be invited to this work." No wonder, then, that even the unpleasantness which began at this time between him and his fellow-officers of the ship helped to bring him to a decision, and "the impressions he had received in August, 1785, when Isaiah xlix. appeared to set forth before him God's purpose as to his career, were now vividly revived." Indeed, Mr. Thomas was persuaded that even Paul's vocation to preach the gospel in Macedonia was less distinct and direct than that which now determined him to devote his life to the evangelization of Bengal.

As a Baptist, Mr. Thomas could hardly have hoped for smooth sailing when all his supporters were Pædobaptists, even though on one occasion he was the means of healing a wide breach that he discerned in their friendship. It was planned that he should go to Malda, where Mr. George Udny would, for the present, entertain him in the English factory. There he was to study Bengali, and preach in English to the Europeans, under Mr. Udny's direction. Doctrinal differences between him and his friends in Calcutta induced Mr. Thomas readily to acquiesce in this plan, though his ministry had been much blessed in that city. At Malda he had the oversight of a school of children saved during a famine, and "purchased for less than an English threepence each." His skill as a doctor, too, was constantly employed for the natives, and his influence rapidly increased, seeing he also acted as Mr. Udny's almoner. While thus happily employed his correspondence with Calcutta friends was producing disastrous results. Some of them soon began to regard as "a very grievous mistake that Mr. Grant had attempted to give effect to his mission scheme by engaging the agency of a Baptist."

The acquisition of the Bengali language was no easy task at the time Mr. Thomas attempted it. "Standard books in it were unknown." Still he persevered, and was encouraged by the success of the efforts he put forth, though unable at first to "deliver himself handsomely, or, in other words, to preach to them." His first sermon was based on Isaiah ii. 6, and lv. 1-9, and was addressed to his servants and the forty children under his care. It was repeated to about two hundred hearers on the following Friday in another place. The next text he preached from was Romans vi. 23, and he had it "written in red ink on twenty pieces of paper for them that could read." "These," he says, "were caught at like as many bank-notes, and eager were they for more." Such was the beginning of our mission, which has been continued by noble and earnest labourers in the vernacular ever since, and which has been the means in God's hands of bringing eternal life, which is the gift of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, to thousands of natives!

About this time he carried on a long controversy on baptism with his friends, both at Malda and Calcutta. Two young men at the former place resolved to be immersed, but one afterwards drew back. Probably the first administration of baptism in India, according to the scriptural mode, was performed by Mr. Thomas on the 13th of June, 1788. It is not surprising that he received letters from Calcutta questioning his authority to baptize, disputing his call to the ministry, and the like. "Could any association be more incongruous or more fully fraught with elements of discord than was the engagement between them and

himself?" Mr. Thomas, however, bore this cross for the work's sake, though he never ceased to feel keenly his dependent position and the precariousness of his income. His friends had already "shown their anxiety for his release from his pecuniary difficulties by generous proposals which had unhappily become abortive, and they thought, since Mr. Thomas had practically declined their help," by refusing to go where they now desired to place him, "he ought to give up his missionary work, and go back to his former profession, in order, if possible, to meet the demands of his creditors." His resolve, at this juncture, to print his translation of Matthew, promised both to increase his debts and the displeasure of his supporters. Thus his difficulties increased daily, and it is not to be wondered at that his connection with them was severed roughly.

Associated with a Brahmin and a munshi, Mr. Thomas spent some trying months in a hut erected by him at Harla Gachi. His pecuniary difficulties were increased thereby, and he thought of removing to Calcutta, where he might exercise his profession, and strive to pay his creditors. He was greatly disappointed by his native helpers refusing to break caste and be baptized; yet he was sufficiently encouraged in his work to give up the idea of journeying to Calcutta for the present. "I am in expectation of seven or eight being added to us," he wrote, "and about sixty or eighty nominally, who will all lose caste, forsake heathenism, and become stated hearers." Those who actually joined him, however, merely aggravated his cares and increased his debts, for he had the burden of finding daily support for them all. At last he went to Calcutta, and on his return journey visited Sir William Jones, at his country house at Kishnagur, and received great encouragement from him to proceed with the publication of Matthew and Mark. "The stir among the natives excited an interest in the minds of their European neighbours, and they at length consented to a monthly contribution for the missionary's support" once more. This led to his preaching again in English at Malda. But discouragements were still mingled with his prosperity; and he turned his hopes longingly now towards his loved ones in England. In a letter, at this time, he says, "My intention is to make types, procure a press, also a fellow-labourer; and, if I can, establish a fund in London for the support of this work." It was his brother whom he hoped to have with him in the work. Mr. Thomas's debts were now very heavy, and he intended "to appease his creditors, to regain his family, to come out again, and to go into practice" if necessary. In his work among the natives he had ever stood quite alone, unaided and unencouraged in any true sense by his English friends. Alone he bore anxieties, and alone he cherished hopes; for he was "the one man in all Bengal who practically cared for the people perishing for lack of knowledge." No wonder he thought of dear Old England, and the many sympathizers he would meet there! He took a letter from his two native helpers to Dr. Stennett, and on the 8th of July, 1792, he arrived safely on English soil, and among his friends.

The Baptist Missionary Society was formed the very year that Mr. Thomas returned. His correspondence with Dr. Stennett and others had not been very widely circulated, though it was known to some that his purpose in visiting England was to raise a fund for a mission to

Bengal, as well as to secure a colleague to return with him. The secretary was therefore instructed to make enquiries concerning "Mr. Thomas's character, principles, abilities, and success." All know that Mr. Thomas accepted the proposal afterwards made him by the committee, that "Brother Carey then voluntarily offered to go with him," and that the two brethren were solemnly commended to God at Leicester on the 20th of March. The story of their voyage and arrival is as well known, and need not to be retold here.

Even before they reached Calcutta Mr. Thomas preached to some natives in a market, and a large number listened. "One of them afterwards prepared them a dinner, which was served out upon plantain leaves, and which they ate, in primitive style, without knife or fork." Arriving at Calcutta, various plans were discussed, and the £150 which the Society had granted for twelve months' support, was invested in articles of merchandise, which now had to be disposed of to the best advantage. Mr. Thomas kept house for both families till they went to Bandel. They soon had to return to Calcutta, however, "Mr. Thomas to open business as a surgeon," and Mr. Carey to await the openings of Providence. When land was offered to the latter, all their money had been expended, and Mr. Thomas was in debt. What Mr. Carey wrote at this period to Mrs. Thomas's lasting disadvantage, he himself afterwards desired "for ever suppressed and buried in oblivion!" So let it be!

A visit to his Malda friends now resulted in Mr. Thomas receiving charge of an indigo factory then being erected in Moypaldiggy; and his "entreaty that his brother Carey also might be employed in the same way met with a ready acceptance." In some respects Mr. Thomas's residence at Moypaldiggy was "the happiest period of his missionary life. He began it with a good knowledge of the language of the people around him"; his influence was extensive; he had a sufficient income; his family were with him; and a colleague had come to his aid. He stood no more alone. These devoted men had quitted England on the 13th of June, 1793, but they received their first letters from thence in the middle of March, 1795. "The utmost harmony and affection prevailed between the two missionary brethren." Preaching was carried on, schools were started, and many plans formed that were never carried out. They helped and encouraged each other. When Mrs. Carey's insanity "took the form of the most odious suspicions regarding her husband," Mr. Thomas proved a ready helper and sympathizing friend. Failure in their attempts at indigo manufacture was the lot of both, and they could sympathize deeply therefore with each other. Mr. Thomas preached regularly to his employés on Sundays, and more than a hundred used to gather together at the sound of the tom-tom. He was their master, doctor, and missionary. A number of sheds were erected as a sort of hospital near his house, where no case of distress was refused admittance. Both missionaries were soon employed in translating, and Mr. Thomas wrote, "I would give a million pounds, if I had it, to see a Bengali Bible." Space will not permit even a list of the varied labours of these brethren during this period. Mr. John Fountain, the third missionary, joined them now, and he was especially delighted with what he saw of Mr. Thomas's work among the natives.

The year 1796 brought another failure in the production of indigo, and consequent trouble on the missionaries. Mr. Thomas's debts were increased, but he found means of escape for a little while, at least, by borrowing from a wealthy native patient whom he had cured of total deafness, and of his employer, Mr. Udny. The next year, however, brought worse calamities upon the planter-missionaries. The strife between ryot and zemindar, and the drought that followed the early rains, combined to bring fresh difficulties. Troubled and cast down, Mr. Thomas was led to ask himself the questions, "Why should I preach any more? or wait any longer? Why not go to England and sell holy ballads for my bread, rather than live here in these suburbs of hell? Why not go and feed with the flock of Christ in my native country, and give this work up as one that the Lord will not prosper?"

In December Mr. Thomas visited Calcutta, and by a series of mistakes was led to resign his position as an indigo-planter, and become a partner with a Dr. Barron in his Calcutta practice. This failing, he returned to Mr. Udny; but he was too late. "By his precipitancy, therefore, the unhappy man was at once reduced to a condition of almost helpless poverty." Leaving Mrs. Thomas and the little girl in Calcutta, he then visited a friend at the foot of the hills, whence he wrote many interesting letters to Mr. Carey about the hill tribes. He afterwards sought a suitable place to build a hut on near Nuddea. His wife and child were with him dwelling in a small boat, not large enough to stand upright in. He had no money wherewith to purchase bamboos, or mats, or straw for their hut; and great "heaviness and perplexity" came upon them there. Yet he was intent on blessing others by his medical skill and by the message of the gospel. He never wearied in these labours of love. At last a small house at Chandernagore was secured to shelter them from the rains; and when they had taken all out of the boat, "then, and not till then, a plank which the water-worm had eaten gave way, and down she went to the bottom!" Mr. Thomas continually wrote from there to entreat Mr. Carey to interpose for him and secure the sum of 700 rupees due from his successor at the factory, but no reply ever came. In this period of trial, however, God did not forsake him; and relief from England came very opportunely. He wrote to Mr. Carey at once, saying, "How seasonably has the Lord sent us help!" Leaving his family, he now began to make preaching-tours; but he never forgot his debts. With the hope of defraying these he became a dealer in cloth. Still unsuccessful, he then rented a factory; but that too proved an utter failure. He next became a sugar merchant, and his prospects improved; but sickness came upon him, and the condition of his affairs soon underwent a disastrous change once more.

In the meantime Mr. Carey had gone to reside at Serampore, and other missionaries had arrived. Mr. Thomas was asked to visit them to see Mrs. Brunsden, who was unwell. From there he went once more to Calcutta to attempt to "arrange his miserably entangled affairs," but in vain. Yet he never ceased preaching to the heathen. "To sit down in debt, and do nothing," he said, "seems not right." Yet every attempt he put forth only increased his difficulties. What was he to do? "To preach the gospel to the heathen is still pleasant," he wrote;

and so he worked on. Often cast down, he never despaired! "Somehow or other, God is a very present help," he recorded, "in time of trouble; but *I do not find him so.*" What agony is revealed here! Yet he was never in despair! Brother missionaries had no advice or help to give when he appealed to them. Drawing from the Society a year's allowance, he at last resolved to adopt the Bengali dress, and wander about preaching the gospel. Even the missionaries did not recognise him, and the natives received him as one of themselves. He journeyed much thus attired; but was greatly exhausted by exposure to the sun, incessant preaching, long journeys, and unnourishing food; yet, on his return to Serampore, he sat up all night with Mr. Brunsden, who was ill. He sought and found a small house for his family this time, and they began to live there. One day Mr. Thomas was called upon to set a man's arm. "I found it to be a dislocation of the shoulder," he says in his diary. "I tied his body to a tree, and while Brethren Carey and Marshman made the usual extension, I reduced it so that he could move the arm, though it was still painful. This man had heard the gospel before. When his arm was set right, he complained still of pain, but more of himself as a sinner; and, with many tears, cried out, 'I am a great sinner! A great sinner am I! Save me, Sahib! save me!' Then with unusual light and enlargement of soul, I renounced all power to save him myself, and referred him to Jesus, *my* Saviour, of whose mission and power to save all those who come unto God by him I spoke many things." On the 26th of November this man, Krishna Pal, the first Hindu convert, came to profess his firm conviction of the truth of the gospel. Some mistrusted his sincerity; but Mr. Thomas put it to the test by inviting him to come "next day and deliberately relinquish caste by eating with the brethren." He did so. "The barrier of caste was broken!" Mr. Thomas was in a transport of joy, and wrote in his journal: "Who would not wait for this? Oh, how unutterable is my joy! But, lest I be exalted above measure, some terrible messenger is at hand! Welcome, good messenger, terror along! for my soul is not afraid!" Bodily exhaustion, night watchings, and this delirious joy united to produce what were "unmistakable evidences of insanity;" and when the Sunday fixed for the baptism arrived, "the beloved physician, who had anticipated this day with such intensely ardent desire, was incapable of any participation in its pleasures;" for he was confined in the mission school-room. This first convert from Hinduism was the writer of the beautiful hymn we so often sing, and which Dr. Marshman translated, beginning—

> "Oh thou, my soul, forget no more
> The friend who all thy misery bore."

In the asylum to which Mr. Thomas was removed, and where he remained nearly a month, he preached to his fellow-patients; and when he went with his family to Dinajpur, he felt himself humiliated in "having been publicly announced to be in a state of insanity." No sooner did he reach that station than he was engaged in preaching, and had his debts not weighed so heavily upon him—who can tell what he might have accomplished? His desire to commence a monthly publication was frustrated by his brethren; and when he made another

attempt at indigo-planting they gave "honest utterance to the displeasure they felt in regard to Mr. Thomas's doings, and, so it would appear, to his present undertaking also." In reply, he reminded them of the applications he had made to them for advice. "But my brethren," said he, "said not a word to me. Their lips were all sealed up. The difficulty of the case did not allow a sudden positive determination perhaps. Many months have passed since, and I have received not one word of counsel, reproof, advice, or remonstrance from any of them till your letter, for the Christian frankness, openness, and good design of which I both love and thank you." Troubles now increased rapidly, but one of the saddest moments of all was when he received another letter from Serampore suspending him from Church fellowship with them on account of his financial difficulties. At this very time he was suffering from a disease which he thought would soon put an end to his weary life on earth; and about two months after he passed away to that land where "the weary are at rest." "His conflict was over. He had passed from the scene of his failures and humiliations, to the society of the spirits of just men made perfect, whence none could exclude him." ROBERT SPURGEON, *Barisaul, Bengal.*

Notices of Books.

Two of England's Wars; or, Theodore and Coffee. A narrative for the young. Religious Tract Society.

THE special advantage of telling the story of Theodore and Coffee in the form of a dialogue between Uncle George and others we fail to see. The two wars are interesting enough to make a book of, and do not need spinning out. However, it may be that children like the very arrangement which to us seems artificial and wearisome.

Martin Luther. By JOHN H. TREADWELL. Marcus Ward and Co.

A VERY readable sketch. Luther is so great that few writers can do more than give a hint of him. We could read fifty lives of him without feeling that the subject had been compassed, much less exhausted. Mr. Treadwell sees the glorious German from his own standpoint, but he views him sympathetically, and hence sees him as he should be seen —a great, earnest, forceful man, who never wasted five minutes in trying to stop mouse-holes with cheese. Mr. Marcus Ward is to be thanked for giving us in change for half-a-crown this elegant, well-printed essay upon one of the greatest of men.

The Search for Franklin. With Illustrations. Nelson and Sons.

SURELY we have had enough and more than enough of the wild hunt after the impossible passage to the pole. One rises from the perusal of this history with great admiration for the courage of men, and deep sorrow that they should suffer so extremely, and with even greater wonder that so mad an enterprise should have led them to such heroic deeds. The little book is admirably illustrated.

Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne. Abridged from Dr. A. Bonar's Memoir. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

IT was high time that there should be an abridgment of the marvellous memoir of McCheyne, and yet we shall be sorry that it has appeared if it prevents a single person from reading the unabridged original. We found it not only a means of grace many years ago to read McCheyne's life, but a whole host of means of grace in one. We scarcely ever remember a book that was so refreshing and sanctifying to our soul. We trust the abridgment may convey the same blessings to its readers unabridged.

Booksellers and Bookbuyers in Byeways and Highways. By C. H. Spurgeon, Samuel Manning, LL.D., and G. Holden Pike. With a Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Passmore and Alabaster.

Externally this is an attractive book. It is brought out with the view of creating and increasing public interest in Colportage. It remains a mystery with us that we cannot obtain support for Colportage in as liberal a measure as so good a work demands. It does not say much for the wisdom and prudence of Christian people. If they gave most where the best return might legitimately be expected, we may say of our religious societies—these are last which would be first. If these addresses, papers, and reports should bring us in a revenue of sympathy, it will soon be followed by substantial help. To reach the villages and hamlets by means of sound literature taken to the cottagers' doors, is a most worthy work; and as the rural population becomes smaller, and Nonconformist churches become feebler, it will become more and more an absolutely needful work, if we are to keep alive the light of the gospel among the poor and scattered. Our heart sighs and groans because this blessed agency is still so limited when every day the needs of the people cry for an increase. Scotland is supplied with colporteurs from sea to sea, and why is England so far behind?

Cassell's Popular Shilling Library. The Religious Revolution in the Sixteenth Century. By the Rev. S. A. Swaine. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

An exceedingly well-condensed history of the Reformation. We scarcely ever remember reading with so much pleasure a sketch of that eventful period. Few persons have time to read through the works of D'Aubigné or Wylie, and they are usually forced to depend upon a brief treatise. Such a treatise is generally one sided and misleading; but this brief record is written by one who is not a mere chronicler, but a real historian. A sharp, clear view of the whole subject will lie before the careful reader, and even if he be already acquainted with it, he will be obliged to Mr. Swaine for bringing the matter within so handy a compass.

The Huguenots. By Gustave Masson. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This volume also has our warmest commendation. We should like to know that every young man in England had read it.

Gethsemane. By the Rev. W. Poole Balfern. T. Nelson and Sons.

It may suffice to ensure for this little volume a favourable reception with all Christian readers to say, that it does not come short, either in sentiment or devotion, of any former production of the same author. If there be still some disciples of Jesus who are privileged above others to be with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and to be nearer to him in the Garden of Gethsemane, Mr. Balfern is evidently one of them. Nor is he of those who say of the Mount of Transfiguration only, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," but he says it of Gethsemane also. Instead of sleeping in Gethsemane, he watches with intense sympathy the bitterest hour of his Lord's suffering, and enables others to watch with him. Many who see much to admire in the life of Christ, and pronounce it to have been the hightest standard of moral excellence and a perfect model for imitation, are at fault when they come to Gethsemane, unable, as they well might be, to account for the agony of soul of one whose soul was so loving and so pure upon any more moral theory or upon principles of ordinary justice. None but those who understand the real cause and design of those sufferings can enter into their meaning, or see any justice in them. It was not an empty cup, nor a cup of blessing which he prayed might pass from him. Yet such it must have been if it had not contained the effects of the sins of others. We have only to ask "What was the bitter and deadly ingredient in that cup?" to be led to the inevitable conclusion, "He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God." It is with mind and heart thoroughly imbued with this conviction that Mr. Balfern enters the garden of Gethsemane, and invites others to partake with him of the suffering of Christ, that they may partake with him also of the glory that shall follow.

What Might Have Been. A true Story. Nisbet and Co.

A YOUNG gentleman at Mentone, in the last stage of consumption, is gay and frivolous: a child of God, well instructed in the art of soul-winning, obtains access to him. His resources fail, and this kind friend finds succour for him in the hour of need. It is required only a few months, and in that short time Christ is found and rejoiced in, so that in due season grace found on earth is crowned in glory. The incident is very simple, and admirable use is made of it.

Illustrated Handbook to City Road Chapel, Burying Ground, and Wesley's House, &c. By R. M. SPOOR. Wesleyan Conference Office.

ANYTHING that has to do with John Wesley and his work is sure to find favour with his followers, and is worthy of the thought and esteem of Christendom. The Wesleys were unique, and we do well to embalm their memories in permanent memorials. This little book puts in handy form an exhaustive fund of information as to the central shrine of Methodism. Visitors could scarcely wish for anything briefer and yet fuller of facts than this is.

Rambles in Rome. An Archæological and Historical Guide to the Museums, Galleries, etc. etc. By S. RUSSELL FORBES. T. Nelson and Sons.

IF you are visiting Rome you will find in this book a high-class companion and guide. Try it, and see the difference between the mere guide-book produced by the trade to sell, and the chatty, masterly production of a writer of ability and taste.

Great Voyagers: their Adventures and Discoveries. Religious Tract Society.

A SHORT but complete outline of the history of travel and discovery from the days of the ancient mariners to the present era. This is the kind of reading which is invaluable for young people; it has all the charm of fiction, and yet is solidly instructive. The histories of Marco Polo, Vasco de Gama, Columbus, Cook, and Franklin should never be forgotten. They stir the blood, stiffen the upper lip, and give force to character. We class the volume A 1 at Lloyd's; it is cheap at two shillings.

Coals and Colliers: or, How we get the Fuel for our Fires. By S. J. FITZGERALD. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

CAPITAL; deserves our kindest word. It is full of instruction, and as lively as a cricket.

By the Sea of Galilee. A Poem. By M. S. MACRITCHIE. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., Paternoster Buildings.

THE story of the woman who was healed by our blessed Lord after twelve years of dire disease is here sung in a touching manner. Interwoven with it is a little love-story, which is not found in the gospels, but has grown up in the mind of the poet. We never quite know what to say about these added details; for if tradition be evil, invention must be equally so. Apart from this, the narrative is thrown into a rhythm which is pleasing to the ear. It is a pretty little book.

The Temptation of Job, and other Poems. By ELLEN PALMER. G. Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street.

"HINT TO POETS.—The best way to ensure your poems being really sparkling, brilliant, and full of fire is to burn them." These are the words of a sage on the other side of the Atlantic, but we would not apply them to this individual instance. Although "The Temptation of Job" tried our patience, some of the minor pieces restored our equanimity. There are sparks of the true fire here, but we do not think that they will be of much service. We suppose these sweet singers pour out their lays for the mere joy of it, even as birds sing; but we are continually asking—What is the good of it? What is meant to come of it? For the life of us we have not an inkling of an answer to this enquiry.

Sungleams: Rondeaux and Sonnets. By the Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A. "Home Words" publishing-office.

TRUE poetry flashes here; and yet there is nothing which will be used in worship or quoted to enforce a truth. Our author must wed the useful to the sweet, and his talent will bring in larger interest; force must join with fancy, and his verse may yet quicken the pulse of labour.

Remarkable Religious Anecdotes. Edited by RICHARD PIKE. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE anecdotes are most of them fresh and striking, and we have enjoyed their perusal. The little book is really not a bad shilling's-worth. Here is a specimen story:—

Lord Shaftesbury in one of his speeches remarked, "I remember an anecdote that struck me wonderfully. It was told me by a missionary from Fiji. It shows what an impression the Bible produces on the minds of men, even those who have not fully realised in their experience its mighty power. This missionary told me that there were some seamen wrecked at a considerable distance from land; they got into a boat, and altogether lost their reckoning; but at last they reached the shore. One of them, who had been there before, recognised it as being one of the Fiji Islands. It was before the Wesleyans had effected such a mighty change in these islands. The sailors were under very considerable apprehensions, as you may suppose, and every moment they expected to be eaten up. They crept into a cottage, and lay in a corner there for some time. At length one of them crept out to see if they could get anything to eat, when all of a sudden he called out, 'Bill, there is no fear! It is all right. Here is a Bible! There is no harm; it's all right!' What a strong proof of the effect produced on the minds of people who feel that where the doctrine of the Bible is received there is peace, and order, and safety!"

The Preacher's Commentary on the Book of Ruth. With critical and exegetical notes. By the Rev. WALTER BAXENDALE. R. D. Dickinson.

ALTHOUGH we do not regard these commentaries as being of the very highest order, yet they are of sufficient merit to make us glad to see more of them. This volume is a good one. We are not much struck with the attempts at homiletical outlines, for they remind us too much of the school of "*The Homilist*"; but the mass of quotations collected from all available sources is the true wealth of the book. Mr. Baxendale has been doubly diligent, and has gathered an amount of raw material which will be invaluable in the hand of a master-workman. The work costs 3s. 6d., and is worth the money. Of the same series, *Mr. Jellie on Jeremiah*, price 10s., is in the market, but we have not yet found ourselves equal to the task of fairly reviewing so huge a work.

The Expositor's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Second edition, enlarged. By Rev. CHARLES NEIL, M.A. R. D. Dickinson.

SOME years ago we spoke a good word for this plain, practical, popular commentary. We are glad to see the second edition of it. Well may the publishers say that it is a marvel of cheapness. The price asked is 3s. 6d., and we have no idea as to how it can be produced at the price. It ought to have been five shillings at the least.

Pilgrim Chimes for the Weeks of the Year. By the Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE chimes are all upon silver bells, inasmuch as they have the ring of a pure gospel in them. The music is in the thoughts rather than in the words. Those who have the same devout feelings as the author will find enjoyment in them; and this appears to have been their chief design. Loftier strains and sweeter tones would be required to raise those who have not risen into the atmosphere of devotion. The devout often find poetry where the undevout find none. There is good poetry often without good sentiment; and good sentiment often without good poetry. We have good sentiment here; sometimes with good poetry, and always with a holy unction and sweetness which are by no means common. We prefer our author's "Gethsemane" to "Pilgrim Chimes," but both are excellent.

Betrothal. By H. K. WOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN we looked at this little book we thought it a short treatise on betrothal between men and women; but found it to be a series of papers upon betrothal of the heart to Jesus. Very easy reading: very devout and earnest, but not very original or striking.

True Riches; or, Wealth without Wings. By T. S. Arthur. Partridge and Co.

This is an English version of a well-told tale by the author of "Ten nights in a bar-room," and other temperance books. It is intended to prove to the young that the pursuit of worldly wealth, especially in dishonest paths, must bring sorrow and shame, while the possessor of heavenly riches has a treasure which enables him to make the best of both worlds in the highest sense of that much-abused expression.

The Moral Pirates, and the Cruise of the "Ghost." By W. L. Alden. Jas. Clarke and Co.

Two amusing stories of summer holiday cruises taken by four American boys, first in a little row-boat, and afterwards in a sailing vessel. Of course they got into all sorts of scrapes. The first night they pitched their tent on the sand, far below high-water mark, and so were nearly drowned by the tide which rose while they were asleep. Another time they sailed at night without a light, and narrowly escaped being run down by a steamer. They camped on an island, and let their boat drift away; and in various ways exposed themselves to many perils, but at the end of their voyages they all agreed that they had enjoyed a splendid time, and that as soon as they had another opportunity they would be afloat again. English boys will be delighted to read about the adventures of their cousins across the water, even if they are unable to enjoy their holidays in a similar fashion.

Cobwebs and Cables. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. The Religious Tract Society.

A very clever story; but what end will it serve? It is painful reading, and we cannot see the moral of it. There is a horrible unwifely wife who agrees to let her husband be as one dead because he has embezzled money to meet her expenses. She is the goddess of the book, and yet to us seems only a handsome demon. Her poor husband, whatever his faults, has all our sympathy, and we sorrow for him, till it occurs to us that no man in his senses would make such a fool of himself for a woman who does not love him. The tale is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with "Jessica's First Prayer." We can only view it as a waste of talent. "As clever as clever can be; but what is the use of it?" Thus we muttered again as we put away the story, but walked off with a cobweb or two on our brain; for the lady wields a fascinating pen, and it is impossible altogether to escape her spell.

Hilda; or, Seeketh not Her Own. By Catharine Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A very winsome and natural story, free from any of the objectionable sensationalism which is the staple of most of the novels, both religious and irreligious, of the day. The authoress evidently has the best interests of her readers at heart, and we can safely recommend her pleasant pages to Christian parents when selecting recreative reading for their daughters.

The Battlefield. A tale of East-end Life in London. S. W. Partridge and Co.

An interesting narrative of the various experiences of an orphan boy and girl left at a tender age to the care, or rather cruelty, of strangers in a court in the East of London. The sufferings and trials endured by these poor children are, doubtless, similar to those which are the daily portion of hundreds or even thousands in this huge city, but we fear that few of them find friends to do what Greg and Patience's country relations did for them, when, by a singular combination of circumstances, the little wanderers found a home under their roof.

Free to Serve. By Evelyn R. Garratt. Religious Tract Society.

The story of a workhouse-girl, who is introduced to the reader as the drudge in a Brighton lodging-house, from which she is rescued by a Christian lady, who trains her first for her own service, and then for the work of the Lord. Many servant-girls might profit by reading this book.

The Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Darkness. First and Second Parts. By the Author of "Truth and Work," etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

HERE we have a portly volume of more than five hundred pages, and a supplementary volume of about half its bulk. A third volume of the same series is shortly to follow, "if the author's life is spared." Rambling among the Scriptures, the good lady has raked together some valuable reflections, but they want sorting and scheduling; for she is diffuse and discursive enough to tax the patience of a reviewer. Books of such magnitude deserve a table of contents at the beginning, and an index at the end. Probably, however, for want of coherency in the habit of thinking, and of condensation in the method of expression, this little improvement might be found impracticable. The velocity of a pen, like the volubility of a tongue, that flows on in endless currents, is apt to weary and distract. It was obviously to suit the taste of one who is fond of talking on every subject that such a comprehensive title was chosen. Two kingdoms, either of which has dimensions that man's imagination cannot possibly compass, afford ample range. "*The kingdom of God!—what is it?*" We find this question reiterated a countless number of times, and replied to in a charming variety of ways. It may evidently be regarded as a positive fact, a present experience, and a future prospect. History and prophecy are comprised within its province: so, too, are the covenant of promise revealed to the patriarchs, the parables recited by the evangelists, and the precepts enjoined by the apostles. More than these, the world of nature, the mysteries of providence, and the preservation of the church on earth are included within the vast domain of the kingdom of God. And as for "*the kingdom of darkness*," it offers an opportunity for definitions and descriptions, of which a desultory author may take unlimited advantage. Politics or public-houses, women's dress or fashionable amusements, secret societies or the social evil, may be surveyed as so many conduits that swell the current and foul the tide of life on a planet where sin appears to be the dominant power. In both volumes there is a superfluity of preface—forty-five pages in one, and more than twenty pages in the other. From the former we cull a little episode of personal history, which may be amusing, if it is not exactly instructive. "In my childhood, when I think I must have been about ten years of age, I had a dream in the night. I saw in that mighty vision One like the Ancient of days, as described by Daniel or St. John, sitting in my room, and four angels resting on the posts of my bedstead, with wings like the seraphim and cherubim of the prophets." . . . "I believe I was then anointed to do the work that God has enabled me to do, to interpret the mind of the Spirit in prophecy, particularly in the Apocalypse." . . . . "I can now never retract my interpretations. I leave them with God and with my people." This preface is supplemented with "A poem," written thirteen years ago, on Oak-apple day, 1869. Why published in this place we do not know. To each chapter some verses are appended; they are printed in a type that might lead to the conjecture that they were intended for poetry. No doubt the lady is full of enthusiasm; but she is a mystery to us, and so are *her people.*

The Cross: Heathen and Christian. A fragmentary notice of its early Pagan existence, and subsequent Christian adoption. Third edition. With many illustrations. By MOURANT BROCK, M.A. Elliot Stock.

OUR friend Mr. Mourant Brock is filled with indignation against the idolatry which has gathered around the material form of the cross. As the wise and holy men of old broke up the brazen serpent when it was used as an idol, and called it Nehushtan, or a bit of brass, so does Mr. Brock smash at everything cruciform with iconoclastic vehemence. Assuredly he has put together a mass of historic information for cross-wearers: we only hope they may read it, and renounce the Pagan custom, and become cross-*bearers* instead. For a shilling this book about "the Cross," with many illustrations, may be looked upon as very cheap, and we do not wonder that it is the third edition.

Facts and Theories as to a Future State. By F. W. GRANT, New York. Cathcart, 20, Fourth Avenue.

OF all the books written in defence of the Scriptural doctrine of future punishment as against current theories this is the most complete, exhaustive, and conclusive yet to hand. Every new view is examined and then demolished: universalism and annihilation are both proved to be unscriptural: whilst the propounders of them, from Farrar to Dobney, from Edward White to Samuel Cox, are subjected to a logic scrutiny, such as makes them destroy one another. It is essentially a student's book, and we trust is the last word in this almost interminable controversy: it is time we taught the Scriptures rather than the brainspinning of men.

Green Pastures and Still Waters. Psalm xxiii. By J. DENHAM SMITH. J. E. Hawkins.

THE literature of the 23rd Psalm would make a library of its own: and yet here is another book on the same theme, and no unworthy one. Mr. Smith has his own way of looking at truth, with which we do not always agree, and yet there is in him so much of loyalty to Jesus, and sweetness of speech about him, that we forget the man in the master, and revel instead of reviewing. There is unction, beauty, mellowness, and freshness of treatment here that fairly wins us, and the little volume must go on to our shelves. It has our best commendation.

Counsels and Thoughts for the Spiritual Life of Believers. Nisbet and Co.

THESE are no ordinary religious "snatches," in the form of daily portions, for believers. The author's vessel does not hug the coast of ordinary experience, but launches out into the deep waters of confident trust, assured faith, and intense consecration. Every paragraph tells of an experimental fellowship with Jesus and a closeness of intercourse which fit it for becoming the guide and adviser of others. Certainly there is here no milk for babes, but strong meat for those who are of full age.

Pulpit Talent, &c. Literary Varieties by HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

WHILST in some of these papers, especially the one on "Christian comprehensiveness," there is much of teaching with which we cannot agree, yet in others there is a fund of fresh, bright, powerful truth that compels our admiration and assent. The two papers on the preacher's qualifications and work are about as fresh and suggestive as anything that could be said on such a well-worn theme; and the student or preacher would be dull indeed who is not quickened thereby. With careful and discriminating reading these papers cannot but do good.

Notes.

MANY times we meet in American newspapers with our own name adorned or disfigured with a doctor's degree. In a periodical we see month after month an extract from

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, D.D.

We like the prefix quite as well as the affix, that is to say, we detest them equally. Robert Robinson wrote in his journal—"wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me reverend." Shall we not all wonder in some more rational condition of our brains at a great many things which we now admire?

The *Treasury of David* is now being reprinted in New York by Messrs. Funk. It is a great venture for a publisher, but the enterprise of this pushing house has in this case been abundantly rewarded. May a blessing rest on our work, as it will now be read by thousands of American pastors. We are making rapid progress with vol. vi.

A firm is advertising certain pictures with a recommendation from Mr. Spurgeon, but Mr. Spurgeon has never seen the aforesaid pictures: the articles of which he spoke so highly were a number of very handsomely illuminated texts, and his words ought not to be applied to other articles.

On *Friday evening, March* 17, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Sunday-school was held in the Lecture Hall. Owing to the absence, through illness, of the President, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., who referred, in his address, to the priceless value of Sunday-schools,

giving instances of the benefits to the young.

Mr. Pearce, superintendent, reported that there are now in the school 1330 scholars: of whom 299 are over 15 years of age, 108 are church members, 36 having joined during the past year. There are also 109 teachers, including officers, all of whom are church members: such only being admissible according to the rules of the school. The sum of £136 6s. has been raised for missionary purposes, in addition to £50, collected in Mr. Wigney's Bible-class, for Chinese missions, and £181 11s. 1d. realized by the Sunday-school stall at the bazaar for the Girls' Orphanage. The Prayer-meetings, Preparation-class, Children's Services, Library and Magazine Department, Young Christians' Association, Dorcas Society, and Band of Hope are all in a prosperous condition, and, above all, there have been evident signs of the presence and blessing of God. One of the scholars, a little girl of seven summers, was seized in the early part of the year with inflammation of the heart. On her dying bed, she said, "Father, I want to sing you 'There is a green hill far away!'" He was a stranger to the love of Jesus, but from that time a change began in him, and two months ago he came before the church for membership. Another friend, who has attended the school for seventeen years, has just found the Saviour. We bless God for the early and *latter* rain.

Addresses were given by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, and W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, and Mr. T. Brain, of the Sunday School Union.

The Sunday-school Choir, conducted by Mr. Wigney, gave a selection of pieces during the evening from the service of song entitled "Under the Palms."

These paragraphs refer to the one school *in* the Tabernacle; we are happy to say that there are several other schools belonging to our church, and that altogether they contain more than 6000 scholars.

On *Sunday afternoon, April* 16, under the auspices of our newly-formed Total Abstinence Society, Mr. R. T. Booth delivered a Gospel Temperance address in the Tabernacle. The building was nearly crowded, and the immense audience listened to the appeals of this earnest evangelist with great attention, many being moved to tears by the pathetic story of his own reclamation, and the thrilling narrative of his efforts to rescue others. He has not by any means laboured in vain, for since last September, when separate registers for new abstainers, and for old teetotallers who have donned the blue ribbon, were commenced, 150,000 fresh pledges have been obtained at his meetings. His motto is truly "Jesus only." He implores Christians to become abstainers for Christ's sake, he entreats abstainers not to rest satisfied without faith in the Saviour, and he pleads with drunkards to sign the total abstinence pledge, and at the same time to trust for salvation to the blood of the Lamb.

This work, so far as we have been able to judge of it by the reports in various papers, and the testimony of friends who have taken part in the meetings, has our full sympathy. The only hope of permanently reclaiming drunkards, and saving the church and the nation from the evils of intemperance, lies in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. This fact is fully recognised by the leaders of this movement, and the enforcement of it in all their addresses goes far to account for the marvellous success which has crowned their labours. When we hear of tens of thousands in one town signing the pledge, and taking the blue ribbon, and learn that scores of public-houses, and even breweries, have been closed for want of customers, we thank God that at last the victory is being won, and we pray that the complete overthrow of the evil traffic may be speedily accomplished.

Our Tabernacle Society continues steadily to prosecute the work for which it was organized. The weekly meetings have been so well attended that they have had to be transferred to the large Lecture-hall, and the number of pledges has been constantly increasing. On the Tuesday evening following Mr. Booth's address, Mr. W. Noble, of the Hoxton Town Hall, paid a visit to the Society, and as the result of his earnest advocacy of Gospel Temperance eighty persons signed the pledge, and one hundred put on the blue ribbon, in addition to one hundred and sixty who had signed the pledge at the close of Mr. Booth's address on the Sunday afternoon.

COLLEGE.—Since our last notice Mr. J. W. Campbell has settled at Arbroath, N. B., and the following brethren have removed:—Mr. H. Bradford, from Brixham, to Princes-street, Northampton; and Mr. W. Hillier, Mus. Doc., from Wingrave, to Bartholomew-street, Exeter; and Mr. W. Compton, late of Brighton, has accepted the pastorate of the Union Church, Gosport.

CONFERENCE.—Of course, the great College event of the past month has been the EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION—a matter which, now that all is over, demands a jubilant song of praise. The meetings were commenced, as usual, by a gathering for prayer at the College, on *Monday afternoon, April* 17, after which about two hundred of the pastors and students partook of tea together at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, by the kind invitation of Pastor C. Spurgeon and his friends, who gave the brethren a most hearty reception. All must have felt at home among such warm-hearted hosts. In the evening the spacious chapel was crowded for the public meeting, at which the President of the College, C. H. Spurgeon, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Pastors R. F. Jeffrey

(Folkestone), F. J. Feltham (Winslow), S. H. Akehurst (Arthur-street, Camberwell), and N. Dobson (Deal), Mr. A. G. Everett, a student still in the College, and Pastor C. Spurgeon, who presided when his father had to leave the meeting in order to husband his strength for the following day. The collection for the College funds realised £15. At the same hour the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon, conducted the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, at which prayer was presented by several of the brethren, and addresses were delivered by Pastors T. W. Medhurst (Lake-road, Landport), and W. F. Stead (Worthing). Altogether, the meetings of Monday augured well for the success of the week; and, looking back upon the whole Conference, we can distinctly trace a constant widening of the stream of blessing right to the close, when it had become a mighty spiritual torrent, which fairly carried us away, until many of us could scarcely tell whether we were in the body or out of it.

On *Tuesday morning*, *April* 18, the first hour was occupied with grateful thanksgiving to the Lord for past mercies, and earnest wrestling for fresh favours at his hands. The President then delivered his inaugural address, founded upon the text, "When I am weak, then am I strong." (2 Cor. xii. 10). As we hope to publish the address in the Magazine it is only necessary to say here that it was said by many that the speaker was an illustration of his own subject, for in his weakness he was made strong for the important task upon which he was engaged. After a brief recess the brethren reassembled, and transacted the business of the Conference. The principal items of public interest are the following:—The President appropriately referred to the deaths of Brethren H. H. Garrett, D. Lyall, R. Makin, H. Marsden, and D. Morgan; the names of eighteen students who have been for more than six months in the College were added to the Conference-roll, and certain other names were, for various reasons, removed. Mrs. Spurgeon, though unable to be present, gave to each minister a book which she hoped would be useful in suggesting thoughts and subjects for sermons, and a hearty vote of thanks was unanimously accorded for her kindness. C. F. Allison, Esq., reported the last year's receipts from the College Mutual Assurance Community. Each man pays 5s., and then at the death of a wife receives £10, and £5 at the death of a child, and this to poor men is a great help in the time of sorrow and of necessary expense. Through the goodness of God the deaths had been so few this year that a surplus remained. Mr. Allison was very cordially thanked for his management of the fund, and asked to continue his services during the present year, and the balance in hand was carried forward to meet possible claims in the future.

Monday, June 19, the President's birthday, was fixed as the day to be set apart *for special united prayer* by all the churches connected with the Conference. It is much wished that this would be more generally noted when the time comes. A letter, which is printed in full in the report at the end of the present Magazine, was read from the Canadian branch of the Pastors' College Association, and also a communication concerning the work of the brethren in Australia, from Pastor A. J. Clarke, West Melbourne, in response to which the President was desired to send a hearty message of loving greeting, not only to the brethren in the Dominion and at the Antipodes, but to all the members of our holy brotherhood throughout the world. In fulfilment of this desire, and dropping for the moment the editorial "we," I, C. H. Spurgeon, hereby, "with mine own hand," carry out the wish of the assembled brethren.

On Tuesday evening, instead of the usual *soirée*, Mr. Charlesworth's Song-service entitled "Valour and Victory" was given at Stockwell Baptist Chapel, by the kind permission of Mr. Maclean and his friends. Addresses were delivered by the President, and Pastors E. J. Edwards (Dover), and W. J. Mayers (Bristol), and the musical portion of the service was ably rendered by Messrs. Chamberlain, Mayers, Parker, and J. M. Smith, the orphanage choir, and the Southwark Choral Society, under the efficient leadership of Mr. John Courtnay. During an interval between some of the pieces the Stockwell Orphanage Campanologists delighted the audience with an exhibition of their powers of manipulating their peal of handbells. It was a soul-stirring evening. These Song-services are a charming means of grace, and are adapted greatly to bless both believers and such as are out of the way.

On *Wednesday morning*, *April* 19, after a short season spent in prayer, Pastor A. Bax, of Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, read a paper on "Expectation in our work." This led to an interesting and profitable discussion, which was followed by another paper on "The element of personal character in ministerial work," read by Pastor George Hill, M.A., of Leeds. As we hope, month by month, to place before our readers all the papers read at the recent Conference we will not refer to them at length here, but it is our firm conviction that we have never had a better quartette of essays, and that the men who can write such productions are quite able to hold their own against an equal number of representatives of any other school of the prophets. We do not boast of them, but we do magnify the grace which has enabled so many of our brethren to occupy important posts in the field of Christian service, and to fill their positions with ever-increasing credit to their *alma mater*.

In the afternoon, the subscribers and friends of the College met for tea, and afterwards assembled in the lecture-hall for the annual meeting. George Williams, Esq.,

nobly fulfilled the duties of chairman; prayer was offered by Mr. S. Thompson; the President and Vice-President described the work of the College during the past year; Pastors F. H. White (Talbot-road Tabernacle), and C. B. Sawday (Vernon Chapel, Pentonville), referred to the connection between the College and the Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. J. M. Smith and Pastor C. Spurgeon spoke of the blessing that had rested upon the labours of the evangelists; and Mr. Harry Wood gave a thrilling and touching account of the work of various brethren in Australia, where he hopes after a little while again to preach with the same success which has attended his efforts hitherto. At 8·15 the large company adjourned to the Tabernacle lecture-hall, to partake of the supper given by the President and two friends, and provided by Mr. Murrell and his co-workers. Mr. Spurgeon stated that there would be no drinking of toasts, but he expressed his heartiest thanks to the chairman for presiding, and in the name of the whole assembly wished him long life, prosperity, happiness, and all other good things. The total amount promised or contributed at the supper-table, together with the donations of friends unable to be present, was £2,150. This amount would not have been reached had not the chairman been generous in the highest degree; finding that the amount was for the moment below £2,000, he volunteered a second hundred guineas, and this awakened the zeal of others, and carried us up to this large amount.

Thursday, April 20, was another season of high spiritual enjoyment. First came, as usual, a short devotional service; next the Vice-President delivered his address founded upon the words, "He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, is God." (2 Cor. i. 21.) Then Pastor C. A. Davis, of Bradford, read the paper entitled, "How Jesus trained his preachers," which is printed at the beginning of this magazine; and after a brief but useful discussion, Pastor W. B. Haynes, of Stafford, read his wonderful paper on "The essential nobility of our ministry." We think all our brethren will agree with us, especially when they remember that this paper had to be written under sore domestic affliction and expected bereavement, that while every brother has done gloriously, Bro. Haynes has a special claim upon our gratitude.

In the evening, after a large number of friends had taken tea with the ministers in the schoolroom, the annual public meeting was held in the Tabernacle, which was almost crowded. Several of our sweet singers charmed us with their melodious music; the President and Vice-President again shared the pleasant duty of presiding, and presenting the report for the year; and addresses were given by Mr. Harry Wood and Pastors A. Bird (Sandown) and C. T. Johnson (Longton, Staffs.). Each brother had a tale to tell that brought tears of joy to our eyes, and feelings of thankfulness to our hearts, as they proclaimed what the Lord had done by them and by others through the preaching of the gospel. At the close of the meeting the ministers and students were entertained to supper in the lecture-hall, when again all toast-drinking was omitted, and sentiments of gratitude to the tutors of the College and the deacons of the Tabernacle church were expressed by chosen speakers and acknowledged by the Vice-President and Mr. B. W. Carr.

The *Friday* in Conference week is always the great day of our Feast of Tabernacles, and this year has been no exception to the rule. At the suggestion of the London committee, Pastor E. G. Gange, of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, was asked to relieve the President by preaching to the brethren, and most heartily did he accept the responsibility, and right nobly did he justify his brethren's choice. He took for his text the oft-quoted words, "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. xi. 30), and preached from them a sermon that none could hear without devout thankfulnes and solemn heart-searching, and that all who heard will remember with delight and profit for many a day to come.

At the communion-table the President gave a short address, founded upon the words, "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." At the close of the sacred service the whole assembly stood, as usual, with hands linked in one unbroken chain, in token of the bond that binds us together, and sang Psalm 122.

During the farewell dinner the President called Mr. Murrell to the front of the platform, and after referring to his great services to the College, read the following address, which the brethren desired unanimously to present to him, appropriately illuminated and framed, together with some suitable memento of their hearty appreciation of his devotion to their interests:—

"Pastors' College Eighteenth Annual Conference, April, 1882.

"It was unanimously agreed 'that the warmest thanks of the assembled brethren be given to our ever-zealous and indefatigable friend, William C. Murrell, Esq., deacon of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for his most efficient and oft-repeated services for the College, not only in connection with the care of the weekly offering every Lord's-day, but especially during the period of our Annual Conference. For many years our comfort has been secured and our enjoyment promoted by the arduous labour and admirable skill of our good brother in providing for our personal refreshment, as also in carrying out the arrangements for the annual supper to the subscribers of the College. We gratefully recognize and appreciate

our friend's unique powers, which are so freely and continuously consecrated in a sphere so peculiarly his own. We wonder at and admire the successful manner in which he has uniformly secured the material comfort of our meetings, and we thank him with all our hearts. May the great Provider of all good, who will not allow even a cup of cold water to be bestowed in vain, refresh our esteemed brother in all spiritual things as richly as, like a good deacon, he has helped to serve our table. To him and his family we wish health and all needed good for many years, that he may still minister to the necessities of the saints, and himself enjoy that meat which endureth to everlasting life.—Signed for the Conference."

Mr. Murrell feelingly acknowledged the gift, and expressed the great delight he had in serving the brethren, and in helping the President in any way. Our faithful Remembrancer, Pastor F. H. White, then reported that 178 pastors had collected or contributed, during the past year, £499 1s. 6d. for the College funds. A few earnest closing speeches were made expressive of esteem and affection for the President and Mrs. Spurgeon, the Vice-president, the tutors, the deacons, and all helpers, and the Eighteenth Annual Conference was fittingly closed with the doxology and the benediction.

The President feels that he cannot close these Notes without a personal acknowledgment of his deep gratitude to the Lord, who so graciously heard the many prayers presented on his behalf, and who not only enabled him to occupy his post right through the Conference, but made the excitement and enthusiasm of the holy gathering minister to his more speedy recovery, so that instead of being, as he feared, exhausted by the week's engagements, he was even stronger at the end than he had been at the beginning of the meetings. Nor can he forget the loving words and affectionate bearing of all the brotherhood, nor the generous hospitality of those who entertained the ministers, nor the liberality of the liberal donors, nor any of the kindnesses innumerable which have been showered upon him. Of all men he is the most in debt to his brethren, and to his God.

Evangelists.—Pastor W. H. J. Page sends us the following report of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Chelsea:—

"A series of meetings, unexampled in the history of Chelsea Chapel, has been conducted here from March 12th to April 2nd, by our beloved brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Mr. Fullerton was no stranger at Chelsea, and memories of his former visit awakened great expectations for the present one; and we now thankfully record that, notwithstanding special difficulties and unexpected hindrances, the success of the effort has been very great. Our chapel is large, and by no means easy to fill, but to our great joy it has been filled again and again during these services. We have also abundant testimony that the gospel preached and sung has been blessed to many. Christians have been revived and cheered; backsliders have been restored; and others have been aroused and saved. A special blessing has rested upon some of our senior classes, and many of their members have, we trust, been brought to decision.

"Possibly we should have still greater results to speak of but for what has seemed to us a succession of adverse providences, which have certainly affected the work. It was with great regret that on the first Sunday we heard of Mr. Spurgeon's illness, and that Mr. Fullerton would take his place at the Tabernacle in the evening; and our regret was deepened when the continuance of that illness deprived us of our brother's presence on the following Sunday. We could not refuse to spare him to serve one whom we so much love, however great the loss might be to us. Then on the Wednesday of the second week, just after a most delightful and profitable meeting for women only, our dear friend was suddenly summoned to Ireland by the death of his mother. The announcement of his departure at the evening meeting was a great shock to all, and much sympathy was expressed. The necessary result, too, was that on the third Sunday he was again away from us. During his absence Mr. Smith carried on the meetings, with the kind and valued help of Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Chamberlain, and we rejoice to know that the labours of each were made useful.

"It was originally intended to close the mission on Saturday, April 1st, but in consideration of the disappointment which many had experienced in failing to hear Mr. Fullerton, arrangements were made with Mr. Charrington for our brethren to stay the following Sunday at Chelsea. On this day the chapel was thrice filled with people, and it was a day of much power and blessing; though to many of us it was clouded by the illness of our beloved deacon, Mr. S. Edwards, who died the same night. Thus, all through, our joy has been tinged with sorrow, and we have had to exercise faith in the wisdom of the overruling hand which has arranged events so contrary to our wishes. Notwithstanding all, we review the services with joyful gratitude, and anticipate permanent fruits from them."

Colportage.—The Secretary asks us to mention that the annual meeting will be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, May* 8, when Mr. Spurgeon hopes to preside, and to distribute the prizes promised to the Colporteurs last year. Dr. Donald Fraser has kindly promised to address the meeting, and about twenty of the Colporteurs will be present, several of whom will give accounts of their work.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 30, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor D. C. Chapman	0	10	0
Collection at Octavius-street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour ...	2	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	15	0
Rev. J. P. Chown	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. T. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	0
Mr. W. L. A. B.-C. Burdett-Coutts ...	5	0	0
Pastor A. Pidgeon, from churches at Hemyock and Sainthill	0	14	6
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Postal Order from Clydach	0	2	6
Collection at Pawsley, per Pastor John Crouch	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Telfor	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Johnson	20	0	0
Pastor Harry Wood	5	0	0
Pastor R. T. Lewis	0	10	0
Mrs C. Norton	0	2	6
A Thanksgiving	1	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	10	0	0
Mr. F. Butcher	3	0	0
Mr. Jas. B. Hay	5	0	0
S.	15	0	0
"From love to Jesus"	10	0	0
Stamps from a friend	0	7	0
Collection at Ulverston Baptist Chapel.	2	3	0
Miss Hawkes	0	4	0
Mrs. Rainbow	0	10	0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	3	3	0
Mr. Samuel G. Sheppard	10	0	0
Mr. F. J. Wood, LL.D.	5	0	0
Mr. Everett	1	1	0
Mrs. Hadland	2	2	0
Mrs. Heritage	5	0	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
Pastor George Goodchild	0	5	0
Pastor W. Compton	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Pastor E. G. Evans	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Collection at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, per Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	11	7	6
Mr. Evan Owen	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Searl	0	5	0
Miss Mary Beal, per Mr. Fullerton ...	0	10	0
Dorcas	0	10	0
Miss Mitchell	0	10	0
L. M. N.	40	0	0
Mrs. Horwood	0	10	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
Pastor N. Heath	1	1	0
Collection at Gravesend ...	1	11	6
	2	12	6
Mr. C. Wood	5	0	0
Mr. Fred. Howard	1	1	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Cotton	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Burt	5	0	0
Mr. Ed. Sheffield	5	5	0
Mr. Marcus Martin	10	0	0
Mr. John J. Betts	10	10	0
Miss Stedman	20	0	0
Mrs. Fauleoner	50	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Holland	1	1	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	2	2	0
Miss Sambourne	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at the Met. Tab.:—			
Mar. 19	25	0	0
,, 26	10	10	10
April 2	50	0	0
,, 9	50	0	0
	135	10	10
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Joel Evered	1	0	0
	£470	5	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
J. B. C.	1	0	0
A member	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1	0	0
Mr. D. C. Winthrop	0	5	0
Sermon-readers, Craig	0	10	0
L. K. D.	1	10	0
Mrs. M. Sheppard	0	19	9
I. O., Neilston	0	5	0
Mr. Daniel Burgess	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
W. S.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. Vane Johnson ...	1	3	0
J. E. Ennals and A. J. Pearsons, proceeds of exhibition at Stowmarket ...	1	1	0
Thankoffering from a sermon-reader ...	0	5	0
Annette	0	5	0
First earnings—A lover of Christ ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Pawsey	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Baskervill	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Thompson	2	2	0
Mrs. Pridie's children	0	10	6
Mrs. S. Tompkins	0	10	0
Mrs. Black	0	10	0
Mr. James Watson	0	5	0
Myrtle-street Chapel, Liverpool, Juvenile Missionary Society	5	0	0
Stamps from Chipping Norton	0	1	0
Stamps from Cromwell Road	0	5	0
Hugh's Seventh birthday	0	1	0
C. E. M.	0	2	6
Mr. F. Butcher	3	0	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	5	0
Evertonian	0	5	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. E. Atkinson	0	5	0
Miss Ellen Thirtle	0	4	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Booth	1	0	0
Mrs. Offer and Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Scott	2	0	0
Mr. Evan Owen	0	10	6
Mrs. Brown	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Communion Service at Enfield, per Pastor G. W. White ...	3	14	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Chas. Wood	3	5	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	5	0	0
Scotch note from Lurgan	1	0	0
Mr. Hy. Lincoln	0	10	0
T. A. H. P. W.	15	0	0
From an aged Believer	0	5	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	16	10
An inmate of Nottingham werkhouse .	0	2	0
Stamps from Pewsey	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Lake	0	3	2
A servant girl's presents from visitors .	0	5	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	3	1
A Widow	0	2	0
Mrs. Sarah Veale	2	0	0
Friends from Salem, Cheltenham ...	1	10	0
Mrs. May	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
Mr. F. W. Jacob	0	9	0
Mr. J. Crocker	2	0	0
Cairnbanno Sunday-school children ...	0	7	6
Mrs. M. Garland	20	0	0
Ebury Mission Evening-school	1	8	8
Mrs. R. Godfrey	0	2	6
Miss Mitchell	1	0	0
S. H.	6	2	6
A Christian	0	2	6
H. E. S.	10	10	0
L. M. N.	40	0	0
F. L. J.	10	0	0
A friend, per Pastor A. A. Rees ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Bateman	0	2	6
Mr. J. Leeson	0	10	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Roberts ...	1	4	9
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Murdoch	0	1	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. S. Muir... ...	0	2	0
Mrs. J. T. Armour, Chicago, per V. J. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. Boyland	0	10	0
Eld Lane Baptist Sunday-School, per Mr. H. Letch	1	10	0
Mrs. Smorthwaite	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Small	0	3	3
Collected by Mr. Mountain	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Wallington	0	13	0
Collected by Mr. Nicholls	0	11	9
Collected by Miss Lammie Gardiner ...	0	1	4
Executor of the late Mrs. Elizabeth James	100	0	0
Stamps from St. Helen's...	0	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, March 31st ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. C. Harvey ...	0	11	6
Mr. D. Batchelor	0	10	6
Normanton Baptist Sunday-school ...	0	7	0
"A family of six"	5	9	0
J. T. D.	0	1	6
Collected by Miss A. Biggs	0	7	3
Stamps from Derby	0	2	6
Per V. J. C.—			
Mr. Ganzman 1 0 0			
Mr. Knight 1 0 0			
Mr. King 0 10 0			
Mr. Patterson 0 10 0			
	3	0	0
Marshall Street Baptist Sabbath School, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Fuller...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for one year (entered in error in College list last month)	20	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. W. Williams...	1	0	0
Miss Humphrey, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
"Silver Wedding"	0	10	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts...	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0
	£322	10	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to April 14th (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—2 Sacks of Flour, Mr. J. Nutter; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a quantity of Buns, Mr. F. Rowe; 10 Sacks of Potatoes, "M."

GENERAL.—An Aviary and 25 Birds, Mrs. C. F. Allison; 2slbs. of Soap, Mr. T. P. Chard; a Hamper of Wild Flowers, Miss Coath; a Box of Primroses, Mr. L. Baker; a Patent Boot Cleaning Machine, Mr. W. Marshall; several Volumes and some Loose Numbers of the "Australasian," Mr. T. Buckmaster.

CLOTHING.—30 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; a Parcel of Drapery (Boys'), Mrs. Gething; 13 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe.

(Girls' Division):—A large Clock for School, Mr. A. Anderson; 80 large Spoons; Mr. G. Wheeler; a quantity of Sewing Cotton, Mr. W. Hull; a parcel of Drapery, Mrs. Gething; 2 articles of Clothing, Mrs. Oakley.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
"Protoplasm"	5	0	0
An aged widow	0	1	0
S., Glasgow	0	5	0
A Challenge...	8	0	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	0	0
A few friends, St. Petersburgh, per Rev. J. D. Kilburn	7	0	0
Pastor Harry Wood	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Miss S. H. Brown	1	0	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Harding	0	10	0
Sale of antiquities, Mr. W. S. Ashby ...	1	17	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
"For Christ's sake"	1	0	0
Mr. J. Doro	1	1	0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. Evan Owen	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	5	0	0
Thankoffering from a sermon-reader ...	0	2	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	9	0
A member of the Church of England...	0	2	6
"Moorgate"	1	0	0
R. P....	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Nellie Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mr. J. Huntley	2	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper ...	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Cooper ...	0	10	0
Miss Nellie Withers ...	0	10	0
By sale of work, N. W....	0	14	0
K. and A. Pugh	0	7	6
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Moore... ...	0	2	0
	6	6	0

	£	s.	d.
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Per Pastor N. Heath, Gravesend:—			
Windmill Street Sunday-school 1 1 6			
"Our own four children" 0 10 6			
	1	11	6
S. G., Wells...	0	2	6
	£61	4	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Ventnor Districts	30	0	0
Birmingham Town Mission	60	0	0
Ludlow District:—			
Miss Fitzgerald 1 0 0			
Miss E. G. Fitzgerald ... 1 0 0			
Small sums 0 9 6			
	2	9	6
Mr. R. Cory, Jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow, for Harley	20	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick	10	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Church Gresley Districts	20	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	61	13	4
Manorbier, per Rev. J. Thomas ...	5	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	20	0	0
Eyethorne District	7	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
East Devon Colportage Mission, for Ottery St. Mary	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
G. E., for Kettering	5	0	0
	£319	2	10

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
F. E. W.	0	7	0
Dr. S. O. Habershon	1	1	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
S.	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Miss Mitchell	0	10	0
L. M. N.	20	0	0
Mrs. Bateman	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. R. Howard	1	0	0
"H. M." (half yearly)	20	0	0
"E. B." (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. McHattie (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mr. George Emery (quarterly)	5	0	0
Mr. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier...	0	10	6
	£120	9	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Dore...	0	10	6
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
R. P.	5	0	0
	£6	15	6

Mr. Spurgeon has safely received the £5 Bank of England note, given by an unknown gentleman to one of our Orphanage collectors, Miss H. A. Tyrrell.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

Report of the Pastors' College.

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

1881-82.

THE Pastors' College completed its twenty-fifth year at the end of last July. That quarter of a century of College history has not been without its trials of faith and labours of love, but it has been specially notable for the goodness and lovingkindness of the Lord, to whom be glory for his faithfulness and grace. Those who saw the commencement of the institution will not be without wonder that it has survived so long, and those who befriended it in those early days will not be without gratitude that it has remained true to its holy purpose, and has been so greatly prospered in accomplishing it. We sought to promote the earnest preaching of the gospel of our fathers, and we have not failed. Its beginning, however, was small, and open to severe criticism, and few spared it; yet it had its ardent friends. Dr. Campbell, who attended one of the earliest annual meetings of the College, thus wrote of it:—"This College, in all points, is an exceedingly interesting affair. It is a thing by itself; there is nothing to be compared with it in these islands. It shows its founder to be the very incarnation of the spirit of ecclesiastical revolution; perhaps we should rather say, it shows him to be a singular ecclesiastical originality. Not satisfied with things as now existing in colleges, and guided by his strong instincts, he determined, in a happy hour, to create something for himself. His habit has been, from the first, to do things in a new way. Heedless alike of novelty and antiquity, he desires the useful, and is never satisfied till he has found it. In nothing has he studied singularity for its own sake. He has simply given himself up to the inspiration of his own genius, which has led him, here, and there, and yonder, to do this, and that, and he has always been successful. He acts in everything as if he had been the first actor, and as if this were the first age of Christian society, with neither ancestry nor precedent. What is good? What is better? What is best? This point settled, to work he goes, and he rests not till the object has been accomplished."

The worthy doctor has long since gone to his rest, but had it been possible for him to have remained among us he would have seen something much more extraordinary in the continuance of the institution than in the commencement of it. It is very easy to plan and project, very easy to inaugurate with a flourish of trumpets, and very easy to push forward for a few years in a novel track; but to plod on through half a lifetime in the selfsame form of effort—this is the work, this is the difficulty. To God's grace alone we give honour as we see the work of our hands established upon us, and behold our College happy and

prosperous after all these years. Old friends have fallen asleep, tutors have retired through very age, youths whom we called students are now in the prime of life as ministers, and the founder himself is weakened by repeated sickness till he feels but half his former self; but as the days of a tree are the days of this College, and the church shall long enjoy the fruit thereof. Dwelling in its own freehold building, gathering hundreds to its Annual Conferences, and having brave sons in all quarters of the globe, the College can say, "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us."

There is little need to enlist the sympathy of our readers for our object, for all are now agreed that preachers of the gospel are all the better for being men of education. Time was when an educated ministry was looked upon by certain of our brethren as a questionable blessing, indeed it was thought that the less a minister knew the better, for there was then the more room for him to be taught of God. From the fact that God does not need man's wisdom it was inferred that he does need man's ignorance; indeed, some seemed to be leaning to the opinion of the Mohammedans, who have long considered idiots to be inspired. Many devout persons doubted whether the preacher should study at all; they looked upon books as "dead men's brains," and conceived of all knowledge as of a thing which necessarily puffeth up. The venerable Daniel Jackson, a Baptist minister of Indiana, said, at the Conference of churches held in 1880, that "he had a lively recollection of the obstacles placed in the way of study and mental improvement in connection with his first pastorate. He had no books, and no money wherewith to buy them, and there was a strong prejudice among his parishioners against human learning; but he saved twenty dollars out of wedding-fees and the like, went fifteen miles to purchase a Commentary on the Bible, came home with his treasure at night, when it was dark, that it might not be seen, kept it secreted in a private apartment, and never ventured to bring it out and read it without setting his wife to watch at the door, as a sentinel, to give the alarm when anyone came. A visitor, alas! of the gentler sex, at last discovered the poor offending book, and reported that the minister studied out his text! The news flew like lightning. If he had had the small-pox packed away in his book-case the consternation could not have been greater; the whole parish, with one of the deacons at the head, was up in arms. His ministry, it was felt, could no longer be a 'Holy Ghost Ministry.' He had to leave, and seek a new sphere of toil; but he did not abandon his Commentary. Now, thank God," said the minister, "young men may read Commentaries, and get a College training, for the sunlight of knowledge has risen with effulgent beams upon the denomination."

This depreciation of learning was a natural recoil from the folly which magnified education into a kind of deity; as though it could take the place of the Spirit and power of God. It was supposed that none but doctors who had passed through the schools could possibly proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ; and yet these were the very last persons to undertake the blessed service,—they were too much engrossed with their own disputations and imaginings. The result of such idolatry of human scholarship was injurious to the last degree; the free utterance of the

word was hampered, and the dead letter of pretended learning crushed out the life and energy of Christian zeal. Greater folly has been found in the schools than out of it. Unlearned men may have injured religion by the wild-fire of their injudicious zeal; but pedantic and pretentious scholars have far more seriously imperilled it by the lukewarmness of their latitudinarianism, and the chill of their doubt. Human learning is, after all, only another form of human ignorance, touched up with an extra coat of the varnish of conceit; for what does man know when he knows all that he can himself discover? What does he know that is worth knowing unless he be taught of God? Above all, what can he know of eternal truth unless the eternal Spirit shall instruct him? Yet, for all this, the inference that ignorance is better than knowledge is a false one. Neither untutored confidence, nor learned diffidence can take the place of the Spirit; but when a man has once submitted head and heart and tongue to the supremacy of the Holy Ghost, all other things may be added unto him without fear of injury, yea, with the hope of great advantage to himself and others; and the more he knows, especially of matters which concern the Scriptures, the better will he be able to bring forth things new and old out of his treasures.

We believe that the Holy Spirit has greatly used the preaching of unlearned men; but, as a rule, it has been mainly among their own class, for whose position and modes of thought their own mental condition gave them special adaptation. The Lord selects means suitable to the end which he has in view, and it is tolerably clear that to reach a generation in which education is becoming general, his wisdom will probably select men who will not drive away their hearers by glaring ignorance of the simplest rules of correct speech. The Lord in sovereignty speaks by whomsoever be pleases, be he polished or rude; but we perceive that, as of old the nations heard the gospel in their own tongue, so now ranks and classes of men hear it best from those of their own standing, and the age of Board Schools will not be likely to listen to the preacher whose lack of knowledge even the boys and girls discover in an hour. Our beloved Charles Stanford, in a recent address, put this matter in an exceedingly plain and practical light. He says:—"When God gives you a rare plant, you cultivate it, and thus show your sense of its value. Creation is not in your power, but culture is; and it is not his way to do for man what man can do for himself. So, as to the gift of ministers. When, in answer to our fervent cries, the right men are given, and, in the days of their youthful promise, 'discerners of spirits' point them out to us, of course we show our thankfulness by caring for their education. It would be a bad policy and a burning shame, after the Lord of the harvest has sent forth labourers into the harvest, if, owing to any thrift or indolence of ours, they go to work with blunt sickles and broken scythes. Ministers, like other workers, must have the needful training and development; the same kind is not wanted for all; but each one should have what is wanted for the particular time he has to live in and the particular post he has to fill. Directive hints are given to us in the Acts of the Apostles. Paul, not Peter, was sent to Athens, to Corinth, to Rome, and to the ancient centres of intellectual intensity,—

that is, an educated man to an educated people. Let us respect the Divine order, and act on the old lines. These considerations have growing force. You fathers have already sent your sons and daughters to the best schools, because you know that, in the technical sense of the phrase, they have been born into an educated world, and you would have them fitted to fill their own fair place in it. It would break your hearts to see them forsake you on Sundays. Having been educated, you are surely glad for them to have pastors who are naturally likely to gain their ear and win their confidence, before they are decided for Christ, that they may continue under their ministry until, by the grace of God, they are first converted and then confirmed. For their sakes, even more than for your own, you will glorify God for pastors who, in the quaint, fine phrase of Puritan antiquity, are 'the poor gentlemen and scholars of Jesus Christ.'"

When we think of the value of a well-instructed minister of the gospel, and of all the beneficent institutions which are sure to spring up around him, we sometimes think the work of training ministers to be superior to all other services done to the Lord and his church. We wonder not that Colleges should be liberally supported, but the rather we marvel that more lovers of the Lord do not devote their substance to this superior purpose, in which the deed is done more fully unto the Lord himself than in almost any other form of good doing. Orphanages are excellent, but nature itself teaches us to care for the fatherless, and even the profane will unite in such a work; but to educate a man, who shall thereby become the fitter preacher of the word of God, is a service in which only the nobler spirits will take an interest, and that interest will hinge upon the glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of immortal souls. To build a meeting-house, to found a school, to commence a village-mission, to scatter pure literature—all these are admirable; but in equipping a pastor you have set in its place the motive power which will effect all these and a thousand other grand designs. Those who helped the poor boy Luther to pay for his learning made a grand investment of their monies. The possibilities which lie around one single preaching man of God are such as may make the College Lecture-hall one of the most solemn spots beneath God's heaven.

In our Institution for these twenty-six years men have gathered around their tutors to learn further the meaning of the Scriptures, and the art of imparting that meaning to others. All sorts of studies have been pursued with the one design of helping the men to speak plainly the word of salvation. Great attention has been paid to the art of speaking. There have been frequent discussions, impromptu speakings, and sermonizings in class. Care has been taken to inculcate proper pronunciation, delivery, and action. These matters are, as a rule, neglected, and many who were intended to be speakers are taught a little of everything except the art of elocution. Indeed the removal of personal, oratorical defects has been passed over by our Universities as though it were beneath notice, and that, too, in the case of men whose profession demands the perfection of ability in speech. In our case mutual criticism has produced a

friction, which has been found of great value in wearing off rough edges which else would have been in future years injurious to the preacher. At the same time we have ever endeavoured to cultivate the devotional spirit, without which the fluent speaker is but as sounding brass. Many a time have we heard the student say at the close of his term that he was as thankful for spiritual improvement as for mental growth. It has been a mingled anxiety and delight to all concerned to keep the School of the prophets in such a condition that the Lord of the prophets might never be absent, and the Spirit of the prophets might never be grieved. We have had many a hallowed season in fellowship as fellow-workers in this grand enterprise, and these have been auguries to us of blessings to be given when we should be separated far and wide, by mount, and stream, and sea, occupying each one his station among the heralds of the Cross. One in heart within the College, we look to be one in the truth which we shall deliver; knit to each other by sacred ties, we expect to labour in life-long unity; and fired by the celestial flame of the Spirit, we hope to be consumed in the common service.

During all these years we have been greatly encouraged by seeing the large number of men who come forward eager to become more efficient preachers of the gospel. They are informed that poverty will, in all likelihood, be their portion; but this they make no account of so long as they may preach Christ to their fellow-men. It may be supposed by some that the College unduly tempts men into the ministry, and is likely, therefore, to bring out a swarm of preachers of doubtful value; but it does nothing of the kind. Its first demand—that a man should already have preached the word for two years with a measure of success,—shuts the door in the face of large numbers who thought that a College would make them preachers, and they are surprised to find that they must be *made* by another hand before we can have anything to say to them. The difficulties encountered by those who apply turn off many more; for the delays are often long and the enquiries many, and the half-hearted grow weary, and accept more lucrative employment, or resolve to abide as they are. We refuse numbers of men for different reasons, and among them are not a few who nevertheless enter our ministry, thus showing that they will become ministers one way or another, whether we will help them or not. Either our judgment is greatly at fault, or else churches have keener eyes for discovering ability than we have been favoured with, for we are often surprised to see men chosen as pastors whose replies to our questions indicate powers of the slenderest kind. This will ever be in the Baptist denomination a fact which has its dark and also its bright side: the liberty of prophesying is evidently well maintained, and we are glad it is so. After students are admitted to the College we occasionally have doubts of their fitness, and upon the unanimous judgment of the tutors, we feel bound to dismiss them; and here again we note with some concern that a considerable proportion find pulpits, and so occupy the post of teachers with a training of the poorest kind. We do not say that the churches are wise to choose these brethren, neither may we say that they are unwise, for it is not our duty to judge them, and they have a right to select their own

pastors, and probably know best who will suit them; yet this goes to show that it is not the College that is responsible for these men becoming preachers, for they do it in the teeth of our opposition and protest. It would be a great pity if we had the power to stop them, for why should the judgment of any one man, or any set of men, be supreme? As the matter is thus left to forces beyond our control, what is to be done? The simplest way is to give education as widely as we can, use our best judgment in selection, and leave the result with the great Head of the Church.

The net result of nearly 26 years' of tuition, so far as figures go, may be gathered from the following list:—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College ...		620
,,	now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries and Evangelists...	464
,,	without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	28
,,	not now engaged in the work (in secular callings) ...	13
,,	Medical Missionaries and Students	7
,,	Educated for other Denominations	2
,,	Dead—(Pastors, 36; Students, 5)	41
,,	Permanently Invalided	5
,,	Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as joining other Denominations, &c.	60

These last are not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving us, and astounded that they should change their views upon Baptism; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control.

Among the many good men and true, there are certain names which are known throughout our whole denomination as men of power and influence. It is invidious to make a selection, but we cannot refrain from blessing God for men who hold leading positions, and hold them well. London will not soon forget Archibald Brown, Cuff, Sawday, Bax, Williams, Frank White, and others. Bristol rejoices in our Brother Gange, Reading in Anderson, Cambridge in Tarn, Bradford in Davis, Leeds in Hill; and many another town can tell of its successful pastor who hails from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and is a power for good in all the district round about. Boasting be far from us; but we may rejoice in God, who has bestowed gifts and graces upon men for the accomplishment of his own designs, and we will not therefore refrain from saying that among the successful workers of our day our College men have held their own, and stand second to none. Many could we mention who have done splendid service in founding, reviving, enlarging, and establishing churches; but time would fail us to make a record of individual successes. Among the many of our brethren unknown to fame there are apostolic men who, for Christ's sake and the love of his church, bear the thousand ills of penury without a murmur, and labour on in the midst of their poor congregations, having no reward but the smile of the Great Father in heaven. Of such men we would glory. It is a sad pity that any servant of the Lord should be in want; but it is to the honour of the church that, if men are wanted for positions where want is inevitable, hundreds are ready to leap into the gulf.

All this while the funds for educating and maintaining the men have always been forthcoming,—the free-will offerings of the Lord's people. The income has never caused us any great anxiety. From an accountant's point of view the ordinary income is at least £1,000 below the expenditure; but usually a large legacy falls in just when the exchequer runs low, and this makes up for deficiencies till the time comes round for another special amount. If this is the Lord's way of sending supplies, it is sure to be the very best, and we most thankfully accept it. At the present moment our stock is short; but a considerable legacy is due under the will of the late Mr. John Edwards, and a portion of the amount will be spent in this direction. No other part of the Lord's work is drained to keep the College going; its sources are fresh springs, and its streams are a clear gain to Christian philanthropy. Most of the men need to be lodged and boarded as well as instructed, and in many cases even clothes, washing, and other personal expenses have to be found. A growing number are able to bear their own charges; but we shall never forget that a main object of the College is to help poor men, rich in gifts, but unable to pay for an education. Are there not many brethren and sisters who will count it an honour to join us in this blessed work? There have always been "partners with Simon," and the firm is capable at this time of great enlargement, for many old partners have lately gone home. The Lord will surely find us other helpers; possibly the reading of these pages may work in that direction.

During the year we have considerably diminished the number of our students, because there is a general impression that the Baptist churches at home are not, just now, in need of more fresh men. We have therefore lengthened the average period of study, and also refused many whom we would otherwise have taken, while of those accepted a number are under bonds to enter upon foreign service. At this moment churches find it difficult to obtain thoroughly able and efficient pastors, and yet if it is known that a pulpit is vacant a hundred candidates apply for a hearing,—the same hundred with slight variation applying in every case year after year. Hence an outcry is raised that the ministry is overstocked, whereas it might better be said to be encumbered with unsuitable men. When men find that their gifts are not suitable for any one business they usually turn their hands to something else; but, alas, it often happens that when a man has failed in the ministry in more places than one, he does not lay the blame on his own unfitness, but upon the place, or the people, or the deacons, and he perseveres with the heroism of a martyr, or, as some say, with the obstinacy of a mule, in attempting to fulfil in some other quarter an office for which he has not the capacity. Such men block up the passages of the ministry, bring the work into difficulties, and the office into contempt. You may track their movements by the devastation they have made. Where their foot has stood the cause has never prospered. They are now without pulpits, and the calamity has its consolations. How far these men are to be considered we will not judge; but we heartily wish they would consider the matter themselves, and resolutely turn to secular callings in which they might be useful to their fellow-men. Meanwhile we will endeavour to avoid making a hard case any harder. We rejoice to take into the

College brethren already in the ministry, who feel their need of more study; by this means we have helped a poor church to keep its minister, the preacher has obtained an education, and the number of men to be supported in the ministry has not been increased. We have also been glad to receive brethren who resolve to build on new foundations, and to create spheres for themselves. This is being attempted successfully by our men at this time in several instances. These two points we have so largely attended to that any surplusage of would-be pastors does not largely lie at our door; indeed, we look upon the fact that some are out of harness as one of those inevitable evils which come out of the stern law of the survival of the fittest,—a law which all the compassion in the world can never alter. Men who undertake what they can only inefficiently perform are sure to suffer, and the only remedy for their distress is the correction of their primary mistake. We are among the first to compassionate all such; but we can do little to amend an ill which in the nature of things requires a more radical cure.

Our great longing is for the College to be growingly helpful to the glorious work of Missions. The great field of the world is still uncultivated, and the Master bids us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest. Oh that they might be sent forth in bands! We have made some progress in this direction since our last Conference, and we are right glad of it. The Missionary fire burns steadily on our altar; many students are dedicating themselves, and we are full of hope as to the future.

Here are a few notes as to INDIA, where the Baptist Missionary Society has long spent the great part of its strength :—

Just previously to the meeting of the Conference last year, Mr. H. RYLANDS BROWN left our shores for *Darjeeling*, to labour among the English-speaking residents and visitors at that health-resort. He has been doing real missionary work by visiting the houses of the tea-planters and others scattered over the district. What his ultimate destination may be does not appear; but he is in God's hands, to be guided as the Lord sees well.

Mr. J. G. POTTER, having been accepted by our Missionary Society for work in India, left us at the close of last year. He is now stationed at *Agra* under the superintendence of Mr. Jones. This beloved brother diffused such a missionary spirit throughout the College while he was resident with us that we have large expectations of what the Lord will do by him on the field of service.

Mr. W. MITCHELL, having heard our esteemed brother, Mr. A. Haegert, give an account of his labours among the Santhals, and plead for help, offered to cast in his lot with our friend, and left us in February to join the little band in *Santhalistan*. May the best of blessings rest on that hopeful enterprise.

At our last Conference we were somewhat saddened, as we thought of our dear friend, Mr. Stubbs, being forced to retire from the field; now we rejoice that three have gone to that land, while our brethren, R. SPURGEON, W. NORRIS, and G. H. HOOK have been preserved in health, and enabled to do good service for the Master.

Here, perhaps, is the place to notice that our brother R. MAPLESDEN, who left us to take the oversight of the Baptist Church at Madras, has accepted from the American Baptist Missionary Union a call to work among the *Teloogoos*.

As to AFRICA, which has set before the churches an almost illimitable field, we have a little to report:—

In the early part of last year our devoted brother Mr. D. LYALL was obliged to leave the *Cameroons*, *West Africa*, his health having become seriously affected in that terrible climate. After a short stay in England he believed his health was sufficiently restored to permit of his resuming the work so dear to his heart. Though warned that such a course would cost him his life, his ardent spirit could not be restrained, and he went back, and in a few short months was called from his labour in the "dark continent" to his rest in the presence of the King. He has left a widow who is anxious to go back to the work. Our dear sister is a splendid Christian woman, and we hope the Society will enable her to return.

Mr. J. H. DEAN, who went from the College to the University of Edinburgh to study medicine, in order the more fully to equip himself for missionary work, went last year to *Blantyre*, in *Central Africa*, where the Established Church of Scotland has a mission-station. We have several other brethren studying as medical missionaries, but the difficulty is to get them out into the field.

Mr. J. H. WEEKS has recently gone, under the auspices of our Baptist Missionary Society, to join the brethren on the *Congo River*.

Mr. A. BILLINGTON, having been accepted by our dear friend Mr. H. G. Guinness for service in the Livingstone Inland Mission, is now at the *Banana* Station, at the mouth of the *Congo River*.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. RICHARDSON, of *Bakundu*, are compelled to seek change of climate and rest: we hope and pray that they may soon be able to go back to their poor Africans.

We cannot detain the reader by surveying every part of the world in detail, nor can we give an account of all our brethren who are labouring from Britain to Japan; but it is certainly a great delight to see them in increasing numbers toiling on in every land for the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord. Do not all our helpers share the joy? May the Lord grant them their portion of it.

From the CANADIAN branch of the Conference we have received the following communication:—

"The Canadian Branch of the Pastors' College Conference,

"To the Pastors' College Conference, London, England.

"Beloved President and Brethren,

"We greet you in the name of our common Lord. We rejoice in the opportunity afforded you of meeting together to revive former memories, to hold sweet fellowship with each other, and to discuss themes of importance touching the work of our Lord and Saviour in the world.

"At our annual meeting, held in the City of Toronto in October last, we freely discussed the advisability of sending one of our number to

represent us at the Annual Meeting at the College. Concerning the desirability of such a course there was perfect unanimity, and, but for two principal difficulties, probably a brother would have been with you this year. But, in the first place, the time at which the Conference is held is peculiarly unfavourable for crossing the Atlantic, and, secondly, the expense is more than most brethren could well afford.

"We felt disposed, unitedly, to undertake to bear half the expense of our deputation, but even then some brethren could barely undertake the other half.

"We would rejoice exceedingly if it were possible for you to appoint the meetings for some time after the middle of May—indeed, any time during the summer. If that can be done, we are hopeful that an arrangement may be made whereby we could have the privilege of meeting with you, from year to year, in our regular turns, a privilege we greatly long for, and would exceedingly enjoy.

"On the whole, all the brethren in Canada are comfortable and useful, and, we need scarcely add, feel deeply interested in the welfare of our beloved President, the Tabernacle, the College, and the brethren of the Conference.

"May the Master's presence be in your gatherings, and his choicest benedictions rest upon your proceedings, and when it is well with you, remember us in this far-off land.

"By order and on behalf of the Canadian Branch,

"ROBERT LENNIE, President.

"JAMES GRANT, Secretary."

"Dundas, Ontario, Canada, March, 1882."

We would assure our brethren that we received their letter with great delight, and that in return we wish them the richest prosperity. We quite agree with them that it will be a grand day when their numbers will be so increased that a delegate can be sent over without any burdensome expense. We should indeed welcome such a representative, not only from the Canadian brethren, but from each little group of scattered ones over the whole earth. Meanwhile the Conference at home will welcome the Canadian epistle with the utmost enthusiasm.

From AUSTRALIA we have most cheering communications from Mr. Clarke, of West Melbourne. The brethren seem to be upon the whole exceedingly prosperous; but we greatly regret the unexpected loss of the two valued brethren, H. H. Garrett and H. Marsden: the first fell as the victim of a railway accident, but the second bowed before that fell disease, consumption. For a while he gathered strength, and we hoped that he would master the disease; but even the fine climate of Australia could not save him. These brethren have not, however, been called home without having left behind them sufficient evidence that they were called of God to their work, for they had been greatly blessed by him in the doing of it.

We cannot forbear to mention the princely liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Perth, Tasmania, who have built two Tabernacles at

Longford and Deloraine, and are generously fostering two churches in them. In every way these dear friends have showed exceeding kindness to our son, Thomas Spurgeon, and to all our sons of the College. May they see Tasmania covered with Baptist churches, all flourishing as a garden of the Lord.

Mr. A. J. Clarke, at West Melbourne, has continued to enjoy a rich blessing, to see a large increase to his church, and to be the means of great blessing to his brethren. Messrs. Harrison and Isaac have been visiting many of the churches on an evangelistic tour, and our Australian letters speak of great numbers of conversions. Our son Thomas, in Auckland, New Zealand, has not only entered upon a happy pastorate, but also upon the labour and care of erecting a new chapel, the old one being a wooden erection, and all but ruinous. It is a matter of necessity to build, and the friends will be glad of such help as the generous may feel disposed to render.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The work commenced in Cape Town by our highly esteemed brother W. HAMILTON, like the most of such enterprises, has had its time of trouble, but now that the new chapel has been opened, we hope that brighter days await it. If only Mr. Hamilton's energies are continued we have no fear. He has accomplished marvels, and has often made our heart to sing for joy. We wish it were in our power to send him larger help, especially at this moment when the new chapel calls for funds. Mr. MANN, who went out to relieve Mr. Hamilton, will remain till he sees him restored to health, and will, then, in all probability, return to us.

During the past year Mr. W. HOBBS has, with great energy, conducted the enterprise of building a new chapel at *Gipsy Road, Norwood.* It will cost with the ground about £4,500, and our right worthy brother has obtained from many friends a large part of the cost.

Messrs. BLACKABY & BLOCKSIDGE commenced a work at *New Brompton*, near Chatham, and gathered together a persevering, faithful people. Mr. Blocksidge has lately had the sole charge of the church, and has displayed most praiseworthy diligence. By hard struggling, and much help, they have erected a chapel-schoolroom upon which only a small debt remains. Land is secured in front for building a larger chapel when the church becomes sufficiently strong. By means of this and other efforts a large population has been supplied with the means of grace.

At *Mitcham*, Mr. A. E. CARTER has, together with his brother, built a small chapel, and commenced a hopeful work.

At *Sandown*, during the last few months, Mr. A. BIRD has gathered the nucleus of a Baptist church, and is now proceeding to erect a suitable building. We were not represented in the town, and many friends who love the pure and simple gospel found that it was more accessible in the Church of England than among certain Nonconformists, and wished therefore to see a church of our faith and order, to which they could resort for spiritual food. Will friends who visit Sandown encourage this growing interest?

Mr. H. J. MARTIN is endeavouring to raise a church at *Bracknell, Berks*, and Mr. W. WELBY PRYER, is working under the superintendence of Pastor J. A. SPURGEON in the hope of forming a branch church in *Croydon*.

At *Hornchurch, Essex*, a new chapel will soon be built for the people who have been collected by Mr. E. DYER. For this the working plans are prepared, and we hope soon to receive estimates.

Thus good steady advance is being made. Had we more means, we could found many new churches, for London grows at such a rate that new neighbourhoods spring up on a sudden, and in each of these we find a few friends ready to unite for the Lord's work, and where we find none there is all the more need to begin preaching the word. All that can be spared of the College income will go to the work of extension, but there is need of enlarged liberality. It will be a dreadful calamity if future ages should curse the present generation for allowing all the land to be built over, and reserving no spaces for places of worship. It looks like dooming a region to hopeless heathenism if we allow every foot of soil to be covered with houses, and reserve no site for a meeting-place for the hearing of the gospel. To pull down houses to create sites is a work so costly that the idea is seldom entertained, the only chance seems to be to buy the land while yet it is bare, and even then it is a hard struggle to put up the meanest structure for divine service. We often think that, if the Lord's people were but half sincere in their professions of love to his cause, we should never have to plead for a penny for London, for the necessities of this great city would stare men in the face, and force them to supply the awful want of the growing population.

EVANGELISTIC WORK among the Churches has been carried on diligently and successfully during the past year. Our two brethren, FULLERTON and SMITH, are singularly adapted for this useful work; in fact, their power and adaptation seem to increase from year to year. It would be impossible to give even an outline of their year's services. Letters appear in *The Sword and the Trowel* monthly testifying to the fact that wherever they go a cloud of blessing seems to hover over them, and showers of mercy descend upon the places which they visit. They have during the past year been at Sheffield and neighbourhood; Shoreditch Tabernacle; Vernon Chapel, Pentonville; St. John's Wood Chapel; Metropolitan Tabernacle; South Street Chapel, Greenwich; Peckham Park Road Chapel; and Lower Sloane Street Chapel, Chelsea. This work has become almost entirely self-supporting, for the friends at each place send up a freewill offering sufficient to cover expenses. If at any of the places the contribution should happen to be very small the deficiency has been made up by the extra gifts from more favourable spheres of action. How many souls have been converted and added to the church by this agency during the year we will not venture to guess, for we feel a fear of attempting to number the people; but the day of judgment will reveal that this has been one of the most useful agencies employed in modern times.

During a great part of last year Mr. BURNHAM was occupied, under the auspices of the County Association, in visiting a considerable number of the smaller towns and villages of Yorkshire; and since the last Conference he has also conducted evangelistic services in Walthamstow, Rushden, Holbeach, Leighton Buzzard, Watton, Southwell, Winslow, Gamlingay, Sheepshed, New Shoreham, and Burnley, in addition to spending the whole of the month of September in earnestly labouring amongst the hop-pickers in Kent. We continue to receive the most cheering reports of this good brother's work. Almost all the churches visited tell of saints cheered, sinners saved, the careless aroused, and backsliders reclaimed; and wherever it is possible they arrange for a second and third visit from the evangelist.

Mr. PARKER also has gone to many places, preaching and singing the gospel, and many profess to have received the saving word from his lips.

We hope to enlarge this part of our operations, and take on more evangelists, but we must only move as God moves. We doubt not that if the men are forthcoming means will be found for their support.

To God be all the glory of a great work thus roughly sketched by one to whom each line has been a labour by reason of weakness, who therefore claims pardon for the broken and abrupt style.—C. H. S.

Vice-President's Report.

THE usual course of study has been steadily pursued for the past year with quite average results. Some slight alteration in our staff has been made, and we shall miss for the future our long-tried coadjutor, Mr. Selway, who has given for many years his able lectures on the applied sciences. His post is taken by the Rev. F. R. Cheshire, who bears a high reputation for his Lectures under the Government at South Kensington. Mr. Fergusson having retired from the Evening Classes, we are glad to fill up his place with the efficient labours of Mr. S. Johnson, and his helper, Mr. Bowers, who, we trust, will enable many young men to lay the foundations of a solid education. Our number is not quite equal to former years, and perhaps this will enable some of the brethren already in the field to exchange their spheres of labour with more facility, or to find new positions if they no longer occupy their former ones. Our efforts are directed to a yet more prolonged and complete course of study, and, we think, with encouraging success. The spirit of prayer and earnestness in College work continues unabated, while the missionary zeal of the brethren is, we rejoice to say, augmenting. Happily we see no signs of any abatement in the love of our young brethren to the old doctrines and principles of our denomination. We desire to train up no band of bigots; but we urge a definite creed and a rigid discipline for our churches, and first of all in our church-leaders. We tolerate no vacillation, and desire to rear no disciples of mist and fog. "We believe, and therefore we speak." The hearty co-operation of our brethren in the ministry, our former students, warrants us, we think, in the belief that our system commends itself to their judgment after

testing it in the field of active service, while their acknowledged success is a surest proof and highest reward. We still need picked men, and only those who are such as candidates, for our School of the Prophets. May the Lord of the harvest continue to thrust many such into His vineyard, and to him shall be all the praise. JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

IN rendering an account of the past year, I have to make the happy confession that there is no one feature demanding special attention, so uniform and steady has been the diligence in every department of study. The demeanour of the students has been such as befits those who have "given themselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word." For the tone of earnestness, intelligence, and spirituality pervading the College there is much reason for gratitude. Through the continuous favour of the Head of the Church, zeal for conversions has suffered no abatement amongst us, whilst every endeavour has been made honestly to meet the large and varied requirements of the pastoral office. Of these things the sermons read weekly for criticism, and the evangelistic efforts put forth, afford substantial proofs. The General Classes for test sermons and for discussions, at which all the tutors are present, have been well sustained. I have continued my course of Lectures on Theology, and kept up the study of Hodge's "Outlines," "Homiletics," and "Church History." The Seniors have been engaged in the exegetical and grammatical study of the Greek text of the Acts, the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the Epistle to the Hebrews; and have read in connection herewith Trench's "Synonyms of the Greek Testament." In Hebrew the Seniors have been reading in the Psalms and in the Book of Genesis, the latter of which the Juniors are beginning. In the Senior Classics the subjects have been Lucian's "Dialogue" and the "Œdipus Rex" of Sophocles; the 6th Book of Virgil's "Æneid," and "Cicero De Senectute." D. GRACEY.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—At your request I forward to you a few facts connected with that department of College work you have placed under my care. My work falls naturally under the following heads—Biblical Studies, Ethics and Philosophy, and English.

BIBLICAL STUDIES.—The nature of our work in this department will at once appear when I mention its two branches and their respective text-books—Blackie's "Bible Geography" and Angus's "Bible Handbook." By means of the first we travel (availing ourselves of the most recent researches in Asia of travellers and scholars), especially over the ground made sacred by the grace of God, the deeds of Christ and the

work of Patriarch, Prophet and Apostle. Here the men are trained to form for themselves, to the mind's eye, a map which, without book or sheet, they can carry to the pulpit, prayer-meeting, or platform; and on this mental map they are soon able to set down in a certain place and give a local habitation to the momentous transactions of that Book in the exposition of which their lives are to be laid out, spent, and exhausted. By means of the Handbook to the Bible they are introduced, through a style at once crisp, rigid and graphic, to the great themes of their life-work,—exposition and Biblical criticism Judging from the amount of work done this year, the sustained application required in doing it, and the *verve* and energy revealed in the discussion of the subjects suggested, they have left me little to desire. Should our men carry into their ministry the same hunger for Bible knowledge, the same energy in turning it to account, and still keep unspoiled the same sensitiveness of soul in appreciating the fine touches of the Spirit in His delineation of truth, they must and they will excel in the great business of soul-winning. I can safely assert that, if they are determined—and I know they are—to carry the same enthusiasm into their life-work, their people will not be found among those who, to escape the monotony of the modern pulpit, are now clamouring around the doors of museums, art galleries, and Sunday leagues.

Ethics and Philosophy.—In this department our great aim has been in as clear and as simple manner as possible to acquaint the men with a common-sense view of the phenomena of the human mind. Our whole teaching here has been in complete subordination to the grand principle of all our College work—the divine art of winning lost souls to the Lord Jesus Christ. Our every effort here has been to avoid making the men gaunt moralists on the one hand and philosophic somnambulists on the other. The entire drift of our labours has been to bring the men face to face with that stern and real person—the human soul; that poor fallen majestic creature, the soul of man; and to deepen their sympathies with its sorrows, struggles, hopes, and fears; and to strengthen by all that is strong in the gospel of God its resistance to being snuffed out by the apostles of the materialism of modern science; to help it in every way to maintain its protest against being considered a blood relation of the ape or the oyster; and to increase its loathing towards the last and vilest insult offered to it when it is asserted that its life and potency may be found amid the simmering stews of modern chemistry. As soul-winners our men enter the College; as soul winners they study; and as soul-winners they go forth to their work, therefore, as far as in us lies, our efforts in this department have been directed—if you will allow the figure—to acquainting our men with the anatomy of the suffering soul. Yes, Sir, to cleave to the soul, to feel for the soul, and to ease the soul is a noble work, a Godlike work, and we all believe that is our work—our only work. Judging from the souls already saved through the agency of the men from our College in the field, we have our reward in so teaching and studying the phenomena of the human heart and mind.

ENGLISH STUDIES.—A mere enumeration of the class-books used in this department of our work will so far explain its nature as to render detail unnecessary. They are these:—Fleming's "Analysis of the English Language;" for practice in analysis, "Paradise Lost;" Angus's "Handbook of English Literature;" "Reid on the English Poets;" "English History;" and the preparation of monthly papers on given themes. Our great aim in this part of our work is to help those of our men who, though possessed of plenty of brain and plenty of soul, are suffering from the calamity of a neglected education, or of none at all. They are not allowed to leave this part of their studies until we are satisfied they have secured a common-sense grasp of the principles and capabilities of their mother-tongue. And here also we have our reward in beholding many of our men triumph over all the evils of a neglected education, and succeed in clearly translating into a sound and brawny Saxon style the story of Jesus crucified, the wisdom of God and the mind of Christ, a style which the Holy Ghost, through them, has deigned to use in bringing many sinners to the feet of Christ.

A. FERGUSSON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—Your request for a short account of my Classes during the past year reaches me while away from home. I am, consequently, unable to avail myself of some references which would have helped me to speak more particularly of work done immediately after last Conference.

The Middle Classes left me shortly after the commencement of the year, and have since been reading with Mr. GRACEY. The Second Juniors, after finishing both the Latin and Greek Delectuses, have for some months past been reading Cornelius Nepos in the former language, and Xenophon's "Anabasis" in the latter. Good progress has been made by almost all the brethren in these classes, and the more difficult constructions have been overcome with more than usual readiness. Careful attention has been given to the grammar of both languages, and especially to parsing. We have gone through nearly two books of Euclid, and though this is generally regarded as "a dry subject," the interest in it has grown from the first, and the work has been well done.

The First Junior Class is getting on well with Latin, but has not yet advanced far in Greek. On two afternoons of the week, throughout the year, I have taken an Elementary Class for students newly entered, in order that beginners might be helped over their early difficulties in the dead languages, with as little hindrance as possible to their studies in English subjects.

The conscientious character of the work done during the year has been very gratifying, and, above all, the earnest tone of piety pervading the prayers in our various meetings encourages us to believe assuredly that the good hand of our God is still with us. May the dear College prosper more than ever.

Yours very sincerely,

F. G. MARCHANT.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1882.

The Essential Nobility of our Ministry.*

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

THE service for which Jesus trained his disciples, with such rare patience and skill and foresight, must be essentially noble; the characteristic of our ministry forming the topic of the present paper might therefore be taken for granted without discussion. But common and evident truth is most in danger of neglect. Besides, God's best things bear much looking at. If God has made our ministry noble, where his hands have been our eyes may usefully linger.

To prevent mistakes I hasten to add, before proceeding further, that the subject is the *N*obility, not the *M*obility of our Ministry; though there is said to be a great deal of the latter, and the theme could not fail to be fruitful. It would open the way for some sage observations anent our denominational system; and would afford special facilities for —in a quiet and Christian sort of way—warning the deacons. All would doubtless be very exhilarating. It certainly did occur to me that some brother—perhaps of a cynical turn of mind—one upon whom the ministry has pressed very heavily, on receiving the Conference programme, and reading down to the title of this paper, might in the soreness of his heart think the phrase a grim irony, and bitterly suggest the change of letter which I have supposed.

Let us hope, if there be such a one, that by this time the Conference has cured him, and that he sees things in a more hopeful light. Gloom falls in turn upon us all. Despondency inverts the universe, makes the most solemn asseverations about every precious thing we have, and always *lies in its throat.* I would like to-day to bring forward a more credible witness—bright-eyed Faith—that dwells near God's throne, and never yet said an ill word of him, or his. Over against headaches and heartaches I want to set the precious things of our service—the raptures,

* A paper read at the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association. We call the special attention of our readers to it. It thrilled us all again and again.—C. H. S.

the experiences deep as the heart of God. It was in the hope of doing what should not be difficult, viz., speaking well of a noble thing, that this paper was undertaken; for I am persuaded that while we cannot think too humbly of ourselves, we cannot think too highly of our work.

One of the plain things regarding the gospel ministry is that it is not in universal esteem. The preaching of the cross is still, to them that are perishing, foolishness. Many hold it in contempt, and dilate with pleasure upon the so-called decaying influence of the pulpit. This we cannot help. For the world to wag its head before the cross is no new thing. We are not responsible for other men's judgments; but we *are* answerable for our own estimate of the work of God entrusted to us; which work, in proportion as it is contemned of the unbelieving, should mount to a prouder and choicer place in our affection. Men must count their calling honourable if they are to find honour in it. He that despises his life-labour, will carry it on in half-hearted and slovenly fashion; but the man who conceives it to be noble will rise to the greatness of the work, will do nobly, and in the effort will himself be ennobled.

The Christian ministry, as experience has made it known to us, includes within its domain plenty of harassment and vexation. Some of us have lived to be undeceived. The ideal world our youthful fancy pictured inside every church has sobered down to the more commonplace reality. "That which is crooked" has been found within as well as without the fellowship of saints. In fact, sometimes it has seemed as though we had the whole twisted miscellany of the nursery-rhyme—the crooked man, the crooked mile, the crooked sixpence, and the crooked stile—compressed into one glorious hour of church life. Yet, for it all, be it ours never to bate one jot of chivalrous regard for our high calling in Christ Jesus. It is still great, always great. In the town, in the village, with the few, with the many, embarrassed from within or buffeted and struck at from without, no circumstances of the place or hour can uncrown this royal service, nor dim the essential glory of our ministry.

We come now to consider the question, Wherein does that glory lie? Our ministry is our service, our work, our life-toil for Christ. How hath it nobility? Now, be it far from us to ask for it the tinsel adornments of a vain sacerdotalism. The pitiful assumptions of the priest are scorned by the enlightened minister of Christ. But there are other things to be said. To begin: the instrument by which we perform a chief part of our ministry, the public address, has by universal consent an honour of its own. This is noteworthy. The man who stands forth to speak to the many, whether in public hall, chapel, or out in the open under God's blue heaven, whatever may be his theme, has found noble opportunity. If the issue prove contemptible, the fault was not in the means, but in the man. Whatever method Christ might have appointed for our ministry, the illustrious ends must have glorified it; but calling us to *preach* the gospel, he has sent us to great work with honourable tools. The golden jubilee is rung out from trumpets of silver. In this regard, and apart from the things we speak, our calling is not without honour.

But, more especially, *we feel the nobility of our ministry as often as we recall from whence we received it.*

It is the ministry of the risen Jesus. True gospel teachers are Christ's ascension gifts to earth. We are intruders in this ministerial office, and undone unless we had ordination thereunto from the hands that made the worlds. As it befell Moses at the bush, and Isaiah in enchanted yet terrified hearing of the very pavilion-melodies of the heavens, we received the appointment to our far humbler missions from God's lips. For is not this one of the glories of the true Christian ministry, that its affairs are arranged by direct appeal to the supreme throne? The instrumentalities are human, yet everywhere works the potent influence of the church's glorious Head. It is not so long ago, I may venture to say, with the eldest among us since we went out from the face of God his commissioned servants, that we have forgotten scenes upon which a brightness so celestial rests. The joy, the impulse, the glory-light are with us now, telling us that ours is noble work. Was it not thus? There came to us a time, lying now back in the memory, beautiful and a joy for ever, when we fell conquered at the feet of Christ. Our old soul fetters were gone, but we were put in chains of constraining love. It was then that, loving Christ, we loved his cause, and felt that there was not in our veins one crimson drop we did not owe a thousand times over to him. This feeling became a passion. It grew upon us. It bore us irresistibly on. We prayed, we agonized, we asked to die rather than do wrong. But still louder within us sounded the heavenly summons; and, not daring to resist, from quivering lips came at length the cry: "Here am I—send me." The call was Christ's. We felt his strong, tender hand upon our burning head, and told him then the deep purpose of our soul to be his, alone, for ever. Thus, or in some such way, I doubt not, the service of Jesus became our life-work.

It were strange, indeed, if we could receive a ministry thus out of heaven and not honour it. Though to some such witness may wear the hue of superstition, and others may call it madness, and yet others may speak loftily of the arrogance that is born of ignorance, we have the light upon our path and the impulse within, say what they will. We have seen God. The voice of the Holy Ghost, which of old said to the kneeling saints at Antioch, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul," is in *our* ears, making life sublime. We know whose signet ring is upon our hand, and our work is great to us. Earth can show no prouder installation to any office or dignity. Compared with God's appointments the embassies of kings are paltry. Let the servant of God who has begun to think meanly of his ministry recall the sublime presence in which he received it, when swift-winged seraphim that stoop obedient in the eternal light were passed by that the call might come to him. If he dare despise the unpillared throne, the temple darkened with the incense that swells the praises of the universe to Jehovah's feet, the great God himself,—then, not otherwise, let him despise the mission which, kneeling in that presence, he received.

Again, the main trust of our ministry—Christ and his redeeming work—gives it a peerless glory. God sends no man on a fool's errand. Those who come charged from the presence of the King, bring with them what is worth the carrying. If our appointing was with honour, how great is our trust! There is placed in our keeping, to hold, to value, to love, and to make known, God's great masterpiece, Redemption.

The gospel may lie neglected in the printed book, it may become an almost-forgotten theme of conversation among professing Christians; but while a solitary witness remains it must be made to ring out from the living lips of the preacher on the world's ear. For, while it may be the occasional effort of others, it is the *business* of the minister to make Christ known. "We have this treasure." God with matchless mystery of condescension has allowed us "to be put in trust with the gospel." Many sacred responsibilities are given to men: it is the habit of God to trust us. Tender and holy ministries await willing hands everywhere, and other services, august, of overwhelming weight,—the fit tasks of the world's stronger spirits. But I wonder when I see him give to human care the Son of his love, and in a measure trust to such as we are the honour and fair fame amongst men of the beloved Jesus; for the soul of Christianity is Christ himself. Moreover, where there is trust there is responsibility. Those, therefore, to whom the gospel is committed have in keeping the name and honour of the Lord. We may complement and balance this truth with another bearing on the sovereignty and omnipotence of Jesus; but we do not destroy it. When all is said that can be said, the trust, the responsibility remains, and it still stands true that Christ's fame amongst men fluctuates with the church's fidelity. What strange honour is here! This gives a peculiar lustre to the Christian service—that it has so sacred a trust. The precious charge is all too costly for our feeble keeping. Master, we are but poor toilers, of little skill in our calling; but if, as of old, on blue Galilee, thou come a passenger into our boat, veiling for our good and till thine own time thy almightiness, and we see thy pillowed head, that twelve legions of angels might covet to guard, given to our keeping, *we will be true to thee*, God helping us; and we would not, to command argosies of treasure, change our charge. Christ's sent servants are chosen vessels to bear his name. The vessels are earthen, but the sworded cherubim at Eden's gates had not committed to them so rich a treasure.

Further, I would call attention to *the precious, the absolutely priceless implements of our craft.* In the pursuit of our work we are forced into constant association with the highest truths. Our ministry's great ends cannot be served by falsehood. All deceptions, misleading statements, sophisms, or other devices of speech whereby persuasion is often reinforced, are in natural antagonism to Christ's purposes. Our weapons are not carnal. Pretenders may fly to tools of shame, and seek to coerce or to delude unwilling minds; but God's truths are the natural implements of our work, noble and immortal, like the cause they serve. In this world with its many callings, its hubbub, and rush, and whirl, where the wildest excitement often sweeps around the least important centres, is it no glory on our days that God has chosen for them such consecrated society? By a blessed compulsion the high truths of God, laws beautiful, eternal, that hold the universe together, truths that are the glory of God's throne, crowd the room where we toil with book open, troop after us through the streets, and are our most frequent company. By them our bread is gained, and our home furnished, and our children live by them. The summons that takes one man to the shop and another to the factory and a third to the office takes our

souls among the angels of God. The pain of labour supplies an ecstasy of its own, and heaven at times breathes round us as we toil. Even as the dyer's hand becomes subdued to what it works in, so the spiritual workman environed with God's verities falls naturally under their sway: he loves them, pays the penalty, and is conquered by them.

Thus the Christian minister forms fast companionship with great and precious truths. And in what a world it becomes his lot to move! What immensities surround him as often as he gives himself to the study of these themes! Alp-like truths tower on every side. Immeasurable truths, high and fathomless as heaven, spread above him. While the world is counting off its hours from dawn to noon, from noon to eventide, God fills his soul with thoughts that wander through eternity; for thence his mightiest arguments are drawn. While men measure themselves by men, and hopes and fears alternate as human brows clothe themselves in dark or sunny aspect; he, passing by parliaments and thrones, is taught to kneel at the footstool of the Judge of all the earth, and feel there where infinite glories shine the pitifulness of human forces. The accustomed standpoint of his view of mankind is at the footstool of the Creator, and he sees the shores of time washed by the eternities. The vast destinies of the immortal soul, thus seen, make the heart ache to think that aught so sublime should be enslaved to such inconsequent trivialities as are the life-aims of millions.

Such are the things we learn to use and love; and when fears and cares throng us, they often become a solace to our spirits. Whensoever we seek them, *they* meet us (whoever may prove unfaithful), a crowd of holy faces. They are the attendants upon our ministry, and give it great nobility.

Then, consider next, *The Relation in which our Ministry stands to Christ.*

Our order was founded by Christ. The name, the example, and the authority of Jesus cover it with glory. No upstart thing sprung from the folly or pride or ambition of man, it went forth on its beneficent mission through the earth from under the consecrating shadow of Christ. It is peculiarly of his ordaining. There is no need here to say anything of present-day methods, or to compare ecclesiastical systems. Preaching, wherever and however, the preaching of the gospel, the ministration of the things of Christ amongst men, was the express ordination of our Lord. But he did more: he himself inaugurated the work in his own person. It is no small thing to see at the head of the roll of our ministry "the name that is above every name." Christ the Galilean preacher has lifted our calling for ever above criticism. The whole world may sneer; it cannot make ignoble what Christ has glorified. We see the footprints of Jesus as we go, and we kiss the ground where he has trodden. The Prince of preachers, though ascended to his reward, has not forgotten his old work. When he passed on this ministry to other hands, he did not cease to love it. Pentecost must have thrilled his heart. He stood up from his seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high, when the seraphic Stephen fell under a hail of stones, as though (is it not Matthew Henry's thought?) his Mediatorial throne could scarce retain him in sight of such a wrong. He continued

with the apostles by his Spirit, as in former days he had been with them in person, their unfailing keeper and guide. The *example* of Jesus is the peculiar, the priceless heritage of all ministries; while from age to age each faithful messenger has joyed to know that he wrought in the immediate service of the one living Lord.

Thus we claim for our ministry the most intimate and valuable relationship with Christ. He created it, inaugurated it, instructed it for all time; he himself is its noble and perfect model, its incomparable theme, its pleader in the lips of his servants whenever power is there, its deathless President, the personal Friend and Counsellor of each true heart in its ranks, and the perennial fount of its enthusiasm. The temple of our ministry from foundation to topstone is glorious with the handiwork of Christ.

Standards of nobility vary amongst men. What some esteem, others despise. But love always draws her own conclusions, and will not be moved. Wheresoever she sees the object of her passion she sees all nobility and beauty. Love for Christ and souls is the finest producer of a pure ministry. To hearts thus inflamed, his name is a golden charm, a spell, a patent of nobility. No wealth could endow the cause, no greatness honour it, no talent distinguish it as it is endowed, honoured, and distinguished by the beloved name. The ancient story runs that when Roman ambassadors paid a visit of ceremony to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, he presented each of his visitors with a crown of gold. But on the morrow the crowns were found on the heads of the various statues of the king which adorned the royal city. The ambassadors thus at once refused personal reward and did honour to the monarch. The dearest joy we have is to put the crown of our ministry on the head of Jesus. The best event that can befall heaven's promised crown will be that it be accepted of him.

Another star in the bright diadem of our ministry is *its lofty purpose to brighten, bless, and win back to God's feet the world.*

It sometimes happens that an old familiar truth will break in upon the heart with the force of a new revelation. It has probably been misapprehended, or we have taken but a surface view of it. Upon the glorious purpose of Christianity, and of our ministry in the world, as I have just stated it, there has come to dwell to me an indescribable charm. There is a practicalness, an everyday value about it that is delightful. It is only religion at its true work, "going about doing good." The religion of Jesus breathes the spirit of philanthropy. Heaven emptied of angels for human welfare would not have poured so rich a stream of holy and merciful influence through the earth as in the gift of the Christianity we preach. In every age the poor, the oppressed, the fatherless, the widow, the diseased physically and morally, have learned to bless the gentle name of Christ. Thus has Jesus comforted the earth. As an eloquent writer has expressed it, "When Peter walked at eventime, his lengthened shadow, as it fell on the gathered sick in the streets of Jerusalem, healed as it swept over them; even so is Christianity going through the earth like a spirit of health, and the nations, miserable and fallen, start up and live as she passes." Who that lives and thinks at all but discovers all around him room but too ample for sympathy's tender offices,—for the entrance of the bearers of

glad tidings. With mingled animation and anguish, animation at the splendid challenge thrown down to the brave heart, anguish for sight of so much ill, we see degradation, narrowness, selfishness, sorrow; evils that foul the earth and grieve God, everywhere. We find wrong without us and within us. We see it in the world and in the church. This then is that with which we have to deal. Like the surgeon gliding over the blood-soaked battlefield amongst wounded and dying, we are called to be bearers of help to the world; diminishing its griefs, making it brighter for our presence, leading men to God. Oh, but this is divine labour. Love leaps forth with glowing face, to be afoot where such sweet ministries proceed. It is life at rapture-height. The opportunity is magnificent. The mission is royal. The work is God-like—it is Christ's own. Come, let me put myself right. Let me see without obstruction this fair landscape, heaven illumined. I live, I feel this ministry, the rich realized dream of years, not for sermon-making, not to keep a society going:—the whole force of my manhood, the strongest energies of my soul, are solemnly consecrated to the bliss of doing good, of blessing others for time and eternity. I am called to be the servant of all whom I can help for Christ's sake. Limited on every side, constantly arrested by weakness, by incapacity, by personal unworthiness, and made ashamed of the little I can do, I yet, within the narrow circle of my influence, may fulfil a service great with the self-sacrificing love that transfigured the cross. To such work are we called.

A ministry may be eloquent, grand, imposing; it may convulse a town, it may build a fame, and yet may not be noble. To be noble it must be Christly, and to be Christly it must flow from impulses such as moved Jesus, and bear like fruits. When in connection with any work homes are made brighter, wounded spirits are healed, lives are sweetened and enriched, wills are yielded to Christ, and his rich love and the joys of his salvation are poured all around, there is noble work done that will outlast the spheres, and for which a man might count as nothing the costliest sacrifice.

A sublimity of outlook is there to the faithful ministry. Its reaches are infinite. Its benediction follows the souls of men into eternity. It blesses, and they shall be blessed. It garners future praise for God. It sets free poor hearts captive to sin, and wings them for Paradise. It lays the foundations of the New Jerusalem in souls once joyless as the grave. It alters the balance of heaven and hell. It educates spirits for the hereafter, teaching once dumb lips the songs of God. It makes the poor rich with good they can never lose, and embarks the world-weary —smiling to be home at last—for the everlasting rest. These things, by the power of the Holy Ghost, doth the faithful ministry work. Thank God there is such music on this fallen earth! And a thousand times thank God that our poor fingers have been summoned to this sweet minstrelsy.

I had meant next to point out—as displaying strikingly the worth of our service—the character called for, *the royal qualities of soul appropriate to it and developed in a faithful pursuit of its aims.* But this in itself is a great subject, and I must now only mention it to leave it. Reviewing the whole matter, I seem to see in the Christian ministry apart from our poor selves (as we are, that is, not as we ought to be), I

seem to see everything in magnificent proportion. All is great. Heaven bestows its commissions ; the jewelled crown of all God's vast creation —redemption—is its costly trust. Its helpers and familiars are the immortalities—those great verities which seem as archangels in the realm of God's truths. Its presiding genius—the glory that strikes it through as a globe of crystal—is Jesus, Imperial Jesus, God's love and ours. Its mission is to bless and save—to blossom the desert, and pour Jehovah's love around the world ; while the faithfuls that minister at its shrine it calls to a life of marvellous opportunity—of soul-enriching service—a life whose sands run gold.

I have sought to show the essential nobility of our ministry. Permit me a few words in conclusion. I think I may venture to say of such a service that *it is destined to live.*

We cannot tell what may happen, but happily our pulpits are not as yet all broken up that the modern alchemists may feed their furnaces therewith. The men have been round census-taking, but we are still holding on. A distinguished gentleman in France, somewhat absent-minded, called one day at a friend's house to pay him a visit. The person who came to the door answered that the friend was dead. "Ah," said the visitor, recollecting, "of course, I went to his funeral." According to some our ministry is dead, and they have been to the funeral ; though they still call and pay us the honour of their attentions. We hope to be in the world's way a few centuries more. Noble things die hard. The world, weary, care-weighted, and sad with many a sepulchre, is not rich enough to spare the church's ministry of hope. Has our holy brotherhood of service no history ? Wycliff and his followers, Luther and the heroic spirits his trumpet-tongue summoned to the field, Wesley and Whitefield, with the great host of their coadjutors, have these men lived and poured their fiery enthusiasm upon the world, that the ministry in whose ranks they served should become an effete and forgotten thing ? The Christian ministry is immortal. Its majestic themes command utterance. Men must speak, or they would die. Infinite love will find voice, though the dumb break silence. Let the press multiply its influence fiftyfold ; its costliest machinery can produce no sufficient substitute for living lips. "Alway unto the end of the world" is the period assigned by our divine Lord. In the ever-sustained struggle of long years the brave must fall, and grand spirits, whose presence and leadership made men heroes, will move wounded and drooping from the field to die. But the standard, if lowered a while, shall be lifted anew. Upon other prepared hearts the Spirit of the Lord shall come. Best of all, Christ is ever the illustrious Leader of our host. The final issue *must* be victory. In the meantime the Lord of life shall make our ministry immortal till its work is done.

Is it not, too, brethren, laying for us, in proportion as we are true to it, the foundation of a rich immortality ? I do not here speak of reward. We commonly believe and teach that our earthly life will largely determine our heavenly. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A noble ministry nobly fulfilled will be a worthy education for eternity. To gain, in Godlike work, the Godlike spirit, rifling paradise of its treasures this side the gates, will give us vantage-ground that shall serve us for ever. God, who, to importunate and

insatiable faith, has whispered secrets on earth usually kept for glorified ears, will have, with divine gladness, to draw upon his *reserves of truth and joy* for the satisfaction of his children. We know that our ministry is peculiarly calculated to bring us into sympathy with God; and if sympathy with God is heaven in essence, even here may we begin to press through the outermost circle of angels towards the throne of light. There is no time to be lost. To know God will be the labour of eternity. When myriads of ages shall have revolved we shall scarce, in respect of knowledge, have touched with trembling hand the farthermost hem of that train which sweeping downward from the throne fills the temple. Blessed for evermore is that service which, as we strive loyally to fulfil it, giveth not only with princely hands present good, but promiseth hereafter to set us nearer God.

May I add that this work deserves to be worthily fulfilled? How much more worthily than aught our best toil can render! It is not all blinding light about God's altar. Our work has its gentler aspects. But at times it overwhelms us. Like the priests of Solomon's temple, who could not stand by reason of the cloud, we flee ashamed from the sanctuary. Yet for love of him who called us, and hope of better things, we hold our life true to its chosen work. Its sweet nobility is a solemn obligation upon us never to degrade it. It is too glorious, too great, that we by low conceptions or ill-association should sully its brightness, or abuse its opportunities. When it is yoked with meanness or selfishness; when, despite its majestic designation at Immanuel's hands, it is saddled and bitted and made to toil for ends low, personal, pitiful; when the sacred vestments of this spiritual ministry are worn of covetousness or lust—how is its nobility shamed before heaven and earth! It deserves to be worthily fulfilled—*can* it ever be at our poor hands? Is not the *ideal* too lofty? It is said that at the battle of Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colours. But the reply of the ensign was, "*Bring up the men to the colours.*" The dignity of Immanuel's ministry can never be lowered to meet our littleness. The men must come up to the colours.

Finally, this ministry is our soul's renewed choice in which we are prepared to live and die. For redemption's sake, for the world's sake, for our own sake, for Christ's sake, we cannot go back. No truly great work is done without sacrifice; but who would live nobly must not quarrel about the price. To be Christ's servitor is the pinnacle of true ambition. Dismayed at times at our task, what can we do other than cast ourselves upon it with intenser resolution? Blessed service! For all its frequent sadnesses, to what rapture can it wake the spirit that sees from its believing rest on the bosom of the Lord grace, mercy, and peace winning their angel way. It is good seeing Jesus' love light up another heart. It makes up for many headaches. Blessed work! Christ leans out of heaven to cheer us as we do it. Leans so near that at times we almost feel his warm breath upon our cheek. His whisperings are fuel to the fires of our heart's enthusiasm. He that, thus cheered and companied, looks back becomes a tenfold traitor. Blessed service! We must go on at all hazards. The vows of God are

upon us. Our fidelity is in the stake. When an officer appointed to a perilous post was urged by his friends to evade it, his heroic reply was, "I can easily save my life; but if I listen to you, who will save my honour?" In proportion to our ministry's nobility is the shame that covers him who dishonourably deserts its interests. Blessed service! Royal service! It enthrals and captivates us with its sweet majesty. Brain, heart, life, we bring in full surrender. We are self-yielded, born servants to Immanuel. "Here we stand. We can do no other."

Chapmen versus Colporteurs.—A Review.*

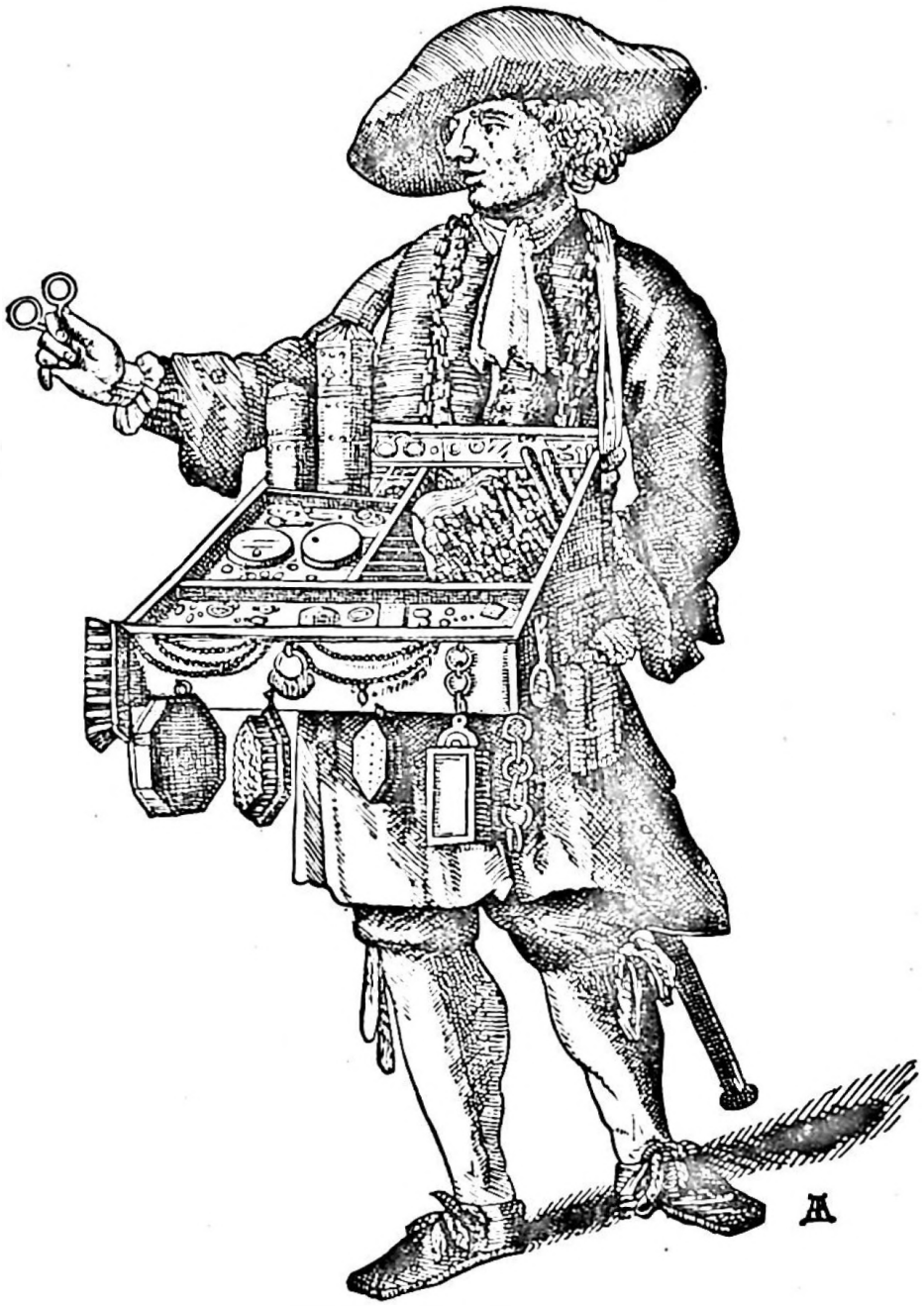
THIS book deals with a subject which has ever been attractive to historians and philanthropists; for to understand any period in our national annuals we must attain to some knowledge of the social life of the people. We must know something about their fireside and homely recreations if we would really comprehend the bearing of political events. Family life is far from being all made up of politics, and the interest of readers of history is not all centred on statesmen's differences, or on prolonged sieges and sanguinary battles. There are deep undercurrents in the life of the nation which have to be observed; and our interest in this exercise is stimulated by difficulty. Mr. Froude virtually admits that the social life of the middle ages is now irrecoverable; and this is largely true of any period which is separated from the living by a gulf of one or two centuries. It is literally correct that distance lends enchantment to the view in history; and the little we know about the cottage, the parlour, or market life of peasants and middle-class people in the reigns of Anne and the Georges engenders a desire to know more.

The chapman, of whom we are enabled to give a portrait from life, was a despised object to the Londoners of a century and three quarters ago. But although a bewigged doctor of divinity, or a popular *littérateur* would then have been ashamed to halt for the sake of purchasing a penny version of "Joseph and his Brethren," or a piquant account of "The Wandering Jew," the trash of one age has become the treasure of another: these trifles are now eagerly purchased by collectors at high prices. The above portrait, which originally appeared in "The Cries and Habits of the City of London," by M. Lauzon, and published in 1709, has now been re-engraved for the frontispiece to Mr. Ashton's work.

Considerable interest is attached to this subject of the diffusion of literature among the people by means of itinerant traffickers, because at different periods both truth and its counterfeit have been circulated by such means. It is not very generally known that Wycliff wrote about a hundred works, large and small; and, stealthily carried over the country by the Reformer's trusty agents, these manuscript tracts contributed to the enlightenment of large numbers, and so prepared the way for the Reformation. When printing was invented, "reading brought

* Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century. With Facsimiles, Notes, and Illustrations. By John Ashton. London: Chatto and Windus, 1882. Price 7s. 6d.

learning," as Foxe remarks ; "learning showed light, by the brightness whereof blind ignorance was suppressed, error detected, and finally God's glory with the truth of his word advanced." The martyrologist even went so far as to make a prophecy which is in course of fulfilment



A CHAPMAN OF OLD LONDON.

—"I suppose that either the pope must abolish printing, or . . . . printing will doubtless abolish him." In the Puritan times there appear to have been associations, of which we now know little, for promoting the circulation of religious books, until at last regularly constituted

societies were founded. In 1698 the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was started; the Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor followed about half a century later. In 1756, Edinburgh and Glasgow each commenced an agency for a similar object; and the tracts published by Hannah More and others, at the time of the French Revolution, were intended to counteract the atheism which came in the train of that event. About the same time there was a lady at Clapham, named Wilkinson, who on her own account, from first to last, printed and circulated 440,250 small religious publications. Do what they would, however, in the way of circulating what was good, the philanthropists of fifty years ago were painfully conscious that people who went by the name of flying stationers were quite as successfully diffusing what was bad; and so imperative became the necessity of action that the Religious Tract Society, in its earlier days, actually issued a series adapted to the taste of the flying stationer's customers. The experiment so far succeeded that, in the three years ending 1805, a total of 300,000 had been disposed of by hawkers, who in some instances voluntarily surrendered the pernicious trash in which they had hitherto traded. By the year 1839 the circulation had reached something like thirty millions, some of the hawkers had become respectable travelling booksellers, and thus the pioneers of the Colportage movement.

The custom of selling new pamphlets in the streets became common in the exciting times of the seventeenth century; and at different crises it was continued with success until the rising on behalf of the Young Pretender in 1745-6. It is said that when the battle of Culloden was fought, in the last-named year, certain strange phenomena in the heavens —meteors and the Aurora Borealis more than usually bright—appeared, and made so great a sensation that street literary wonder-mongers found plenty of patrons in the markets and fairs of the period. What is singular, as showing man's tendency to evil, is the fact that, while the trash was self-supporting, the better substitute could only be circulated at a loss. The Religious Tract Society lost thousands of pounds in the service, but no one regarded the money as being ill-spent; and to this day Christian Colportage requires a corresponding sacrifice in order to be successful.

To come to our more immediate subject, the eighteenth century was the golden age of chapbooks, as it was according to some thinkers the choicest time for comfortable living of any period in our national history. "Away from the towns," says Mr. Ashton, "newspapers were rare indeed, and not worth much when obtainable—poor little flimsy sheets, such as nowadays we should not dream of either reading or publishing, with very little news in them, and that consisting principally of war items and foreign news, whilst these latter books were carried in the packs of the pedlar or chapman to every village and to every home." Thus, although the chapman is mentioned by Shakespeare, he did not attain to his prime until the last century; for the books of the precise description now under consideration came in with Queen Anne, and were becoming obsolete in the latter years of George III. The chapman himself was also a creature of the times, his character corresponded with the lowest of his wares. "On his own confession," we are told, "he seems to have been as much of a rogue as he well could be with

impunity and without absolutely transgressing the law, and as his character was well known, very few roofs would shelter him, and he had to sleep in barns, or even with the pigs. He had to take out a license, and was classed in old bye-laws and proclamations as 'hawkers, pedlars, petty chapmen, and unruly people.'" How opposite is this to the character of the modern colporteur, who contrives to combine the office of a Christian visitor with the useful calling of a seller of little books, which touch the hearts while they attract the eyes of the poor. When we consider the low character of the old chapmen, the wonder is not that so many of their books were of bad or questionable tendency, but rather that any of them were good.

One of the most popular among the religious chapbooks is a metrical "History of Joseph and His Brethren"; and, indeed, this appears to have found favour with the people soon after the invention of printing in the fifteenth century. The rhyme was of course nothing better than a marred version of the wonderful Old Testament narrative; but then it was better to read this in such a form than not at all, and thus the chapman, without having any sympathy with moral reforms, was sowing the seeds of reformation. The quality of the art which



JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN.
Fac-simile illustration from "Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century."

embellished the pages of chapbooks generally is shown by the fac-simile engraving we are enabled to give of Joseph making himself known to his brethren. Nor was the poetry superior to the work of the artist, *e. g.*:—

"I am your brother Joseph, him whom ye
To Egypt sold; but do not troubled be;
For what you did heaven did before decree.
Then he his brother Benjamin did kiss,
Wept on his neck, and so did he on his,
Then kist his brethren, wept on them likewise,
So that among them there were no dry eyes."

Another of the religious order was, "The Holy Disciple; or, the History of Joseph of Arimathea," whose staff is said to have developed into the Glastonbury Thorn; and, of course, the chapbook encouraged the superstition that the said tree always blossomed at noon on

Christmas-day. "The Wandering Jew" was another favourite imposition on the credulity of the public, the legend being at least six hundred years old. Another of this order was the apocryphal "Gospel of Nicodemus," which has been deemed to be of sufficient interest to have repeated editions published since the first decade of the sixteenth century. Others of the religious chapbooks were of that catchpenny type, which answered no good purpose: such, for example, as "The unhappy Birth, wicked Life, and miserable Death of that vile Traytor and Apostle Judas Iscariot." There was more invention than fact in this tract, and, at the best, the author merely trifled with New Testament subjects.

Another class of chapbooks was such as dealt in "terrible and seasonable warnings" to notorious sinners, taking their examples from those who had fallen into trouble by their crimes. These, at least, fostered superstition of the grossest kind, the devil being a leading character in the majority of them, and appearing both in the text and in the illustrations: one of the most popular of this class was the History of Dr. Faustus, who allied himself to evil for twenty-four years. But even in such pernicious trash a gleam of wisdom would sometimes appear. Thus, on one occasion, Faustus is made to write: "Being come to myself, I asked Mephistopheles in what place hell was? He answered, 'Know thou that, before the fall, hell was ordained. As for the substance or extent of hell, we devils do not know it; but it is the wrath of God that makes it so furious.'"

When only a minority of the people could read, popular taste was sufficiently uncultivated for tales of wonder to sell best. Certain stock subjects attained to considerable popularity. Of these we may mention, "The Children in the Wood," "Jack and the Giants," "Fortunatus," who carried an inexhaustible purse and a magical hat; with others containing rules for telling the meaning of dreams and moles, receipts for maids to get husbands, and for swains to see their future brides. There were not many grains of wheat in the great heap of chaff.

Mr. Ashton's book from which we are quoting is in itself curiously interesting; for, while turning the pages, we seem to be transported to those stagnant days of the eighteenth century when superstition, as the offspring of ignorance, held the people in its chains. The work is, in point of fact, supplementary to common history; it supplies what was a desideratum in literature; and although not quite the thing to be placed in the hands of young persons without discrimination, a student able to read between the lines will glean from its pages many things not to be found elsewhere.

While it is quite true that much of the impure literature nowadays circulated is quite as bad as the worst of the chapbook trash, we have abundant reason for gratitude in comparing the chapbook era with our own. The chapman is now happily superseded by the colporteur, who not only carries what is good, and that alone, but is himself a trustworthy adviser of the people on religious matters. While thanking God that it is so, may we not wonder how it is that, in England, Colportage is so tardily supported. We trust that the persistent efforts of those who see the value of this agency will yet succeed, and that Christian men will give their aid to this most useful form of service.

The Remarkable History of Thomas Shillitoe.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part III.

(*Concluded from page* 224).

IN the early months of 1824 Thomas Shillitoe resolved on addressing the chief persons in authority in London, and according to his custom he began with George IV. himself. This second meeting took place at Windsor on Wednesday, the 20th of April, 1824. "On being informed the King was going from the castle to the lodge," he says, "we proceeded to the Long-walk in the Great Park; and earnest was my solicitude to be enabled to discharge this act of apprehended duty in a way that would, on a retrospect, afford relief to my own mind. We at length perceived the King coming in his pony-chaise down the Long-walk; when he came nearly abreast of us, we advanced a little towards the middle of the road; I had the packet in my hand containing the German copy of the Act of the King and Council, the same translated, and my address on some subjects which it contained. The King stopped his horses, and we approached the carriage. On my asking the King in a respectful manner if I might be permitted to present him with a packet, he replied, 'Yes, Friend, you may.' Several years having elapsed since I had had an interview with him at Brighton, and the King having lost much of that florid countenance he then had, also appearing aged, and being wrapped up in a loose drab great-coat, instead of a uniform which he wore on the former occasion, some hesitation arose in my mind lest I should be mistaken, and it should not be the King. I, therefore, looking up at him, inquired, 'But is it the King?' to which he replied, 'Yes, Friend; I am the King; give it to the Marquess of Conyngham'; who received it with a smile; on which the King said, 'Now you have handed it to me.' After a short communication which I had to make to the King, he said, 'I thank you.' We then acknowledged his condescension, withdrew from the carriage, and returned to London with grateful hearts." In connection with this and the former interview, we may remember that George IV. had at least one subject in England who was faithful even to the reproving of royal failings and excesses. The King went on his way, and about six years later, as he lay on his death-bed studying the Racing Calendar, some thoughts about the godly Quaker's burning words may have crossed his mind. As regarded Thomas Shillitoe himself, he returned to London to visit, in the service of the gospel, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Home Secretary, and the metropolitan police magistrates.

During this same year Thomas Shillitoe again proceeded to the Continent on a religious mission, when he visited the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., who died in 1840, and the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., who died in 1861. As a sovereign, the first is described in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as "an uncompromising and bitter opponent of liberal ideas." The Crown Prince was one of the noblest Christian characters of his time, a man who

was above all things anxious that pure doctrine and practical godliness should abound in his dominions. The manner of his receiving Thomas Shillitoe was characteristic of his kindly nature throughout. Without removing his hat the Quaker delivered his message, hoping the prince and princess might be true helpmates to each other, and that the language of their example to the country at large might be, "Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord, to the mountain of the God of Jacob; who will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." The Quaker added, "I hope our keeping our hats on has not hurt the prince's feelings." "If I had suffered my feelings to have been hurt by it," replied Frederick, "you would have had cause to have thought badly of me." At the moment of parting he seized the visitor's hand, and cried, "Do not forget me! Do not forget me!" evidently thinking that there was more worth in having the friendship of such a man than in all the flattery of courtiers.

The interview with the King at Charlottenburgh, which came off a few days subsequently, was somewhat similar, though the King was of a colder nature. He at once acceded to a petition, however, to release from prosecution a native Friend who refused to serve in the army. Frederick understood English only imperfectly; but after listening for a few minutes he called out, "I see what he wants—Sunday to be well observed; tell him I have read his address to Hamburgh, and it has pleased me much;" and then directly turning to his visitor as the two were standing in the garden, he added, "I wish the Lord may bless you in these your undertakings." The interview was lengthened; and the last words of the monarch were to the effect that the Quaker's suggestions and admonitions should be attended to. In looking over these conversations, one cannot but be struck, on the one hand, with the nervous trepidation which, in spite of faith, these interviews occasioned when in prospect; and on the other hand with the choice sentiments nicely worded which the veteran uttered when the moment of trial came. Take, as an example, such words as these, which Shillitoe addressed to Frederick, both speaker and listener standing uncovered:—"The present is a very important day to Prussia, a day of renewed visitation from Almighty God; a day in which the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord is dawning in the souls of many of his subjects; and the desire which attends my mind is that nothing may be suffered to retard the progress of this glorious gospel-day in your dominions; but that it may so spread and prevail, that Prussia may become the beauty of nations, and the praise of the surrounding kingdoms, setting an example of holiness to the rest of the Continent." In their way such things are among the finest things ever uttered by human lips.

In the autumn of 1824 he proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where for some time he was subjected to the most absurd suspicions, one crazy report even going so far as to credit him with distributing large sums of money for the most sinister of political motives. Though general physical discomfort was promoted by such a catastrophe, his other sufferings appear to have been relieved rather than otherwise by the awful flood which overtook the Russian capital in November, 1824, when the water in many places was about twelve feet deep in the streets. The laws must have been needlessly rigorous indeed when an English

Christian of Thomas Shillitoe's peaceful proclivities could be subjected to such tortures of mind as he endured through dread of penalties for some imaginary breaking of the law. It was at one time hinted to him that he might become the tenant of a rat-haunted dungeon in the fortress; and thus, even in the simple matter of circulating an address, he found himself restricted as he had been restricted nowhere else.

This was the more to be regretted because the Emperor Alexander I. was, in his private character, an amiable Christian man, and an admirer of Stephen Grellet, William Allen, and as soon as he became acquainted with him, of Thomas Shillitoe also. In due course the Quaker, as was to be expected, found himself, as usual, "weighed down with the prospect of an interview with the Emperor;" but what soon after occurred almost caused him to sing aloud with joy. He even discovered that it was profitable not to engage in the business in any roundabout way, but to go straight to the point. Thus, after perplexing himself by engaging a person to manœuvre, as it were, to bring the meeting to pass, and finding that person resign the too heavy responsibility, all preliminaries were at once arranged by sending a few lines to the royal secretary, Prince Galitzin.

The remarkable facts relating to his two interviews with Alexander I. are related by Thomas Shillitoe in his customary unornamented style. He was requested to be ready at six o'clock in the evening, and a carriage from the palace was sent for his special convenience. What strikes us as peculiar is the silence that all the Russian servants and officials observed, from the driver of the carriage to the lord-in-waiting who opened the door of the royal apartments. "After taking my seat in this room a short time," says the traveller, "I observed the handle of the door opposite to that by which I had entered move, which led me to conclude some person was about to enter; on which I rose from my seat; when a rather tall person, with a placid countenance, came into the room, so plain in his attire as to ornaments generally worn by sovereigns, as to induce me to put the question to him, 'Am I now in company with the Emperor?' to which he replied, in an affable manner, 'Yes, you are.' He held out his hand to me, and taking his seat on a sofa, placed me by him." The Emperor then enquired after his old friends Grellett and Allen, for whom he entertained a respect bordering on real affection.

While Shillitoe delivered his message, and thus unburdened his soul, the Emperor himself said some things which were of lasting interest, giving, as they do, an insight into his own religious character, and into the difficulties which beset and hamper the action of an absolute monarch who is earnestly anxious to advance the interests of his people. In regard to himself, Alexander said: "Before I became acquainted with your religious society and its principles, I frequently, from my early life, felt something in myself which at times gave me clearly to see that I stood in need of a further knowledge of divine things than I was then in possession of; which I could not then account for, nor did I know where to look for that which would prove availing to my help in this matter, until I became acquainted with some of your Society, and with its principles. This I have since considered to be the greatest of all the outward blessings the

Almighty has bestowed upon me; because hereby I became fully satisfied in my own mind that that which has thus followed me, though I was ignorant of what it meant, was that same divine power inwardly revealed, which your religious society have from their commencement professed to be actuated by in their daily walks through life; whereby my attention became turned with increasing earnestness to seek after more of an acquaintance with it in my own soul; and I bless the Lord that he thus continues to condescend to send his true gospel ministers to keep me in remembrance of this day of his merciful awakening of my soul." Having said thus much concerning his spiritual experience, the Emperor proceeded to refer to the social and political difficulties which beset him while honestly endeavouring to do right; and in doing so he uttered sentiments which may commend themselves especially at this season of Nihilist conspiracy and ferocity. "My mind is at times brought under great suffering to know how to move along," he said; "I see things necessary for me to do, and things necessary for me to refuse complying with, which are expected from me. You have counselled me to an unreserved and well-timed obedience in all things; I clearly see it to be my duty; and this is what I want to be more brought into the experience of; but when I try for it, doubts come into my mind, and discouragements prevail; for, although they call me an absolute monarch, it is but little power I have for doing that which I see to be right for me to do." When the Emperor had concluded these striking remarks, Thomas Shillitoe was thinking how he could turn to the best possible account the only interview he was ever likely to have with his illustrious friend. When he rose to go, however, Alexander advanced, and taking the Quaker's hand in his own remarked, "I shall not consider this as a parting opportunity; but shall expect another visit from you before you set off for your own home." After uttering these royal words the speaker turned his face towards the wall to conceal the tears that would unbidden come into his eyes. These, according to the belief of the humble visitor, were overflowings of gratitude to the Lord, who had favoured two simple believers "with the precious overshadowing influence of his good presence." This interview took place on the 24th of December, 1824, and the second in the first days of the new year. On the first of December in that year, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, the godly Emperor passed away to his rest, to be succeeded by his reactionary brother Nicholas. He was ever remembered by Thomas Shillitoe with the sincerest affection.

The return journey home through Prussia abounded in adventure, and in misery also, consequent on the number of unbridged rivers that had to be crossed, the bad roads, and the dirty, comfortless inns. By the time he had reached the port of embarkation nearly all the life was shaken out of him, and on reaching England he was more fit to keep his bed than attend to any ordinary business. After a season of comparative rest, however, he was sufficiently restored to be again on the wing. He sailed from Liverpool on July 21st, 1826, and after being more than five weeks on the sea, landed at New York.

The details of his movements on the American continent, and the troubles experienced on account of the Hicksite heresies, are given at length. After visiting the meetings in and about New York, he proceeded

northward in the direction of Canada, and visited in the course of his journey several tribes of Indians. He halted at many meetings in Upper Canada in 1827; and after attending the yearly meeting at New York in that year, he went through New England. He returned to New York, and then proceeding to Philadelphia, he travelled over Pennsylvania, and attended the yearly meeting in the capital in 1828. He also visited the yearly meeting at Baltimore; and after addressing the prisoners in the jail he called upon "a great slave-merchant," so genuine a specimen of that genus of fifty years ago, that we venture to give his portrait.

"He was of a very ferocious disposition; so much so, that many, we were told, stood in dread of him," and also of the savage dogs which were his daily companions. His ample store was "a large building like a prison;" and the stranger who ventured within the precincts had need of strong nerves if not trusty arms. "As we advanced towards the house," says the traveller, "one of those great fierce-looking animals came out at us, followed by another of the like kind, as if they would have seized us. Their noise soon brought out one of the house-slaves, and the slave-merchant himself, whose countenance looked as fierce as his animals, querying with us in a stern, commanding manner, 'What is your business?'" The man's heart turned out to be less fierce than his face; for he called off his dogs, asked the Friends into the house, seated himself beside them on a sofa in an elegantly furnished room where a loaded pistol was ever within easy reach. "Everything about his elegant house and his yards told in plain terms that he considered himself living in continual danger of his life;" and it is added that some time before he had knocked down and trampled upon a Quaker for the crime of uttering abolitionist views. And yet this man's mother—herself an abolitionist—had read the Bible to him while young, and had instructed him in the things of God. He promised to give up the traffic in human flesh and blood, and ventured to prophecy that in twenty years slavery would come to an end. That was a striking prediction for such a one to make, for he was only a few years out in his reckoning. This was not the only slave-owner that Thomas Shillitoe called upon; and about the same time he had an edifying interview with the President of the United States, who received the English Quaker with great kindness. His other travels were very extensive, and the more laborious and distressing because at that time the Hicksite controversy and division were at their height. He at last reached his home at Tottenham in the second week of August, 1829, after an absence of three years and one month.

The remainder of Thomas Shillitoe's busy life was spent in England, but in active service till the last, so far as his strength allowed. When nearly eighty years of age he is found meditating an extensive journey to the Antipodes, which was, of course, ultimately seen to be impracticable. Before teetotalism was at all common he was a rigid abstainer, and almost a vegetarian, and one of the most striking confessions ever made on the Temperance question was made by this veteran Quaker at Exeter Hall in 1833. In 1832 he and Peter Bedford visited the King and Queen at Windsor, so that in his time he made friends of the principal crowned heads of Europe, always remembering

with extra affection "the dear Emperor Alexander of Russia." Our Friend's remarkable earthly career ended on the 12th of June, 1836, and among the last words that he spoke, while joyfully hailing the everlasting morning, were—"I HAVE BEEN HELPED THROUGH MANY A TRYING NIGHT."

Striking Points.

THE late Dr. Colver had great originality and quaintness of expression, and always adapted his language to the capacity of his hearers. As he was lecturing to a class of coloured theological students one day, on the composition of a sermon, in the presence of some white visitors, he said, "*You should always be careful to have at least two mule's ears to every sermon.*" The white visitors looked at each other in blank surprise, not knowing what to make of such a strange remark, but the coloured students seemed to be in no such difficulty, and to enjoy the remark greatly. For as they were accustomed to ride mules without either saddle or bridle, they were compelled to hold on by the ears, and they knew that the mule's ears were something to catch hold of, and hold on by. We are sorry to say that a great many sermons of white ministers do not have these mule's ears—there is no prominent feature in them—and it is hard for anybody to remember them, because there is nothing for the mind to catch hold of, or hold on by.—*American Paper.*

Cancelled and Nailed up.

THERE is a beautiful oriental custom of which I have read that tells the story of Christ's atonement on the cross very perfectly. When a debt had to be settled, either by full payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the cancelled bond and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers by might see that it was paid. Oh, blessed story of our remission! There is the cross, the door of grace, behind which a bankrupt world lies in hopeless debt to the law. See Jesus, our bondsman and brother, coming forth with the long list of our indebtedness in his hand. He lifts it up where God and angels and men may see it, and then, as the nail goes through his hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions to cancel it for ever, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, he took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross! Come to that cross, O sinner! Not in order that you may wash out your sins by your tears, or atone for them by your good works, or efface them by your sophistries or self-deceptions. But come rather that you may read the long, black list that is against you, and be pierced to your heart by compunction and sorrow that you have offended such a Being; and then that, lifting up your eyes, you may see God turning his eyes to the same cross at which you are looking, and saying, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." A. J. GORDON.

Dispensing with the Gospel.

MRS PARTINGTON uttered more of the truth than she thought when she said:—"Dear me, nothing don't do me so much good as to go to church Sunday morning, and hear a precious minister dispense with the gospel!" Yes, dear soul, that is exactly what some of them do: they give us anything and everything but the glad tidings of salvation, and then they wonder that their chapels become empty. Yet it does not do to say as much, or you will have a hornet's nest about your ears. Of course they preach gospel, that is to say *a* gospel, if not *the* gospel. What is the difference? Only the indefinite for the definite article, only sand instead of rock, only opinion in the place of truth.

The worst of it is that hearers now-a-days put up with it. There seems to be little left in the land of the discriminating spirit. Men tolerate error in their ministers, grumbling at first and consenting to it afterwards. Many do not know chalk from cheese in these times, and so long as the language is musical and the ideas are pretty, their preacher may teach anything short of atheism and they will drink it in. What a clapping a man gets at a public meeting if he will only harp on the string of liberality and say that we are all alike, and that our views are only different aspects of the same truth: black is a shade of white, and white a milder tone of black! In times gone by a few sermons without the gospel in them would have brought down a storm about his reverence's head; but now he is admired as a man of fresh thought, and takes leave to make up his theology as he goes along. No one challenges him, or if a bold brother does so he is called a bigot, and snuffed out.

Surely this state of things cannot last. Someone will bear his protest and create a stir, or else the whole thing will rot into contempt. If there be a gospel let us have it and nothing else. There are not two gospels: which is the genuine article? This we demand. This we would have not now and then, but always as the standing dish, the daily provision of the House of the Lord. If any man shall withhold the truth, or give us the counterfeit of it, he shall answer for it with his head; for by trifling in this matter the souls of men are placed in jeopardy, and the Kingdom of Christ is hindered.

Blessed is he who dispenses the gospel, but cursed is he that dispenses with it.

C. H. S.

How to keep abreast of the times.

"YOU haven't time to read much, but want to keep up with the times in religious matters," says the *Congregationalist*, and adds, "well, there is not a religious book in the world so closely up to the times as the Bible is; nor one so well adapted to the wants of a man pressed for time. You can read a verse in a minute that will feed your soul for a day." Try it, and see what a blessed truth that is. None are so truly learned, so fresh in utterance, so rich in teaching as those who draw from the pure well of Scripture, and present the waters to mankind just as they draw them. God's own mind is ever far ahead of all mental science, and his thoughts high above our noblest thoughts.

Rev. Thomas Newlight, F.S.S.

NOT the electric light, it is not clear enough for that, although for coldness and lack of sympathy the comparison would not be an inapt one. Nor yet the sunlight: he has long since given up his belief in that. Nor, again, the lamplight of our forefathers; but rather the flickering night-light of our grandmothers' time, with which they were wont to beguile the childish fretfulness of our parents, then in infancy. The vessel in which it floats is a little modernized, and the tin which enters into its construction is plated, but it is the same old tantalizing piece of imbecility, despite the substitution of a porcelain vase for the old teacup, and the æsthetic form and gildings of the cork segments which prevent it from sinking. Change the pronoun *it* to *he*, and you have a description of Mr. Newlight, of Ignis Fatuus Chapel. *He* is new, juvenile, green. His assumptions of superior wisdom, albeit he is not yet out of his long-clothes, mentally and spiritually speaking, are most refreshing. But he harps on an old string, and to a trained ear his so-called music is harsh, and sets the teeth on edge. He tries to play the "Psalm of life," but does not understand the score, and succeeds only in producing a burlesque imitation. He aims at flights of humour, and for this reason his admirers have conferred upon him a fellowship in the Satirical Society; but as yet he can scarcely be styled a "*master* of jibes and flouts and sneers." He is of opinion that philosophy is his forte; but it is by no means Baconian, if philosophy that can be said to be which ignores facts, and constructs its premises of speculative whims and crotchety *ipse dixits*. True to his patronymic, he holds that whatever is new is true, and whatever is old is not true. You may recognise him in a moment by the green glasses which he wears when scrutinizing other people's arguments and facts, or the yellow ones which he mounts when dealing with his neighbours' characters and positions. His use of optical instruments is peculiar. When viewing a body of his opponents he invariably sees them as few, small, and far off in obscure corners. While, on the other hand, he uses a glass of high magnifying power to ascertain the numbers and positions of his own adherents. In addition to his fellowship in the society before named, he is an esteemed member of the Mutual Admiration Association, the associates in which are required, as a condition of continuance in the society, to write not less than one panegyric upon themselves, and one on each of their fellow-associates during the course of every society year. The motto of this society is, "We are the people," and its heraldic bearings are a queer compound of rampant lions, creeping serpent, and simple sheep. What they signify we must not—not being in the secret—venture to explain, lest our explanation should be other than complimentary. Mr. Newlight's library is mainly composed of the works of the leading German rationalistic theologians, carefully done into English, and which he reads very constantly, but—a little bird whispers—not always intelligently, which is perhaps, having regard to both himself and his authors, not much to be wondered at. These books have cost him a great sum of money, which he managed in part to raise by the sale of a large and very complete collection

of English critics and authors. He considers that he is a great gainer by the exchange, and quotes with much appreciation the remark of Robert Hall in reference to one of the books he sold—"a continent of mud, sir." He is specially fond of Kant—his neighbour Oldways says, in more senses than one—and he believes in "Pure Reason," as the same critic observes, along with "no faith." The rest of his library is composed of heretical authors of the patristic period expensively bound in new and highly-gilt covers. His sermons are carefully prepared and as carefully delivered, and his points—none of which are barbed, but all tipped with gall—are most beautifully polished. His sneer is considered to be perfect; but his blows are feeble. He has applied the vinegar of his criticism, of which article he keeps a cellar full, to many of the ugly old rocks which stand in his way, but to his great astonishment they are not dissolved. He has used a balloon several times in order to get over them; but although he is an influential shareholder in a large gas-making concern, he has never yet been able to secure enough to complete his task. He is not often seen by sick-beds, for he does not believe in the efficacy of prayer to produce physical results, and he has no great idea of the power of his petitions to bring about spiritual ones; but he is a great success at funerals. His orations on the virtues of the departed are great achievements, and he is never at a loss except when it so happens that there are no virtues to dilate upon. This occurred quite recently in the case of a notoriously immoral man whom he was suddenly called upon to inter. But as he entertains the opinion that a few years or generations of purgatory in an intermediate state will put all crookedness of moral life straight, he managed tolerably well on the whole. And then he is really fine when expatiating on the duty of submission, obedience to the divine will, and imitation of the example of Christ, and one might almost imagine that one was listening to one of the old *habitués* of the Porch to listen to him. It is a thousand pities that vulgar people do not appreciate him, but insist that he lays too little stress on the real cause of human misery, and does nothing to make clear the divine remedy for it. His congregation is not large, but it is really very respectable, and the additions to it, although not numerous, are satisfactory in point of money and general circumstances. In common with their pastor, they all believe that the old creeds are quite obsolete, and indeed that nobody believes in them now, excepting a few old women who meet in obscure conventicles. And when statistics are produced which seem to show the contrary, their invariable reply is, "We don't believe in statistics: they are proverbially unreliable;" which remark Oldways says is by no means a new one, and not essentially a true one.

Mr. Newlight's health is not good. He finds it hard work to produce two sermons a week, and contemplates, solely on this account, making an early change. Will any of the readers of this magazine render him a little help?

JAMES DANN, Greenock.

Faith Confronting Impossibilities.

"WHEN God intends to fulfil his promise, by giving any special blessing to his children, he first of all puts the sentence of death upon the blessing, and upon all the means that lead unto it."

In this truth I see matter of great encouragement to all the people of God. Be not discouraged, but rather keep silence, wait and stay upon God when the darkened times go over your head, and the sentence of death is put upon the mercy which you most desire. This is God's way when he intends any great mercy to any of his children. He puts a sentence of death first upon it. When death sits upon the means, then we conclude all is gone, and we are very apt to have despairing thoughts, and to make desponding conclusions. "I said in my haste, All men are liars:" Ps. cxvi. 11. So nowadays we cry—I thought we should have had a reformation; and lo, nothing but sad division. I thought I should have had assurance, and never doubted again; but now my fears are multiplied and my soul is cast down within me.

We are very apt to be much discouraged, and come to sad conclusions. It is a hard thing to keep from such conclusions, for the business comes to a vote, as it were, before the soul. "The question is," saith the soul, "whether I shall be saved or no?" As many as are for the affirmative say Ay! "Ay!" says the promise. As many as are for the negative, say No! "No!" say threatenings; and "No!" says guilty conscience; "No, no, no!" say a thousand sins.

I am in such an affliction and strait, the question is whether I shall be delivered or no? As many as are for the affirmative, say Ay! "Ay!" says the promise. As many as are for the negative, say No! "No!" says Providence. "No!" say all second causes, and all the means round about. "No, no, no!" say a thousand sins. Now, my beloved, it is a hard thing for a poor soul to accept the affirmative of the bare promise, when all else gives a negative; but the reason is, that we do not believe our God as we ought to do, and this truth that I am now dwelling upon is forgotten.

Mark this, if ever the mercy rise out of all the death which now surrounds it and the grave-clothes be taken off, it shall be the choicest mercy that you ever had in all your lives. Abraham had divers sons, but the jewel was Isaac—the dead mercy. Hannah had divers children, but who like Samuel—the found mercy? Mercy, once lost, and then found, is the greatest mercy; and if ever you come to find the mercy you have lost, if ever that rise which the sentence of death is put upon, it shall be the greatest mercy of your life. Therefore, who would not wait upon the Lord? Oh that you would possess your hearts in peace with this truth. How quiet would your souls be under all the distempers and troubles of the time! When you look upon the troubles that are abroad, your hearts would be quiet, and you would feel that notwithstanding all our disquietudes we may be in the way to the greatest mercy that ever England saw; why should we be discouraged? Rather let us say, my soul, wait upon God! This is God's way; he never gives any great mercy to any of his people, but first he puts a sentence of death upon it, and upon all the means that lead unto it; and, therefore, notwithstanding all that is against us, we may be in God's way, and he may be about to bless us most richly.—*By an old writer.*

Williams of Wern.

BY C. A. DAVIS.

WHILE Christmas Evans, the Baptist, and John Elias, the Calvinistic Methodist, were in the height of their fame and usefulness, moving the Principality with their glorious preaching, Williams of Wern, in the Independent body, was worthily assisting in the same great work with a power and popularity scarcely less than that wielded by his great contemporaries, though gained by a ministry of an entirely different character.

What Christmas Evans achieved by means of the daring visions of his imagination projected on the seething mist of his tremendous passion, and with the weird accompaniments of his flaming eye and wild, shrill voice—what John Elias wrought by his sublime and measured oratory, and his pealing impressiveness as of the thunders of the judgment-day—Williams of Wern accomplished by the transparent simplicity and charming colloquialism of his style. The moment he entered the pulpit everyone felt at home. He possessed to perfection the art of being *en rapport* with his audience. He was one of themselves, and spoke to his congregation as if he were talking to them by their own fireside. Each hearer felt the preacher to be his personal friend and himself the congregation; and so the people listened and laughed, and cried and applauded, and worshipped in a breath.

A good story is told of Edwards, the President of Bala College. An old Bala woman, who had been hearing some sublime preacher whose ideas had soared among the stars, was asked what she thought of it. "Well, well," she said, "I could not understand it. I like a *little* preacher like Mr. Edwards. He is *near* to us." Williams of Wern was in this sense a little preacher. He did not perform gigantic feats before an open-mouthed and wondering crowd of *spectators*, but spoke to the hearts of thronging *listeners*, who lost not an idea, and who grasped or were grasped by every thought he advanced.

Yet let it not be hastily concluded that he was therefore a shallow preacher. Many regard a *clear* idea as a *little* idea. Strangeness and obscurity of style, on the other hand, as Whately pungently remarks, "may make the power displayed seem greater than it is. Many a work of this description may remind one of the supposed ancient shield which had been found by the antiquary Martinus Scriblerus, and which he highly prized, encrusted as it was with venerable rust. He mused on the splendid appearance it must have had in its bright newness; till one day, an over-sedulous housemaid having scoured off the rust, it turned out to be merely an old pot-lid."

The value of Williams' preaching did not consist in its obscurity. All was bright and clear; yet it was deep as a clear stream may be. He was a great reader, but he relied more upon thinking than upon reading for the production of his sermons. A minister who was something of a bookworm once asked him if he had read a certain book which had just been published. Williams said he had not. "Have you," continued his friend, "seen so-and-so?" naming another work. "No,

I have not." And presently a third was mentioned, and the answer was still in the negative. "I'll tell you what," said Mr. Williams, "you read too much; you do not think sufficiently. My plan in preparing sermons is to examine the connection of a passage, extract its principle, and think it over in my own mind. I never look at a commentary except when completely beaten."

For some particulars of the life of this great preacher we are indebted to Mr. Paxton Hood's recent lively and brilliant book on "Christmas Evans, the preacher of Wild Wales."

Williams was born in 1781 on a farm in Merionethshire. His father, though a constant attendant upon divine worship, never made a public profession of religion; but his mother was a very pious and exemplary member of the Calvinistic Methodist connection. At thirteen years of age the child came under deep religious convictions, and at fifteen entered into church fellowship, but was so diffident that he dared not pray in public, nor even in the family. One evening, when all with the exception of his mother and himself had retired to rest, she engaged in prayer with him, and then said, "Now Will, dear, do you pray"; and he did so; and from that hour dated the commencement of his courage and confidence. At twenty-one he entered Wrexham Academy. He never was a good linguist: even English he never thoroughly mastered; most of his fellow students outshone him in this department, but he transcended them all as a preacher, and was burning to be away and at work. His stay in college was not as prolonged as some moderns would think, and justly think, desirable. "No, no," said he, "the harvest will be over while I am sharpening my sickle." And so, receiving two pressing invitations at once, the one from a large church in Cardiganshire, the other from a small church at Wern, he considered himself directed by providence to the smaller and more laborious sphere, and chose Wern. There, labouring amongst a cluster of unpronounceable Welsh villages, he spent the whole of his ministry, with the exception of three years, towards its close, in Liverpool.

His largest chapels were situated in three places, Wern, Rhos, and Harwood. This latter village was a kind of Welsh Gilboa; for though in the other two places, and through the whole Principality, crowds thronged round him, he could never make much impression on Harwood. He used to say that Harwood had been of greater service to him than he to it, for it was "the thorn in the flesh lest he should be exalted above measure;" and if he ever felt disposed to be lifted up when he saw the crowds gathered round him at other places he had only to go over to Harwood for an effectual check to feelings of self-inflation.

Genial and plain as was his preaching, it could be overwhelmingly solemn and realistic. His countenance had a firm thoughtfulness, there was a sad, far outlook in the eyes, and his appearance is said to have been singularly beautiful when preaching. Sometimes every hearer seemed agitated, and cheeks streamed with tears. Preaching, on one occasion, from the window of a chapel in Merthyr Tydvil, he so riveted the attention of the vast multitude who were on the burying-ground before him, that when he reached the climax all the crowd moved together in terror, imagining that the graves under their feet

were bursting open and the dead were rising. Yet he was a singularly quiet preacher.

Illustration was his *forte*, and he loved to bring his light from nature, following thus his Master. "Jesus," he used to say, "loved to look at the lily and to listen to the birds; to speak upon the mysteries of the seed, and to draw forth principles from these things. It was no part of his plan to expound the laws of nature, although he understood them more perfectly than anyone else; but he employed nature as a book of reference, to explain the great principles of the plan of salvation."

This was the use Williams himself made of nature. He was quick in detecting analogies between human and spiritual operations. His illustrations were generally novel, often homely, always pertinent. His sermons were commonly illuminated with light reflected from the apposite use of some metaphor derived from familiar natural objects, or the daily pursuits of his hearers.

"How is character formed?" he asked, in a sermon at Bala, where much stocking knitting is done. "How is character formed? Gradually, just as you Bala women knit stockings—a stitch at a time." Again, "The mind of man is like a mill, which will grind whatever you put into it, whether it be husk or wheat. The devil is very eager to have his turn at this mill, and to employ it for grinding the husk of vain thoughts. Keep the wheat of the Word in the mind." And again, "Ejaculatory prayer is the Christian's breath, the secret path to his hiding place; his express to heaven in circumstances of difficulty and peril; it is the tuner of all his religious feelings; it is his sling and stone with which he slays the enemy ere he is aware of it; it is the hiding of his strength; and of every religious performance it is the most convenient. Ejaculatory prayer is like the rope of a belfry, the bell is in one room and the end of the rope which sets it a-ringing in another. Perhaps the bell may not be heard in the apartment where the rope is, but it is heard in its own apartment. Moses laid hold of the rope and pulled it hard on the shore of the Red Sea; and, though no one heard or knew anything of it in the lower chamber, the bell rang loudly in the upper one, till the whole place was moved, and the Lord said, 'Wherefore criest thou unto me?'"

Here is another specimen of this good live pulpit talk. He was speaking of the contests of Christian creeds and sects with each other. "I remember," he said, "talking with a marine who gave to me a good deal of his history. He told me the most terrible engagement he had ever been in was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night, they mistook each other for a French man-of-war. Many persons were wounded, some slain; both vessels sustained serious damage from the firing, and when the day broke, great was their surprise to find the English flag hoisted from the masts of both vessels, and that through mistake they had been fighting all night against their own countrymen. It was of no avail now that they wept together: the mischief was done. Christians," said the preacher, "often commit the same error in this present world. One denomination mistakes another for an enemy; it is night, and they cannot see to recognise each other. What will be their surprise when

they see each other in the light of another world! when they meet in heaven after having shot at each other through the mists of the present state! How will they salute each other when better known and understood, after having wounded one another in the night! But they should wait till the dawn breaks, at any rate, that they may not be in danger through any mistake of shooting their friends."

In his employment of these illustrations there was a freshness often lacking even in men whose discourses are by no means destitute of this interesting feature. There are tourists who, though they travel over much beautiful country, never dream of leaving the well-trodden path. The regular scenes are viewed by them from the regular points of view; and their emotions are expressed by means of the regulation exclamations suitable to the occasion. Other tourists there are to whom the path worn by the multitude is useful only to indicate where they will not go. They love to find out unfrequented points that command fresher and bolder prospects; they scramble through this dense thicket, and climb to the top of that unsuspected pinnacle of rock; and though the scene before them may embrace many of the objects visible to their prosaic friend from the top of the stage on the high road, it is framed for them with the rugged outline of some cave's-mouth, or with the luxuriant sprays of some graceful tree from between the branches of which they are peering upon it, and their congenial souls quaff its inspiring loveliness with the added zest of adventure and seclusion. So it was with Williams in his method of seizing incidents which might be made to shed light upon the truth he was unfolding before his hearers; and they in their turn felt themselves taken along a fresh and breezy path untrodden by common feet, which, though perhaps not often sublime, was never flat, uninteresting, or uninstructive. "Fine passages" constructed for their own sake to dazzle with meretricious sparkle and show, he, like all sensible men, abominated. Nothing was acceptable to him except as it threw light on the truth in hand. The more homely the better, for he preached to homely people; and his object was not to display his own vain cleverness, but to present the truth so that nothing in his manner of preaching it should dull its edge or diminish its effect, but, on the contrary, should sharpen it and drive it home.

"According to your faith," said he, "be it unto you. According to the size and number of windows in a house will be the quantity of light admitted into it. According to the size of the vessel let down into the well will be the quantity of water which will be brought up."

The following passage from a sermon on "Beginning at Jerusalem," will exemplify this characteristic of perfect plainness and clearness to which we refer. He stated as *one* reason why the Apostles were to begin at Jerusalem, that it was necessary to test the converting power of the gospel. "At the village of Bersham, near which I reside, there is," he said, "a foundry for casting cannons; and after they are cast they are tested by the founders, who first of all put in a single charge, and if they bear that, then a double charge, and if they bear that without bursting they are pronounced fit for the deck of a man-of-war or the battle-field. And the founders act wisely and safely; for should there be a flaw in these engines of war it is better it should be detected in the foundry-yard than when in the act of being fired against the foe.

The gospel was a *new* and *untried* instrument. It was first to be tested; and where on the face of the whole earth was there a more fitting place than Jerusalem for making the first experiment? If the gospel proved itself *instrumentally* equal to the conversion of the sinners at Jerusalem, no misgivings could ever afterwards be entertained respecting its fitness to do execution in the lands of the Gentile. Peter was the man appointed to test this new gun. He charged and fired it. *Three thousand were converted in one day.* After this triumphant trial the fishermen of Galilee went forth everywhere 'boldly to preach the word,' fully assured that in no quarter of the globe were there to be found more hardened sinners than those who had stoned and killed the prophets, and who had reached the climax of guilt by putting to death the Heir of heaven himself. Well might the great apostle of the Gentiles declare his readiness to preach the gospel in Rome, knowing it was the '*power* of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' He was not ashamed of what had so often proved itself a power."

Behind all this preaching, which on some great occasions was so influential as to raise the tone of the churches through the whole land, there was a deep and meditative piety. He was fond of retreating by himself among the trees, and walking beneath their shadows as they formed a canopy over his head. He said of one such place, "I think I must love that spot through eternity, for I have felt a degree of heaven there."

A very affecting account is given of his death. He had lost his wife some time before, and he and his daughter were dying together in different rooms of the same house. As he said to her one day, "We appear to be running, with contending footsteps, to be first at the goal." They spent much time in talking together of death and heaven, and being "absent from the body, and present with the Lord.". Every morning as soon as he was up found him by the bedside of his daughter.

"Well, Eliza, how are you this morning?"

"Very weak, father."

"Ah!" said he, "we are both on the race-course. Which of us, do you think, will get to the end first?"

"Oh, I shall, father."

"Perhaps," he said, "it is best it should be so, for I am more able to bear the blow. But do you long to see the end of the journey?"

"Oh, from my heart!" she replied.

"But why?"

"Because I shall see so many of my old friends, and my mother; and, above all, I shall see Jesus."

"Ah well, then," he said, "tell them I am coming! Tell them I am coming!"

She died first. He followed shortly after, on the 17th of March, 1840, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Dr. Raffles said of him: "What he was as a preacher, I can only gather from the effects he produced on those who understood the language in which he spoke; but I can truly say that, every occasion on which I saw him only served to impress me more with the ardour of his piety and the kindness of his heart. He was one of the loveliest characters it has been my lot to meet."

Evangelistic Work on the Banks of the Brahmaputra.

BY H. RYLANDS BROWN, DARJEELING.*

AFTER being laid up for several weeks through a bad accident, I started on a month's evangelistic work among our own countrymen and the educated natives of India. My first stay was at Rungpur, where I partook of the generous hospitality of the Wesleyan missionary. On the Lord's day I preached to a handful of Europeans in the Public Library. An effort to get at the Babris failed on that day, but a very successful meeting grew out of the failure, for on the next night no less than sixty-three Babris were got together in the large hall of the public school. In response to an invitation at the close of my address, twenty-three young men came the next morning to the house where I was staying to receive copies of the gospels. The following day I held a service at a place called Kaimia, and secured the attendance of the European and Eurasian population to the number of six persons. The next day I was travelling from before sunrise till after sunset. It was quite dark when I reached Dluibri in Assam. Being an utter stranger, and having no introductions to anyone, my first business was to pray that God would open up my way. This he did most remarkably. At my first service on the Lord's-day morning there were sixteen adults present and three children, a large congregation considering the number of inhabitants. During the two previous days I had visited and so made the acquaintance of a number of the residents. At the close of the service a young man walked home with me, and said he felt my message had been for him. I asked him round to the Dâk-Bungalow (public boarding-house) in the afternoon, and then learned that he had been converted seven years before, but had grievously backslidden. He complained of the loss of all his former delight in spiritual things. It so happened that we ended a short stroll at his lodgings. I saw a novel of a low class lying on his table. On looking up I saw also a very filthy immoral book, published by an infidel firm in London. "What!" I said, "do you read such a book as this?" He stammered out a defence of the vile book and of the novel, but I knew he did not mean what he said. I showed from the Word of God the impossibility of reading such works and enjoying fellowship with God. In an hour he wrote "thanking me for pointing out the worm which had been eating up his peace," and asking me to destroy the infidel work and a dozen novels, most of which were uncut, just up from Calcutta. That night in the moonlight we made a bonfire of the books on the banks of the Brahmaputra, and knelt and thanked God for the decision that had been taken. On leaving the ashes the young man emphatically said, "I thank God for that." I have since heard from him, and am happy to know that he finds pleasure now in reading the Word of God three times a day, and is eager to be doing work for Christ. Another young

* This is the Evangelist who has gone forth from us to seek the English in India. We wish we could send others.

man has been much impressed, and as a preservative against temptation to drink has signed the pledge. Yet a third has been touched by the blessed Spirit, and writes to say that to seek Christ has become the one object of his life. Truly God had work for me at Dluibri. Here also I addressed some forty educated natives, several of whom came round the next morning for copies of the Scriptures. I left by steamer the fifth day after landing at Dluibri. It was my desire to visit next a much neglected place. Seraygunge, knowing that for years no services had been held here, and the absence of a Dâk-Bungalow would render it more difficult to get into the place. I redoubled my prayers. On reaching the place I ascertained the name of the chief European resident, and wrote to him; but it turned out that he was a Roman Catholic, and could not see his way to help me. A gentleman resident in the place who had brought back his reply also said he did not know of anyone who could put me up; but seeing the steamer was to be detained another day he would make further enquiries and return and see me on the morrow. This gave more time for prayer. Meanwhile I went round in the jolly-boat to a number of flats and steamers that were lying in the river, and invited their commanders and officers to a service the next morning on board the steamer I was on, "The Indore." No less than twenty-five attended. Probably so many had never met in the same way before. In interviewing the men to get them to attend there were the usual incidents. An engineer said, "What's the use of going to church, and then swearing at your men half-an-hour afterwards. I shan't come." I said, Your reasoning is turned the wrong way round. You should give up swearing at your men. He afterwards repented and came. At the close of the service the gentleman who had promised to return was present to tell me a Mr. O would put me up. For many years no service had been held in the station. My first meeting was on Sunday morning, in the billiard-room, the place being chosen by the gentlemen themselves as the most convenient. It was an odd experience to be preaching Christ to sixteen men seated round a billiard-table. We had sixteen present out of a possible seventeen. For five successive nights, with one exception, meetings were held. At one meeting one hundred and thirty Babus were gathered together and several European gentlemen, including two magistrates; such meetings tend greatly to bridge the chasm that exists between the Europeans and the natives. The closing meeting was held in the house of the Roman Catholic gentleman to whom I had first written. As the result of my visit a regular Sunday service has been started, and one hundred and fifty rupees were contributed quite spontaneously to the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society in connection with which I was working, a society which is worthy of generous support. I can the more readily say this as I am not now connected with it. Three native gentlemen have also since written for copies of the Bible and further instruction concerning Christ. As I left Dluibri so I left Seraygunge praising God for having afforded me the privilege and opportunity of preaching Christ. My next meeting was on board a steamer. On once more getting on shore at Goalundo I visited most of the residents, and in the evening of the day, the Lord's-day, held a meeting with fifteen persons. At Goalundo I was asked to baptize an infant. I said I would do so if it could be shown from

the Scriptures that I ought. The proof was not forthcoming, but instead of it the remark that it was so very inconvenient if a child was not baptized. I affectionately urged upon the parents the necessity of their taking the child to Jesus in faith and prayer, and of seeking grace and wisdom for themselves, that they might train the little one for God. On the next steamer I was able to point the commander, who poured into my ear the sad tale of all his care, to Jesus as the true healer of human woes. A week later, on my return by the same boat, the commander and I knelt in the cabin while I prayed God to save his soul. At Mairamgunge I was not able to do as much as at former places. However, I held a service on Sunday evening, one result of which I believe will be the revival of a Sunday service which has been allowed to lapse. Often during my tour, particularly at the last-named place, Madame Guyon's lines would rise to my lips—

"All hearts are cold, in every place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new!"

A terrific storm prevented the holding of a meeting which had been arranged for in Goalundo on my return. A meeting at Teendarin in the hill district, which was well attended, there being fifteen present, ended the series. There were many interesting private conversations, as may be supposed, which with God's blessing may issue in saving results. I returned to Darjeeling humbled under a sense of my indebtedness to God, yet thanking him with all my heart for enabling me to go into the region beyond, where Christ was not already named. Will the reader pray that a gracious revival may take place in the important hill station of Darjeeling?

Driving the Cattle to Market.

DEACON RANSON PARKER, of New York, says:—"It is all very well to talk about the cattle of a thousand hills being the Lord's, but the fact is, someone must collect them together and drive them to market before they can be of much service to the Lord's cause."

This is a most sensible remark. In our churches there might be abundant funds for the work of the Lord if a more businesslike method was taken to collect the money. The poor pastor pines in poverty and many loving hearts are ignorant of his need, or, being unsolicited, do not dare to offer a supply. The silver and the gold are the Lord's, but a kindly, genial person to collect the precious metals is often needed. We know a church which contributes more than £300 to missions, but this was not the case till an enthusiastic deacon took up the laborious task of going round to the friends. Are there not gifts of collection as well as gifts of preaching? If some deacons were really to care about their minister, might they not save him from downright want by personally looking up the seat subscriptions? It is wisdom to go round the thousand hills, if there be so many within reach, and fetch home some of the cattle, large and small, that there may be meat in the Lord's House.

C. H. S.

Dreams gone; Desolations come.

FROM "GOSPEL TRUTHS," BY REV. A. A. BONAR.

Psalm lxxiii. 20.

"YOU may go to hell asleep, but you cannot go to heaven asleep," says one who mourned over the deep delusion of unconverted men. The river Niagara flows on very smoothly, though swiftly, when it is near the cataract; it is perhaps nowhere so smooth as just before plunging over the rocks. Often, often is it thus with the sinner's life and end. No summer day was ever fairer, yet no night ever came on so sudden and so dark. "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and *in a moment go down to the grave*" (Job xvi. 7-13). Theirs has been a life with little care and much mirth. But sickness comes; fever is on them, and companions keep aloof; then come stupor, restlessness, and death! Where is the soul? "Oh, *he was well resigned!*" says some one, afraid lest the possibility of being lost should even be hinted at. But what was the foundation of this resignation,—this supposed peace? What if this peace was only the sultry calm before the thunder? Was it not conscience asleep? For many die thus, and have a terrible awakening. The Word of God has said of such men, "*How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh*" (Ps. lxxiii. 20). Life's dreams are over; the stern reality has come.

1. THEIR DREAMS ARE OVER. God has awoke them, and they cast their eyes around. Where are they now? That lurid gleam is not the dawn! These forms are not friends! They essay to go forth, but it is in vain; they are like Samson when his strength was gone. They have come to that time of which it is written, "He died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes" (Luke xvi. 22).

They used to have their *dreams about an Eternal World.* They thought all said about it was mere words. This present world was all. But now they see too surely that there is another world; it was this present world that was an unreal one, and it has melted away as snow. They are in a world where there is nothing of earth; none of its pursuits, none of its business, none of its sport, or mirth, or pleasure. No streets, no markets, no cities here! There is no sleep here; no time marked by hours; no bell to announce morn or even. "Time shall be no more." Earth is over. Like Napoleon at St. Helena, when from the rocky height he looked out on boundless ocean,—no armies now, no marshals to receive command, no kings or kingdoms here. O poor soul! "The fashion of the world has passed away."

They used to have their *dreams about sin.* They fancied it was a fiction, nothing real. Stolen waters were sweet, and forbidden fruit to be desired. But the dream is over. They see that sin is awfully real! the smallest sin has in it the sentence: "Thou shalt die." Every sin appears now a mighty mountain overhanging the soul, crushing out of it all hope, and overwhelming it with curse and wrath. They see, they feel the sting of sin; it has begun to inflict the wounds which none can ever heal. "The wages of sin is death" (Romans vi. 23). What a meaning there is in that saying now! That death is no dream.

They used to have their *dreams about hell.* They said it was nowhere; they scoffingly proclaimed that the idea of it was only a device of some who wished to terrify their fellows. They were sure that God had never kindled any such fire, and would never doom any soul to any such prison. But they have been rudely awakened out of their dream. They see hell now. There it is, stretching out on every side. They will never forget the gates that shut upon them

as they entered, precluding every hope of escape. O dreadful darkness! tormenting devils! unfeeling company! Now and then, it may be, some of the lost cry one to the other, "How long?" and one to the other utters the terrible response, "For ever and for ever!" They find now that there is a real hell, and that it has everlasting pains, and thirst such as a man sometimes felt on earth, when he would have given kingdoms for one drop of water; and above all, that it has remorse, and fear, and every form of misery, ceaselessly sweeping through their soul, as the wild winds used to do over earth's sea when it could not rest. Christ's threefold utterance is true, "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 44, 46, 48). The infinite God in very truth has poured out vials of wrath on sinners.

They used to have their *dreams about God.* They were sure it would be found that God was too merciful to send even one soul into misery. They were sure he was not what some few people asserted that the Bible said he was, a God who punished every violation of his holy law, and insisted on satisfaction being found by the sinner ere he would receive him into heaven. But they have been, alas! suddenly awakened out of this dream, and lo! yonder is the Judge, and the Great White Throne on which they read the writing, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." "He will by no means clear the guilty." Ah! they find God was speaking only the truth when he sent messengers to tell them, that "into his presence should enter nothing that defileth." They find that he keeps to that solemn word spoken to the sinner on earth about Jesus: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not *shall be damned.*"

Yes! *as a dream "when one awaketh!"* There *is* another world. There *is* reality in sin. There *is* an eternal hell. God is not only loving and gracious, but just, holy, and true to his word. It is said that once, somewhere in the Mediterranean, many years ago, a captain with his ship had come upon a sunken rock, and barely escaped. On coming home he told the Admiralty of his discovery, and had the spot put down in the chart: but one present scoffed at the discovery as a mere imagination, and declared that he would ere long sail his vessel over that fictitious rock! In order to carry his boast into action, he did set sail, and coming near the spot, with the chart spread out, called the ship's company to stand with him and be witnesses of his exposure of the delusion. In a quarter of an hour they would be on the rock, if it existed: so the captain stood with watch in hand, and when at last the fifteen minutes had passed, shouted out, "I told you it was a mere dream; we have passed the spot, and there is nothing!" But scarcely had he uttered the words, when a harsh, grating sound was heard, and the vessel struck; the keel had grazed the rock; *the rock was there;* it was no dream! Pale with vexation, and unable to face the men who had heard his vain boasting, he leaped into the sea, and buried his shame in the waves. Even thus, deluded soul, shall thy vain fancies be dispelled. "How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors! *as a dream when one awaketh.*" The words of God are no dream.

2. THEIR DESOLATION HAS COME. They are stripped of everything they ever enjoyed, everything of earth; as with us, one carried to prison is carefully stripped of his dress, and of all that was his. It is in all respects utter "desolation." No rest is left for them, for "they rest not day nor night," while "the weary" (the believer who was so often made wearied by their ways) has entered on his eternal Sabbath. In vain do partial friends say at his grave, "He is at his rest;" the lost soul has been stripped of it all for ever.

They are beyond conception lonely and "desolate." No companionship there furnishes relief to that awful solitude; the five brethren of the rich man (Luke xvi. 20), when they come to join him, are like fuel flung on the fire. No one there breathes sympathy; no one speaks of pity! no advocate pleads even once on their behalf. They risked all, and have lost all.

Think of one doomed to perpetual imprisonment, thrust down into the deep,

dark dungeon of some great fortress, and left to die and rot there, forsaken and forgotten. At times, the man may hear overhead the sound of happy voices, and unmistakable intimation that others are enjoying light and life to the full. All this, by contrast, just adds to the intensity of his insupportable loneliness. He has been dropped out of the memory of his fellow-men. But all this is a mere hint of the inconceivable midnight of gloom and lonely desolation wrapt up in the terrible words of the prophet Jeremiah (xxiii. 39), when telling us that the Judge declares, "Behold I, even I, *will utterly forget you!*" They are left in the prison that shall never be opened,—left alone, unnoticed for ever, uncared for, *forgotten by God!* Surely this is "*desolation.*" Heaven and hope are out of sight for ever, for even God refuses now to bestow one thought upon the sentenced soul.

"O that men were wise, that they would understand this, and consider their latter end" (Deut. xxxii. 29). At any rate, shall God's children not act like men awake, who see others asleep on the slope of a precipice? Men of God, do you not care whether or not these dreamers sleep on? A word from you might be blessed to arouse them, and break in upon their dreams. If you have reason to fear that some whom you once knew are already lost, all the more hasten to rescue those whom you can. Seek by *all* means to save some. God the Holy Ghost awakens men; but he loves to use their fellow-men as his instruments.

Awake! awake! sleeping world, awake! We tell of great realities. It is no dream that soothes our conscience and fills our heart. No, it is that greatest of all facts, that most solid of all truths, "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish,*"—no, not perish,—"*but have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16). God, the eternal Son, came down into our world, in our nature; lived, suffered, and died, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God;" and on the resurrection morning the Father sealed his work as all complete. Whoever receives this Saviour enters the family of God at once (John i. 12). Thousands upon thousands have in their own experience proved the reality and greatness of this salvation. They will tell you that it is no dream that Christ the Saviour meets the cravings of the heart and conscience. It is no dream that Christ is "altogether lovely." It is no dream (they all accord in testifying) that "he who *cometh to him* shall never hunger, and he that *believeth on him* shall never thirst" (John vi. 35).

Lose no time, for the Lord is coming quickly to take vengeance on all who obey not the gospel (2 Thess. i. 8). Come and prove for yourself all we say. You shall have "joy and peace in believing" (Romans xv. 13), and never more be in danger of the "desolation" and appalling surprise of those who live upon their dreams. Come and try the Fountain open for sin. Come and reason with him who shows you how scarlet sins become white as snow (Is. i. 18). Come and hear that most substantial and most satisfying of all truths,—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). "By him, whosoever believeth is justified from all things" (Acts xxiii. 39). *Christ believed in* is peace to the soul, and true peace is no dream.

Notices of Books.

The Biblical Treasury: a Magazine of Scripture expositions and illustrations. New edition, revised and re-arranged. Sunday School Union.

"The Biblical Treasury" has always had our good word. It is a good idea perseveringly carried out. Good as it is, we quite admit that the contents were rather in a muddle, and we are therefore glad to see the grand mass of anecdote and illustration rearranged, revised, and re-written. We do not quite see how the work will be made cheaper; but we welcome the volume on Matthew which is sent us as a specimen. The "Treasury" should not need advertising; its intrinsic value should create an extensive sale.

The Day-dawn of the Past: A series of six lectures on Science and Revelation as seen in Creation; delivered in connection with a Sunday afternoon Bible class. By an old Etonian. Elliot Stock.

"Fresh as paint," this is a book for the times. The late Dean Stanley, in his later days, used occasionally to delight a deputation of intelligent mechanics by conducting them over Westminster Abbey and explaining to them its historical monuments. Our author follows on the same lines. As an educated gentleman, in full sympathy with a class of young men who, while students in a Bible class, are rather startled by the discoveries of science, without the slightest disposition to be sceptical respecting the Scriptures, he acts the part of a guide in surveying the fields of observation. Avoiding any needless controversy, he supplies answers to the enquiries which they would find it difficult to formulate. Gifted with a clear penetration and graced with a pleasant elocution, the old Etonian talks about the immeasurable expanse above us and the unfathomable mines beneath us, unfolded in astronomy and geology, with an open Bible before his eyes and a sound conviction of its truth in his heart. The Darwin theory of evolution, as it is commonly called, does not appear to him subversive of the inspired narrative of "Genesis." Only he stipulates that, if satisfactorily demonstrated, it must be accepted as a discovery of the way that God took to work out his own purposes, and not as an alternative method of accounting for things that are, without the intervention of a Creator, by whose will they were made and by whose skill they consist. Is it not, however, a popular inaccuracy to attribute the theory of evolution to Dr. Darwin? Did he not start with that hypothesis already in type, and base on it the proposition of "natural selection," or "the survival of the fittest"? To our feeble apprehension, modern philosophy is just now in the primitive stage of protoplasm—a mass of jelly; and its loose ideas will probably take as many æons to develop into solid facts as the interval they compute between chaos and cosmos. Beyond a doubt, any Sunday-school library would be enriched by this little volume, embellished as it is with pictures and charts; and the senior scholars would challenge each other for priority in its persual.

From the Beginning, or Stories from Genesis. For little children. By Mrs. G. E. Morton. Hatchards.

The authoress has very wisely made the Scriptures speak for themselves, only adding or changing in order to simplify or to connect the stories together. This would make a capital book for reading to the little ones a chapter at a time, and we feel sure will be appreciated. The illustrations are its feeblest part: the one of Hagar in the desert being positively barbarous. The work is so good, that it will even survive these deadly cuts.

Song Evangel: as used by John Burnham in his evangelistic mission. Words and music. Paper, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Anniversary Gems. An original and choice selection of sacred music. Compiled by John Burnham, Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist. Words and music. Paper, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; Nicholson and Sons, 20, Warwick-square, Paternoster Row.

Scene.—The Teachers' Meeting. "What hymns and tunes shall we choose for our Anniversary Services?" Various suggestions are made and negatived. "We had that three years ago." "The Parish Church had that a few weeks since." "The Wesleyans had that piece last year." "That is too well known." "Hackneyed." "Worn threadbare." Mr. Burnham in his prefatory note tells us this difficulty suggested to him the idea of "Anniversary Gems." He has carried it out well, providing one of the freshest and most sparkling collections of hymns and tunes we know of for the purpose. We may add that "Song Evangel," while an admirable book of sweet gospel songs for evangelistic services for which it was intended, will be found an equally rich mine of song treasurers for Sunday-school anniversaries and festivals. The books are as cheap as they are excellent. Teachers will not be sorry if they take our advice and purchase them.

The Coming Prince: the last great Monarch of Christendom. By ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.
The Great Prophecies concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God. By G. H. PEMBER, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE two substantial volumes pursue the investigation of prophecy in an intelligent manner, with a calm and judicial temper. We review them, as a matter of course, but we withhold any commendation or censure of the peculiar theories they propound. Both of them are forwarded to us by the same publishers, and we observe in each a similar bias towards the literal and futurist school of interpretation. Neither of them betrays an attempt to stimulate or to satiate a prurient curiosity into things secret, undoubtedly foreknown, although positively unrevealed. From the wiles of the soothsayer and the guile of the fortune-teller they appear tolerably free. The phenomenon of divine prediction is rightly recognised and reconnoitred as a department of history, a province of literature, and at once an element and an evidence of Revelation. Countless treatises on prophecy afford ample proof of the marvellous fascination of the study. The various authors, however, that we meet with show a wide divergence in their motive and their moral. At one extreme we find pure classics, in which a comparison is traced out between events as they were foretold and as they have been fulfilled, supplying a powerful argument in proof of the inspiration of Scripture. At the other extreme we encounter conjectures so wild that they assume the quality of romance, in which a brief oracle is spun out into a thrilling tale of things which, it is presumed, must shortly come to pass—albeit, a little patient waiting suffices to dispel the illusion. Now for a few words descriptive of the books that lie open before us. The last four verses of the ninth chapter of Daniel supply the theme of Dr. Anderson's disquisition upon "*the seventy weeks*" of chronological prophecy. In the present "new and revised edition" a medallion of Antiochus Epiphanes is imprinted on the cover and the title-page, because he foreshadowed "the antichrist" in much the same sense as John the Baptist foreshadowed the "Elijah" of prophecy, whose mission is to precede the great and dreadful day of the Lord. By "THE COMING PRINCE" we are, at any rate, to understand "*the Prince that shall come*," of whom, according to our version, we read in Daniel ix. 26. The whole structure of Gabriel's message to Daniel shows an intent to make known to "the man greatly beloved" a matter that would commend itself to his understanding, and a vision that he might thoughtfully ponder. It was meant to be a gracious relief of his grievous anxiety. The seventy weeks that were determined are described to us by our author as being doubtless seventy times seven prophetic years of three hundred and sixty days. Our attention is then drawn to the fact that these seventy weeks are divided into three parts—seven, sixty-two, and one. The two former palpably belong to fulfilled prophecy, and are, therefore, matters of history. There then remains one closing week, which is subdivided into two equal parts of three days and a-half; and this last week, on the futurist hypothesis, is relegated to the unfulfilled portion of the prediction. So wide an interval (as we reckon time) supposes a startling parenthesis between the sixty-nine weeks and the one week, to account for which the uninitiated will ask for a lucid explanation. For an answer they will be referred to the latter part of the forty-fourth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Luke, in which our Lord says that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles till the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled"; and they will be told that the purpose of God in this parenthesis was made known to Paul by revelation as he relates it in Ephesians iii. 2, 6. To those of us who are the least skilful in discerning the signs of the times it is sufficiently obvious that while Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel treat of Israel or the ten tribes, Daniel's vision primarily relates to Jerusalem and Judah, nor does he in any of his visions take a wider scope. And it is in relation to the earthly people of Abrahamic descent that Daniel hails the advent of the true Messiah. Hence the seventieth week is to be ushered in, according to our expositor, by a personal antichrist,

the wilful king who is described as a blasphemer and a persecutor, a general and a diplomatist. Need we say more than that we followed Dr. Anderson as a guide with no little interest as he travelled through the sixty-nine weeks; and then we halted to watch his perilous passage into the one week, where he firmly believes that an apocalyptic chart and an occasional glance at the *Times* newspaper, especially that number issued on Monday, January 18, 1876, will help to direct him in a straight course? Of the rest, let our readers judge for themselves, if they have any desire to indulge in these discussions. Turning to "THE GREAT PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE GENTILES, THE JEWS, AND THE CHURCH OF GOD," we need only observe that Mr. Pember, after borrowing the latter part of his title from 1 Cor. x. 32, has made an ingenious attempt to distribute the prophecies among the particular peoples to whom he imagines they pertain, and he takes an eagle glance over a rather broad expanse. Following the three groups *seriatim*, he apportions to "*the Gentiles*" the prophecy of Balaam, the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, the earlier visions of Daniel, and a considerable number of chapters of the Apocalypse. To "*the Jews*" he allots the seventy weeks of Daniel, the suspension of the covenant foretold in Zechariah xi., and the sermon on the Mount of Olives in Mat. xxiv.; while to "*the Church of God*" he commends principally the seven parables of Mat. xiii., and the seven epistles to the seven churches of Asia in the Book of Revelation. We dare say that these two volumes would supply an enquirer with a general apprehension of the latest phase of the conjectural interpretation of prophecy. And "What is that peculiar phase?" it may be asked. "A phase of uncertainty" would be the only fitting reply. We give it, however, in Dr. Anderson's own words. "There is much in Scripture which seems to justify the hope that the consummation will not be long delayed; but, on the other hand, there is not a little to suggest the thought that before these final scenes shall be enacted, civilization will have returned to its old home in the East, and perchance a restored Babylon shall have become the centre of human progress and of apostate religion. To maintain that long ages have yet to run their course, would be as unwarrantable as are the predictions so confidently made that all things shall be fulfilled within the current century." There we are content to let the whole matter rest.

Memorials of Charles Pettit McIlvaine, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., late Bishop of Ohio. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

WHEN we looked through this biography of a most excellent man we failed to see anything in it but pious commonplaces; but it is evident that it has interested quite a number of persons, for here it is in a second edition. The work is most gracious in spirit, as the names of the author and the subject would lead the reader to expect, and this has caused the book to live, in which circumstance we rejoice. Evangelical Episcopalians will do well to put this memorial among the remains of Simeon, Leigh Richmond, Wilson, the Venns, &c.

Records of the Past: being English Translations of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments. Vol. XII. Egyptian texts. Bagster and Sons.

AN invaluable reproduction of ancient inscriptions: records for men of wide research who desire to drink at the fountain-head. Few firms would care to issue such a work, and the whole learned world is therefore deeply indebted to Bagster and Sons. We can hardly hope that sufficient purchasers will be found to make the publication remunerative.

The Story of the Beacon-Fire; or, "Trust in God, and do the Right." A Tale of the Cornish Coast. By NAOMI. T. Nelson and Sons.

A Cornish-wrecker story of the days of Wesley. Young people will read it with absorbing delight. We wonder whether Mr. Wesley did really prophesy, as he is here and elsewhere represented to have done; or was it that his shrewd sense saw deep into character, and his honesty told out what he concluded would follow upon such and such conduct?

Lisetta and the Brigands. My Nelly's Story. The Castle in Trust. Murray Ballantyne. Little Teachers. Saved in the Wreck. Religious Tract Society. 6d. each.

LIKE the famous pure ten, these little books are "always good alike."

Uncle Dick's Legacy. By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City Road.

A LIVELY little Yankee story about a Michigan farm left by a soldier who was killed in the war between the North and the South. After the legacy had been for a long time despised and neglected, "Uncle Dick's" nephews started off to find their property, and on their return brought the good news that the fortune of the family was made. In their search they were accompanied by a pious negro, who was very fond of singing the strange, weird melodies with which the Jubilee Singers have made us familiar. All boys who begin this book will read it to the end, and then they will be sorry that it is not twice as long.

Nils' Revenge and *Saddie's Service.* Religious Tract Society.

Two little ninepenny books containing in the form of tales much practical gospel teaching. There is milk for babes, and of very good quality, though slightly watered.

Crabtree Fold. A tale of the Lancashire moors. By Mrs. Robert A. Watson. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

A THOROUGHLY Methodist story written in what different persons might call the heathenish or heavenly dialect of Lancashire. We need a glossary to explain the queer expressions used by the dwellers on the moors, but we can make out sufficient of the author's meaning to learn that the heroine of the tale is a sceptical young woman, who passes through all sorts of trying experiences, and in due time becomes a Christian, and receives the portion of goods that ought to have fallen to her many years before, out of which she gives the Methodists half the cost of a "gradely" new chapel which they had long wanted to build.

Shag and Dolf, and other Stories. By L. C. SELKI. Cassell and Co.

THIS is the usual and orthodox story, so popular since "Jessica's First Prayer" appeared, of two street Arabs who become benefited by the gospel, and learn to die happily: but this is getting just a little bit overdone; cannot someone give us a healthy variety on this?

Jovinian: a Story of the early days of papal Rome. By W. H. KINGSTON. Hodder and Stoughton.

A STIRRING narrative of the sufferings of the Christians of the early days at the hands of the papal power. Mr. Kingston writes in a fashion that our young folks cannot resist, and must both read and enjoy. It deserves to be put into the hands of the youth of both sexes to guard them against the deceit and deadliness of Popery.

The Foster Brother's Story. With other Tales and Sketches. By JAMES YEAMES. F. E. Longley.

FIVE short stories by a well-known Wesleyan minister, whose tongue and pen have long done good service to the cause of temperance. This little volume will not at all lessen his reputation as a writer of thrilling descriptions of the ruin wrought by strong drink and the blessings resulting from total abstinence.

The Sheltered Stranger. By HELEN PEARSON BARNARD. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A VERY heavy affair. We should have gone to sleep over it if it had been a little livelier, but it was so horribly slow that we were irritated and turned "the sheltered stranger" out into the waste.

Tempered Steel; or, Tried in the Fire. By Rev. E. N. HOARE, M.A. T. Nelson and Sons.

A STORY full of events, like a bottle of hundreds and thousands. It reminds us of the turning of things upside down; for the false and pretentious in an unexpected manner sink into contempt, while solid goodness holds its own. Anything which makes pride appear abominable is to be commended, and therefore we speak well of this narrative.

At yc Grene Griffin; or, Mrs. Treadwell's Cook. A Tale of the Fifteenth Century. By Emily Sarah Holt. J. F. Shaw and Co.

When Edward IV. was king, his two brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and the great Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker," were the most powerful nobles in the kingdom. Clarence, it may be remembered, had married Warwick's eldest daughter, Isabella; and after Warwick was slain at the Battle of Barnet, Clarence demanded, in right of his wife, all his property; but Richard of Gloucester, eager to divide so rich a prize with Clarence, proposed to marry Anne, Warwick's younger daughter, the widow of Prince Edward, whom these brothers had murdered at Tewkesbury. Clarence, however, concealed the young lady, till Gloucester managed to find her out in London, where it is said she was disguised as a cook-maid.

This incident in English history is the sum and substance of this book, and as much religion is thrown in as could very well be arranged for. Miss Holt always aims at the gracious as well as the pleasant.

The Eldest of Seven. By the author of "Katie, the Fisherman's Daughter." Religious Tract Society.

A neat little shilling book describing the trials of the seven motherless children of a poor London curate, and the change in their fortunes when the long-tried man became the vicar of a country parish not far from the sea.

Madge and her Friends; or Living unto Others. By M. Tench. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Our authoress has a facile pen and considerable power of interesting: yet there is nothing very striking or unusual in this story. Pleasant, easy reading in narrative form. No better and no worse than a thousand others of the same type.

Without Intending It; or, John Tincroft, Bachelor and Benedict. By George Sargent. Religious Tract Society.

Simple goodness verging upon a sort of holy childishness is set forth in the leading character of this remarkable story. That simplicity leads him to do things which could not be defended and needed no defence; and in the end he is honoured and beloved. It is curious to find our hero the son of Baptists; his parents having, like a few other people, been simple enough to follow the plain teaching of Scripture, and for the sake of the Lord's ordinance to unite themselves with the despised Baptists. Nobody cares much for truth, or Scripture, or principle now; they run after culture, rank, music, and a thousand trifles. This is a first-rate tale.

Links in Rebecca's Life. By Pansy. Hodder and Stoughton.

Under the guise of a story this book sets forth true Christian life in its best form. "The links in Rebecca's life" are her going from strength to strength, and receiving life yet more and more abundantly, and imparting it to others by God's grace. We should like to see every young lady of our acquaintance fully engrossed in the reading of this book. It is an admirable five shillingsworth.

The Coronation Stone, and England's interest in it. By Mrs. G. Albert Rogers. James Nisbet and Co.

According to this treatise the stone upon which the Queen sat at the Coronation is the same upon which Jacob laid his weary head; the Queen is a Jewess of the house of David, and we are Ephraimites. An attempt is made by the excellent authoress to prove this from Scripture. We can only say that we have enjoyed her writing when it has dealt with facts, and we admire it even when the subject belongs to the realm of fiction. We are not, however, prepared to accept her position, or to attach any importance to the singular notion.

Sunset Rays; or, Evening Readings for a month. By Lady Hope. Nisbet and Co.

We have already spoken very highly of the Morning Readings of Lady Hope, and everything true of them is also true of these. They are sweet, suggestive, and spiritual; full of food for meditation, and rich in savour of love to Christ. The children of the King will find him in every page. What higher praise could we give the book?

Established Churches, and the present agitation against them. William Blackwood and Sons.

We laboriously tried to discover the argument of this pamphlet, but we were compelled, like Sambo with the riddle, to give it up. It is, no doubt, powerful and overwhelming, settling the question for all and for ever, only we cannot see any reasoning in it. We thought we saw an argument wagging its tail in one corner of the page; but on advancing to it, we found it to be all a delusion. Establishments need never fear that they will lack defenders while so many cripples continue to shoulder their crutches, and show how fields were lost in days of yore.

The Decay of Modern Preaching. An Essay. By J. P. Mahaffy. Macmillan and Co.

A certain German is said to have evolved a camel out of his own inner consciousness, and if we were to evolve Mr. Mahaffy out of his book, acting upon the rule of contrary which always operates upon authors, we should conceive him to be one of the most modest, judicious, and sensible men that ever lived. His book is an attempt to give reasons for that which has no existence. Our author takes it for granted that the pulpit has lost its power, but this assumption is utterly false. He stands on a sublime elevation, and looking down upon the poor mortals who now attempt to proclaim the gospel proceeds to give reasons why the pulpit should have become so complete a failure. A failure the pulpit is not, and will not be, by God's grace. Among our author's reasons is one which we commend earnestly to our young brethren who are laying the foundations of a numerous family, and we also hope it will act as a caution to those who are still single, but are dreaming of marriage. He says—"The distractions caused by sickness and other human misfortunes increase necessarily in proportion to the number of the household; and as the clergy in all countries are likely to have large families, the time which might be spent in meditation on their discourses is stolen from them by other duties and other cares. The Catholic priest, when his daily round of outdoor duties is over, comes home to a quiet study, where there is nothing to disturb his thoughts. The family man is met at his door by troops of children welcoming his return, and claiming his interest in all their little affairs: or else the disagreements of the household demand him as an umpire, and his mind is disturbed by no mere speculative contemplation of the faults and follies of mankind, but by their actual invasion of his home." We know several unmarried ministers, but we are sorry to say that they are by no means better preachers than the family men. Until we have some facts to go upon, we shall hardly accept the doctrine that celibacy is promotive of eloquence. It would be a curious object of investigation if some one would enquire, whether at the bar, in the senate, or anywhere else, there could be traced the slightest connection between the rise or decay of eloquence and the decrease or increase of marriages. Mr. Mahaffy's book is not all of it so good as the extract we have given, and we think that it need not cause any one of us a moment's uneasiness.

Bible Stories written in easy French for Beginners. By Madame Paul Blouet. With questionnaires and a complete vocabulary. By Paul Blouet, B.A., Libraire, Hachette et Cie., 18, King William-street, Strand.

This little French Reader will tend to make their French lessons less dry and difficult to the little folks; for the authoress tells us that there is not in the whole book a single sentence that cannot be translated word for word into English. And yet we are not sure that this is a recommendation, for how are the idioms of a language to be learned in such a manner? A word for word translation is often the worst possible one. The Readings are all selected from the Old Testament, and we take this as a hopeful sign that some day learners of French will have books prepared for them containing a fair proportion of Biblical and religious phraseology; so that English Christians may not find themselves so utterly at a loss when they wish to speak of the Good News to those Continentals whom they may wish to direct into the way of salvation.

Embossed Texts, Prayers and Promises. Religious Tract Society.

A SHILLINGSWORTH of beauty. A text thus embossed may catch the eye and impress the heart. Cottage walls look rich with fair colours when hung with such adornments.

Pictures from Palestine; with Scripture Texts and appropriate Mottoes. S. Hildesheimer and Co.

WELL executed little views of renowned spots in Palestine, painted upon most handsome cards, with appropriate texts. We wonder how the neat packet of six can be retailed at a shilling; but here they are, and we cordially commend them.

Bits from Blinkbonny, or Bell o' the Manse. A story of Scottish village life. By JOHN STRATHESK. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

VERY picturesque these "bits" are. Here we look at the home interiors of Scottish country life, seen by an appreciating eye, and sketched by a hand true to nature. He who wrote these "bits" knows manse life and kirk life, and but-and-ben life, and has a simple natural way of description which is very winsome. Our friends north of the Tweed will be greatly amused with these "Bits."

Coloured Picture Handbills. Religious Tract Society.

YES, coloured pictures upon leaflets to give away. Think of this, coloured tracts at one shilling the hundred. These are indeed attractive tracts. When others are destroyed these will be preserved, because, like Joseph's coat, they are of many colours.

Children's Flowers: The Friends of their Rambles and Play. Religious Tract Society.

BEAUTIFUL! Beautiful! Please, papa, buy Maggie a copy, and mamma and yourself will like to read it. A half-crown cannot be better spent at the bookseller's; we are delighted with the little book. We never knew so much before about buttercups and daisies, dandelions and primroses. We have had the utmost pleasure in the perusal of this most interesting work.

Notes.

IT was resolved by the Pastors' College Conference that *Monday, June* 19, should be observed as a special day of prayer by our churches. Will it not be well to make this something more than a form? Why not unite in earnest, wrestling prayer? There are urgent topics. Think of poor Ireland, of persecuted Israel, of our crowds of drunkards, infidels, and backsliders. We cannot do without the Divine blessing. What might we not do with it? If all the churches are like that at the Tabernacle, they are certainly in daily, pressing need of help from on high.

On *Lord's Day evening, May* 14, after the usual services, a special meeting was convened for prayer for Ireland. The Lecture Hall was filled, and the cries were fervent. What is to be done for this country but to seek the help of God? Oh, that the gospel had sway among her people! This, and this only, can cure her ills.

On *Thursday, May* 4, Mr. Spurgeon was able again to occupy his pulpit at the regular lecture. The attendance on Thursday evenings is remarkably large; but there is room for more. If our friends know that they could readily obtain seats, would they not speedily make the Thursday congregations as large as those on the Sabbath? Service begins at 7 o'clock, and all who come will be heartily welcomed.

COLLEGE.—Since our last notice, Mr. A. G. Everett, who has been greatly blessed in reviving the church at Dorking, Surrey, has accepted the pastorate there. Mr. F. G. Kemp leaves the College shortly to settle at Bovingdon, Herts; and Mr. Robert Wood takes charge of the church meeting in St. George's Hall, Ramsgate. Mr. J. Bateman has removed from Leicester, to Harston, Cambs; and Mr. J. W. Nichol, from Gosberton, to West Park Street, Chatteris. Mr. John Clarke has completed his course of study at Glasgow University, and obtained the degree of M.A. He is now anxious to be engaged in pastoral work.

In response to a request from the church at Toowoomba, Queensland, for a pastor, we have selected Mr. W. Higlett, who has just completed his College course with us, and he has arranged to sail in the Orient steamer *Potosi*, which leaves London on June 1st. Mr. J. Blaikie, who was obliged to resign his charge at Irvine, North Britain, through

ill-health, has secured berths for himself and his family in the same vessel. We trust that he will soon find a suitable sphere in Australia, and that both our brethren will be very useful at the Antipodes.

Tidings of several of our brethren abroad have reached us during the past month. Mr. W. Mitchell has arrived at his destination in Santhalistan; and Mr. J. H. Weeks has reached his station at San Salvador, on the river Congo, Africa. He has already had several fevers, but he hopes soon to become accustomed to the climate, and to be able to prosecute his work without further hindrance from that cause.

The following letter, intended for the Conference, arrived about a week too late, but we insert it here that all our brethren may see it, and remember in prayer their comrades who are battling bravely against the idolatry and superstition of India:—

"East Indies, March 20, 1882.

"Beloved President, Vice-President, Tutors, and Brethren,—From this distant part of our Master's vineyard we send our united love and greeting, praying also that your gatherings in Conference may be seasons of 'refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' Scattered over this vast continent of India, and engaged in work as varied as the language we have to employ, we still feel united to each other, and to you, by the blessed associations and memories of our beloved College. Three of us have to labour in English, one in Telugu, one in Hindee and Hindustani, and one in Bengalee and Mussulmani-Bengalee; and yet we have but 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism' to declare to these different races. Our spheres of labour are very far apart. One of us is in Madras, one in Agra, two in Calcutta, one in Bachergunge, and one in Darjeeling. In each of these places idolaters, or followers of the false prophet, abound. 'At Athens, Paul's spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry;' and we often feel the same; yet we desire to be stirred up to far greater devotion in our work and zeal for our Master. Everything here tends to deaden, and depress, unless we are constantly conscious of our Saviour's presence and help. Could we meet with you in Conference we feel it would be the means of arousing and quickening us; but it *will* help to cheer us greatly to know that these few words will reach you, and that we have your sympathy and love.

"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may run, and be glorified (in India) *even as also it is with you*: and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and evil men, for all have not faith. But the Lord is faithful. In Him is our trust, for 'He must reign,' and every form of idolatry and error must ultimately perish.

"With intense love to you all, and especially to our revered President, we remain, faithfully yours in Christ,

"Robert Spurgeon, Barisaul.

"William Norris, Calcutta.
"G. H. Hook, Lall Bazar, Calcutta.
"R. W. Maplesden, Ongole, *Madras Presidency*.
"James G. Potter, Agra, N.W.P.
"H. Rylands Brown, Darjeeling, Himalayas."

Evangelists. — Since the Conference Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been holding services at Mr. Charrington's large Assembly Hall in Mile End Road, and at the Edinboro' Castle. Of the meetings in the latter place, Dr. Barnardo writes the following cheering account:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The visit of our dear friends, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, to the Edinboro' Castle has indeed been a season of unmistakable and wonderful refreshment from the presence of the Lord. I think I may say without doubt that Christians have been quite as much refreshed by their ministry of word and song as have the unconverted been awakened and led to decision. Of course in a Mission like ours, differing in some points from ordinary chapel services, Evangelists have to work in a harder field. *We* have practically after-meetings, enquiry meetings, and the like, at every service. The chief aim of *all* our services is directly evangelistic; the nets are *always* being let down to enclose the fish for whose capture we labour. So, when your dear friends came to us, their efforts were necessarily without that item of novelty which in many ordinary places of worship they would possess. Notwithstanding this, however, the meetings have been well filled from the first, and on Sundays we have been crowded beyond anything we have ever known from the beginning of our mission at the Edinboro' Castle until this day. It was a delightful sight, and one which I am sure you would have rejoiced in, had you seen it, to behold that old music-hall at the back of the once-celebrated gin-palace—a hall at one time desecrated by every device the devil could conceive to allure and retain his votaries, verily a citadel of Satan,—thronged in every part, packed so that outside every door and window the huge crowd of faces, still in the distance, could be seen all eagerly listening to the gracious words which the Lord had given his dear servants to utter in their hearing. 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' The message of salvation has, indeed, won its way to many hearts. Men and women, and even children, for whom we have hoped and prayed for years without seeing hitherto any results to our prayers and labours, have been led to decision. The outside working class, the lower labouring population, have also been attracted in large numbers, and of these many have been savingly impressed, and led to the Saviour's feet. To *him* we ascribe all the glory and the praise!

"But what cheers me, perhaps, more even than this, is the tidings that reach me from one of our institutions, recently opened for

the benefit of a much-neglected and needy class.

"Youths and young men, between 17 and 21 years of age, crowd our common lodging-houses, and, because of their age, are disqualified for admission to any existing institution. Many of these poor fellows are honest and industrious, and would gladly do anything to get occupation: but the fact that they live in a lodging-house, and have no other home or friends, and no proper clothing to make them look respectable, is all against them in the struggle for employment which takes place daily in this great city. At that period in life when our young men are looking forward to the future with the brightest prospects, these poor fellows stand with life behind them, already a lost battle. To give them a helping hand is all I could do, and that I resolved to do, and so a great house was opened for their reception in the Commercial Road, where we can give them labour, and test them for three or six months, to ascertain their capacity, their character, their willingness, and the like. A little while ago, after much prayer, we opened this house, admitting about 30 lads of the ages I have mentioned, the majority of whom were the roughest and the most desperate-looking fellows I have ever tried to assist; all of them absolutely coming from the common lodging-houses. You may imagine my fears lest an outbreak might take place among them, lest a quarrel would lead to blows, which would eventuate in some riot threatening a loss of reputation. We entered the work with much prayer and much trembling, and God has mercifully given us answers such as we never expected. Our dear brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, have been permitted to reap among them, all unconsciously to themselves, a wonderful harvest. These young men attended many of the services, and, in addressing the common crowd, words were uttered which entered *their* hearts as arrows. The King's enemies were wounded, some of them unto death, only to be healed by the message of the gospel, which kills, and makes alive. A prayerful spirit has broken out all over the house, deeply-revived spiritual life is enjoyed by all of my helpers in the home; prayer, reading the Word of God, and an earnest desire to do their duty thoroughly and conscientiously, are the chief features of almost all the lads, and we are now in hopes that every one will be brought to a definite decision ere we send them forth upon their life's work. For this blessing we have mainly to thank dear Fullerton and Manton Smith. Others, of course, have perhaps sown, but *they* have been permitted to reap. Again I write, to *God* be all the glory and all the praise!

"I send this account to you, not merely because I hope it will interest and cheer you, if you have time to read it, but also because I felt it would be ungrateful in the highest extent if I received so much good through the means of your evangelists, and did not at least return to you, as the human agent, that meed of thanks which must encourage you amid some of the burdens you have to bear. 'The Lord bless dear Mr. Spurgeon' will, I am sure, be a prayer which will often ascend from my people who have been blessed under the labours of your evangelists.

"There is one matter, however, which troubles me. We are not rich, nor can we impose collections upon our people. A few collections in the ordinary course have to be taken up, but the proceeds are absolutely needful for the work at the Castle. I cannot, therefore, do as some have done, send you largely from our stores towards the maintenance of these and others whom you are sending forth in the gospel, but I ask you to accept the enclosed very small cheque as some proof of the desire I have to thank you in a more practical manner if I had but the means.—Gratefully and faithfully yours in the gospel, THOS. J. BARNARDO."

This letter was accompanied by a cheque for thirty guineas for the funds of the Society of Evangelists, for which we are extremely grateful.

On Sunday, the 21st ult., Messrs. Smith and Fullerton commenced a series of services at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road; and on the 11th inst. they go to the help of our brother Bax, at Salters' Hall Chapel, Baxter Road, Islington.

During the past month Mr. Burnham has held services at Burnham, Essex; and Trowbridge; and this month he is to visit Charlton Kings (for the fourth time); Ash Vale, Aldershot; Sandy, Beds.; and Watton, Norfolk. These are all places where our brother has previously been so much blessed that the friends desire his services again. Pastor J. Kemp sends an interesting report of Mr. Burnham's visit to Burnley just before the Conference.

ORPHANAGE.—*Annual Fête.* Will all our collectors, and other friends, in town and country, kindly take notice that the annual fête will be held at the Orphanage on *Wednesday, June 21st?* We hope large numbers of our ever-generous supporters will come and see for themselves the progress that has been made with the additional buildings for the use of the girls, and help us to celebrate our forty-eighth birthday by liberal contributions for the maintenance of this holy work of caring for the widow and the fatherless. Full particulars of the day's proceedings will be duly announced in the usual way.

Several friends have recently helped the Orphanage in a manner that calls for special notice, and we mention the matter here in the hope that others may be moved to follow the noble examples which have been set by these liberal souls, who have devised liberal things. The following letter was only intended for the President's eye, but

the spirit of loving consecration that breathes in it is so rare and precious that he must put it on record to the praise of the God who has moved the donors to plan and carry out such a deed of whole-hearted generosity:—

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon:—My dear Sir,—Through the loving-kindness and tender mercy of our heavenly Father, in graciously enabling us to carry out our purpose, my wife and myself have the joy of asking your acceptance of the enclosed £350 for the orphans.

"For a long time it has been my desire to devote (D. V.) to the Lord's work *the whole* of the salary I might receive in my fiftieth year. The amount enclosed is therefore my year's wages as a commercial traveller, with something in addition lest we have been slack in giving in the past.

"Left fatherless and motherless myself when only about two years old, and brought up out of compassion by my nurse, the Lord has indeed been my helper and friend. For all his ceaseless mercies, and especially that we and our daughter have been brought to know something of the riches of his love in the Lord Jesus Christ, we offer him in the persons of the little ones of his family this token of our grateful love.

"Please do not publish our names. The Lord knows them, and that is enough. Simply say 'A year's salary from a Commercial Traveller,' and it may be that some one else may do the same.

"The Lord bless you more and more, and speedily restore you to health. With our warm Christian love, believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"————."

The Orphanage has been benefited under the will of the late Mr. John Edwards to the amount of £900 during the past month. We have received from another donor a box full of silver plate, which he hopes will bring £30 to £40 to the Orphanage funds; and a gentleman who read the article on the Orphanage in the May number of the "Sunday at Home," sent a donation of £100.

While Mr. Duncan S. Miller and the Royal Poland Street Hand-bell Ringers were in Philadelphia, they gave an entertainment to the Bethany Schools and Mr. Wanamaker's employés on condition that a contribution should be sent to our Orphanage. The meetings were very successful, and in fulfilment of the contract we have received from Mr. Wanamaker a draft for £20, for which we heartily thank him and the scholars at Bethany, and our good friends the ringers.

Three youths in Scotland have found out a novel way of helping us. With their father's permission they collected all the suitable books in their home, and formed them into a circulating library, for the use of which each member of the family paid a small weekly sum. They then secured fresh subscribers and additional books, and now, as the result of less than six months' efforts, they have sent us twenty-five shillings for the Orphanage, with the promise of a larger amount next time.

COLPORTAGE. — The Annual Conference and Meeting of the Colporteurs was held on Sunday and Monday, May 7th and 8th. Meetings for prayer were held on Sunday morning and afternoon, during which the men related their experiences in the work, which were very cheering, one of them alone reporting that one hundred had professed conversion during the year in connection with his labours. On Monday afternoon, in the absence of the President, the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon, gave an encouraging address to the colporteurs.

The public meeting in the Tabernacle was the best ever held. Dr. Barnardo and Dr. Donald Fraser delivered very powerful addresses, and several colporteurs also interested the people by their simple statements of work accomplished for Jesus.

A new feature in the proceedings was the distribution of prizes given by Mr. Spurgeon for the largest sales during the year, which were awarded to the following colporteurs:

Class I., for the largest sales during the past year:—Mr. J. Smith, Nottingham, £5; Mr. E. Garrett, Uxbridge, £3; Mr. J. Taylor, Ross, £2.

Class II., for the greatest increase on the previous year:—Mr. Robert Hall, Ilkeston, £5; Mr. L. Eyres, Cambridge, £3; Mr. C. Morgan, Castleton, £2.

Reports, collecting cards, or boxes, and all information may be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, to whom also subscriptions may be sent.

We invite special attention to the annual report of this useful agency, which is printed at the end of the present magazine.

PERSONAL NOTES.—We have received from *Golcar* the following pleasing testimony to the usefulness of our sermons:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—You may perhaps remember me waiting upon you in December last, to inform you that in connection with our church we had five hundred of your sermons in circulation in the village, and that some cases of conversion had resulted therefrom. Since then we have increased the circulation to upwards of one thousand, which seventeen or eighteen of our female friends circulate weekly or fortnightly, and several other cases of conversion have been reported, besides great help and encouragement to enquirers, especially from your sermon 'Only trust Him, only trust Him' (No. 1635). We have not had a church-meeting without candidates since last November, and at every one of them lately your sermons have been mentioned as having been greatly blessed to them. I recently visited a good churchman in the village, who was on his dying bed, and he expressed his joy at reading one of them which was left by one of the

distributors, and begged me to get him a copy to preserve, as it had been so blessed to him. Since then, however, his happy spirit has gone to its reward. Scarcely any in the village now refuse them, though some did at first, and some who attended no place of worship accept them, and express their gratification to the distributors for the loan of them.

"I would, from experience, strongly recommend all our churches to adopt the use of them in this manner, as they have indeed proved to be most useful and blessed in our history.

"Your very truly,

"WILLIAM HIRST."

Our late student, Mr. Harry Wood, who has been for some time in *Australia*, has written the subjoined interesting account of the reception of the sermons in that region:—

"During my visit to the different colonies it was very cheering to hear the people speak of our beloved President, and the blessing that had followed the reading of his sermons by saint and sinner alike.

"There are one or two instances which I cannot forbear to relate. When visiting the Thames Gold-field, in New Zealand, a dear friend acquainted me with the following story, which will not only cheer the Pastor's heart, but will encourage *all* who are engaged in distributing his sermons. There were three young men who were working at the diggings. They were living together in a tent. One Sunday morning it was raining very hard, and they could not get out; the hours were long, and they knew not what to do to kill time. One of them asked if he should read one of Spurgeon's sermons, as he had several in his box, perhaps put there by a godly mother. He made no pretence to be religious or serious any more than his companions, but they agreed that he should read it to pass the time. Before they got through the sermon the Spirit of God convinced them of sin, and it was ultimately the means of leading all three of them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"When in South Australia I met a well-to-do farmer, who, on hearing that I had come from the Pastors' College, informed me that a sermon by our President from the text 'He that believeth on him is not condemned,' (John iii. 18,) was blessed to the salvation of his soul. He is now one of the most energetic Christians I have met with, and is doing good service in one of the Baptist churches. Many such instances could be given. The sermons are also a great blessing to small churches that are without pastors. In my travels I have met with many little flocks without an under-shepherd. The question has been asked, 'How do you keep together?' The answer has been to this effect, 'One of the deacons reads Mr. Spurgeon's sermons morning and evening,' and in this way they have been sustained till God has sent them a man. We do well to praise God for giving our Pastor a voice to reach the ends of the earth, and for the great blessing God continues to give both to the preached and printed word. This should stir us up, not only to more earnest prayer, but to more earnest effort in the distribution of these messengers of mercy all over the world.

"I hope I shall see the day when colporteurs from the Metropolitan Tabernacle will be seen to carry the word of God to the settlers in the Bush of the Australian Colonies as they do to-day in the country villages of England."

A friend in *Minnesota*, writing to Mrs. Spurgeon, says, "You will be pleased to hear that out in this Western country, and in this village of six hundred inhabitants, Mr. Spurgeon's books are much valued. I have seen them in several houses here. In the Wesleyan minister's a volume or two of 'sermons,' and 'John Ploughman's' productions. In another house 'Morning by Morning.' In another, that of an old saint, aged seventy-five, 'The Saint and His Saviour,' which he esteems as very precious, saying, with emphatic tone, when he speaks of it, 'This is Mr. Spurgeon's first book, and he has written many since, but never one to surpass this,' though the dear old man has not read a tithe of Mr. Spurgeon's publications."

Mr. Chowrryappah sends us from *Madras* a copy of our "Evening by Evening," which he has translated into Tamil, and is selling to native Christians under cost price at twelve annas (1s. 4d). He has also translated some extracts from our works, and issued them as tracts. He says that kind friends in England enabled him to accomplish this work, and he is now anxious to procure additional funds so that he may translate and publish "Morning by Morning" also. This is a good work. Though five hundred copies may appear to be a small issue, it is a great thing to get the book translated, for it will then be ready for use when in happier times thousands will need a Christian literature. We are thrice happy in seeing our works thus scattered among many nations. May the Lord send the increase.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS' TRACT SOCIETY.—Since we inserted a note in reference to this Society in a recent number of the magazine, the secretary has received several applications for grants of sermons, but no contributions to pay for them. He is continually hearing of cases of conversion resulting from the distribution of the sermons as loan tracts, and if he only had increased funds, could largely extend the Society's operations. Friends who are looking for a good investment of their Lord's money might do worse than send a donation to Mr. C. Cornell, 60, Hamilton-square, Borough, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. D. Tastin	1	1	0
Mr. D. McKay	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Edwards...	5	0	0
Rev. Dr. Ed. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. Joshua Allder...	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Selway...	2	2	0
Mr E. H. Keen	3	3	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder...	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Pickworth	1	0	0
Baptist Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, per Pastor R. T. Sole	3	3	0
Friends at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	13	6
Lower Tooting Church, per Pastor T. Witney	1	1	0
Pastor F. J. Feltham	2	10	0
Mr. Henry Burgess	1	1	0
Collection at Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley	3	16	0
Mrs. E. McLean	0	10	0
Collection at Long Buckby, per Pastor J. Spanswick	2	10	0
Pastor R. Ensoll	0	10	0
Mr. W. Sullivan	0	5	0
Collection at Faringdon, per Pastor E. George...	1	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Pastor W. F. Harris	3	13	3
Collection at Bromley, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Collection at Putney, per Pastor W. Thomas	2	3	4
Collection at Rushden, per Pastor W. A. Davis	2	10	0
Collection at Grafton-street, Northampton, per Pastor G. J. Moore ...	1	12	0
Collection at Campsbourne Chapel, Hornsey, per Pastor J. S. Bruce ...	0	7	9
Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
Collection at Great Broughton, per Pastor J. McNab	1	0	0
Collection at North Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	4	9	0
Collection at Maidenhead, per Pastor J. J. Irving	2	10	0
Collection at Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	14	6
Collection at Westmancote, per Pastor W. J. Smith	1	2	6
Friends at Halstead, per Pastor E. Morley	1	10	0
Friends at Salem Chapel, Folkestone, per Pastor R. F. Jeffrey	5	0	0
Collection at Leytonstone, per Pastor J. Bradford	3	3	0
Collection at Hanley, per Pastor A. Johnson	2	15	0
Collection at Streatham, per Pastor A. McCaig	3	6	0
R. Booth, Haslington, per Pastor C. T. Johnson	1	1	0
Pastor C. T. Johnson	0	10	0
Collection at Sudbury, per Pastor H. W. Childs	1	5	0
Collection at East Dereham, per Pastor A. Mills	4	4	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Pastor J. G. Gibson.	1	3	0
Strode Crescent Chapel, Sheerness, per Pastor J. R. Hadler	1	0	0
"Shillings from Reading"	3	3	0
Collection at Sutton-on-Trent, per Pastor H. Channer	0	11	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	15	0
Friends at St. Neot's, per Pastor T. G. Gathercole...	1	1	0
Pastor A. Bird	0	10	0
Collection at Commercial-road Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney ...	2	3	7
Collection at Hillsley, per Pastor N. T. Miller.	0	12	6
Pastor E. Mason, Lowestoft	1	1	0
Per Pastor W. J. Tomkins, Ridgmount :—			
Mr. H. G. Fisher 1 10 0			
Mr. J. Parker 0 10 0			
Other friends 0 6 0			
	2	6	0
Collected by Pastor J. F. Foster, Waterbeach	3	1	0
Per Pastor W. Osborne :—			
Mr. J. Steinle 0 10 6			
Miss Bradley 0 10 0			
Miss S. Bradley 0 10 0			
Mrs. Knott 0 5 0			
Mrs. English 0 5 0			
	2	0	6
Collection at Pain's Hill Chapel, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	1	0	0
Collection at Godstone, per Pastor G. A. Webb	2	7	0
Collection at Princes Risborough, per Pastor W. Coombs	1	19	1
Collection at King-street Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans ...	10	0	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Grove-road Chapel, Victoria Park, per Pastor W. J. Inglis	2	0	0
Mr. Edwin Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. Alderman W. McArthur, M.P. ...	25	0	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. W. Grose	1	1	0
Messrs. A. Straker and Son	10	0	0
Mr. W. F. Whitehead	5	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. Garnham	0	5	0
Mrs. Bedwin	1	0	0
E. A.	0	10	6
Mr. C. Ball	6	6	0
Mrs. Wm. Evans	7	10	0
Mr. Wm. Evans	15	15	0
Mr. Richard Evans	10	10	0
Mr. C. E. Dain	0	2	6
Pastor T. W. Medhurst and friends ...	11	4	2
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	1	0
Mrs. Sorrell...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Penny	3	3	0
Miss Nellie Withers	1	1	0
Pastor C. B. Sawday	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	5	5	0
Mr. Savage	1	1	0
Mr. John Goslin	2	2	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	1	1	0
Mrs. Scandrett	1	1	0
Mr. James C. Goslin	1	1	0
Miss J. E. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Page...	5	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood...	20	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, Jun.	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thomson	2	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dean	2	2	0
Mrs. Hudson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dipple	3	3	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Editor "Christian World"	10	10	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. Anthony Seard	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. Drake	5	5	0
Mr. Sidney Drake	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Falkner	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	3	0	0
Mrs. Scott	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rea	10	10	0
Mr. Alfred Norman	5	5	0
Miss Norman	0	10	0
Miss Webb	0	10	0
Mr. W. L. Williams	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Webb	0	15	0
Mr. C. Thornton	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Conolly	3	3	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mr. G. Gathercole	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Raybould	0	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards... ...	2	2	0
Miss Harris	1	0	0
Mrs. Cook	5	5	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Mr. George Stevenson	2	2	0
W. G. A., Jun.	1	0	0
W. E. T.	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Edwards	1	1	0
Mr. W. Davis	1	1	0
Mrs. Hurst	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ashby	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wayre...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Frisby	5	0	0
Mr. A. C. Pensam	1	1	0
Mr. G. Holland	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Barr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gloag	1	1	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	0	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. Winckworth	2	2	0
Mr. G. Hamilton	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bowes	1	1	0
Miss Darkin...	0	10	6
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	21	0	0
Miss M. Wade	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Frowd	2	2	0
Mr. F. Chalk	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson... ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Miss Brown	5	0	0
Pastor F. G. Marchant	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Crack	1	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waters	2	2	0
Mr. David Batchelor	1	1	0
R. A.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Toller	5	0	0
J. H. G.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kentish	1	1	0
Mr. Cleare	2	12	6
Mr. Collenette	2	12	6
Mrs. J. E. Knight...	1	1	0
Mr. S. H. Knight	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. and Miss Vinson	1	1	0
Mr. E. Vinson	1	1	0
Miss M. Nash	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell... ...	3	0	0
Mr. H. D. Virtue	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. F. Stanger	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fox	1	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	2	0	0
Miss Emily Fox	1	0	0
Mr. George Redman	3	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler	2	2	0
Mr. H. Woollacott	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey... ...	5	5	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard	5	5	0
A poor Missionary...	0	2	6
Miss Keeley	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Miss E. J. Emery	10	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and Friend	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Clark	5	0	0
Mr. George A. Calder	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs, Jun.	10	10	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell, Jun. ...	5	5	0
M. C.	1	0	0
Pastor W. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	1	1	0
Mrs. Sortwell	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Wild	5	0	0
R. S.	1	1	0
Mr. Edward	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Mace	2	2	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Pastor E. G. Gange	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Russell	5	0	0
Pastor F. J. Feltham	1	0	0
Mrs. Feltham, sen.	3	3	0
Mr. J. K. Philip	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. Frederick Amsden, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Green	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	2	2	0
Miss A. Everett	1	1	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	20	0	0
Mr. Corsan	1	11	6
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Miss Mead	5	5	0
Mr. E. J. Mead	5	5	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. E. J. Hammer	2	2	0
Miss Spliedt	3	0	0
Miss Bruce	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	4	4	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. J. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E Passmore	4	0	0
Miss Grace Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. James Alabaster	10	0	0
Mrs. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	0	0
Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	2	0	0
Mr. S. M. Osmond	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Doyle	5	0	0
Mrs. Thomson	1	1	0
Mrs. H. P. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. E. T. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Davies	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Proctor	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Daintree	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Oxley	2	2	0
Mr. J. Munland	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Fisher	3	3	0
Mr. T. K. Bellis	5	0	0
Mrs. T. K. Bellis	2	0	0
Mr. John Marnham	10	0	0
Mr. G. Allison	1	1	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mr. Wm. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. Wm. Ross	2	2	0
Velox	1	1	0
Collection at Grantham, per Pastor G. B. Bowler	1	0	0
Collection at James' Grove, Peckham, per Pastor G. J. Dann	3	8	10
Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	4	0
Collection at Tunbridge, per Pastor T. Hancocks	4	0	0
"Leam"	2	10	0
Friends at Middlesborough, per Pastor W. Whale	2	10	0
Proceeds of lecture at Coalville, by Pastor T. Hagen	1	1	6
Mr. E. J. Parker	0	10	0
Mrs. Sisman, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	1	0	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	2	15	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Pastor A. K. Davidson	3	0	0
Proceeds of lecture, by Pastor G. West	5	0	0
Park Road Chapel, Ryde, by Pastor J. T. Almy	1	10	0
Pastor Jabez Dodwell	0	7	6
Collection at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	4	0	0
Collection at Selly Park Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor A. H. Collins	5	0	0
Friends at Victoria Chapel, Deal, per Pastor N. Dobson	2	2	0
Pastor Josiah Hart	1	0	0
Friends at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor J. T. Swift	2	0	0
Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Friends at Arthur Street Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor W. Smith	1	0	0
Contents of Box, Master C. Welton, Driffield	0	5	0
Pastor C. Testro	0	2	0
Clay Cross Church, per Pastor I. A. Ward	1	0	0
Friends at New Brompton, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	3	11	0
Collection at Devonport, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	1	5	0
Friends at Wellington Street, Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	2	5	6
Collection at Clarence Parade Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins ..	11	0	1
Friends at Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. H. White	4	0	0
Battersea Park Church, per Pastor T. Lardner	1	0	0
W. S. Lardner, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	0	0
Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0
Collection at Cross Street Chapel, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones ...	8	0	0
Pastor F. A. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Friends at Ossett, per Pastor J. W. Comfort	0	10	0
Collection at Parson's Hill Chapel, Woolwich, per Pastor J. Wilson ...	1	15	0
Pastor Henry Kidner	0	5	0
Pastor J. H. Banfield	0	10	0
Pastor W. E. Rice	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture, by Pastor W. B. Haynes	1	10	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Queen's-square Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor J. S. Gealo ...	2	2	0
Per Pastor G. T. Ennals :—			
Mr. Chivers 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Chaplin 0 10 0			
Mr. Char 0 10 0			
Mr. Maris 1 1 0			
Collected by Miss A. Mathew 1 12 0			
	3	18	0
Collection at Ernest-street Chapel, Church, per Pastor J. Ney	10	3	0
Friends at Cheltenham, per Pastor W. Julyan	9	0	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	15	0
Collection at Herne Bay, per Pastor W. Pettman	4	4	0
Collection at Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor G. Wainwright	7	10	0
Pastor J. Bateman	0	5	0
Pastor J. O. Fellowes	1	0	0
Friends at Southend Tabernacle, per Mr. Edwards	1	10	0
Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Smith, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Stubbs	10	10	0
Friends at Leeds, per Pastor Geo. Hill, M.A :—			
Mr. John Barran, M.P. ... 10 0 0			
Mr. John Barran, jun. ... 5 0 0			
Mr. Wm. Illingworth ... 2 2 0			
Mr. J. B. Bilborough ... 1 1 0			
Mr. W. R. Bilborough ... 1 1 0			
Mr. R. John Andrew ... 0 10 6			
Pastor George Hill, M.A. ... 1 1 0			
	20	15	6
Mr. J. Turner	2	2	0
Mr. G. Bantick	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rains	10	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. L. Thwaites	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	0	0
Mr. Jas. Clark	5	5	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. W. Spriggs	0	5	0
Collection at Bexley Heath, per Pastor G. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	25	0	0
Mr. Murray, per Pastor C. Chambers ..	0	10	0
Mr. McCombie, per Pastor C. Chambers	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
Romans vi. 7 and 8	2	0	0
Collection at Conference public meeting at South-street Chapel, Greenwich ...	15	0	0
Friends at Aston Park, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	6	0	0
Pastor R. J. Middleton	0	15	0
Part collection at Haddenham, per Pastor T. Hy. Smith	2	0	0
Collection at Zion Chapel, Chatham, per Pastor Jas. Smith	6	6	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Benham	5	0	0
Mr. Jno. Best, J.P.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Altham	10	10	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. Jno. Houghton	30	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. Jno. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0
Rev. W. Stott	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	5	5	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	10	0	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harrald	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hall	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Williams	105	0	0
Mrs. Williams and family	105	0	0
Mr. James Duncan	105	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	105	0	0
Pastor C. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mr. Hy. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Tubby	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Tomkins...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Colonel Griffin	5	5	0
Mr. J. R. Macarthur	1	1	0
Mr. Arch. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. D. Wellby	2	2	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	1	1	0
Mr. Fred. Hunt, per Mr. Carr ...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Barrett, per Mr. Murrell ...	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. W. List	5	0	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	3	3	0
Mr. Thos. Knight	10	10	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	5	5	0
Mr. Jno. Lobb	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Wild, Jun.	5	0	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Mr. M. Hy. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs and family ...	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr and family	7	7	0
Mr. T. J. Winney, per Mr. Carr ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Neal	3	3	0
Mr. R. J. May	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. Warmington	5	0	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hill	2	0	0
Mrs. W. Hill	2	0	0
Miss Hill	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
A young member	0	5	0
Balance of collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards ...	1	3	6
Master Charles Spurgeon Pratt ...	1	0	0
A friend, per C. L.	0	7	6
One mouth's offering, from Mrs. Mitchell's Bible-class, Rye	0	13	6
"A friend in Scotland"	25	0	0
Sent as a thankoffering	1	10	0
Miss Lizzie Culver...	2	2	0
Mr. J. S. White	0	3	6
Friends at Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn :—			
Mr. G. E. Foster	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Foster	1	1	0
Mr. E. Foster	1	1	0
Mr. F. G. Gifford	1	1	0
Mr. W. E. Lilley	1	1	0
Mr. J. Nutter	1	1	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1	1	0
			8 8 0
Mr. A. H. Beard			0 5 0
From Shetland, per Mr. E. Richards ...			1 0 0
583990...			20 0 0
Mrs. May			10 0 0
Mr. W. Withey			20 0 0
Mr. W. R. Huntley			10 10 0
Mrs. W. R. Huntley			10 10 0
Miss Hunt			1 1 0
Mr. W. Hunt			1 1 0
Mr. Samuel Harris			2 0 0
Mr. Thomas Bauson			1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Allison			25 0 0
Mr. G. T. and Mrs. Congreve			10 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon			5 5 0
Rev. John Spurgeon			3 3 0
Mr. Thos. Golding..			4 4 0
Mr. John Crowle			5 5 0
Mr. W. G. Mills			2 2 0
Mr. H. V. Briginshaw			2 2 0
Mr. T. Mills			2 2 0
Mr. W. Payne			5 5 0
Rev. F. Cheshire			2 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Creasey			2 2 0
Claremont-street Chapel, Shrewsbury, per Pastor W. W. Robinson			1 10 0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. M. Wilson			0 10 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 16	28	4	3
„ 23	11	10	0
„ 30	26	15	3
May 7	30	8	11
„ 14	40	0	2
			136 18 7
			£2272 14 2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	5	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0
A widow, Jamaica, per Messrs. Lamb and Son	2	0	0
Mr. John Jones Pierce	1	0	0
A sinner saved by grace	1	0	0
Mrs. Ruck	20	0	0
Stamps	0	2	6
Stamps from Essex and Newcastle ...	0	1	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	50	0	0
Proceeds of circulating library at Hawick, per Mr. W. D. Fisher ...	1	5	0
Proceeds of entertainment by Orphanage boys at Mr. Charrington's hall ...	10	0	0
Harston Baptist Sunday-school Teachers and Scholars	0	10	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
In memoriam, Ernest and Eddie ...	0	10	0
Bank of England note, given by an unknown gentleman to Miss H. E. Tyrrell	5	0	0
Mr. John Cannings, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	3	0	0
Durweston Chimers, per Mr. C. Adlem	0	10	0
G. P. Dust	0	2	6
			0 12 6
Two poor women, Ivinghoe, Aston ...			0 1 0
Mr. W. Cooke			2 0 0
Mrs. Churcher			0 4 0
Mrs. Marshall			0 10 6
Mr. Geo. Turner			0 2 6
Mr. Hadnutt, per Mrs. Evans			5 0 0
Mr. W. Thomas			2 10 0
A year's salary from a Commercial Traveller			350 0 0
Executors of the late Mr. John Edwards			900 0 0
A reader of the "Christian Herald" ...			0 3 0
Rev. J. M. Hewson			0 5 0
Miss A. Jones			1 1 0
Pastor E. A. Tydeman			0 5 6
Sale of photograph			0 2 0
"A well wisher"			0 2 9
Mr. E. May, per V. J. C.			0 10 0
Battersea Park Baptist Chapel Sunday-school			0 6 1

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Collins	0	2	6
Collection at Lordship Lane Baptist Chapel, after sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	4	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Richards	0	10	9
Mrs. Oakley	0	2	0
Mr. John Mortlock	1	1	0
Mr. J. Steinle	0	10	6
Mrs. V. Peskett	0	16	0
Mr. Hy. Burgess	4	4	0
Mr. Gray	1	0	0
Mr. Wild	0	10	0
Mr. W. Spriggs	0	10	0
Miss A. Jones, per J. A. S.	0	10	0
Per Pastor E. Osborne :—			
Mrs. Sisman 1 0 0			
Mrs. Chaplin 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Mrs. Winsor's Bible-class, S. Stockton	0	7	0
Mr. W. Kelley	0	5	0
Park Road Chapel, Ryde, per Pastor J. T. Almy	0	10	0
Per Pastor W. L. Mayo :—			
Proceeds of lecture at Neath 1 6 0			
Mr. W. J. Betts 0 10 0			
Box, W. L. M. 0 4 0			
Mrs. Vincent 0 2 6			
Mrs. Hodgson 0 2 0			
	2	4	6
T. A.	0	5	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. George Brown	2	7	11
"A widow's mite" (Ruabon)	0	1	0
Mr. John Nicholson	5	0	0
Part collection Baptist Church, Sudbury, Suffolk, per Pastor H. W. Childs	1	5	0
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	1	0	0
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	6	0	0
C. D.	0	5	0
A Missionary	1	0	0
Box at Orphanage Gates, per Secretary	4	7	10
Proceeds of Entertainment in Philadelphia, by Poland-street Handbell Ringers, per Mr. J. Wanamaker	20	0	0
T. A.	0	10	0
OEG. DLOFNEP.	0	2	6
The Lord's own money	0	5	0
Stamps from Harwich	0	2	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Miss Alice Yates	0	10	6
Mr. Isaac Atkinson	1	1	0
Collection in Messrs. Southall Brothers and Barclay's pill-room	0	12	0
Trinity (Weensland) Sunday School, Hawick	0	15	0
A friend, per Pastor J. F. Foster	0	5	0
T. S.	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	2	0
In response to John Ploughman's appeal, May 1st	5	0	0
K. L. J. S.	0	3	0
A Friend, per C. L.	0	7	6
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	10	0
Thankoffering for a nephew's conversion through C. H. S., September, 1881	3	0	0
Mr. James T. Saunders	5	0	0
Miss Gillot's box, per Pastor W. Goacher	0	5	0
Pastor N. Heath, Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	2	0	0
Stamps	0	2	6
Mr. R. McKinley	5	0	0
Postal order and stamps	0	1	6
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
"Every little helps"	0	2	6
Mr. H. Childs	10	0	0
Marlborough-street Board School Boys, per Mr. J. Burgess	0	13	0
A. M. D.	0	5	0
"Somersetshire"	20	0	0
A thankoffering	2	0	0
Mr. George Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Morgan	1	10	0
Mr. E. P. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Bydawell	1	0	0
M. McN.	2	0	0
Mr. Geo. Smith	100	0	0
Glenbarry Juvenile Missionary Society and Band of Hope	0	10	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Daisy Ridley	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
583990	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Mold, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Mr. W. Tebbutt, per Pastor T. H. Smith	2	2	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. Durrant	5	5	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Sandwich, per bankers, May 1	2	2	0
	£1631	7	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to May 14th (Boys' Division) :—PROVISIONS.—1 Ton of Potatoes, Mr. Fox; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

GENERAL.—5 Books, A Friend; A Microscope and 1 Vol., "La Normandie," Mr. F. Fordham; 28lbs. Starch, Messrs. Lescher, Son, and Co., per Mr. T. P. Chard.

CLOTHING.—12 Night Shirts, Mrs. Brown's Bible Class; 10 Shirts, Young Girls' Working Meeting, Brookside; A quantity of Ties and Handkerchiefs, Teachers and Scholars of Battersea Park Baptist Sunday-school.

(*Girls' Division*) :—CLOTHING.—Six Articles, a constant Friend; a small Parcel of Ties, Anon; 1 Bed Quilt, Mrs. W. Franklin; 1 Dress and Bonnet, Mrs. Nash; 91 Articles, Working Association, Wellington-square, Hastings; 20 Articles, Mrs. Buswell; 16 Jackets, Mrs. T. Boocock; 18 Pompadour Pinafores, Mrs. J. Moss.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Jas. Benham	5	0	0
A constant sermon-reader	0	5	0
Friends at Haydock, per Rev. J. Barton	4	10	0
Mr. R. Meikle	2	2	0
A widow, Burnley, per Mr. Burnham	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Walker	0	2	6
Mrs. Woide Goodhart	10	0	0
Miss Rose Godfrey	0	10	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. William Thomas	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A thankoffering	0	10	0
The late Mrs. Child, amount received from sale of emeralds	87	10	0
Mrs. M. Callum	2	0	0
M. C. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott, for "The Liverpool House"	0	4	0
Mr. S. D. Rickard	10	0	0
Mrs. Mary Randall	1	0	0
An Invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6
A Friend	5	0	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	2	0
Mrs. Ellen Castle	0	10	0
A "Sword and Trowel" reader, Dumfries...	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Grace Ridley	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Leighton Buzzard ...	1	0	0
Sale of Bazaar goods	0	7	6
Mrs. V. Peskett	0	5	0
Mr. John Nicholson	5	0	0
	£141	13	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Islington, per Rev. F. A. Jones ...	10	0	0
"W. R." for Ilkeston and Riddings ...	7	10	0
Thornbury District:—			
Mr. T. S. Child 5 0 0			
Mr. T. Westcomb 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Bevan 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Day 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Taylor ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Thos. Workman ... 0 10 0			
A Friend, Thornbury ... 0 10 0			
A Friend, Rockhampton ... 0 10 0			
A Friend from Oldbury ... 0 10 0			
A Friend from Moton ... 0 10 0			
A Friend from Crossways. 0 10 0			
	10	0	0
For Bower Chalk, from Mr. J. S. Hockey	4	10	0
For Bower Chalk, from Mr. Chizlett ...	0	10	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. T. Jones	5	0	0
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
	£77	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. W. Allan	0	5	0
Thankoffering by the author of "Saving Faith"	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
M. C., Boston	1	0	0
Miss Matthews	2	10	0
B. H.	100	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. A. Portingall	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Smith	0	6	6
Mr. E. H. Price	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert	1	0	0
Mr. M. Frost	0	2	6
Mr. John West	0	10	0
Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, for Prizes ...	20	0	0
Mr. J. Patrick	0	5	0
Donation, per Mrs. Whiting	0	10	0
T. A.	0	5	0
Sent as Thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel Godkin	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Chas. Carter	1	0	0
583990...	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. John Powell	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Shepherd	5	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Miss A. Newman	1	0	0
Mr. C. L. Russell	0	5	0
Mr. F. Cockrell	1	0	0
Mr. Hennish	0	10	0
	£177	16	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
T. A.	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	12	6	6
Mr. F. N. Charrington, thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Mile End Assembly Hall	16	0	0
Dr. Barnardo, thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at the "Edinboro' Castle"	31	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
583990	20	0	0
Balance of collection at Burnley, after Mr. Burnham's services	2	0	0
Thankoffering, from a servant	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
	£3	1	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

Colportage Association.

The Fifteenth Annual Report, 1881.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

Rev. J. A. SPURGEON.

Treasurer.

ED. BOUSTEAD, Esq.

Hon. Sec.

Mr. C. P. CARPENTER.

Committee.

Mr. C. F. Allison.
„ F. D. Carpenter.
„ G. Goldston.
„ G. Gregory.
„ M. Llewellyn.
„ W. J. Mills.
„ T. Mills.

Mr. C. Murrell.
„ J. Passmore, Junr.
„ W. Payne.
„ S. R. Pearce.
„ C. Waters.
„ Woollard.

General Sec.—Rev. W. CORDEN JONES.

Travelling Secretary—Mr. R. E. MACKENZIE.

OFFICE AND DEPOT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,

SOUTHWARK, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Committee thankfully acknowledge the gracious Providence which has enabled them, during the fifteenth year of the existence of the Association, to prosecute the work committed to their care with a large measure of success and blessing.

While there have not been sufficient funds placed at their disposal to justify an extension of their borders, they gratefully record the continued sympathy of all their valued helpers, through which the number of Colporteurs employed has suffered no diminution. During the year 78 districts were occupied, but, as is usually the case, some have been relinquished through the failure of local subscriptions, leaving the number at the close of the year 74, including 6 new ones.

Every plea previously urged for the necessity of Colportage in England is greatly intensified by the present outlook. Without doubt the power of the press, both for good and evil, is greater than ever, hence the urgent importance of seeking to influence the vast host of eager readers by carrying to their homes literature which shall interest and affect the mind for good, and also with the blessing of God lead to the salvation of the soul. This is already provided in a profusion of beautifully illustrated books and magazines, and a large variety of cheap copies of the Scriptures and religious tracts, and the Association only requires a larger circle of supporters to enable it to extend its operations to many outlying and neglected districts, both in town and country, greatly needing them.

A widespread feeling of doubt on religious subjects is abroad, fostered by many publications, plausible in pretensions, but really infidel in character, and which, if possible, do greater mischief than the weekly trash of the highwayman type, bad as it undoubtedly is. Consequently the responsibility of circulating the word of God and works of true evangelical tendency is very great.

With the spread of education also among the young arises the corresponding call to supply them with a class of periodicals which, while aiming to benefit, shall be sufficiently attractive to allure from that of an injurious nature which is already and everywhere accessible.

During the year a large quantity of thoroughly suitable literature has been distributed of which the figures given scarcely convey an adequate idea. The gross value of the sales was £7,673 3s. 6d., consisting of

103,200 books, 280,097 periodicals, besides 13,090 Bibles and Testaments, and 17,856 penny texts of Scripture. It is computed that between three and four tons of the current monthly magazines are dispatched from the depôt at the close of each month. Besides this the Colporteurs have done a large amount of direct Evangelistic and Home Mission work, which has been accomplished in an undenominational spirit of an inclusive nature, the agents working with and for any evangelical Christians willing to co-operate, whether as individuals, Churches, or Local Committees, or Associations. They report 624,482 visits to families, 7,544 addresses given at Cottage Meetings and other services, and 75,000 tracts distributed gratuitously.

The accompanying details afford convincing proof that the blessing of God has rested on every department of the work, and that he is faithful to his promise. "My word shall not return unto me void." Extracts are also given from the opinions of local friends showing their estimate of the value of Colportage, and in one case a lady who began by paying for one Colporteur, last year commenced to subscribe for two others, besides contributing towards a fourth.

As the Committee believe that if Colportage were more widely known and better understood, it would be more liberally supported and more extensively adopted, they have (through the liberality of a tried and generous donor) secured the services of Mr. R. E. Mackenzie, as Travelling Secretary, which step they trust will lead to a great and permanent increase of pecuniary support, and corresponding progress in extending the operations of the Association.

OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE object of this Association is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner:—

1st.—By means of Christian Colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the Colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

The average total cost of a Colporteur is from £75 to £80; but the Committee will appoint a man to any district for which £40 a year is subscribed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd.—By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal per centage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

This second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank; and Post Office Orders made payable to W. C. JONES, *at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to* REV. W. CORDEN JONES, *Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.*

COUNTY ASSOCIATIONS AND LOCAL AUXILIARIES.

A NUMBER of these employ Colporteurs through this Association, and appreciate their labours highly. A few extracts are appended both from the Reports of the Colporteurs and of their supporters.

ESSEX CONGREGATIONAL UNION. The Annual Report says:—"The work of the Colporteur in this District has been most diligently and faithfully continued by Mr. Matthew Frost, and although the sales of books and magazines have not been so great as last year, the Committee have reason to be thankful that, in the face of many difficulties, so much real good has been effected. During the year Mr. Frost has paid upwards of 6,000 visits to the homes of the people, and given 133 public addresses in Chapel mission-rooms, or at cottage meetings. He has sold 3,422 publications, and distributed about 3,000 tracts. It has cost the Colporteur conscientious and wearying labour to produce these results. Very often the elements seemed antagonistic to his work, and during the winter months, many of the roads along which he has to travel were found impassable.

His work at Pitsea has been both happy and successful. Two services have been held on Sunday; throughout the year the attendance has been constant, and often more than could be accommodated in the little mission-room, which must either be enlarged, or be replaced by a new one. The mission is free from debt, and a Sunday School has been successfully formed, with an attendance of 40 children and 7 teachers.

Rev. H. Klhut, the Superintendent, adds:—"Our Committee is very satisfied with the year's work."

The Colporteur speaks of several conversions in connection with his extra labours at the mission-room."

WORCESTER COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION. Extract from Report:—"The Colportage work has now been in operation among us for seven years; and though we cannot tabulate spiritual results, which we willingly leave in His hands 'whose we are, and whom we serve,' we can at least record the amount of labour accomplished, for our own encouragement and the satisfaction of those who have generously supplied us with the necessary funds.

TOTALS OF SEVEN YEARS' WORK.

No. of Hours employed	66,403	No. of Times read the Scriptures ...	8,494
,, Meetings held	1,034	,, Scriptures sold	7,204
,, Attendants	69,454	,, Tracts distributed	132,490
,, Visits exclusive of those to the sick	256,806	,, Persons died in the Districts ...	1,646
,, Visits to the sick	7,176	,, Periodicals distributed	161,863
,, Open air services	91	,, Amount received for Books, &c., sold	£2,997 4s. 5d.

"Each line possesses its own peculiar interest; the Colporteurs have in seven years spent 66,403 hours in the work; have paid 263,982 visits; 7,176 of which were to the sick; have sold 7,204 copies or parts of the Scripture; have distributed 161,868 periodicals and received £2,997 4s. 5d. for books and periodicals. This must represent the circulation of an immense quantity of pure and healthy literature, which has doubtless supplanted a literature of a less beneficial character, and in other cases created a taste for reading which did not previously exist, and both these classes will require a careful and continual supply to meet the future demand. These figures fully justify the necessity for commencing this work, and should encourage all who have assisted to continue such assistance, for such results far exceed our most sanguine expectations."

One of the Colporteurs in this Association reports success in supplanting worthless reading by that which is useful. He writes:—"In two or three cases I have been enabled during the last month to persuade customers to give up and even to ignore the trash they have been in the habit of reading, and read the pure literature. For instance, one whose mind was set on the 'Family Herald' has taken the 'Quiver' instead.

"The sick and afflicted look more anxiously for my visits than anyone else, to whom I always give a tract and a word of advice. No one can imagine the number of opportunities I have to do good to the people's souls."

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION. Extracts from Report:—"The other part of Home Mission work in which the Association is engaged continues to yield results both satisfactory and encouraging. Our Colportage agency has been at work in the same

Districts as in the preceding year; seven Colporteurs have thus been constantly employed. As the details of their work in past years have been somewhat fully given, it may be deemed sufficient if a summary of their last year's work is now presented. Of the Word of God, either in part or the whole, 3,126 have been sold; of books and periodicals, 40,375; and of smaller publications, 3,226. These sales have realized the sum-total of £897 15s. 3d. The remark of the Superintendent of one of your Agents, with regard to his sales, will be equally appropriate to each one of the Colporteurs, when he says, 'very little of this amount would have been sold but for his labours.' It is not, however, simply the effecting of so many sales, or the increase in their numbers, that your Committee regard with the greatest satisfaction; it is rather that these sales are the dissemination of truth, the fruit of which will be a purer, healthier social and domestic morality; the possession of Christian knowledge; and, it is hoped, in many cases, the enjoyment of eternal life.

"There is one distinct characteristic of this Colportage upon which your Committee lay especial stress, and because of which they would urge the importance of maintaining and even extending it. It is its home mission and evangelistic character. It is not merely the selling of literature of a healthy moral tone, or of copies of God's Word; there is also the utterance by the living voice of the words of eternal life, in the visits to the homes of the people, and by the bedside of the sick and dying; there is the teaching in the Sabbath School and in Bible Classes for adults; and there is further the public preaching of the gospel; for every one of your Colporteurs engages in this work, and most of them every Sabbath day. Besides these, there is the employment of other means, the influence of which is favourable to the interests of true religion. Your Committee are the more concerned to emphasize this feature of Colportage, because of the readiness in some quarters to regard it exclusively as a book-hawking agency, altogether ignoring, if not denying, its missionary and evangelistic character."

These are weighty words written after seven years trial of Colportage. and should stimulate other Associations to employ the agency. One of the Colporteurs in this Association tells of a shepherd, to whom he spoke, while tending the sheep, who afterwards informed him that "he was led to seek Jesus through what he had spoken to him about," and that others had been converted by reading Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, &c., and attending a Bible Class. Another writes thus:—"A respectably dressed woman came up to me one evening, and taking me by the hand said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I felt that I must speak to you. About two years since you were preaching in the open air, down Hog Lane (a very low place), from the word "Remember"; before that time I used to go about in a traveller's van selling brushes, &c., and I was a very low character, but while you were preaching the Lord revealed himself unto me; I afterwards joined a Christian community, and am still going on with the Lord Jesus.' I have since heard that she was instrumental in the conversion of her four sons, and that now they are all eminently godly and earnest Christian people, going on, hand in hand, to glory."

Another reports that after seven years' labour his work is as much appreciated as ever, and that his sales do not decrease.

In another Southern District the Colporteur writes of special blessing upon the sale of a little book, entitled "Saving Faith," and also upon his village services; while another modestly writes:—"Going day after day among the same people I do not really meet with any striking incidents, but I still retain the love and respect of the people, and I trust I never lose an opportunity of speaking for the Master."

From another District we hear:—"When I came here three years ago many people, in different parts of my district, hardly ever read anything good, who now look out every month for me to bring their Magazines. On looking over my book, I find that out of 460 regular customers for periodicals 300 of them never used to read anything good. Many have been the thanks I have had from parents, because I persuaded their sons to take in some good magazine, which keeps them in of an evening instead of going to the public house, and because their daughters have given up injurious periodicals, and take 'Girl's Own Paper,' &c., from me."

OXFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION. This Society employs two Colporteurs. The Report says of the Stow and Aston District:—"In looking through the Colporteur's Journal for the past year, the Committee feel that there is much to cheer and encourage: for, although the aggregate of books sold has been rather less, Mr. MOODY reports that the desire for religious literature is gradually increasing, that all classes of

people in the district receive him more warmly than they did two or three years ago, and his monthly visits are looked forward to with pleasure by very, very many. The Committee with great pleasure bear testimony to this report."

Mr. Moody, the Colporteur, tells of spiritual good resulting from tracts read, and visitation of the sick, concluding his report of one case thus:—"She told me that her first impressions were received during my visits to her when she was ill. She can now give a very clear and satisfactory evidence of her acceptance with God."

Mr. Hook, the Colporteur in Witney District, has also an encouraging Report. He writes:—"*A blessing on the preached word.* One Sunday a young man found peace through my preaching. Several more have been awakened to a sense of their danger. Many saints have been built up."

"*Blessing on the Bible Class* we have started, in which we have from 15 to 20 young men and youths. Several of them profess to be saved. Our school is very much blessed, two youths out of my class have been saved, and now are teachers doing all they can to lead others to the Saviour; they call me their father. Never have I been so happy in any work as I have been with the children, they run after me in the streets. Our school has greatly increased, we have now about 60 scholars and eight teachers. The friends are thinking of building a new schoolroom."

Wilts and E. Somerset Association. Home Mission Report. "The letters and statistics received this year from our brethren engaged in the work of our Home Mission in the villages are full of interest, and evince a spirit of hearty enthusiasm in the cause of our Divine Master. Many very important facts respecting the state of our rural population are brought to light, showing the great need that exists for such an agency as our Society provides, and proving beyond doubt that it is admirably fitted to secure the ends we have in view—Substituting wholesome literature for that which is pernicious, awakening a spirit of religious enquiry, and leading the people to the knowledge of the Saviour.

"Our brethren we are glad to find take full advantage of the various opportunities that come in their way of doing direct Home Mission work. They are travelling booksellers,—especially *Bible* sellers and tract distributors; but they themselves are living epistles of Christ, witnesses for the Gospel, ready, as occasion offers, to speak forth the message of mercy. We cannot but think that a perusal of the reports furnished by our brethren would have the effect of making us deeply thankful for their labours, and increase in us the desire that God would still more largely bless their efforts. But as the limits of this report necessarily prevent giving their communications at length, we must content ourselves with extracts that set before us in some measure their work and its results.

"This department of our work has been crowned with success in former years, and it is gratifying to notice that this year there is still further encouragement. The sales effected in the five districts amount to £498 17s. 5½d., as against £473 2s. 1d. the previous year, and the labours of the Colporteurs have been helpful to the spiritual welfare of not a few."

In the Warminster district Mr. King reports steady and successful work during the year. He hears of blessing on his word spoken to a person five years ago. A deacon's wife and daughter are spoken with by him, and "the effort was blessed." He gets lost in the darkness while crossing the down, but afterwards arrives in time for the service at the village chapel, being guided to it by the light. He concludes as follows:—"I am thankful that after nearly 15 years' labour among the same villages, I am even more kindly received, and my humble labours sought after than ever, and from my own experience I am led to believe we little know of what has been accomplished by the work of Colportage. The aged, sick, and dying visited, works of comfort to the weary, of warning to the sinner, and the public preaching of the word. But to our God be all the praise and glory."

Mr. R. Moody, one of the Colporteurs, relates an instance of two brothers who had lately been converted, and who put all the pernicious literature they had been accustomed to read in the fire. Also of a woman who was saved through hearing him preach in the village. He also notes several books, the reading of which resulted in comfort or conversion "Christie's Old Organ," "Saving Faith," and "Heaven" by D. L. Moody being mentioned.

From Wincanton District Mr. H. Payne reports an old man led to the Saviour and joining a Christain church through reading a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, lent to him by the Colporteur, also that he found several persons without a Bible in a small town with eight places of worship.

From Chippenham Mr. SCHOFIELD sends encouraging accounts of several conversions through his labours. Through lack of funds this district is given up.

Mr. JENKINS writes from Swindon :—"A woman and her husband who had never gone to the chapel were induced to attend, and, thank God, both are changed. The woman had been in the habit of reading cheap novels, &c., but will now take a religious magazine: she has bought a large-type Testament and takes a delight in reading it. A man who bought some tracts to lend, told me that in one instance where he lent some there was a complete change in the man. 'A child of Jesus,' also 'Saving Faith' have been made a blessing."

NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION. Rev. W. MILLS, the Secretary, writes concerning their Colporteur :—"I met Mr. Howell in the region of Bulwick Lodge not long since, and was very pleased with the work he was doing for the Lord there. The influence of such a man on the people whom he visits from house to house cannot be told."

This Colporteur works in a sparsely populated district, but has been very useful, especially in evangelistic services, quite recently he writes :—"The Lord has abundantly blessed the work. Up till last night thirty souls had come out for Christ, and we are looking for greater things than these." He also tells how a young woman professed Christ though persecuted by her parents; and how upon being called into a public house, and opening his pack, the sight of a Bible produced silence among the noisy inmates, who permitted him to speak to them and leave a tract.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE ASSOCIATION. No special report has been sent, but the fact speaks for itself of the manner in which the work is valued, that the Association now supports three Colporteurs instead of one, Mr. Eyres, of Cambridge, writes :—"The past month has been a successful and a very encouraging one. The amount for books sold is £10 os. 3d., a little in advance of last month, though this is the shortest month. Total number of articles sold are 650, and I have obtained 25 new subscribers for Periodicals, and I now have a total of 300.

"During the month I have conducted or taken a part in 15 Gospel Services, and I feel that I'll praise God that I have during the month been instrumental in bringing three others to our precious and glorious Lord Jesus. One feels as though he must say *Hallelujah!* even if it is at the expense of being dubbed a Salvation Armyist. God has blessed me much to souls the last three months,—to (I believe) about ten. Three of these I wrote letters to, and the word was blessed to them in that way. Also I *hear* of two to whom the books have been made a blessing; those two books 'Saving Faith, what it is?' and 'A Child of Jesus.'"

Mr. MOHAN, of Haddenham, sends good news, a young man who is dying in consumption said, "I am glad to see you, I have good news to tell you, I have found the Saviour and am happy, and not afraid to die. It was all through reading the *British Messenger*, which you left. I have written about 50 letters to friends, telling them of the love of Jesus. I sat up all one night writing. It is all I can do for Jesus while I am here."

He also relates a case in which the young lady who played the harmonium, in a little chapel where he preaches sometimes, was converted and joined the church.

Mr. COLLIER, of Swaffham, who has a very hard district to work, tells of increasing blessing upon his labours.

THE GLOUCESTER AND HEREFORD ASSOCIATION employ Mr. Taylor, who is very successful in the sale of books in Ross District.

THE LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE ASSOCIATION support Mr. Witton, who has also encouraging cases of good to report.

THE SOUTH DEVON CONGREGATIONAL UNION also co-operates in the support of Mr. Turner in the Kingsteignton District, where his labours are much appreciated.

Besides these regular County Associations there are local friends and committees in many other places, but space forbids further particulars, and while this year special allusion has only been made to Colporteurs in connection with County Associations, equally encouraging reports have been received from others who have laboured faithfully and successfully.

To God be all the praise for sheaves already gathered, as well as for enabling the Association to sow broadcast the seeds of truth, from which a harvest shall yet be gathered in eternity, of which we see but little here.

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable on account of the number and variety of Books sold, but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1881 :—

BOOKS.

Bibles	6,174	John Ploughman's Almanack	6,162
Testaments	6,916	John Ploughman's Pictures ...	1,486
Child of Jesus	1,349	Packets	8,461
Hymn Books, Sankey's Solos, &c.	17,993	Books under 6d.	54,705
Cottage Library (selected) ...	804	,, over 6d.	40,034
Mrs. Sewell's Works	1,762	Penny Framed Texts	17,856
Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack ...	2,820		

TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS... ... ... 121,056.

LIST OF MAGAZINES SOLD DURING 1881.

Tract Magazine	2,286	Spurgeon's Sermons	2,526
Cottager	2,316	Sword and Trowel	6,363
Child's Companion	16,383	Child's Own Magazine	8,856
Leisure Hour	2,526	Notes on Lessons	2,532
Sunday at Home	8,352	Excelsior	1,788
Girl's Own Paper	7,260	British Workwoman	14,625
Boy's Own Paper	3,675	Chatterbox	6,786
Friendly Greetings	2,640	Mother's Treasury	6,225
Band of Hope Review	12,909	Sunshine	5,538
The Welcome	5,409	Baptist Messenger	5,166
British Workman	14,157	Mother's Friend	5,304
Children's Friend	13,806	Old Jonathan	4,914
Family Friend	10,608	Home Words	3,783
Friendly Visitor	7,092	Quiver	10,638
Infants' Magazine	3,861	Miscellaneous Magazines... ...	81,613

TOTAL PERIODICALS ... ... 279,937.

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 78 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 75,000 Tracts, and made about 624,482 visits.

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table:—

Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £ s. d.	Visits to Families.	Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £ s. d.	Visits to Families.	Services and Addresses
1866	2	927 18 1	114,913	1874	29	2,937 1 7	217,929	
1867	6			1875	36	4,415 8 7½	360,000	
1868	6	1,139 16 3	91,428	1876	49	5,908 1 9	400,000	
1869	11	1,211 10 6	127,130	1877	62	6,950 18 1½	500,000	
1870	9	1,056 11 4	92,868	1878	94	8,276 0 4	926,290	
1871	10	1,110 3 4	85,397	1879	84	7,661 16 0	797,353	8,244
1872	12	1,228 10 11	121,110	1880	79	7,577 7 10	630,993	6,745
1873	18	1,796 2 2	217,165	1881	78	7,673 3 6	624,482	7,544

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1881.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	J. Mohan	1866	Cambs. Association.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Rev. A. Johnson.
Eythorne	Kent	J. Hughes	1868	Baptist Church.
Swindon	Wiltshire	G. Jenkins	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	J. Taylor	1872	Gloucester and Herefordshire Association.
Arnold	Nottinghamshire .	D. J. Watkins ...	1872	A. Higginbottom, Esq.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire	Robert Hall ...	1872	Anonymous, W. R.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Mrs. R. Clark.
Dorking	Surrey	C. Vidler & G. Bass	1873	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Mrs. Dix and Baptist Church.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire ...	G. Boyden	1873	R. Cory, Jun., Esq.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	A. Pratt	1873	Miss Hadfield.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. H. Kidner.
Worcester	Worcestershire ...	G. Athay	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	A. Sealey	1874	
Droitwich	Worcestershire ...	T. Banks	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wellow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire ...	J. Hook	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	Israel Moody ...	1875	Rev. J. Whittaker.
*Bacup	Lancashire	T. Allen	1875	Ebenezer Baptist Church.
Castleton	Glamorganshire ...	C. Morgan	1876	John Cory, Esq.
River and Ewell ...	Kent	G. Botwright ...	1876	Anonymous.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Rev. D. W. Purdon.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	H. Long & J. Gilpin	1876	D. White, Esq.
Dorchester	Dorsetshire	T. Richards ...	1876	Anonymous.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	R. W. Biggs, Esq., and Local Committee.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	H. Payne	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Ditto	H. J. Bonney ...	1876	Rev. T. Evans.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	Rev. J. F. Lepine.
Sittingbourne ...	Kent	W. M. Hopkins and T. Ireland ...	1877	G. H. Dean, Esq.
Nottingham ...	Nottinghamshire	J. Smith	1877	Rev. H. E. Stone.
Bulwick	Northamptonshire	A. F. Howell ...	1877	Rev. W. J. Mills.
Perry Bar	Warwickshire ...	J. Bennett	1877	Rev. D. E. Evans.
Halesowen	Ditto	W. Kibbler	1877	Mr. R. Marshall.
*Smallheath	Ditto		1877	Rev. C. Joseph.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
Grateley	Wiltshire	H. J. Barringer ...	1877	
Salisbury	Ditto	Jas. Pearce	1877	
Chippenham ...	Ditto	W. Field and H. Schofield	1877	Rev. H. B. Bardwell.
Tiptree	Essex	J. B. Near	1877	Rev. H. Hagell.
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	F. Thompson ...	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
Kingsteignton ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Rev. R. Rowe.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury	R. Hulls & Hardiman	1877	Mr. J. S. Hockey.
Gt. Yarmouth ...	Norfolk	W. McDowell ...	1877	Town Mission, Mr. S. W. Page.
Accrington	Lancashire	D. Witton	1878	Rev. Chas. Williams
Newbury	Berkshire	F. Whiting	1878	Rev. G. Howe.
Ottery St. Mary ...	Devonshire	W. Morris	1879	Local Committee.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	S. Shaw	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
*Hereford	Herefordshire ...	O. J. Griffiths (dead)	1879	Mr. J. Chick.
Andover	Hampshire	G. Leach	1879	Southern Association.
Cambridge	Cambs	L. Eyres	1879	Cambs Association.
Grosley	Derbyshire	R. Beard	1880	Anonymous.
Birchington-on-Sea	Kent	E. Gridley	1880	W. Hogbin, Esq.

*Charlton-on-Otmoor	Oxfordshire ...		1880	Rev. W. Hackney.
*Deptford	Kent	A. Soaley	1880	J. B. Mead, Esq.
*Malmesbury ...	Wiltshire	J. Sharpe	1880	Rev. J. L. Phillips.
Sunderland ...	Durham	W. Cunningham ..	1880	Mr. G. Thompson.
Pembroke Dock...	Glamorganshire...	S. Bowdon	1880	Rev. R. C. Roberts.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
*Norwich	Norfolk	E. Probert	1880	H. Trevor, Esq.
Arundel	Sussex...	H. Hull and W. M. Hopkins	1880	Rev. R. Halley.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Horley	Surrey	T. Watson	1880	S. Barrow, Esq.
Islington	Middlesex	G. Kilby	1880	Rev. F. A. Jones.
Ropton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen... ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Manorbier	Pembroke	C. A. Batton ...	1881	Rev. J. Thomas.
Grosvenor Square	London	T. W. Brodie ...	1881	Rev. Geo. Brooks.
Ventnor	Isle of Wight ...	J. Fox...	1881	Capt. Brookes.
Cowes	Do. ...	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sunningdale and Ascot	Berks	J. Patrick	1881	Rev. J. E. Cracknell.
East Langton ...	Leicester	A. Walker	1881	Rev. W. Morris.

No. of Districts occupied during 1881:—78.

* Those Districts marked with an asterisk have either been suspended or discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

BOOK AGENTS :—

	DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.		DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.
1	Braintree	Essex	F. W. Fenton ...	7	Walgrave	Northampton ...	E. J. Heath.
2	Nowington	Kent	L. Thurlow... ...	8	Fawley	Hants	F. A. Pearce.
3	Histon	Cambridgeshire ...	G. Mansfield ...	9	Oxford	Oxfordshire ...	R. J. Grubb.
4	Prestoign	Radnorshire ...	S. Watkins	10			
5	South Brent	Devon	H. Bentley	11			
6	Brixham	Ditto	R. Olver				

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year 1881.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—						
Wages	4,419	17	8			
Expenses	376	9	10			
				4,796	7	6
To Depôt Expenses—						
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants, and Travelling Secretary... ...	462	13	4			
Printing, Stationery, &c.	74	8	6			
Postages and Bank Charges ...	38	16	0			
Advertising and Travelling... ...	19	1	4			
Alterations, Cleaning, Coals, and Sundries	23	1	0			
Annual Meeting Expenses met by Special Subscriptions	...		...	618	0	2
				£5,414	7	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Gross Profit on Sales				1,773	3	9
By Subscriptions—						
For Districts	2,507	17	5			
„ General Purposes	898	3	4			
				3,406	0	9
By Interest on Deposit				11	3	1
By Deficiency carried to Account of Capital ...				224	0	1
				£5,414	7	8

Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1881.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
Publishers, Printers, &c.	955	8	7			
District Subscriptions (in advance)...	123	2	8			
				1,078	11	3
To Capital—						
As per Account, Dec. 31st, 1880 ...	1,817	11	1			
Deficiency for 1881 (see General Account)	224	0	1			
				1,593	11	0
				£2,672	2	3

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Stock on hand—						
At Depôt	518	14	10			
With Colporteurs	902	0	9			
				1,420	15	7
By Debtors—						
Colporteurs (balances in transit) ...	371	19	10			
Book Agents	22	19	1			
District Subscriptions (in arrear) ...	216	11	2			
				611	10	1
By Cash—						
With Bankers	609	16	7			
With Secretary	30	0	0			
				639	16	7
				£2,672	2	3

Examined with vouchers and found correct, this 16th day of March, 1882.

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
16th March, 1882.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
BENJN. WILSON CARR. } Auditors.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1882.

Mealtime in the Cornfields.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, FROM "FARM SERMONS."

"And Boaz said unto her, at mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers: and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left."—Ruth ii. 14.

WE are going to the cornfields, not so much to glean, as to rest with the reapers and the gleaners, when under some wide-spreading oak they sit down to take refreshment. We hope some timid gleaner will accept our invitation to come and eat with us, and will have confidence enough to dip *her* morsel in the vinegar. May all of us have courage to feast to the full on our own account, and kindness enough to carry home a portion to our needy friends at home.

I. Our first point of remark is this—THAT GOD'S REAPERS HAVE THEIR MEALTIMES.

Those who work for God will find him a good master. He cares for oxen, and he has commanded Israel, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Much more doth he care for his servants who serve him. "He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant." The reapers in Jesus' fields shall not only receive a blessed reward at the last, but they shall have plenteous comforts by the way. He is pleased to pay his servants twice: first in the labour itself, and a second time in the labour's sweet results. He gives them such joy and consolation in the service of their Master that it is a sweet employ, and they cry, "We delight to do thy will, O Lord." Heaven is made up of serving God day and night, and

a foretaste of heaven is enjoyed in serving God on earth with earnest perseverance.

God has ordained certain mealtimes for his reapers; and he has appointed that one of these shall be *when they come together to listen to the Word preached.* If God be with ministers they act as the disciples did of old, for they received the loaves and the fishes from the Lord Jesus, and then they handed them to the people. *We*, of ourselves, cannot feed one soul, much less thousands; but when the Lord is with us we can keep as good a table as Solomon himself, with all his fine flour, and fat oxen, and roebucks, and fallow-deer. When the Lord blesses the provisions of his House, no matter how many thousands there may be, all his poor shall be filled with bread. I hope, beloved, you know what it is to sit under the shadow of the Word with great delight, and find the fruit thereof sweet unto your taste. Where the doctrines of grace are boldly and plainly delivered to you in connection with the other truths of revelation; where Jesus Christ upon his cross is always lifted up; where the work of the Spirit is not forgotten; where the glorious purpose of the Father is never despised, there is sure to be rich provision for the children of God.

Often, too, our gracious Lord appoints us mealtimes *in our private readings and meditations.* Here it is that his "paths drop fatness." Nothing can be more fattening to the soul of the believer than feeding upon the Word, and digesting it by frequent meditation. No wonder that men grow so slowly when they meditate so little. Cattle must chew the cud; it is not that which they crop with their teeth, but that which is masticated, and digested by rumination, that nourishes them. We must take the truth, and turn it over and over again in the inward parts of our spirit, and so shall we extract suitable nourishment therefrom. My brethren, is not meditation the land of Goshen to you? If men once said, "There is corn in Egypt," may they not always say that the finest of the wheat is to be found in secret prayer? Private devotion is a land which floweth with milk and honey; a paradise yielding all manner of fruits; a banqueting house of choice wines. Ahasuerus might make a great feast, but all his hundred and twenty provinces could not furnish such dainties as meditation offers to the spiritual mind. Where can we feed and lie down in green pastures in so sweet a sense as we do in our musings on the Word? Meditation distils the quintessence of joy from the Scriptures, and gladdens our mouth with a sweetness which excels the virgin honey. Your retired periods and occasions of prayer should be to you refreshing seasons, in which, like the reapers at noonday, you sit with the Master and enjoy his generous provisions. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain was wont to say that when he was lonely, and his wallet was empty, his Bible was to him meat, and drink, and company too: he is not the only man who has found a fulness in the Word when all else has been empty. During the battle of Waterloo a godly soldier, mortally wounded, was carried by his comrade into the rear, and being placed with his back propped up against a tree, he besought his friend to open his knapsack and take out the Bible which he had carried in it. "Read to me," he said, "one verse before I close my eyes in death." His comrade read him that verse: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth,

give I unto you;" and there, fresh from the whistling of the bullets, and the roll of the drum, and the tempest of human conflict, that believing spirit enjoyed such holy calm that ere he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus he said, "Yes, I have a peace with God which passeth all understanding, which keeps my heart and mind through Jesus Christ." Saints most surely enjoy delightful mealtimes when they are alone in meditation.

Let us not forget that there is one specially ordained mealtime which ought to occur at least once in the week—I mean *the Supper of the Lord.* There you have literally, as well as spiritually, a meal. The table is richly spread, it has upon it both bread and wine; and looking at what these symbolize, we have before us a table richer than that which kings could furnish. There we have the flesh and the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereof if a man eat he shall never hunger and never thirst, for that bread shall be unto him everlasting life. Oh! the sweet seasons we have known at the Lord's Supper. If some of you knew the enjoyment of feeding upon Christ in that ordinance you would chide yourselves for not having united with the Church in fellowship. In keeping the Master's commandments there is "great reward," and consequently in neglecting them there is great loss of reward. Christ is not so tied to the sacramental table as to be always found of those who partake thereat, but still it is "in the way" that we may expect the Lord to meet with us. "If ye love me keep my commandments," is a sentence of touching power. Sitting at this table, our soul has mounted up from the emblem to the reality: we have eaten bread in the kingdom of God, and have leaned our head upon Jesus' bosom. "He brought me to the banqueting-house and his banner over me was love."

Besides these regular mealtimes, there are others which God gives us, *at seasons when, perhaps, we little expect them.* You have been walking the street, and suddenly you have felt a holy flowing out of your soul toward God; or in the middle of business your heart has been melted with love and made to dance for joy, even as the brooks, which have been bound with winter's ice, leap to feel the touch of spring. You have been groaning, dull, and earthbound; but the sweet love of Jesus has enwrapped your heart when you scarce thought of it, and your spirit, all free, and all on fire, has rejoiced before the Lord with timbrel and dance, like Miriam of old. I have had times occasionally in preaching when I would fain have kept on far beyond the appointed hour, for my overflowing soul has been like a vessel wanting vent. Seasons, too, we have had on our sick beds, when we would have been content to be sick always if we could have had our bed so well made by tender love, and our head so softly pillowed on condescending grace.

Our blessed Redeemer comes to us in the morning, and wakes us up by dropping sweet thoughts upon our souls; we know not how they came, but it is as if, when the dew was visiting the flowers, a few drops had taken pity upon us. In the cool eventide, too, as we have gone to our beds, our meditation of him has been sweet; and in the night watches, when we tossed to and fro, and could not sleep, he has been pleased to become our song in the night.

God's reapers find it hard work to reap; but they gain a blessed solace when in one way or another they sit down and eat of their

Master's rich provisions; then, with renewed strength, they rise with sharpened sickle, to reap again in the noontide heat.

Let me observe that, while these mealtimes come we know not exactly when, there are *certain seasons when we may expect them.* The Eastern reapers generally sit down under the shelter of a tree, or a booth, to take refreshment during the heat of the day. And certain I am, that when trouble, affliction, persecution, and bereavement, become the most painful to us, it is then that the Lord hands out to us the sweetest comforts. We must work till the hot sun forces the sweat from our faces, and then we may look for repose ; we must bear the burden and heat of the day before we can expect to be invited to those choice meals which the Lord prepares for true labourers. When thy day of trouble is hottest, then the love of Jesus shall be sweetest.

Again, these mealtimes frequently occur *before* a trial. Elijah must be entertained beneath a juniper-tree, for he is to go a forty-days' journey in the strength of that meat. You may suspect some danger nigh when your delights are overflowing. If you see a ship taking in great quantities of provision, it is probably bound for a distant port, and when God gives you extraordinary seasons of communion with Jesus, you may look for long leagues of tempestuous sea. Sweet cordials prepare for stern conflicts.

Times of refreshing also occur *after* trouble or arduous service. Christ was tempted of the devil, and *afterwards* angels came and ministered unto him. Jacob wrestled with God, and afterwards, at Mahanaim, hosts of angels met him. Abraham fought with the kings, and returned from their slaughter, and then it was that Melchisedec refreshed him with bread and wine. After conflict, content ; after battle, banquet. When thou hast waited on thy Lord, then thou shalt sit down, and thy Master will gird himself and wait upon thee.

Let worldlings say what they will about the hardness of religion, we do not find it so. We own that reaping for Christ has its difficulties and troubles; but still the bread which we eat is of heavenly sweetness, and the wine which we drink is crushed from celestial clusters—

> "I would not change my bless'd estate
> For all the world calls good or great ;
> And while my faith can keep her hold,
> I envy not the sinner's gold."

II. Follow me while we turn to a second point. To THESE MEALS THE GLEANER IS AFFECTIONATELY INVITED. That is to say, the poor, trembling stranger who has not strength enough to reap, who has no right to be in the field except the right of charity—the poor, trembling sinner, conscious of his own demerit, and feeling but little hope and little joy, is invited to the feast of love.

In the text *the gleaner is invited to come.* "At mealtime, *come* thou hither." We trust none of you will be kept away from the place of holy feasting by any shame on account of your dress, or your personal character, or your poverty; nay, nor even on account of your physical infirmities. "At mealtime come thou hither." I knew a deaf woman who could never hear a sound, and yet she was always in the House of God, and when asked why, her reply was that a friend found her the

text, and then God was pleased to give her many a sweet thought upon it while she sat with his people; besides, she felt that as a believer she ought to honour God by her *presence* in his courts, and by confessing her union with his people; and, better still, she always liked to be in the best of company, and as the presence of God was there, and the holy angels, and the saints of the Most High, whether she could hear or no, she would go. If *such* persons find pleasure in coming, we who *can* hear should never stay away. Though we feel our unworthiness, we ought to be desirous to be laid in the House of God, as the sick were at the pool of Bethesda, hoping that the waters may be stirred, and that we may step in and be healed. Trembling soul, never let the temptations of the devil keep thee from the assembly of worshippers; "at mealtime come thou hither."

Moreover, *she was bidden not only to come but to eat.* Whatever there is sweet and comfortable in the Word of God, ye that are of a broken and contrite spirit are invited to partake of it. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners*"—sinners such as you are. "In due time Christ died for the *ungodly*"—such ungodly ones as you feel yourselves to be. You desire to be Christ's. You *may* be Christ's. You are saying in your heart, "O that I could eat the children's bread!" You *may* eat it. You say, "I have no right." But the Lord gives you the invitation! Come without any other right than the right of his invitation.

> "Let not conscience make you linger,
> Nor of fitness fondly dream."

But since he bids you "come," take him at his word; and if there be a promise, believe it; if there be an encouraging word, accept it, and let the sweetness of it be yours.

Note further, that she was not only invited to eat the bread, but to *dip her morsel in the vinegar.* We must not look upon this as being some sour stuff. No doubt there are crabbed souls in the church, who always dip their morsel in the sourest imaginable vinegar, and with a grim liberality invite others to share their misery with them; but the vinegar in my text is altogether another thing. This was either a compound of various juices expressed from fruits, or else it was that weak kind of wine mingled with water which is still commonly used in the harvest-fields of Italy and the warmer parts of the world—a drink not exceedingly strong, but good enough to impart a relish to the food. It was, to use the only word which will give the meaning, *a sauce,* which the Orientals used with their bread. As we use butter, or as they on other occasions used oil, so in the harvest-field, believing it to have cooling properties, they used what is here called "vinegar." Beloved, the Lord's reapers have sauce with their bread; they have not merely doctrines, but the holy unction which is the essence of doctrines; they have not merely truths, but a hallowed delight accompanies the truths. Take, for instance, the doctrine of election, which is like the bread; there is a sauce to dip it in. When I can say, "He loved *me* before the foundations of the world," the personal enjoyment of my interest in the truth becomes a sauce into which I dip my morsel. And you, poor gleaner, are invited to dip your morsel in

it too. I used to hear people sing that hymn of Toplady's, which begins—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring."

The hymn rises to its climax in the lines—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

I used to think I should never be able to sing that hymn. It was the sauce, you know. I might manage to eat some of the plain bread, but I could not dip it in that sauce. It was too high doctrine, too sweet, too consoling. But I thank God I have since ventured to dip my morsel in it, and now I hardly like my bread without it. I would have every trembling sinner partake of the *comfortable* parts of God's Word, even those which cavillers call "HIGH DOCTRINE." Let him believe the simpler truth first, and then dip it in the sweet doctrine and be happy in the Lord.

I think I see the gleaner half prepared to come, for she is very hungry, and she has nothing with her; but she begins to say, "I have no right to come, for I am not a reaper; I do nothing for Christ; I am only *a selfish gleaner;* I am not a reaper." Ah! but thou art invited to come." Make no question about it. Boaz bids thee; take thou his invitation, and approach at once. "But," you say, "I am such a *poor* gleaner; though my labour is all for myself, yet it is little I win by it; I get a few thoughts while the sermon is being preached, but I lose them before I reach home." I know you do, poor weak-handed woman. But still, Jesus invites thee. Come! Take thou the sweet promise as he presents it to thee, and let no bashfulness of thine send thee home hungry. "But," you say, "I am *a stranger*; you do not know my sins, my sinfulness, and the waywardness of my heart." But Jesus does, and yet he invites you. He knows you are but a Moabitess, a stranger from the commonwealth of Israel; but he bids you come. Is not that enough? "But," you say, "I owe so much to him already; it is so good of him to spare my forfeited life, and so tender of him to let me hear the gospel preached at all; I cannot have the presumption to be an intruder, and sit with the reapers." Oh! but he *bids* you. There is more presumption in your doubting than there could be in your believing. HE bids you. Will you refuse Boaz? Shall Jesus' lips give the invitation, and will you say him nay? Come, now, come. Remember that the little which Ruth could eat did not make Boaz any the poorer; and all that thou wantest will make Christ none the less glorious or full of grace. Are thy necessities large? His supplies are larger. Dost thou require great mercy? He is a great Saviour. I tell thee that his mercy is no more to be exhausted than the sea is to be drained. Come at once. There is enough for thee, and Boaz will not be impoverished by thy feasting to the full. Moreover, let me tell thee a secret—Jesus *loves* thee; therefore is it that he would have thee feed

at his table. If thou art now a longing, trembling sinner, willing to be saved, but conscious that thou deservest it not, Jesus loves thee, and he will take more delight in seeing thee eat than thou wilt take in the eating. Let the sweet love he feels in his soul towards thee draw thee to him. And what is more—but this is a great secret, and must only be whispered in your ear—*he intends to be married to you:* and when you are married to him, why, the fields will be yours; for, of course, if you are his spouse, you are joint proprietor with him. Is it not so? Doth not the wife share with the husband? All those promises which are "yea and amen in Christ" shall be yours; nay, they all *are* yours now, for "the man is next of kin unto you," and ere long he will take you unto himself for ever, espousing you in faithfulness, and truth, and righteousness. Will you not eat of your own? "Oh! but," says one, "how can it be? I am a stranger." Yes, a stranger; but Jesus Christ loves the stranger. "A publican, a sinner;" but he is "the friend of publicans and sinners." "An outcast;" but he "gathereth together the outcasts of Israel." "A stray sheep;" but the shepherd "leaves the ninety and nine" to seek it. "A lost piece of money;" but he "sweeps the house" to find thee. "A prodigal son;" but he sets the bells a-ringing when he knows that thou wilt return. Come, Ruth! Come, trembling gleaner! Jesus invites thee: accept the invitation. "At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar."

III. Now, thirdly—and here is a very sweet point in the narrative—BOAZ REACHED HER THE PARCHED CORN. She did "come and eat." Where did she sit? Note well that she "sat beside the reapers." She did not feel that she was one of them, but she "sat beside" them. Just like some of you who do not come to the Lord's Supper, but sit and look on. You are sitting "beside the reapers." You fear that you are not the people of God; still you love them, and therefore sit beside them. If there is a good thing to be had, and you cannot get it, you will sit as near as you can to those who *do* get it. "She sat beside the reapers."

And while she was sitting there, what happened? Did she stretch forth her hand and take the food herself? No, it is written, "HE reached her the parched corn." Ah! that is it. None but the Lord of the harvest can hand out the choicest refreshments of spiritual minds. I give the invitation in my Master's name, and I hope I give it earnestly, affectionately, sincerely; but I know very well that at my poor bidding none will come till the Spirit draws. No trembling heart will accept divine refreshing at my hand; unless the King himself comes near, and reaches the parched corn to each chosen guest, none will receive it. How does he do this? By his gracious Spirit, he first of all *inspires your faith.* You are afraid to think that it can be true that such a sinner as you are can ever be "accepted in the Beloved"; he breathes upon you, and your faint hope becomes an expectancy, and that expectation buds and blossoms into an appropriating faith, which says, "Yes, my beloved is *mine*, and his desire is turned toward *me.*"

Having done this, the Saviour does more; *he sheds abroad the love of God in your heart.* The love of Christ is like sweet perfume in a box. Now, he who put the perfume in the box is the only person that knows

how to take off the lid. He, with his own skilful hand, opens the secret blessing, and sheds abroad the love of God in the soul.

But Jesus does more than this: he reaches the parched corn with his own hand, when *he gives us close communion with himself.* Do not think that this is a dream; I tell you there is such a thing as speaking with Christ to-day. As certainly as I can talk with my dearest friend, or find solace in the company of my beloved wife, so surely may I speak with Jesus, and find intense delight in the company of Immanuel. It is not a fiction. We do not worship a far-off Saviour; he is a God nigh at hand. His word is in our mouth and in our heart, and we do to-day walk with him as the elect did of old, and commune with him as his apostles did on earth; not after the flesh, it is true, but after a real and spiritual fashion.

Yet once more let me add, the Lord Jesus is pleased to reach the parched corn, in the best sense, when *the Spirit gives us the infallible witness within, that we are "born of God."* A man may know that he is a Christian beyond all question. Philip de Morny, who lived in the time of Prince Henry of Navarre, was wont to say that the Holy Spirit had made his own salvation to him as clear a point as a problem demonstrated in Euclid. You know with what mathematical precision the scholar of geometry solves a problem or proves a proposition, and with as absolute a precision, as certainly as twice two are four, we may "know that we have passed from death unto life." The sun in the heavens is not more clear to the eye than his present salvation to an assured believer; such a man could as soon doubt his own existence as suspect his possession of eternal life.

Now let the prayer be breathed by poor Ruth, who is trembling yonder. Lord, reach me the parched corn! "Show me a token for good." "Deal bountifully with thy servant." "Draw me, we will run after thee." Lord, send thy love into my heart."

> "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
> With all thy quickening powers,
> Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
> And that shall kindle ours."

There is no getting at Christ except by Christ revealing himself to us.

IV. And now the last point. After Boaz had reached the parched corn, we are told that "SHE DID EAT, AND WAS SUFFICED, AND LEFT." So shall it be with every Ruth. Sooner or later every penitent shall become a believer, every mourner a singer. There may be a space of deep conviction, and a period of much hesitation; but there shall come a season when the soul decides for the Lord, and cries, "If I perish, I perish. I will go as I am to Jesus. I will not play the fool any longer with my *buts* and *ifs*, but since he bids me believe that he died for me, I *will* believe it, and will trust his cross for my salvation." Whenever you shall be privileged to do this, you shall be "*satisfied.*" "She did eat, and was sufficed. Your *head* shall be satisfied with the precious truth which Christ reveals; your *heart* shall be content with Jesus, as the altogether lovely object of affection; your *hope* shall be filled, for whom have you in heaven but Christ? Your *desire* shall be satiated, for what can even your desire hunger for more than "to know

Christ, and to be found in him." You shall find Jesus charm your *conscience*, till it is at perfect peace; he shall content your *judgment*, till you know the certainty of his teachings; he shall supply your *memory* with recollections of what he did, and gratify your *imagination* with the prospects of what he is yet to do.

"She was sufficed, and left." Some of us have had deep draughts of love; we have thought that we could take in all of Christ, but when we have done our best, we have had to leave a vast remainder. We have sat down with a ravenous appetite at the table of the Lord's love, and said, "Nothing but the infinite can ever satisfy me," and that infinite has been granted us. I have felt that I am such a great sinner that nothing short of an infinite atonement could wash my sin away, and no doubt you have felt the same; but we have had our sin removed, and found merit enough and to spare in Jesus; we have had our hunger relieved, and found a redundance remaining for others who are in a similar case. There are certain sweet things in the word of God which you and I have not enjoyed yet, and which we cannot enjoy yet; and these we are obliged to leave for a while, till we are better prepared to receive them. Did not our Lord say, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now"? There is a special knowledge to which we have not attained, a place of intimate fellowship with Christ which we have not yet occupied. There are heights of communion which as yet our feet have not climbed—virgin snows of the mountain of God untrodden by the foot of man. There is yet a beyond, and there will be for ever.

A verse or two further on we are told what Ruth did with her leavings. It is very wrong, I believe, at feasts to carry anything home with you; but *she* was not under any such regulation, for that which was left she took home and gave to Naomi. So it shall be even with you, poor tremblers, who think you have no right to a morsel for yourselves; you shall be allowed to eat, and when you are quite sufficed, you shall have courage to bear away a portion to others who are hungering at home. I am always pleased to find the young believer beginning to pocket something for others. When you hear a sermon you think, "My poor mother cannot get out to-day; how I wish she could have been here, for that sentence would have comforted *her*. If I forget everything else, I will tell her that." Cultivate an unselfish spirit. Seek to love as you have been loved. Remember that "the law and the prophets" are fulfilled in this, to love the Lord your God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself. How can you love your neighbour as yourself if you do not love his soul? You *have* loved your own soul; through grace you have been led to lay hold on Jesus; love your neighbour's soul, and never be satisfied till you see him in the enjoyment of those things which are the charm of your life and the joy of your spirit. Take home your gleanings for those you love who cannot glean for themselves.

I do not know how to give you an invitation to Christ more pleasantly, but I would with my whole heart cry, "Come and welcome to Jesus." I pray my Lord and Master to reach a handful of parched corn of comfort to you if you are a trembling sinner, and I also beg him to make you eat till you are fully sufficed.

Isabel Brown of Ayrshire.

ISABEL WEIR, of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was born in the seventeenth century, during the troublous times when in Scotland men and women had to meet secretly for the worship of God. Persecution brings out the noblest traits of character in bold relief, and but for the thrilling events which made Isabel famous, she would, like thousands of devoted Christian women, have been unknown beyond her private circle.

Her brief history introduces us to a man of worth among the Covenanters, John Brown of Priesthill. The house of this earnest Christian man stood on the brow of a hill, with wild tracts of heath and rocks stretching away at the back, and was well known to be the refuge of the persecuted. Besides farming his estate of Priesthill, he was the carrier of the district, and went by the name of the "Christian carrier." On his journeys to and from Ayrshire he often had to transact business with Isabel Weir's father, and it soon became a pleasant thing to have a chat with Isabel herself. Brown was a widower with one little girl five years of age; and Isabel's noble nature inspired him with the desire to have her for his wife, and for a mother to his child. He made known his wish, not disguising from her his foreboding that he would one day be called "to seal the Church's testimony with his blood." Isabel answered, "If it be so, through affliction and death I will be your comfort. The Lord has promised *me* grace, and He will give *you* glory."

In the year 1682 John Brown and Isabel Weir were married. The officiating minister was Peden, "the prophet of the Covenant," as he was called, and the marriage took place in a glen near the house at Priesthill. After the ceremony was over, Peden took Isabel apart and said, "You have a good husband, value him rightly; keep linen for a winding-sheet beside you; for in a day when you least expect it thy master will be taken from thy head. In him the image of our Lord and Saviour is too visible to pass unnoticed by those who drive the chariot-wheels of persecution through the breadth and length of bleeding Scotland. But fear not, thou shalt be comforted."

The happiness of Priesthill became a household word among the scattered and hidden ones of that stormy and dark day. On the morning after the marriage little five-year-old Janet lifted the latch of the "spence" door, and, finding Isabel alone, timidly entered the room, saying, as she half concealed her face with her arm, "They say ye are my mother." "What if I should be your mother?" replied Isabel. "Naething; but if I thought ye were my mother, I would like to come in aside of you a-wee," said the little maiden. Isabel, with her motherly instincts stirred by this touching appeal, answered, "I hope I will be your mother, my bairn, and that God will give me grace to be so, and that you will be a comfort to me and to your father." Servants and mistress worked together in that busy household. Among the duties of the time were leasing and carding the wool from the sheep, and spinning. Even Janet could help with the simpler of these occupations. One evening the servants and Janet were busy preparing the wool for an approaching fair. John Brown had stepped out to see a neighbour, and Isabel was nursing her baby-boy, her first-born. Suddenly the

barking of the dog announced that footsteps were approaching, and Janet rushing to the door found a youthful stranger with "dreeping" plaid. She brought him in; but the mother, painfully alive to the perils of the times, felt uncertain whether she was receiving a spy or a hunted Covenanter. It was an untold relief when John Brown came in and courteously welcomed the visitor, who proved to be James Renwick, but his name was not mentioned in the household. Had his presence then been known to those who sought his life, Priesthill would have been no longer a refuge of safety. Renwick—at this time about twenty years of age—was a prominent leader and preacher among the Covenanters. Hunted from one hiding-place to another, sleeping in caves and woods, or on the open moss, he had been worn to a skeleton by the hardships of his life; yet he could testify that the Lord's presence, as he lay under the stars, often filled his soul with songs in the night. Four years more were to pass before the dauntless young spirit should receive the crown of martyrdom: meanwhile he stayed two nights at Priesthill and was greatly rested.

Soon afterwards Renwick and his followers published a declaration of faith, which was made the pretext by the Court of sending more soldiers into the country. Persons suspected of covenanting principles were shot down without a trial, so that there was scarcely a moss or mountain in the west of Scotland that was not drenched with the blood of the martyrs. James II. resolved to introduce Popery into Scotland with a high hand. The blood-thirsty Claverhouse was created Viscount of Dundee and his powers enlarged so that a reign of terror seemed imminent. A garrison being fixed at Lesmahago, Claverhouse arrived at that place on the last day of April, 1685. There he was told of John Brown's piety and nonconformity, and by six o'clock next morning he appeared on the farm at Priesthill.

Brown had risen at dawn according to his custom, and after early worship to God had gone out to prepare some peat ground. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by three troops of dragoons headed by Claverhouse. He left his implements, and with calmness and dignity walked down before the soldiers to his house. Janet had run to her mother to tell her that a great many horsemen were coming down the hill with her father.

"The thing that I feared is come upon me; O give me grace for this hour," exclaimed Isabel Brown. Then hastily wrapping her boy in a plaid, she took him in her arms, and holding Janet by the hand went out to meet the persecutors, praying silently in her heart as she went.

Claverhouse asked John Brown why he did not attend the curate and if he would pray for King James. He replied that he "acknowledged only Christ as supreme Head of the Church, and could not attend the curates because they were placed there contrary to his law, and were mere creatures of the bishops, as the bishops were creatures of the King; that the King being a Papist and himself a Protestant Presbyterian, who along with all ranks in the nation had sworn and covenanted to God that no Papist should bear rule over these lands, he neither would nor could pray for him. But if the King repented and turned from his wicked way, he would acknowledge, obey and pray for him."

After he had finished, Claverhouse said, "Go to your prayers, for you

shall immediately die." John Brown fell upon his knees and prayed for his wife and children and for her unborn babe, Claverhouse interrupting him twice with blasphemous language. As he rose from his knees Brown said to his wife, "Isabel, this is the day I told you of before we were married;" adding with his usual tenderness, "you see me summoned to appear in a few minutes in the Court of Heaven as a witness in our Redeemer's cause against the ruler of Scotland. Are you willing that I should part from you?" "Heartily willing," she replied; but who can tell the anguish that reply cost her? Her husband exclaimed, "That is all I wait for. O death, where is thy sting: O grave, where is thy victory?" Then he clasped his arms round her and his boy and kissed them. Lastly he kissed his little Janet, saying, "My sweet bairn, give your hand to God as your guide, and be your mother's comfort."

While he was speaking, Claverhouse ordered six of his dragoons to shoot him. But his prayers and calmness had affected them so deeply that they could not fulfil their leader's command. Claverhouse took a pistol from his own belt and shot his victim through the head. As the horrified soldiers turned away from the scene, he jeered the survivor, while she reverently bent down over her murdered husband and held the dear head in her tender hands. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" cried the tyrant.

"I ever thought mickle guid of him," she replied, "and now more than ever."

"It were but justice to lay thee beside him," continued Claverhouse.

"If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length. But how will you answer for this morning's work?" asked Isabel.

The hard man was irritated by the words of the calm woman, and he answered, "To men I can be answerable, and as for God I will take him into my own hands." With this he spurred his horse and departed. Isabel's calmness did not forsake her till she had tied up the poor mutilated head with her handkerchief and covered the body with her plaid. Then she sat down upon the ground and drew her children close to her and wept. The terrible news soon spread and the neighbours came to her help. One of them throwing her arms round Isabel addressed her in these stirring words—"Has your master been taken from your head to-day? and has he worn the martyr's crown? and has God taken you and your children under his own care, saying, 'I will be the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow'? No wonder, though ye are overcome and astonished at his doings." Immediately the words of Peden on her wedding-day came back to Isabel, and she rose to seek the linen which he had advised her to keep ready for such an emergency. Those who came helped her to carry the martyr's body into the house, and to prepare it for burial. Then the neighbours gathered solemnly round for family worship. They sang the twenty-seventh Psalm. The quiet words must have fallen with singular appropriateness and comfort upon their stricken hearts:

"For he, in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

And now, even at this present time
Mine head shall lifted be,
Above all those that are my foes,
And round encompass me."

Under cover of the night many friends gathered stealthily at Priesthill to lay the honoured remains in a grave made on the spot where John Brown fell, and which is still marked by a plain slab.

Of Isabel's after-life we hear little. Many friends were raised up to help and comfort her, and we are told that "she and her children did inherit the earth, and had a name long after her oppressor was not."—*Condensed from "Self-Surrender."*

A good stayer.

HERE is an account of a pretty little fix for a cargo of passengers by a mail coach. The anecdote may be found in Anthony Trollope's "Editor's Notes," in the chapter devoted to the literary adventure of "Mrs. Brumby":—"There is, however, nothing more difficult to achieve than the expulsion of a woman who is unwilling to quit the place she occupies. We remember to have seen a lady take possession of a seat in a mail-coach to which she was not entitled, and which had been booked and paid for by another person. The agent for the coaching business desired her with many threats to descend, but she simply replied that the journey to her was a matter of such moment that she felt herself called upon to keep her place. The agent sent the coachman to pull her out. The coachman threatened with his hands as well as with his words, and then set the guard at her. The guard attacked her with inflamed visage and fearful words about Her Majesty's mails, and then he set the ostlers at her. We thought the ostlers were going to handle her roughly, but it ended by their scratching their heads, and by a declaration on the part of one of them that she was 'the rummest go he'd ever seen.' She was a woman, and they couldn't touch her. A policeman was called upon for assistance, who offered to lock her up, but he could only do so if allowed to lock up the whole coach as well. It was ended by the production of another coach, by the exchange of the luggage and passengers, by a delay of two hours, and an embarrassing possession of the original vehicle by the lady." We give the above because it has its parallel in certain ministers who cannot be induced to move although everybody is eager to see them gone. One by one, deacons, subscribers, and friends withdraw, but the ministerial old ladies stick to the empty coach, as if it were part and parcel of themselves, as much as its shell is an integral portion of the snail. Hence the new chapel, which springs up, and makes two churches where one would have been quite enough if it had not been for the adhesiveness of an individual. It is a great sorrow that churches should be ruined because worthy men cannot see that the time is come for a change. But what is the use of our writing this? We shall only put removing into the head of some brother who ought to stay where he is, while those whom it behoves to move will stick like limpets.—C. H. S.

Our Asiatic Seamen.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

III.—THE ASIATIC REST.

REST! The word is sweet. Who is not charmed by the pleasing sound of such a note? The labourer, the warrior, and the traveller are alike inspired by the prospect of rest. The word is intensified in interest and sweetness in the ear of the Christian. He is a labourer who is looking forward to the rest that remains for the people of God. Perhaps he has laboured long with mind and heart; but he shall rest from his labour and his works shall follow him. He is a warrior who has fought long and hard; but soon the last battle with the powers of darkness shall have been fought, and he shall pass over the Jordan to his inheritance, and the Lord God shall give him rest from his enemies. As a traveller, often fainting along life's weary road, as he gets near to his home, "The city which hath the foundations whose builder and whose maker is the Lord," he is cheered with the prospect of rest at home in the house of many mansions.

The Asiatic Rest is intended to give rest to the body of the traveller who has reached us from the distant East, or inner Africa. It is hoped that while these sojourners find a short rest for their weary limbs, they may also find that eternal rest which Christ has secured for the soul. Strangers in a strange land, where their language and customs are so little understood, and where there is scarcely one whom they can call a friend, a rest, even to the heathen stranger, cannot but be appreciated. But should some of them be Christian travellers on their way to heaven, as some of them are, then the Rest becomes an Elim.

Above ten thousand heathens visit London every year. Those who have visited the Rest are mostly Mahometans, varying in every phase from the bigoted Afghan and Arab to the semi-fetish worshipper from the Zambesi.* But not unfrequently the Buddhist, the Sikh, and adherents of other forms of Hinduism are met at the Rest, and come under the influence of spiritual truth.

Visitors who can write like to enter their name in a book, which is kept for that purpose; sometimes they add the date of their visit and the name of their ship; others even add their father's name and their address far away; some few have expressed their pleasure in making the visit. This volume presents a singular variety of foreign autographs, written in Tamil, Guzerati, Armenian, Abyssinian, Chinese, Persian, Burmese, Bengalee, Hindu, and Modern Syriac. Some have attempted to record their visit in English, and those who have been educated in Missionary Schools have done so with much credit to themselves and their teachers.

As the Rest is not intended for Europeans, there is nothing to attract them except the strange notices in Persian, Bengalee, and Arabic characters, which may be seen in front of the house—the cause of many

* The eastern error has not yet penetrated to this great river, but these men have mixed much of their African worship with the religion of their captors.

strange and amusing speculations ; but the Oriental knows at once there is rest for him within.

A foreign library is also provided for those who can read; but as many languages are represented it has been a difficult work to get it together; it has, indeed, been the work of many years. The Word of Life in many languages of Asia and Africa is preserved there for the use of visitors; a few of them are specimens not easily procured in England. Some of the valuable issues of the Lodiana Mission Press are in the library, also the writings of the converted Maulvee Amad ul Deen, in Hindustanee; Dr. Pfander's "Mizán ul Hag," in Turkish; "The Pilgrim's Progress," in Chinese; and other Oriental productions of European and native Christians. It is wonderful how the divine hand has helped in this difficult work. A Munshee, who is not a Christian, residing in North-west India, but having Christian sympathies, having heard of the missionary enterprise in London sent three volumes in Hindustanee; these were Christian works upon which he had been engaged in preparing for the press. Bishop French, of Lahore, sent several copies of his "Gospel of David"; and Bishop Steere, of Zanzibar, forwarded his Swahili issues from the press worked by the youths of his Orphanage—lads rescued from the slave dhows. Among these books the Koran in the original language is introduced that the believers in it may see there is no fear in comparing its teachings with the gospel. The hall at the Rest in which the men meet is decorated with texts of Scripture in twelve languages. The well known verse,—"God so loved the world," appears in Hindu, Japanese, Guzeratee, and Chinese. "I am the resurrection and the life" is read in Bengalee, Persian, and Hindee. One in Arabic tells the wanderer from the East, "Whoever believes on the Lord Jesus shall be saved." Swahilis and Malays read, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin": "Unto him who has washed us from our sins": "Thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." Only two of these mottoes were procurable in England; these were generously given by the Religious Tract Society. All the others have been written in large characters by the missionary himself, a labour of many days, but it was the only chance of success. But he is amply rewarded when he hears the visitors from the distant East read them out, ask questions about them, and make them the topic of conversation.

The missionary found it almost impossible to secure a suitable place where he might carry on the work he contemplated. The prejudice against Asiatics in the east of London is very great. They are continually insulted, and often the insult extends to something more than words; it has sometimes been resisted, but the Asiatic is always considered to be the offender, and consequently has to bear the blame for whatever of wrong-doing transpires. Hence when premises were required for the Asiatic Rest, objections were raised to every application. It was thought the Rest would be a disgrace to any neighbourhood where it existed. One person, the landlord of the "Pig and Cabbage," drew a vivid picture before the mind of the missionary of what the result would be if he allowed his property to be used for such a purpose.

He foresaw noisy Malays, Chinese with long pigtails, coal-black Africans, with East Indians in romantic apparel, sitting on the steps, climbing the wall, and swinging on the railings, singing "Hallelujah" and shouting "Amen" till midnight, and for variety's sake getting up an occasional fight. Alas! the Oriental does not learn the songs of Zion so easily; and when he does he is not so clamorous as the worshippers of Bacchus, from whom, perchance, the captain of the "Pig and Cabbage" got his idea. But after a doubtful struggle of two years the Asiatic Rest became a fact, and in the right place, opposite the walls of the East India Docks, where Orientals are continually passing and reading the notice that can scarcely fail to attract them. Thus they often drop in, perhaps to renew the acquaintance of many years past—for the missionary has been at his peculiar work for a quarter of a century; or, it may be, to tell his trouble and ask for advice. Some few, indeed, come to see the Koran in Christian keeping; but they all hear of the truths contained in the gospel, and if they can read they take it away with them.

It is a difficult work to reconcile contending parties to the satisfaction of both; yet this has often been done at the Rest with better result than could have been hoped had the opponents been Europeans. Ishmail came to the Rest with serious charges against Mahomet, who was the head man of the Lascar crew. He was determined to have "satisfaction," but that was the satisfaction of the carnal mind; and as he could not obtain that by himself he visited the missionary to secure his influence. But the Lord's-day was badly chosen for such a purpose. He found the missionary engaged with a circle of Asiatic listeners, to whom he was explaining and recommending our Saviour's words, "Love your enemies"—a theme which strikes the Mahommetan with surprise. Such teaching is foreign to the spirit of the Koran: "Kill your enemies, or enslave them," is the injunction of that book. This divine teaching of the gospel is a pleasing topic to present to a Mussulman audience, or to contrast with the vaunted superior revelation of the Arabian desert—a command so completely fulfilled in the life and death of Christ. Ishmail was therefore requested to wait, hoping he might catch the spirit of this heavenly theme, and then he was sent away to his ship, and requested to make his plaint another day. He returned the next day, still intent on his object, but he was compelled to listen to another lesson on the blessedness of forgiveness and reconciliation. Still he remained inflexible, and he was left to take his own course, so he procured a summons against Mahomet. A few hours before the ship left London Ishmail entered the Rest in haste, and with a smiling face—for the black demon of revenge had been cast out of his heart by the bright angel of peace—"Padre," he said, "we are reconciled, I told Mahomet what you said, and he replied, 'It is good'; so we both shook hands and are friends, I could not leave London till I had told you." So the gospel triumphed, and enemies were made friends.

Discontent when allowed to smoulder often breaks out into open hostility, alike injurious to master and crew. This, however, has often been stopped and corrected; but it is impossible with some crews, though the difficulty lies not with them. There are still masters who think slavery a happy condition for the black man, and they betray

their conviction in their discipline. In such cases serious consequences follow. There are some ships, from which when they arrive in the port of London desertions are expected, and they generally occur. Desertion is the Asiatic remedy for any real or imaginary evil, a remedy which is often worse than the disease; for a deserter in London, whatever may be his provocation for leaving his ship, has no refuge, and is therefore doomed to a vagrant life. The Rest has often taken active steps to save these men from the full consequences of their rash act, and in some cases saved them from prison life, and not unfrequently found them ships to return home. Though these acts of kindness for helpless strangers are the natural outcome of the Christian faith, it has still higher objects in view; and while the body is thus saved from peril and danger the salvation of the soul from the effects of sin is also brought to notice. Sympathy for the soul's safety fits in well with sympathy for the body. Our divine Leader had sympathy for both. These, therefore, with other similar things are only incidental to the more important work. The real work is illuminating the heart, and leading the heathen to the Saviour of the world.

Before a Mahometan can accept the gospel there are many and serious difficulties to be overcome. To get him to the Rest, therefore, to calmly investigate these obstacles, or to meet his objections is no small pleasure and advantage. While the work is being investigated prejudices give way, light breaks in, and the heart is brought under the power of a new influence.

"Why is not the religion of the Koran adapted to become the religion of the world?" This question was put by a Mahometan priest who came with many attendants from one of our large steam ships. When preaching the Word on board this vessel the missionary had stated that the religion of Jesus was the only faith adapted to save the world. These words remained unchallenged then; but now the priest and his party had come to the Rest to claim, at least, the same honour for Islam. They were told that in the northern regions many heathens had accepted Jesus as their Saviour, but they could never become true Mahometans. Here is the reason:—The ninth month of the Mahometan year is *Ramzan*.* This month is considered to be very holy, for we are told the Koran began to come down from heaven on the 27th of this month. In the chapter called Sura i Bagr, a fast is proclaimed during this month in these words: "The month of Ramzan shall ye fast, for in it the Koran was sent down from heaven." No faithful Mahometan would neglect the enjoined fast, which lasts as long as the sun is above the horizon. In the North the sun is above the horizon for three months,—how can the people there be Mahometans? Some of the hearers would not believe there was any part of the globe where the sun could shine so long; but the best informed admitted that it was so, and the explanation offered was that in the prophet's days these people in the North were not then known; so that Mahomet could not make provision for a people of whom he had never heard. This explanation was admitted; but it makes the Koran the

* Called Ramadan east of the Indus, and Ramthan on the east coast of Africa, the Z (zwad) being pronounced differently in different places.

revelation of Mahomet and not of God, who knows all things from the beginning to the end. This presented a favourable opportunity to recommend the gospel that presents a Saviour for the world, and exerts an influence in the torrid and frigid zones alike. As these visitors retired the well known exclamation was heard,—"Wa! Wa! Wa! Three months' day and the prophet did not know it!" They came to recommend the Koran and took away the gospel.

Malays are more accessible to the truth than the East Indians and Arabs. A Malay who had been attracted by the gospel frequently visited the Rest. His ship was manned by Malagasses, Japanese, Persians, and others. He habitually brought some of these with him to hear and receive the Word. Mahomet and his Koran are never referred to at the Rest, unless they are brought to the front by visitors. In this case nothing for some days was said about them; the gospel was read and explained; the love of God was set forth, and the sacrifice of Calvary for sin was brought to notice, and recommended. The mind of the Malay gradually became informed in spiritual things, and they seemed almost as insensibly to occupy his heart. After an exposition at one of these visits, he paused, still holding the Testament in his hand: "I have heard," he said, "that Christians do not believe in the Koran nor Mahomet. They say both are false. Is it so?" Being thus questioned, a comparison between the Koran and the gospel followed. The Koran reads:—"They slew him [Jesus] not, neither did they crucify him; he was represented by one in his likeness."* Christ says, "I lay down my life for the sheep," and it is written, "They crucified him between two thieves." The Malay saw that the Koran and the gospel could not both be revelations from God—one of them must be rejected. He was silent; for a war between truth and error, light and darkness, was going on within. He passed his Testament from hand to hand, scanned rapidly its pages, and was restless. Finally the victory was gained, and he said with a firm and decided energy, "If I must decide between Christ and Mahomet I will decide for Christ, and will cast Mahomet and the Koran away." During the remainder of his stay in London nothing was known to transpire inconsistent with this decision.

The missionary often reads the gospel to an audience of Swahilis. On board a large steamer these men gathered round him to hear the Word in their own tongue. This audience consisted of men with teeth filed to a point, skins as black as ebony, and with tribal marks that connected them with the Makua, Mayao, Magenda, and other central African tribes. One of these, named Elia, stepped to the front to tell what he knew of the gospel; and afterwards he became a constant visitor at the Rest, bringing several of his swarthy countrymen with him. Most of these became favourable to the truth, and Elia became of considerable use among them. His history is worthy a short record. He was captured by the slave-hunters on the African wold. His parents were killed in the savage encounter, and he was carried off to the slave-market at Zanzibar, to be bartered away. He was crammed into a slave dhow, with some sixty children in the same unfortunate

* Sura i Nisâ.

condition. A British cruiser captured this Arab thief and his dhow with its human freight. Elia was transferred to the orphanage at Shurrampoor, where he was educated in Christian truths, and received the name by which we know him. He became a fair scholar in English and Swahili, and was sent to the new mission-stations at Mombas! But he became dissatisfied with the pay and duties of a teacher at an African mission-station. He left the school and joined a steamer which was cruising about Zanzibar, Mauritius, and other islands in the same seas. Shortly afterwards he made a voyage to Europe, and encountered a severe storm in the North Sea. In this terrible crisis the good teaching of Shurrarpoor and Mombas came vividly to mind, and he felt that he had greatly sinned in running away from the work of the Lord at Mombas. He saw a close parallel between his own sin and that of the prophet Jonah, and he anticipated some serious consequences as the result of his disobedience. The ship was wrecked, some lives were lost, but Elia escaped safe to land, thankful that his life had been spared so that he had an opportunity to show what his vows were worth which he had made in the time of trouble. These were the circumstances under which he visited the Asiatic Rest.

Another of his countrymen deserves some notice. Solmon was not captured by the slave-hunter, but was the offspring of those who had been seized in Africa and sold in the slave-market. He was born at Karachee. His father died while he was yet a child. His mother wished to make a scholar of him, and for that purpose sent him to Dr. Steere's school at that place. She desired him to acquire all the information he could; but made him promise he would have nothing to do with the Christian faith. But five years' training in school under the superintendence of Dr. Steere left a favourable impression of Christianity on his mind. In September, 1879, his mother died, and two months afterwards he was seated reading the Word at the Asiatic Rest. He expressed his desire to accept the Saviour, but stated his difficulty—the promise he was under to his deceased and beloved mother to reject Christianity. He anxiously asked, "Must I keep my promise to my mother?" We endeavoured to resolve the difficulty by explaining that, although his mother had doubtless recommended him to do the best things according to her knowledge and understanding, she had never heard of the way of salvation, and, moreover, it was a question which affected his own eternal interests, for his soul's safety depended on his receiving the Saviour. These arguments did not seem sufficient at that time to induce him to decide. In May, 1881, he returned to the Rest fully decided for Christ, and had also induced his cousin to make the same happy choice. He has proved a very useful man among his countrymen. He has been supplied with books on each voyage, classes have been formed on board ship, and the missionary has presented a New Testament to each one who could read.

A Bengalee Hindoo had been instructed in some measure by a priest at Calcutta in the Roman Catholic faith. Fortunately this priest loved his Bible, and he instructed his Hindoo pupil in its truths, so that he acquired much spiritual light. Some things in connection with his newly-adopted faith did not please him; but he hoped to like them better as he became better acquainted with the "mysteries." He made

the discovery at the Rest that he had adopted some customs that had nothing whatever to do with religion. The worship of pictures, relics, and saints was among the "mysteries" he did not fully understand, for he still retained some doubts whether the hero gods of India were not as worthy of honour as some of the saints whose names he had been taught to invoke. He was pleased to know this was not warranted by God's Word, and he readily gave it up. Other errors were relinquished; but confession to the priest he gave up with reluctance.

"The disciples of our Lord confessed to the priests, did they not?" he enquired; for he had been told they did, and he considered their practice ample authority.

"Yes," was the reply, "one of them confessed to a priest, but he went away and hanged himself afterwards."

The case of Judas, we are bound to admit, was not a very satisfactory illustration; but as it was the only instance of confession to a priest by a disciple of Christ, and the death that followed his confession was so terrible, our Asiatic friend gave up this error also.

Daniel Ha Shamshin was found in an opium smoking-room. When the missionary had ceased speaking to the visitors of the opium-house, the man remarked, "You are working for the Lord Jesus." It was soon discovered that he was a believer astray. He became a frequent visitor at the Rest, and was introduced to Christian friends. It often occurs that our temporal and spiritual conditions improve together. It was so with this Chinese. He obtained employment on board a ship going to Australia. His last request on leaving the Rest was, "Pray for me; I shall be away at sea, and perhaps at work while you will be gathered together worshipping God and singing his praises."

We will finish our sketches at the Rest with an Abyssinian. He gave his name simply "Sam," and by that name he is still remembered, and prayed for. He was the offspring of a Christian mother and a native Jew. His father, however, adopted his mother's faith. The young Abyssinian was chosen to be one of King Theodore's soldiers, and he was brought to London with the victorious army after the fall of Magdala. The light of the Abyssinian church shines no brighter than that of the Greek, so that Sam was not instructed in saving truth. The Amharic Bible at the Rest was the first he had seen in England. He often perused it with pleasure, and was very teachable. He accepted truth with pleasing readiness as he saw it revealed in the Scriptures. Not long after he became a visitor at the Rest he was led by a gracious providence to ship under a Christian captain who cares for the souls of his crew. The Abyssinian and others who work this ship over the blue seas are much indebted to this captain for the spiritual light they have received. The Abyssinian is now a rejoicing believer in the Lord Jesus.

Mental Arithmetic.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE is just now in the garden attached to the house from which I am writing an old hen who has no legitimate connection with either house or garden, but has trespassed to find a place where she may lay her young. Right in the track of a proposed bridle-path she has ensconced herself, and no one could be unkind enough to turn her off. True, she has no business there, but having hoisted her little red flag, and claimed the corner as her own, possession becomes nine parts of the law, and she shall sit upon her throne of shells until the little subjects under her have had enough of that *yolk*, and break out into insurrection. Day and night that faithful incubator sits, and only leaves her nest for a few minutes just to stretch her legs and fill her crop.

At such a time a handful of oats disappears with wonderful haste, and, that hurried meal over, Dame Dorking returns to her labour of love. Having occasion to pass that way several times in the course of a day, I have over and over again been struck with the pensive appearance of my feathered friend,—I have wondered if she contemplates the past or anticipates the future. I incline to the belief that her little twinkling eye is trying to pierce that far-beyond, and that the careworn expression of her face arises from the fact that she is cogitating as to what will be the result of her untiring efforts. She has thirteen eggs under her, and seems to be wondering how many chicks will chirp around her. I warrant she expects a baker's dozen. At any rate she spares no pains to secure that outcome. Yet it is hardly likely she will be so successful, and to spare her disappointment I mean to advise her to hope only for nine or ten. I expect, however, that she will not swallow my exhortation as eagerly as she does my oats.*

Lest I should be accused of casting pearls before fowls, I turn the current of my counsel man-wards. List, then, O fellow mortals,—"How much better are ye than the fowls"—while I harangue you concerning counting your chickens before they are hatched! This is a branch of mental arithmetic which comes naturally to most people. One need not be quick at figures to be a veritable "Ready-reckoner" concerning what is yet to be, and to talk like a book about probabilities. Dunces at school may be adepts at this. He who is daft at all else is deft here. Many a man who can't say "Boo to a goose" could tell at a glance (almost without it) what her sitting will produce, and how much the goslings will fetch. Some who don't know a hawk from a handsaw can divine immediately how many little hawks will break forth into singing (?) from half a score of eggs. I suppose this is done by a sort of second sight, and if the conclusions were always correct, well might we covet such a gift. But, unfortunately, these arithmeticians often overshoot the mark, and prove lamentably out. They looked for much, and lo, it came to little! Of course, the fault was not in their

* Since writing the above the queen has been dethroned, and ten little wayward chickabiddies wander at their own sweet will, and only hearken to the maternal call when fear or hunger prompts obedience. Dame Dorking looks a little sad that there are only ten; but *didn't I tell her so?*

calculation. Something or other went wrong which quite upset their apple-cart and turned the tables. They had everything cut and dried; but the friend cut off, and the brook dried up. There was to have been a good spread at dinner-time; but the butcher didn't come, and the grocer disappointed them, so the the guests had to be content with bread and *pull it.* This would not have mattered so much had not the bill of fare been so elaborate. Certainly, "accidents will happen in the best," etc., etc. Then it is wisest to be prepared for such contingencies, and have sixpenn'orth of something-or-other in the larder for the rainy day.

It does not do to trust men any more than eggs. They mayn't shell out after all. Expectation may be very well as a rule, but there's no rule without an exception. Hope that is no hope maketh ashamed. "Shall" and "Will" ought to be good friends with "But" and "If," for they live next door to each other; but near neighbours are often forgotten. In these busy, bustling times there are too many tower-builders who have not first considered the cost; too many combatants who have not reckoned the odds. What wonder, then, that foreheads are furrowed and faces sad. Disappointment and vexation are the twin children of Rashness and Presumption. "Look before you leap": think twice before you speak, and thrice before you act. Leave a good margin in all your calculations for possible mishaps and failures. From a Christian point of view this too ready-reckoning is highly reprehensible. There is no class in God's school for such arithmetic. If he teaches us to number our days, it is so that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and he would have us count all other things in the same spirit. A true Christian need never be disappointed, for he feels positive of nothing except the exceeding great and precious promises. Each of *these* golden eggs he knows will turn out well. As regards temporal matters he has no inordinate expectations. He has hopes and aims, it is true,—alas for the man who has not!—but these are all subject to the divine will and wish. He has learnt how uncertain and how unstable are the things of the earth, and therefore contents himself with diligence in business, and an exercise of such powers as God has given him. To the Lord he leaves the rest. His proposals are ever entirely subject to God's disposals, and he rejoices to have them so. If he builds a nest he expects to have it shaken with the wind, and is not surprised if robbers steal the eggs. He himself writes "mortal" upon his dearest treasures, and so slight is his hold on what he has already, that he does not look for more. Knowing how frail the eggs are, he never dreams of over-estimating the possible brood. Thus, when the end is reached he is not cast down, for he has, at least, as much as he hoped for, or he may be rejoicing in the abundance of the blessing. Anyhow, he goes on singing—

> "What may be my future lot,
> Well, I know, concerns me not;
> This should set my heart at rest,
> What thy will ordains is best."

Perhaps this is rather what the Christian ought to be than what he is. The most trustful amongst us have hoped and looked for more than was

our share. But what a mercy it is that some of the things we wanted never fell to our lot! Oh, if all our expectations had been successfully hatched, what a brood we should have; but what a deal of looking after they would need! I fear me we should be like the antiquated lady who resided in a shoe, for we should not only wish to put the numerous members of the family to bed, but should be glad to smother them as well.

When such little ones become a thousand, we turn instinctively from adding to compound division. "Nothing succeeds like success," they say; but it often succeeds in ruining a man for life. Many have been at infinite pains to rear curses for themselves. They have toiled to "make their pile," and have at last been buried in its ruins. They have brooded so long over the golden egg, and hatched it so successfully, that it grew a pair of wings and flew away. What a blessing that we are sometimes out of our reckoning! If God's appointment involves our disappointment, the loss becomes our profit, and the lack proves our truest luck. Be it ours, then, to "take no thought for the morrow," but "in patience to wait on Him still." Sure of having bread and water, all other things will be esteemed as luxuries and unexpected favours. Grand schemes for the future, and "Great Expectations" are not for strangers and pilgrims who seek a better country and an abiding city.

"Leave to the godless world
To count its unhatched chicks,
The fool to satisfy his soul
With bursting barns and ricks."

"*We* count nought here secure
Except the promises,—
Exceeding great and precious they,
Eternal verities!"

"On these, and on the God
Who made them, we depend;
On him who, having loved his own,
Will love them to the end."

(*To be continued.*)

No Fear, No Hope.

MR. ROBERT OWEN once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave, Owen addressing him said, "There is one advantage I have over Christians, I am not afraid to die; most Christians are afraid to die; but if some of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear in death—have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause he replied, "*No!*" "Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute; he has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."

The Bible on the Sea.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN looking through the four sumptuously illustrated volumes lately published by Messrs. Petter, Cassell, Galpin & Co.—"The Sea: Its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism," we have been particularly struck with the wide scope and absorbing interest of the subject. "One can hardly gaze upon the great ocean without feelings akin to awe and reverence," remarks the author. "Whether viewed from some promontory where the eye seeks in vain another resting place, or when sailing over the deep, one looks round on the unbounded expanse of waters, the sea must always give rise to ideas of infinite space and indefinable mystery hardly paralleled by anything of the earth itself." The chapters which follow amply prove the fruitfulness of the theme; for Mr. Wymper is able to write of adventures in war, of enterprise during peace, and to show, in a wonderful narrative, how our vast shipping interests have grown from small beginnings to their present dimensions. He takes his readers round the world in a man-of-war, discourses on great voyages or scientific expeditions, and finds something enlightening to say about light-houses, life-boats, and break-waters, even touching on the darker subject of wreckers and mutiny. Though such a book is on land of almost perennial interest, we should not advise the constitutionally nervous to consult its pages during the sometimes tedious hours of a long voyage; for the narratives of dangers incurred, of hairbreadth escapes, and of appalling catastrophes might prove more exciting than edifying, especially while the waves were running high or while the horizon threatened a storm. To be thoroughly appreciated such a book must be read on *terra firma*; and there it will prove an intellectual feast.

While, however, a book like "The Sea" may be valued or recommended, we do not find in it the materials suitable for our present purpose. We do not undervalue all the good things relating to adventure, discovery and enterprise, which Mr. Wymper has brought together; but at the same time we are conscious that many things of another kind have taken place on the trackless ocean—occurrences which show how God's spiritual kingdom is quite as diversified as that of nature. If the term is properly understood there is more romance in truth than there is in fiction.

It would have redounded more to our credit as a professedly Christian nation, if the Church had earlier done something to amelicrate the British sailor's deplorable spiritual condition. Even the Methodist Revival of the last century seems to have benefited all classes without any organized effort having been made to reach that great multitude who go down to the sea in ships. The consequence was, that hardly more than two generations ago the mariner's calling, either in the naval or mercantile service, was one which could have no attractions for a respectable man; indeed, many stately vessels, especially of the man-of-war class, were little better than floating-hells. While on the main, life was monotonous in its every-day profanity; in port the unchecked debauchery, even on board, was too terrible to be described. Then, of

course, the sailors' quarters of any large port partook of the character of the inhabitants, drunkenness, outrage and murder having at last become too ordinary in their occurrence to attract attention. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, such a thing as a Bethel-flag was unknown in the wide world, while a God-fearing sailor was one of the rarest wonders of creation. Now, thanks to the operations of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Bethel-flag invites to prayer in both home and foreign ports, while Christian mariners are the very salt of many a little community on the ocean. The cause is one of the best which can be undertaken, and doubtless would be better supported if people properly realized the vast extent of our commerce, the great numbers engaged in it, and the gain which must accrue to the nation generally from the service of a well ordered body of mariners.

Perhaps it has not occurred to the reader, that the leading preachers of the eighteenth century Revival had at different times much to do with the sea—Whitefield, as well as both of the Wesleys, crossed and recrossed the Atlantic; Medley, of Liverpool, had been a sailor, so had also John Newton, while the godly Joss, who sometimes preached for Whitefield, was a quondam captain. During one of their earlier voyages the brothers Wesley read the Bible together for hours every morning; but not having as yet got clear of their Oxford Pharisaism, the mere reading was found not to take away the fear of death. On one occasion at family prayer, and while a psalm was being read, a tremendous sea suddenly broke over the ship, threatening to engulf the little barque in the foaming waters; but great as was the terrified commotion among the English, the Moravians sung on as if nothing had happened. For the first time the founder of Methodism learned that men could be lifted above every slavish fear; and thus it was that Wesley afterwards drew a comparison between a smooth and rough sea—"A mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storm of earthly passion."

The particulars of the lives of Samuel Medley, who after having been wounded in the sanguinary action with the French fleet off Cape Lagos, on August 18th, 1759, became pastor of the Baptist church at Liverpool; of John Newton, who was for years rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street; and of the quaint Captain Joss, the occasional coadjutor of Whitefield, in themselves exceptionally interesting; but having been so frequently given, we will illustrate the power of the Bible among rovers on the sea from fields which have been less often gleaned.

In the old days, before Bethel-flags or missions to seamen were thought of, officers of classical education, and the most genteel rearing, were accustomed to suppose that the common men in the service would take no notice of what superiors said unless plenty of oaths were mingled with the instructions given. Something like eighty years ago, an officer of Nelson's ship VICTORY, which still serves as flag-ship in Portsmouth harbour, said to a friend that no officer could live at sea without swearing, adding that it was common sea-language, and a commander who did not deal out oaths would only be stared at as a land-lubber, while left to do the work himself. At the same time that this officer was serving on the VICTORY, however, there was a set of men in the vessel who read the Bible; and "those men never wanted swearing at,"

the gentlemen went on to remark: "the dogs were the best seamen on board. Every man knew his duty, and every man did his duty; they used to meet together and sing hymns, and nobody dared molest them, the commander would not have suffered it." This company, showing no disposition to mix with their profane comrades, were allowed to mess alone, and all of them passed through the ordeal of the Battle of Trafalgar without receiving any hurt. In other cases, whether in the army or the navy, many Methodists, as they were called, were killed, honouring God and encouraging comrades in the faith by their triumphant bearing in death.

An aged sailor who lived early in the present century once remarked that, if able to speak to sea-faring men in general, he would say, "Tempt not the faithless ocean without this precious guide"; while to ship-masters themselves he would say, "Rather attempt to send your ship without a rudder than her crew without a Bible." In the course of forty years' experience, this veteran had experienced a number of striking deliverances; "but in every difficulty," he said, "I always found in my Bible that which enabled me to trust in him whom winds and sea obey. In every storm I sought direction from it, and never was disappointed." This man had a son, who, like his father, developed into a God-fearing sailor; and on one memorable occasion, when off Newfoundland, the vessel, a small one, sprung a leak, and though the crew threw away a large part of the cargo, and worked the pumps for six days, the water increased to four feet in depth. In the midst of this crisis a prayer-meeting was held in the cabin, no one at the moment expecting that the water-logged craft could live through the night. As they stood at the table confronting one another in the near prospect of death, the captain opened the Bible to read another chapter, when his eyes alighted on Acts xxviii. 22: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship." The effect was miraculous; for not only was physical strength renewed, but faith that the Lord would deliver them at once drove away despondency. In the course of the night the wind fell, and at daylight a sail was seen to be coming in their direction. Taking to their boats, the little company rowed for their lives, and soon after they were on board of the passing ship—their own went down like a stone.

The Bible in the above instance had been habitually consulted and honoured; but in not a few cases the Book has turned up to give counsel in a moment of anguish or of danger, after having lain neglected or forgotten for months, or even years. Of course, no Christian mother ever allows a son to go to sea without, at least, placing a copy of the Scriptures with the outfit in the sea chest. How often have good results followed after many days, sometimes after the mother herself had entered into rest.

About eighty years ago, a devoted woman and a member at Surrey Chapel during the pastorate of Rowland Hill, was particularly tried by a reckless son, who having apparently rendered himself unfit for a respectable position of the standing desired on land, went off to try his fortune on the uncertain sea. While in a foreign port, not having his indentures, he was impressed for service on an English ship-of-war. Terrified at his prospects, he began to pray, remembering his mother's

God; but soon after, on a situation being given him more comfortable than had been expected, serious impressions wore away. Sometime after he suffered shipwreck, and thinking that the vessel would fall to pieces as she lay for three days on the Bermuda rocks, the young sailor vowed that, if life were only spared, he would seek the Lord. Deliverance came, but the vow was forgotten, although the sinner discovered that all thought of God could not be driven away by plunging into dissipation. Like Bunyan, he experienced awe-inspiring dreams; but instead of seeking peace where alone it could be found, he sought to divert troublesome thoughts by running into more sins than Bunyan ever knew. At last he one day hastened to his chest to find a novel, when instead of that the seeker came upon a Bible. Disappointed, he at first attempted to cast the Book aside; but such was the power of conscience, when a mother's counsels were remembered, that he was unable to do so; and eventually, as a result of prayerful reading, came faith and peace. So far as we are able to see, evil would have gained the victory if the Bible had not been placed in the trunk. Landing at Plymouth, the convert called upon Dr. Hawker, and soon after left the service.

It is well known that the late Dr. Rippon manifested considerable interest in the religious welfare of sailors who came to the port of London. Early in the year 1822 the pastor preached a sermon at Carter-lane commemorative of the life and death of Thomas Atkinson, a Christian sailor; the service was attended by three hundred seafaring men. As a trader between the north of England and London, Atkinson was well known in the Pool of the Thames as a persevering promoter of Bethel meetings; and when at sea, he regularly conducted domestic worship on his vessel. In 1821 he left North Shields for New Brunswick, and on the return voyage a violent storm caused the ship to fill so rapidly, that she had eventually to be abandoned, although before doing so thirteen of the crew, who had not been washed overboard, remained in the maintop of the waterlogged ship for eight days, hoping to be rescued. When, at last, they took to the boat, the men were so weak from exposure and want of food and water, that the oars fell from their hands. After another five days had been spent on the deep, three hundred miles from land, the captain asked Atkinson to sing a hymn, to which the godly seaman replied, "My voice is so weak that I cannot, but I will pray." Mustering in one final effort all his remaining strength, he then spoke in a whisper, and after pronouncing the last word bowed his head and died! On the following day the survivors were picked up by a passing sloop which brought them to London. Having been well acquainted with Atkinson, Dr. Rippon was well able to improve the occasion, and a profound impression appears to have been made by the sermon.

The wonderful influence of a solitary Christian in the midst of a profane and licentious crew has again and again testified to the power of the gospel to reclaim men from their evil ways. It has happened that a man has gone simply as an able-bodied seaman on to a man-of-war, and, in course of time, has succeeded in gathering around him what the early Christians would have called a Church. With everything to damp their ardour which the devil could bring against them, they have still fought and conquered in the superior power of Christ.

At a meeting on behalf of sailors held sixty years ago, Captain W. H. Angas related something which had come under his own observation that will serve as an illustration. Fifteen years before, or in 1807, the captain had lodged in the house of a godly widow whose only son happened to commit an offence which occasioned his going to sea to escape the penalties of the law. Enlisting in the navy, his lot was cast on board a vessel which carried one, and only one, man who knew Christ as his Saviour; but the truth as spoken by this friend soon entered the young transgressor's heart, and the ship then carried two Christians instead of one. Exposed to scoffs and sneers, the two, stronger in their union, held on their way, not expecting better treatment, until their number increased to three, to four, five, and in due time even to fifty, that number including some of the officers who attended the Bible-reading and prayer-meetings. We do not believe that such men are despised according to the representations of some religious writers; the most far-gone worldling respects and honours such far more than he cares to admit.

Indeed, from adventures we are able to give, it might almost be made to appear that we must look among sailors for model examples of Christian enterprise. They have frequently shown how galling difficulties may be turned into helps, and how a man who is instant in season and out of season may still work successfully in his Lord's strength with all the world against him.

It is constantly being admitted that God's ways are not as man's ways; but perhaps it is not so often observed that what we call accidents are sometimes the means used for accomplishing the divine purposes. When, in the early years of this century, the French prisons were filled with English captives, who would have thought of sending a missionary among them? and, even if the seemingly wild proposal had found favour, who would have volunteered? God in his mercy saw the need, however, and means were soon forthcoming for ensuring its supply. There was then living at Ramsgate a devoted man of the name of Dawson, who had been a sailor, and on one occasion he consented to take charge of a friend's ship which had just arrived for the night. The ship was anchored, and Dawson went on board; but in the course of a few hours a violent storm drove the vessel from her moorings, and, running before the gale, the crew soon found themselves just off the coast of France, where they were taken prisoners, Dawson actually remaining in captivity for ten years. Having now nothing save the consolations of religion to fall back upon, they did not yield to despair, nor were they content to remain in idleness. Those among the prisoners who were so disposed, were allowed to meet together for worship, when their thoughts were directed to the woes of fellow-prisoners in other jails. The sorest want was the Bible, and other suitable books; and, having no press to work with, Dawson and his companions set manfully to work to write out copies of such treasures as they themselves possessed which would instruct their comrades in tribulation in different parts of the country. They thus copied large portions of the Scriptures, Burder's Village Sermons, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, as well as Flavel's Sermons, and these were circulated among the English prisoners far and wide. Before now missionaries have been wafted to their destination

on stormy seas; they have pursued their calling amid persecution and hardship: but who could have suspected, when Dawson was driven across the Channel by wind and wave, that he was the Lord's messenger of mercy to numbers of his unfortunate countrymen?

Another adventure in a French prison, when the war fever was at its height, may also be mentioned, and probably many other striking things took place without any record of them having ever taken place. Among the prisoners at Dunkirk was a Captain Harris, a man who had feared the Lord from his childhood, but who now appeared to be greatly depressed without any reason being assigned. To increase the poor fellow's perplexity, an order was given to remove him and others two hundred miles further up the country; but just before the departure of the company, a French gentleman called and said, "There is some person in this prison in great distress of mind for want of money; who it is I know not, but the moment I see him I shall know him, for his person and circumstances were so impressed on my mind in a dream last night that I cannot be mistaken." On seeing the captain, the stranger added, "That's the man," and at the same time pressed upon his acceptance a thousand francs. The amazed prisoner, who would take only a small part of the proffered money, then related how misfortune had befallen him in the loss of ship and cargo, as well as in the disappointed hope of receiving remittances from England. The circumstance was regarded at the time as what it really was, a remarkable interposition of divine providence.

Instances have been given of how single torn leaves from the Word of God have been read and have carried conviction to the heart; but while such pieces picked up in the street may have sent home the arrow of truth, others which have found their way to sea have produced effects equally lasting and delightful. A youth under twenty years of age once called upon a friend of sailors at Liverpool, and confessed how an entire change had come over his life and prospects. Having just returned from the West Indies, he said that when he left England he was utterly abandoned, and then went on to explain how the change had occurred. During a sudden squall he had met with a slight accident on deck, but after venting his vexation with an oath more horrid than usual, it was found that the adventure still dwelt in the mind, the oath especially remaining there as a spectre which would not be exorcised. Like an evil spirit the thing refused to leave its victim either by night or day, and until he was almost beside himself with terror. At length he asked a comrade if he had a Testament to lend; but, surprised at such a request, the man offered a stone in the shape of one of Rousseau's novels. "Several days thus passed in the greatest torment, this dreadful oath always before me," the youth is represented as saying in an old report of the Liverpool Bethel Companies. "I could not pray; indeed, I thought it of no use. On the fifth day I was turning over some things in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock wrapped in paper. Oh, how my heart throbbed when I found it a piece of a Bible! Conceive what I felt when I read, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as wool.' Like a drowning man I clung to this life-buoy." Such was the power of the first chapter of Isaiah when the

Holy Spirit condescended to impress its life-giving words on the sinner' heart.

Perhaps the sea would supply some of the most striking cases on record of how Christ can save to the uttermost; certainly the sight of a sailor receiving the gift of salvation in his last hours, after having lived through a long life as an abandoned profligate, helps us to grasp the wonderful meaning of the Apostle's words. It is nothing less than the saving arm reaching to the very entrance of hell to pluck the brand from the burning. We will more clearly show our meaning by one closing illustrative history.

A vessel once sailed from England with a captain whose profanity, addiction to drink, and tyranny in general quite alienated the crew, so that when he was overtaken by mortal sickness in mid-ocean the sailors resolved to allow the man to die like a dog, without either attention or sympathy. Though he knew little about Christianity beyond the name, there was a cabin boy called Bob who had a more tender spot upon his heart. Unbidden, Bob ventured to approach the state-room door to enquire how the sick man was, but the only answer was, "What's that to you? Be off." Undaunted by this rebuff, the little fellow enquired again on the following morning, at the same time venturing to hope that the captain was better; and, encouraged by a more gracious reply, the kind lad advanced from one thing to another, until he was allowed to wash and shave his master, and even to make some tea. Having been cruel as well as profane, the dying captain was too proud to either ask or expect favours from those he had maltreated, but the unsolicited attentions of poor Bob soon produced its effect, and he was regarded as a true friend.

In earlier days, in order to excuse the iniquity into which he had run, the man embraced Atheism; but like Voltaire, whose principles were not proof against a thunder-storm, he found this yielded no support in the trying hour. Though he suffered severely in body, the physical pains were light when compared with the mental. "Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man!" cried the sufferer, awakening to realize the enormity of sin. "No master," answered the boy, "God is merciful; he knows what sailors are, and I daresay he'll save you." With his heart thus broken, the sick man continued some days longer, until one morning he remarked; "Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible," and then the boy was commissioned to search for the Book. "Where shall I read, master?" asked the faithful attendant as he returned after a successful search; but the other did not know, he had never learned his letters, so that he could only direct that Bob should "try and pick out some places that speak about sinners and salvation." Thereupon the young reader read for two hours from the New Testament, the words falling on the captain's heart like arrows of conviction. He saw himself a lost sinner in God's sight; but terrified at the thought of divine justice, it seemed impossible for him to lay hold of Christ. After a night of misgiving, the dejected sinner remarked, that soon his dead body would be committed to the deep, while the released soul would be lost for ever! "No, no, master, I believe you will be saved yet," replied the more sanguine Bob, "Remember, I read many fine things yesterday about salvation." Then followed some talk about praying, and the anxious boy candidly

confessed that his capacity in this direction only extended to the Lord's Prayer, which he had learned of his mother; but not willing to allow fleeting opportunities to pass, the captain beseeched the boy to kneel and cry for mercy, meanwhile praying himself, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Overcome at length by importunity, Bob fell upon his knees, and, although sobs choked his utterance, he cried, "Lord, have mercy on my poor dying captain. O Lord, I'm a poor wicked, ignorant sailor boy. Lord, I don't know what to say. Lord, the captain says I must pray for him, but I don't know how—I am but a child. I should be glad to get him tea, or do anything I can for him; but, Lord, I don't know how to pray for him. Lord, have mercy on him. He says he shall be lost,—Lord, save him. He says he shall go to hell,—Lord, take him to heaven. He says he shall be with devils,—oh that he may be with angels. Don't let him perish, O Lord. Thou knowest I love him, and am sorry he's so ill. The men won't come near him, but I'll do the best I can for him as long as he lives, but I can't save him. O Lord, pity my poor captain; see how thin and how weak he is. Oh comfort his troubled mind. O Lord, I never prayed before like this. Oh help me, Lord, to pray for my master." On completing these characteristic utterances, Bob rose, and declaring that he had done the best he could, he added, "Now, cheer up, I think you'll go to heaven."

Overcome by this experience, the child retired, but returned in the evening to give another New Testament reading, to every word of which the sinking man listened with the utmost eagerness. On the following morning a wonderful change was perceptible; for, instead of gloom and despair, the captain's pallid face was aglow with hope; for he had heard the Saviour say to his soul, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." Much more passed between the two, Bob being recognised as having been an instrument in God's hand to convey saving knowledge to the needy soul. Soon after daylight on the following morning the captain was found dead in the attitude of prayer; but who can doubt that the spirit was even then in Paradise, to magnify for ever the wonders of redeeming grace.

Written Prayers.

THE venerable Thomas Williams in conversation with a devoted Ritualist, was discussing the subject of written prayers. This gentleman claimed that the whole Bible did not furnish one unwritten prayer. "No, sir, not a single one, sir." "Do you really think so?" "Yes, sir, I defy you to point to a single Scripture prayer that was not written. You cannot do it." "Well, can I ask you a question?" "Certainly you can." "Tell me, then, who held the candle when Jonah read his prayers in the whale's belly."

Sermon Hearers.

BY SAMUEL J. GOLDSTON.

REMEMBERING the vast number of sermons preached, both on Sundays and during the week, in the hundreds of places of worship throughout the country, it is to be regretted that the progress of the Christian church is not more marked than it has been of late years. Complaints are ever and anon being raised against ministers of the gospel for the manner in which they fulfil their mission, and not unfrequently one hears that in this direction lies that field for improvement from which is to rise the panacea of the church and of the world. To say that the ministry is outside the pale of progressive development and improvement would scarcely occur to anyone interested in the furtherance of Christ's kingdom; but to what an almost illimitable extent is development required in the great body of the church itself! It is a fact too palpable to need proof that many thoughtfully prepared and spiritually inspired sermons delivered from the pulpits of our churches and chapels—to say nothing of the less intellectual though not less effectual addresses given in our streets and mission-houses—are practically thrown away upon a large percentage of the assembled congregation. The extent to which this lamentable state of things prevails of course must depend upon the spiritual status of the church and upon the qualifications of the preacher; but how often does one feel inclined to ask, as he hears the Sabbath bells ringing, and sees the people flocking on every hand to the house of God—"For what purpose are they thus meeting together on the Lord's-day?" The question were foolish indeed if the instinctive reply, "To worship God *in spirit and in truth*," could be accepted without hesitation. To the thoughtful mind it must be but too painfully evident that in many instances it is rather a matter of fashion than of worship. That this is so with the unconverted has been proved to demonstration from time to time, and far be it from me to hold that even as a matter of fashion attendance at the house of God is without its beneficial effects. Negatively, by his presence in a place of worship a man is kept from those evil associations which are so readily contracted when the custom of "going up to Jerusalem" has been once permanently broken off, while positive benefits must accrue from the righteous influences of Christian friends and the explanation of the way of salvation. Further, if the custom were once to fall into desuetude, and by the Sunday opening of museums and art galleries, or by other means, England were to be so unfortunate as to adopt what is known as "a continental Sunday," it is difficult to tell how unregenerate men would ever be regularly brought under the sound of the word. But what about the professedly Christian people? Do they not worship God "in spirit and in truth"? God forbid that I should say they do not, else would they not deserve to bear the name of Christ. The question I raise is this—Do Christian people fully appreciate the privilege of hearing upwards of a hundred sermons preached *every* year? Undoubtedly there are in the church many thoughtful persons who from the time the text is announced to the final "Amen" follow not only the

words, but the arguments, with an amount of intelligence and sincerity not to be equalled by that of a student attending a deeply scientific dissertation; but I hold that these are in a most deplorable minority. What of the majority? Enter a crowded place of worship in any of our large cities, or choose a small and comparatively obscure one, if you will, and judge for yourself. Where you see one attentive listener eagerly following the gracious sentences of God's messenger you will find a score who are capable of diversion by the most trivial object. Apparently drinking in the words that are being uttered in the most impressive and earnest tones, the falling of a book, the cry of a child, or the slamming of a door, is sufficient to transform the attentive listener into a restless wonderer of whose book has fallen, what made the baby cry, or why the door was allowed to slam in such an irreverent manner. The service is over, and upon arriving home the hearer collects his wandering thoughts—often augmented in their confusion by little incidents on the homeward journey—and upon consideration succeeds in telling a friend the text—not the words, oh no, but the chapter and verse in which they are to be found. If an enquiring mind should suggest a summary of the discourse by the question, "How did he handle it?" in all probability the *resumé* will consist of a few smart sentences from the sermon having but an indirect bearing upon its main object. It is really astonishing how few persons carefully follow a preacher throughout his sermon with a view to retaining in their minds the consecutive lessons he is desiring to impart—lessons which have often cost the minister much study and more prayer. Ask some people what the sermon has been about, and they forthwith repeat some effective anecdote or illustration, or endeavour to describe the manner in which the preacher delivered it. Is this the *end* for which men attend the worship of God? Is it not rather incidental than ultimate? Are men and women to attend the Lord's house merely to while an hour or so away in listening to pleasing themes without entering into their intent and object? Are they to go to church or chapel as they would to a concert, merely to be amused or pacified? Let them rather go as students to learn the beauties and the mysteries of that which is presented to them from time to time. If the world attends church because it is fashionable, let the Christian worship and be edified according to the fashion set by the Saviour when he said, "He that hath ears, let him hear." I am persuaded that if a preacher's recompense consisted in the number of his sermons retained in the minds of his congregation he would not be long ere he sought a more profitable profession. To preach to simple hearers who are not thinkers—*hic labor hoc opus est.* Estimating that we have each of us heard five hundred sermons within the last five years, let us ask ourselves, How many have we the slightest recollection of at the present moment? The answer to this question should have a practical effect upon our attention the next time we hear a sermon.

A Visit to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, Auckland, New Zealand.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,—I know the interest which a large number take in your son, and their brother and friend, Thomas Spurgeon, and therefore could not keep the enjoyment to myself which a week just spent with him has afforded me.

I suppose a ministerial exchange which involves travelling over four thousand seven hundred miles is not a very common thing: yet that is about the distance I have gone over in going and returning to exchange for three Sundays with Brother Charles Dallaston, of Christchurch. The affair was first mooted and then negotiated by that generous friend of your son and myself, Mr. Gideon Rutherford, now of Dunedin, and it has proved so invaluable in recruiting the bodily health and mental vigour of two jaded and not over-strong pastors as to deserve loving and honourable mention. Our kind churches placed no obstacle in the way, and both have been benefited. Let me say, by the way, that the work God has enabled friend Dallaston to do at Christchurch is something to fill one with holy praise. A moribund cause has been wonderfully revived, a church rising to three hundred members, full of energy and promise, gathered together, and a handsome structure of brick and stone, to seat seven hundred or eight hundred persons, is on the eve of being opened. The night before I left Christchurch to go north I saw a large number of applicants for membership, many of whom had been brought to decision through the evangelistic labours of Mrs. Hampson.

Lyttleton is the port of Christchurch, and thither I hastened to catch the steamer *Arawata*, which was to bear me to Auckland. In addition to the prospect of seeing New Zealand, I confess that the attraction of once more meeting Thomas, with whom I had wrought and communed so blessedly heretofore, was irresistible. What a series of noble harbours that East Coast of New Zealand has! It was worth travelling all the way to see Dunedin the grand, Christchurch the comfortable, Wellington the volcanic (they have an earthquake there about once a week), and Auckland the lovely. A country with such a coast and harbours, with the population gathered about a number of centres fertile in soil and rich in all minerals, is bound to be a great one in the future. The northern island narrows to a few miles at Auckland, with the Hauraki Harbour on the east coast, studded with rocky islets, and surpassingly beautiful, and the Manakau Harbour on the west, spacious, but rather shallow. More than once Thomas and I rode or drove in an afternoon across that emerald isthmus, between the two land-locked marine basins. It was Easter Monday morning when we steamed in sight of what is the coming metropolis of New Zealand. The ships are gaily dressed out in bunting of all colours, the waters were dotted with the white-winged yachts of the Ponsonby Regatta, the wharves were thronged with crowds in holiday attire, among whom I saw many Maories in European dress, and not a few of fine physique. As soon as we hauled up to the wharf, two Maori ladies, each nearly six feet high, neatly dressed, and with the carriage of queens, stepped on board. The only outward physical defect (to my eyes) being the blue tattoo round the mouth of the younger of the two. Then an old Maori man of fine build, tattooed all over the face with the most elaborate pattern, came on deck, but I found he could not speak a word of English. All this time I was eagerly scanning the faces of the crowd for one whom I longed to see. But no Thomas was there, as a newspaper notice had said that the steamer would not arrive till Tuesday. I did not wait long, however, before a gentleman with keen eyes and earnest face enquired my name. I found him to be a deacon and secretary of the church, of which your son is now the pastor. He had seen the vessel signalled, and, leaving his gardening, hastened to my rescue. I was prepared to love this

brother beforehand, from some letters of his giving a most moving and graphic account of evangelistic work done in Auckland by J. S. Harrison and your son just before, which I heard read in friend Rutherford's house to a company of delighted listeners. Brother Matthew soon took me to your son's residence on Mount Eden, and from the summit of that extinct crater we were viewing one of the fairest scenes in all this wonderful world when a well-known voice saluted us from afar. Then I received a welcome which made me understand the inner meaning and emphasis of Paul's words when he said, "I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother," "nevertheless, God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." Thomas was looking thin and worn, which was fully accounted for by the strain on mind and body imposed by the recent numerous, yet fruitful, gospel services, and their necessary *sequelæ* of watchful shepherding, and fuller instruction to the new converts. Yet I am convinced that my young brother must be better, from the amount of work he can get through, from the way in which he appears to endure the pressure of pastoral toil, and from the increase of strength and volume in his voice. In a joint service which we took together on the Sunday evening, in the Choral Hall, a place holding from eight hundred to one thousand people, and well filled, I was surprised and delighted at the strength of his voice.

After doing all they could to increase the accommodation at Wellesley-street Church, they have had to take the Choral Hall for Sunday evenings, and are likely, I found, to occupy the new Opera House, which is nearing completion, until their new church is built. A commanding site has already been bought, and they are about to do a "big thing" in entering on an outlay of fully £8,000. The large number of persons anxious to hear the word, and the number of members (which alone would nearly fill the old building) warrant them in their undertaking. And yet, knowing the extra calls upon a pastor when a chapel is building, I hope the burden may not prove too great for one who, however willing, is anything but robust. The city of Auckland has a population of between thirty and forty thousand. Now that the native difficulty is as good as settled, and a Maori-English war, I hope, an impossibility, that soft luxurious climate is certain to attract wealth and population from all parts of the world. I could not hope to succeed by any terms I could employ in describing Auckland and its surroundings. Its numerous green rounded knolls and hills, its neighbouring lakes, rivers, and springs, its vicinity to the wonderful hot-lake and spring districts of Rotomahana and Wai-wera, support the conviction formed in my mind that this is *the* future city of the Antipodes. The city is growing, and the population increasing more rapidly than any other city of New Zealand. All this points to the kind of sphere to which the Lord has called your son, and to the necessity for the immediate erection of a suitable place of worship in lieu of the cramped and rickety old building which has done duty for the Baptists in Auckland for so many years. At a church-meeting to which I was privileged to stay I had the joy of hearing five-and-twenty or more names proposed for baptism and fellowship.

A church more devoted to its pastor I do not know. Many of the expressions of love, and determination to work with him, were most affecting. Several former Tabernacle members are united with the church, and they, you may be sure, are not the least enthusiastic. Thomas is "in residence" with two of them, young men of choice spirit and ardent piety, whom it was a treat to meet. I found that there is another Baptist place of worship, the property of the Wellesley-street Church near Mount Eden, and that there are outlying village stations, all greatly in need of energetic labour and management, and everywhere the harvest truly is great. The brother, who is leaving Queensland to labour with Thomas in the same sphere, will find an ample field,—may he have abundant success.

I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of the precious spiritual intercourse of that week—my words might look unreal. But this I know, the very light of

heaven rests upon the memory of it, as it certainly did upon our too brief communion. Our approaches to the throne up in the woods at Wai-wera, near the hot springs; our endeavours to preach the gospel to various individuals by the way—how near the whole spiritual world seemed as we walked the beach in the deep gloaming—these are matters of glad experience, and may not be enlarged upon.

One thing was an object of profound interest to us, viz., the providing of a missionary to labour among the natives now gathered about the hot lake district. Unhappily, the recent war, arising out of difficulties about the land, has broken up and dissipated the fruits of many years' previous missionary labour. But the natives are settling down again, and are willing to listen to the gospel. An American gentleman seems to be determined to send a servant of God to them, and Thomas, I know, will do what he can to forward the scheme, and watch over the mission. Oh how wonderful to know that men who once engaged in cannibal orgies and fiendish cruelties are now living as true Christians and preaching the gospel! Perhaps the most saddening feature of the Maories is the rising generation, which is wanting in the open simplicity of their once savage fathers, and which has adopted the vices, and assumes the airs and ways, of the lower type of Englishmen. The aboriginal New Zealander is admitted on all hands to be the highest type of savage man, intellectually and physically, ever met with. But they are fast melting away before the encroachments and the vices of the whites. Yet in the last great general assembly they will not be without thousands of representatives, redeemed unto God by the blood of the Lamb, with the innumerable host of all nations to hymn his praise eternally.

We did not forget that the day I landed at Auckland was the day fixed for the beginning of the Conference of "our men" at home, so we at once resolved to "continue instant in prayer" for blessing on the whole proceedings. In this far-off part of the world it is sweeter than you can imagine to believe that we are not forgotten in those most enviable gatherings. Perhaps one great element of my intense enjoyment was because, in company with my beloved young brother, I seemed nearer to you, dear President, and to the whole fraternity of tutors and brethren. For as Goldsmith sings, we foreign students can unfeignedly say,

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, *untravelled*, fondly turns to thee."

On my way home I touched at Sydney, and spent a few delightful hours with our pioneer student to these southern realms, Brother F. Hibberd, who is as true to the old love as ever.

Believe me, dear President, yours ever faithfully,

Geelong, Victoria, 8th May, 1882. W. Christopher Bunning.

Notices of Books.

"*All of Blue*"; or, "The Body is of Christ." Being brief key-notes upon some of the types of the Mosaic sanctuary. By Frank H. White. Partridge and Co.

Mr. White has written under divine teaching, and therefore those who are taught of God will value his words. He uses great plainness of speech; but that which he sets forth is weighty, and concerns the deep things of God. The blue of the ephod is the subject of his opening chapter, and it is handled discreetly, and with the skill of an experienced interpreter. The one endeavour of the author has been to set forth that which the Holy Ghost signifies by the type. We wish for our friend's instructive and attractive little book a very wide range of readers. Its cost will not be burdensome, its contents will not be wearisome.

Twelve Selected Soul-Winning Sermons. By C. H. SPURGEON. Limp cloth, 1s. *Twelve Striking Sermons.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Limp cloth, 1s. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.

THIS is a good arrangement. By it our friends can give specimens of our sermons to those whom they wish to interest in them. The limp cloth makes a very useful cover, and the little volume is handy to carry. May both selections be sold by hundreds of thousands, and a blessing rest on every copy.

Farm Sermons. By C. H. SPURGEON. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.

THIS new volume has been kindly handled by the critics. One reviewer suggests that the woodcuts ought to have represented English, and not Eastern husbandry; but this remark will not stand. How could we have illustrated the text about threshing the wheat with horses, and the cummin with a rod, if we had kept to English scenes? Or how could we have set out the verse which says, Paul planted, Apollos watered, since our farmers do very little in the direction of watering? We should have preferred British scenes, but these would not have fitted oriental texts. It is our earnest hope that this volume will be found in thousands of farm-houses. It is a handsome book, price three and sixpence. We cannot well say much more upon our own production. We have done our best; we wish that our best had been better; but still we believe the sermons will live. Already the work is republished in America, and a request has come in for permission to translate it into German.

The Students' Commentary on the Holy Bible. Founded on the "Speaker's Commentary." Abridged and Edited by J. M. FULLER, M.A. Vol. IV. John Murray.

As this useful work proceeds we become increasingly pleased with it. Of course it will never be able fully to supply the place of the "Speaker's Commentary;" but to those students who cannot procure the unabridged and costly edition it will be a valuable substitute. The "Students' Commentary" is not burdened with learned disquisitions upon disputed points of doctrine or history, but it contains the result of such enquiries stated in the briefest possible form; in fact, occasionally it appears to us that the condensing process has been carried a little too far. We suppose, however, that the editor has been obliged to curtail wherever he could, in order to compress the Commentary within the space at his disposal; and this very fact will not only save the reader's time as well as his money, but will also prompt him frequently to search out the reason or cause for some unexplained emendation of the text, or what may seem to be at first sight a doubtful explanation of some difficult passage. Volume IV. finishes the Old Testament, and we shall be glad to see as soon as possible the two volumes upon the New Testament, which will complete the series.

Religious Poems. By MARION 'MACPHAIL. With preface by Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., containing some account of the life and trials of the authoress. Glasgow: Mission to the Outdoor Blind, 4, Bath-street.

WE shall not apply any severe literary tests to these Religious Poems, which are the productions of an aged blind poetess, who is also deaf. They are gracious in spirit, and sometimes felicitous in expression. To those who know the afflicted writer the little book will have a touching interest. Under the sanction of the Glasgow Mission to the Outdoor Blind the poems are issued, in the hope that some little help will be brought in to meet the necessities of Mrs. Macphail's declining years.

The Preacher's Monthly: a storehouse of homiletic help. Vol. III. John Lobb, Christian Age Office.

THIS is the best serial of the sort. Every article is prepared with care: there is no flimsy work in the volume. The extracts and illustrations are of a high order, and many of the outlines are such as will be sure to see great service, for they are adapted to be used. This volume is smaller than its predecessors: we suspect that the publishers were compelled to reduce the size because they were giving more for money than they could possibly afford.

Stones from the Brook. Talks with the Children. By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. Longley and Co.

Bright, chatty addresses for the children; full of anecdotes. Sure to sell, and certain to be used from the desk on Sundays. A good shilling's worth.

Scripture Echoes in our Church's Collects. By Rev. J. P. Hobson, M.A. "Home Words" Publishing-office.

Plain, practical, devout papers intended to expound the Collects of the Church, and so prepare for their intelligent utterance in the service. The design is a worthy one, and we should think likely to be successful. Mr. Hobson is most loyal to evangelical truth, and expounds the Scripture with some force. Anything that increases the spirituality and vitality of Christians has our heartiest approval.

Rob and Mag; or, A Little Light in a Dark Corner. By L. Marston. J. F. Shaw and Co.

This little book is sure to be a favourite with young and old, and we predict for it a large sale. The characters are those of the most ignorant and poorest of the poor, but become rich in faith and love to Him who "can have compassion on the ignorant and them that are out of the way." The experience of the little deformed Maggie and her friend Rob is told so naturally and withal so scripturally that it is quite an exposition of "receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child." There will be many wet eyes over this little book, and we trust that some little readers will, like little Mag, "get ready" for Jesus.

Surly Bob. By L. C. Silke. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

One of Messrs. Cassell's Illustrated Shilling Story-books. In almost every Sunday-school there's a "Surly Bob"—"the worst boy in the school;" but don't give him up, good Superintendent; if you knew as much about him as his little brother Johnnie does, you'd love him to Jesus, as Johnnie did. In the meantime, give him this interesting and prettily-illustrated shilling's worth.

The Lyons Den and its eight young Lyons. By Yotty Osborn. J. F. Shaw and Co.

The eight young Lyons are the children of a London clergyman deprived by death of a mother's care and guidance. We hope that these youngsters are not fair specimens of the "sons (and daughters) of the clergy," for they were all and always at cross purposes until the advent of a maiden aunt, who restores order and peace to the "den." The pranks of the young animals are very droll, and will provoke a good deal of laughter; but beyond the fact that maiden aunts are admirable institutions—about which we are all agreed—there's not much to be learned from this rather bulky semi-religious novel.

A Lighthouse Keeper for a Night, and other Stories.

A Little Australian Girl; or The Babes in the Bush; and Jim, a little nigger.

The Two Brothers. By Robert Richardson, B.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

These little books contain just such stories as boys and girls delight in. They are a little out of the usual run, "The Two Brothers," and "Jim," being strolling musicians, imitation Savoyards—for whose miserable lot Mr. Richardson tries to enlist the pity and help of his youthful readers. All the stories have a good moral tone.

Kilkee. By Eliza Kerr. Bemrose and Sons.

A true description, in narrative form, of village life on the west coast of Ireland. This book shows how a Sunday-school boy, not a native of Kilkee, won for the religion he professed the admiration and respect of these wild and reckless men and women. It is full of interest from beginning to end; just the book for "our boys."

The Boy who Wondered. By Mrs. George Gladstone.

The Hillside Farm. By Anna J. Buckland. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

Two story-books for young people—bright and fascinating, and written with a noble purpose. In selecting prizes for children, we say to teachers, "buy them."

Hours with the Bible. From Rehoboam to Hezekiah. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have already informed our readers that these volumes are of a similar character to Kitto's Readings. We have not been pleased with all that they contain, but for the most part they are thoroughly instructive. We consider them to be very cheap at six shillings each. Dr. Geikie holds high rank as a scholarly writer of popular parts. They who know his "Life of Christ" will know what to expect in these "Hours with the Bible."

The Creation; or, Moses and Science in Harmony. By Rev. A. Stewart, M.D. Elliot Stock.

Where destructive criticism has done its work upon the Bible account of the creation, Dr. Stewart has gone, and endeavoured to show that both scientifically and theologically the first two chapters of Genesis are strictly and literally true. We are getting weary of this constant defence of the Pentateuch, but suppose it is necessary in cases where the vagaries of Colenso and his satellites have led to unsettlement and misbelief. Our author is a fair opponent, though a formidable one, and backs all his statements with scientific proof and comprehensive research. May his labour not be in vain.

Exaucements Remarquables de la Prière. Par J. Richardson Philipps. Traduit de l'Anglais. Toulouse: Société des Livres Religieux. A Londres, chez J. Nisbet and Co.

We greatly rejoice that such a work as Mr. Philipps' "Remarkable Answers to Prayer" has been translated into French, and wish for it a large circulation among those who have never proved the power of prayer. Being devoid of anything of a controversial character, or of references to the errors of Romanism, this record of interesting *facts* will, we trust, lead many a poor papist to go "boldly to the throne of grace, and obtain mercy." These remarkable answers have been well classified by Mr. Philipps, and preachers and teachers may readily find some pertinent instances wherewith to enforce their personal appeals to individuals of any class in any circumstances to put to the test the willingness of God to answer the sincere suppliant. The book in English is in the fourteenth edition.

Nos Péchés et Notre Sauveur, a sixteen page tract (1d., or 6s. 6d. per 100, free, from the author, 200, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill), is also worth the attention of those who have opportunities for evangelistic work amongst those who speak French.

Christ's Earthly Sojourn as Chronology's Normal Unit alike in all Creation and in all Providence: being a Virgin Mine of Religious and Political Evidences. By An Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Manitoba. Nisbet and Co.

Ah, but this is a book! What must he be who understands it? The title alone would be a good day's work for any man to explain, while the motto, which is poetical, might require a week. Here is the aforesaid motto, which we hope will benefit the friends of culture and deep thinking.

"Like Eden's river, human story
Parteth into many a head;
Tuned solely to the Triune's glory,
Mainly through Emmanuel's tread.

Which on each germ of the creation
Has already stamped its trace,
To interweave with gravitation
Tissues of its two-fold pace,

And slay, as by anticipation,
'Lamb' of mercy, love and grace,
While with one chorus of salvation
Orbs and angels fill all space,—

And which, through Eden's branching channels,
Sheds all round its heav'nly ray,
To clear from mist primeval annals
Down to Abram's brighter day."

Here is a fragment of the exposition of line 4. Is it not clear and perspicuous?

"'Mainly through Emmanuel's tread.' Here the adverb, by claiming something less than exclusiveness for the Messiah's 33 or 34 years among 'His own,' implies the co-existence of other numerals, larger and smaller alike, between 7 and 2,300,—the whole of them, at best, but a drop in the bucket; being shut out altogether from the purely Messianic dramas, whether the one sporadic succession of individual adaptations, or the six uninterrupted arrays of collective developments."

Hand-books for Bible Classes. Hebrews. By Rev. Professor DAVIDSON. *Joshua. Judges.* By Rev. Principal DOUGLAS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS (Hebrews) is one of the very useful series of Hand-books issued by Messrs. Clark, and being very much larger than the rest of the series, its price is half-a-crown,—a good return for money. So far as we can judge, the notes are a fair exposition, unbiassed, scholarly, and suggestive. A man who is fit to conduct a Bible-class will value such help as is here supplied him. The average Sunday-school-teacher would be glad of something more illustrative, more in form for juvenile minds: but the Bible-class is a more advanced sphere, and needs another order of teaching. In the Bible-class teacher's hand these instructive books will be of great service if he takes care to use them with much prayer and a little discrimination. We like the *Hebrews* Hand-book much; *Joshua* and *Judges* we do not care much about, they seem to be mainly geographical, and to suggest very little teaching.

The work of The Holy Spirit in Man. Discourses by G. TOPHEL. Translated by the Rev. T. J. DESPRÈS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WITH joy we have devoured this treatise. Thanks to Geneva for such a testimony. It is clear and living in language, and in spirit devout. May it command a reading from all our ministers first, especially from those who have been poisoned by continental literature; and then may it be read by our deacons and workers that they may know where their great strength lieth. Having already found a sermon in Pastor Tophel's pages we can experimentally speak of their excellence. To cause the Holy Spirit to be more reverenced and trusted by the Church should be the desire of all the godly, and this little book will help in that direction. The translator apologizes, but without cause, for his English is of the best order, and his work is splendidly done. We should not endorse every line of Mr. Tophel's book, but we earnestly ask for it an attentive reading from all Christians.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, of Bristol. Religious Tract Society.

SHORT, sweet, simple expositions of the separate sentences of the Lord's Prayer. There is no attempt to be original or profound: the student will find nothing here he has not met with a hundred times before; but the general reader will be carried easily and flowingly along the stream of this "pearl of prayers." Had Mr. Glover tried to be more able, he would probably have been less widely useful; as it is, his expositions will be popular because not too exacting of anything like study.

Thoughts on Prayer, selected chiefly from modern writers. By W. E. WINKES. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a species of volume-making of which we are not much enamoured, and this particular book is certainly not above the average. A stringing together of copious extracts from modern writers, and making them into a book, without much attention to the balance of proportion, is not likely to be very successful. For instance: whilst George Müller, the apostle of prayer of to-day, is quoted only once, "The Expositor" comes in for seven-fold quotation; whilst Jonathan Edwards is quoted once, Llewellyn Davies is mentioned five times! The extracts are, a few of them good, many of them common-place, the most of them thin. There is a tameness of propriety as compared with the force and piquancy of the Puritans.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1882. Edited by ROBERT RAE. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THIS little volume grows in value every year. Mr. Rae makes a judicious selection of the papers prepared by temperance workers from time to time, and preserves them in this handy form, together with a mass of information which must be invaluable to speakers upon the traffic in drink. A perusal of this manual makes us thankful that so much has been accomplished in spite of many difficulties, and at the same time reminds us how much remains to be done before the evil thing will be banished from our midst.

The Natural Truth of Christianity. Selections from the "Select Discourses" of John Smith, M.A., with an introduction by Matthew Arnold; edited by W. M. METCALFE. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. London: 12, Paternoster-row. 1881.

KNOW this, gentle reader—for the lively fact has lately been brought to light—there lived in the middle of the seventeenth century a little group of *Broad Churchmen* whose merit lay in their moderation, in evidence of which this little volume furnishes us with a few fossils. When the papal clergy of Archbishop Laud lifted high their crests, and the Puritan school of the Protectorate spread evangelical principles far and near, there was a pent-up academy of "*Latitude-men*" at the University of Cambridge who attempted, by combining the republic of Plato with the Christianity of Paul, to construct a model gospel. Their sweetness and their light were distilled and displayed within a narrow circle. But they were called "*Latitude-men*" rather for the compass of their creed than for the extent of their influence. As they died out by degrees, without doing much even to affect their own generation, one after another of the survivors pronounced fulsome eulogies upon the admirable character and amiable disposition of his comrades. To Matthew Arnold's mind, "*Principal Tulloch has done an excellent work in seeking to reawaken our interest in this noble but neglected group.*" As we read these extracts from the homilies of John Smith, we are convinced that the Puritanism of the time exercised more sway over his modes of thought than the Platonism of his teaching did over any cotemporary literature. His select sermons supply, we presume, a fair specimen of Christian philosophy without the blood of the covenant, and rational morality without the quickening Spirit of God. From "*the introduction*" to this small book we borrow two sentences. "Their immediate recompense was a religious isolation." . . . "The Cambridge band ceased to acquire recruits, and disappeared with the century." This is satisfactory enough so far as we are concerned.

The Life and Letters of a Soldier. By E. T. E. POOLE. Nisbet and Co.

WILL be useful among soldiers. It is the simple diary of a convert who struggles for life amid the injurious surroundings of the barrack-room and the camp.

A Short and Simple History of England. By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS. Crosby, Lockwood and Co.

WE do not believe in Mr. Johns' history when he touches upon Cromwell, but the little book is in all other respects a capital compendium, and very suitable for school use. We do not wonder that it has passed through five-and-twenty editions. It is an excellent shilling's worth.

Notes.

MR. EDWARD WHITE, the earnest and able advocate of the doctrine of Conditional Immortality, says:—"No one yields to me in hearty admiration and affection for the Rev. Chas. Spurgeon. But his refusal to listen to the doctrine of Life in Christ has formed a more serious obstacle to its popular diffusion than that of any other living man during the last twenty years." We are fully prepared to take all the responsibility of the conduct ascribed to us, and only trust that we may have power to be a more serious obstacle still. With the most profound regard for Mr. White, and something more tender than regard, we cannot help mingling our regret that he should be teaching such mischievous doctrine, an that so many should follow him in it.

On *Monday evening, May* 22, the half-yearly meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and commended the work to the sympathy and support of all present. Mr. Elvin, the indefatigable secretary of the Association, gave a brief description of the work carried on by his earnest band of unpaid evangelists, two of whom, Messrs. Pullen and Shurmer, also spoke. Mr. Elvin expressed the fear that the services held by the Association

this year will not exceed the number reported at the last annual meeting—*i. e.*, 3,380; but even if his anticipations are realized—what a grand work will be accomplished! This is one of the most useful and economical agencies for the spread of the gospel in the metropolis, and deserves the help of all Christians who desire to see the millions of London converted to Christ. More young preachers are needed by the society, and more funds with which to hire halls and pay travelling expenses: all the rest is gratis work. The Society's design is to work with the churches, and for them, and not to be an outside agency to draw men away from their regular places of worship. Ministers in or near London wishing for a week of special services can apply to Mr. Elvin, 30, Surrey-square, S.E., who will send suitable evangelists.

On *Friday evening, June* 9, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the Lecture Hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. The stormy weather that prevailed during the afternoon and evening reduced the attendance somewhat, but did not lessen the enthusiasm that is usually manifested at this meeting. Mr. G. Goldston, the secretary of the Mission, presented the annual report, and Mr. R. Hayward, the treasurer, read the balance-sheet. There are twenty-one members, and services are being held in North Cheam; Bell Green, Sydenham; Thornton Heath; Shoreham, and Halstead, Kent; Teddington; Southgate; Stratford; and Bedport and Hatton; while in the following places the work is being carried on without the assistance of the Mission, in most cases churches having been formed, and in some instances chapels built:—Tiptree Heath, Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, St. Mary Cray, Lower Tooting, Little Paris-street, Pope-street, and Willesden. The total expenditure of the Mission for the year has been £168 12s., the principal items being travelling expenses of the preachers, who give their services freely; and the rent, furniture, and fittings of chapels and halls. To meet this amount the Pastor has been pleased to find £48 10s.; subscriptions and donations have realized £31 13s. 8d.; offerings and collections at the stations, £64 16s.; and at the date of the meeting a small balance was due to the treasurer. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Millidge, Durbin, Greenstreet, Chalmers, Crathern, McLauchlan, and Clark; Mr. Chamberlain sang a sacred solo; and Mr. Keys was presented with a gold pencil as a token of gratitude for his services at Teddington. This Country Mission is a sort of twin-sister to the Evangelists' Association, and is doing a most useful work in the villages around London. It merits far more help than it receives. It is also an excellent training-school for earnest Christian young men who desire opportunities for exercising their gifts as preachers of the gospel. Friends in destitute localities in the suburbs would do well to communicate with this Society.

Strangers' Sunday evening, June 11.—This service was crowded. All sorts and conditions of men were there; but we judge from the universality of the singing that the bulk of the attendants were such as usually attend places of worship. Before the multitude had dispersed our scouts had pleasing proof that when Christ is lifted up men are drawn to him. Certain brethren scattered over the Tabernacle are ever on the watch for those who are wounded, and many a case is thus speedily cared for, which otherwise might have been left to suffer in secret.

On *Monday evening, June* 12, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and spoke of the continued need of the society's work in sending parcels of clothing to poor ministers and their families, many of whom, especially in the country districts, are in more straitened circumstances than ever, as the consequence of agricultural depression. Addresses were also delivered by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Harrald, who read the report, and Mrs. Evans, the esteemed treasurer and manager of the society. She asked very earnestly for additional subscribers, and expressed the wish that every member of the church would give at least one garment during the year. (This is a capital practical hint. From a coat to a pinafore there is a wide range of articles, suited to all pockets.) The report referred to the loss the committee had sustained by the death of Mrs. Scott, an invaluable friend, and included a short letter from Mrs. Spurgeon, the beloved President of the Society, and also copies of the grateful epistles that had been received from several of the applicants who had been relieved during the year. Mention was made of the kind help of the Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel Auxiliary, which has contributed 269 articles of clothing since the last anniversary. Forty-seven parcels have been sent to ministers, and nine to colporteurs, the total value of the gifts amounting to £298 9s. 1d., about 230 children have been clothed, and 1707 ready-made garments have been sent, 580 yards of dress material, besides sheets, blankets, and other useful articles. The total expenditure for the year was about £110, and there was a balance of £10 18s. 8d. due to the treasurer, but this was more than cleared off by a donation of £20 from the chairman. Contributions of money, or garments, or materials to be made up, will be gratefully received by Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Drapers could help us much by giving remnants. Half-worn garments are also acceptable.

The Tabernacle prayer-meeting held on the same evening was dedicated to missionary subjects. Our own work abroad constantly furnishes interesting topics. Two brethren were present who had given themselves to

mission-work, and Mr. Harry Wood, having returned from Australia, gave some interesting details. We are greatly gratified to find that under the leadership of Mrs. Allison a society has been formed to support a sister in the Zenana work in India. We glorify God as we see how in every form our beloved friends lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of our Tabernacle work.

On *Monday evening, June* 19, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, the following resolution from the elders of the church was read by Mr. J. T. Dunn, and adopted by the whole assembly, who manifested their sympathy with its spirit by rising and singing the doxology:—

"We, the elders of the church, in meeting assembled, on this nineteenth day of June, 1882, desire to present to Almighty God our heartfelt thanks for the continued preservation of our Pastor to the church and his much-loved work; and on this, his forty-eighth anniversary, we earnestly and heartily pray that his valued life may still be preserved to labour in our midst, that with his ever-increasing consecration, he may enjoy renewed health and spiritual power, and that yet larger success may attend his ministry than it has hitherto been his joy to experience."

From the 19th and onward we have received so many letters containing sums large and small, that we have scarcely known how to acknowledge all the messages of love. Writing as we now do, on the early morning of the 21st, we find that we have received, almost entirely in small sums, the large amount of £380 as birthday presents for the Orphanage. Much more will be put into our own hand to-day if the weather keeps fine. Perchance we can stop the press, and insert a brief paragraph this evening. We are very grateful to all these thoughtful friends; some of them live hundreds of miles away, and yet never forget the Pastor's birthday. If this money were given to the Pastor for his own use he would feel humiliated by it; but now it comes with the blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith. Poor orphans are thus helped, and we have the joy of it. Two friends send £48 each to mark our age; one of them says wittily that we grow *dearer* every year. On closing up the accounts for the day we find that the Orphanage will be benefited to the extent of at least £1000. The *fête* was a grand success in every respect. Between seven and eight thousand persons were present, and everything passed off most happily. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

College.—Mr. C. Pearce, who has continued to be pastor of the church at Frogmore-street, Tring, while studying at the College, has now completed his course with us, and remains with the people of his charge; and Mr. A. H. Smith has settled at Coningsby, Lincolnshire. Mr. G. Simmons is removing from New Malden to Foot's Cray.

Mr. A. W. Wood has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for the pastorate of the church at Agra; and Mr. A. Fairbrother is going out to New Zealand as soon as possible, in response to a request from our son Thomas for a student who would devote himself to mission-work among the Maories. We should be glad of help towards the expense of sending out this brother.

Mr. W. Mann, who has been for the past two years co-pastor with Mr. Hamilton at Cape Town, has returned to England. His voyage home was a pleasant contrast to his double shipwreck on the passage out. We hope he will soon find a suitable sphere in which he can turn to good account the experience he has gained in the colony. A letter will find him at the Tabernacle.

Mr. J. S. Harrison, who has been greatly blessed as an evangelist in the Australian colonies, has come home, and is engaging in evangelistic work in the provinces. Mr. Harry Wood also is occupying himself in a similar manner until the way is made clear for his return to the Antipodes.

Mr. Kendon sends us a very cheering account of the progress of his work in Jamaica. In January he baptized twenty-five persons, and in April thirty-three more, and his church now numbers eight hundred and fifty members, about one-fourth of whom, however, are too old and feeble to get out to the services often. Financially, also, there is a great improvement in his position and prospects, and he hopes by the end of the year three of his mission-stations will be able to unite in forming a church, which will support another pastor. How great is our joy as we see our brethren thus blessed of the Lord!

On *Friday afternoon, May* 26, Dr. Weymouth, the head master of Mill Hill School, delivered an admirable lecture to the students on "Reading aloud." On the same day the London ministers connected with the Conference spent the afternoon and evening with the President at "Westwood," and on the following Friday the students had a similar treat. On *Friday afternoon, June* 16, Mr. Spurgeon presided at the Communion service of the students of Regent's-park College, and had happy intercourse with Dr. Angus and the brethren.

Monday, June 19, was generally observed throughout our Conference brotherhood as a day of special united prayer. We have heard from several brethren who experienced very gracious manifestations of the Holy Spirit's influence in their meetings, and we look for corresponding results.

The College midsummer vacation ends on *Monday, August* 7. We have received only a few students since the summer session last year, and as many have gone out to the work since that time, our numbers have been decreased below our usual average. We have, however, accepted about twenty

candidates out of the long list of applicants, and with this addition we do not expect to have any more vacancies during the present year. Our men are moved with missionary impulses, and with desires to open new churches, so that we hope we shall not in a single case increase the number of unemployed preachers. There is room in this guilty world for all the heralds of mercy that can be sent forth. We may not yet cease from crying to the Lord to send forth labourers into his harvest.

EVANGELISTS.—The following letter from Mr. Fullerton so well explains the matters he wishes us to communicate to our readers, that we cannot do better than print it just as it is. We shall be happy to receive contributions towards the purchase of the sermons mentioned in the letter:—

"45, Doddington-grove,
"Kennington-park, S.E.
"5th June, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—You will be pleased to know that the services at Trinity Chapel, Edgware-road, have been blessed remarkably to the salvation of souls, and that, notwithstanding the Whitsuntide holidays, most of the meetings have been well attended. To our Master be all the praise, as his is all the power.

"Some interesting cases of conversion have come under our notice, one of which I must tell you. When at Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, some months ago, we had several meetings for men only. As is our custom, we gave each man one of your sermons at the close of the service, in the hope that if the spoken sermon did not reach their heart through the ear, the printed one might through the eye. One afternoon a man, who had not been to a place of worship for years before, took home a sermon, and his wife, who was very ill, read it eagerly, while he, interested in the first service, went again in the evening. At the end of the sermon were the lines—

'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'

"As the woman read, feeling the first line was true of her, she longed to experience likewise the truth of the second. When her husband returned, this time bringing with him one of the little hymn-books used at our services, she was thoroughly aroused. On opening the book she noticed the words of an anthem, 'I will arise,' which being repeated when sung, are printed twice, thus:—'I will arise, *I will arise*'; the italics lending a seeming emphasis to them the second time. This struck her, and she determined to say them the *third* time, which she did on her knees, until—her soul filled with the peace of God—she was able to add—

'Jesus Christ is my all in all.'

This account I had from her own lips, as she felt she must come and confess what the Lord had done for her.

"Thus the meetings are blessed of God far beyond the radius known to us at the time, and the sermons are once more made the instrument of leading souls to Christ. Seeing this, we are determined to continue to scatter them more than ever, and have arranged with your publishers to have one hundred thousand laid aside for our use. This number will probably be sufficient for two years. They have kindly promised to supply them, bound in book form, for £250, of which amount they, with their usual liberality, will contribute £50. This leaves a balance of £200, towards which we should be very grateful to receive the offerings of those interested in the spread of gospel literature and the furtherance of evangelistic work.

"Will you, dear Mr. Spurgeon, kindly bring the matter before your readers, and be so good as to receive any sums they may forward? Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings, E.C., inform us that they will be pleased to place any amount forwarded to them to the credit of this account. Surely some loyal hearts, in view of the great blessing resting upon these sermons, and the eagerness with which they are received—of which the above is only one instance out of many—will be led to assist. No surer way could be conceived of sending a clear statement of the gospel into thousands of homes where it would otherwise be unknown.

"On June 11 we leave our present work with good Mr. Fellowes to begin with Brother Bax at Salters' Hall, whence we proceed on July 2 to friend Wilson, at Woolwich, where, in conjunction with nearly all the churches, we hope to carry on a mission for three weeks. We shall then practically have completed a year's work in London, and from the almost uniform success resting upon it, have disproved, in great measure, the idea that it is harder to labour in the metropolis than elsewhere, provided the same effort is put forth. For all the blessing vouchsafed we adore the Giver of every good gift, and thank the beloved brethren who have received us so heartily in the name of the Lord.

"After the summer interval, which Mr. Smith and myself alike require for rest after the continued strain, and preparation for future service, we propose to visit Bath, Gloucester, etc., in the autumn, and remain some months in that district. We hope still to make some further arrangements with places in the neighbourhood, so as to concentrate the influence of the work; perhaps you will, therefore, let friends know that you will give the preference during the coming season to invitations from the south-west of England.

"With hearty and affectionate greeting,

"Believe me, dear President,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. Y. FULLERTON."

Mr. Fellowes has also written as follows:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Knowing how much it delights your heart to hear of any good work done for the Lord, especially when the workers are those whom you have sent forth, I write to tell you how marvellously God has blessed the earnest labours of your beloved evangelists, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, at Trinity Chapel. They were here three weeks, from the 21st May until the 10th June, and being at liberty—if conducting three large services on the same day before coming admits of the use of the word—they generously returned last night (June 18th), when the chapel was again filled to overflowing, and better still, many precious souls were led into the light, the liberty, and the love of God. Hallelujah!

"We have good cause for thanksgiving and praise, for a full month of the choicest mercies has been graciously granted to this church and neighbourhood. The first week was spent in humbling ourselves before God, confessing our shortcomings, beseeching him to put away the iniquities of our holy things, to consecrate us afresh for his service, and to abundantly bless the labours of the two devoted men we were expecting in our midst.

"Ere the week had gone, we began to see and feel that the Lord is indeed very merciful, we experienced a return of first-love, a renewal of spiritual strength, and a holy, expectant joy which the wealth of worlds could not purchase, nor the choicest words describe.

"Our beloved brethren came, and of the forty-seven services held during their stay you will be delighted, but scarcely surprised to hear, that not one was barren of remarkable blessing, or wanting in much, and we verily believe, lasting good. It is always too early to boast of results, but never too soon to praise God for them, so we had a praise-meeting on the Monday after the departure of the two faithful and true witnesses for God. Meanwhile each worker's list had been collected and corrected, and it was found that we had the names and addresses of more than two hundred persons, the major part of whom profess to have been savingly converted, and the remainder to have been restored from a state of backsliding. Oh, sir, it is a time of blessing at 'Trinity.' We have seen the strong man, when smitten by the sword of the Spirit, in a perfect agony of soul, we have witnessed his great frame convulsed while in the throes of the new birth, and heard him crying most piteously for pardon and deliverance from the bondage of sin. We have seen well-nigh twenty children leap into spiritual liberty, and listened to testimonies from their lips that none but the cynical believer or the captious unbeliever could gainsay or resist. Nor is this all, during this happy harvest-time of the church we have beheld in many, many cases the long-sealed fount of tears in the aged burst forth at the remembrance of a lifetime of sin, and been moved to tears ourselves as we heard their prayer offered in broken, but touching accents for a full forgiveness. Yes, and we have seen several such pass from spiritual death to everlasting life, and go on their way with a new song in their mouth, even praise unto our God. Nor can we ever forget the melting sight of poor drunkards in distress of soul, as on their bended knees, with pen in hand, ready to sign a pledge to abstain, by the help of God, from the drink that has wrought their social ruin—pausing in the act to pray for the pardon of sins committed against their wives and children, and then beseeching Christ to help them by his grace to keep the pledge till death. These, and a hundred other sacred scenes, have been witnessed by us. Husbands and wives have within one and the same hour believed on Christ, and gone home rejoicing; backsliders have left their broken cisterns of earthly pleasure, asked for the old ways, and returned to God as the eternal spring of all their joys; while in other instances, friends and neighbours have been blessed in answer to believing prayer. I am happy to say the good work is still going on, and sincerely do I pray that it may continue to do so, until it is possible for your two unwearying workers to pay us another visit. Hoping in a few days to forward cheque for £25 or £30—I hope the latter—and with every best wish, believe me,

"Your comrade in arms for King Jesus,
"J. O. Fellowes."

We hear from Mr. Bax that the services at Salters' Hall have commenced most hopefully.

Colportage.—During the past month the work of the Colportage Association has been vigorously carried on, and we note with gratitude that our friends have begun to respond more liberally to the appeal for aid for this deserving and increasing work. The Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school has guaranteed £40 a year towards the support of another colporteur, who will reside at Tring, in Hertfordshire, and work the surrounding district. Another will shortly be sent to labour in the neighbourhood of Tittleshall, in Norfolk, in connection with the Norfolk Association, which guarantees £40 a year towards the expenses. Arrangements are also pending for other new districts. The last Annual Report, which contains much interesting information, can be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Temple-street, St. George's-road, S.E., who will be happy to give any information about the Association, or to receive subscriptions or donations in aid of its operations.

Mr. R. E. Mackenzie has resigned the post of Travelling Secretary, having accepted a commercial appointment in India.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 29th, thirteen; June 1st, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Stamps from Ealing	0	3	1
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
M. W. R.	2	2	0
Rev. J. A. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	3	0	0
Jane Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gourlay	21	0	0
Mrs. de K.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
From Blandford	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
M.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	10	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	0
Mr. R. A. James	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	10	0	0
The Misses Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	20	0	0
Mr. S. Morley, M.P.	100	0	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Miss Chenoweth	10	0	0
A friend, Deptford	5	0	0
Mrs. Phipps, per Pastor W. Osborne	0	10	6
Mrs. Grimwood, per Pastor W. Osborne	0	10	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	3	3	0
Mr. W. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Jenks	1	5	0
Collected at Jericho, Jamaica, per Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	0	0
Mrs. Salmon, Sen.	0	2	6
Mr. Henry Varley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Mr. T. J. Redgate	3	3	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Thomas Hill	2	2	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 21	10	15	0
„ 28	150	7	6
June 4	30	11	0
„ 11	10	5	0
	201	18	6
	£495	1	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Mee	0	3	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	1	0	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	9	0
Collected by Mary McEwan	0	12	0
Mrs. C. Paige	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
In memoriam, C. C. J.	50	0	0
Postal order from Pewsey	0	1	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
A sister in the Lord Jesus	1	0	0
Stamps	0	2	0
A thankoffering for 76 years' mercies	0	2	6
Part proceeds of Bazaar at Newmains Manse, per Miss Alice M. W. Chrystal	5	7	6
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
Mr. George Fox	2	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
M.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	10	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	0
Miss E. Fyson	0	1	0
A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	2	6
Miss E. Swingler	1	0	0
Mr. George White	0	5	0
Mrs. Coveney	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Child	500	0	0
Mr. R. McKinley	5	5	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton — 2 2 0			
Mrs. John Leach — 1 1 0			
Mr. Beecroft — 0 5 0			
Mr. P. Davies — 0 5 0			
Mr. Thomas Gregory — 0 5 0			
James Withers — 0 5 0			
B. B. (Don.) — 0 2 6			
H. Cooper — 0 1 1			
	4	6	7
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	15	4
Mr. Gavin Brown	1	0	0
W. D. K.	3	10	0
Mr. Philip Hooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Mills and fellow-servants	0	15	0
Mr. A. Adams	0	5	0
E. E. H.	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. W. A. Southwell	0	5	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Postal Order from Inverness	0	5	0
A Christian	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Received for sale of plate given by "Unsectarian"	78	7	6
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	15	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Toovey	0	2	6
H. E.	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
W. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. P. Ferguson	0	2	6
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0
A promise	0	10	0
Gourock Parish Church Sabbath-schools	1	5	10
Alpha	1	0	0
The Children's Box, H. I. P.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Ribbons	0	2	0
Pastor W. M. and Mrs. Compton's Bible Classes	0	13	0
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	5	0
Mr. W. Matthew	2	0	0
N. G., Thankoffering	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Small	0	5	0
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0	2	6
Mrs. Spencer	0	2	0
Mr. J. G. Clements	2	10	0
Mrs. Fitz-Gerald	1	0	0
M. N. W., Berbice	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bruik	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell's Bible Class, and other friends at Rye	0	17	6
A Mountaineer's mite	0	10	0
Mrs. Salmon, sen.	0	2	6
Wm., Chas., Alfred and Emily Jackson	0	8	0
Stamps, Selby	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Cambridge, per Mr. Apthorpe:—Ticket-money and Collections...	14	9	6			
Mr. T. Doggett	3	3	0			
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1	1	0			
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0			
Mr. Chapman	1	1	0			
Mr. Toller	1	1	0			
Mrs. Chapman	1	1	0			
Mr. Nutter	1	1	0			
Mr. Watts	1	1	0			
Mr. Scruby	1	0	0			
Mr. G. Smith	1	0	0			
Mr. Gallyor	0	10	6			
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	10	0			
Mr. Flitton	0	5	0			
	28	5	0			
Less local Expenses...	5	18	6			
				22	6	6
R. B.				0	2	6
"A Newportonian" ...				0	1	0
Mr. J. Keen...				2	2	0
Per Pastor W. Osborne:—						
Mrs. Phipps	0	10	6			
Mrs. Grimwood	0	10	0			
				1	0	6
Mr. John King, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon				10	0	0
Mrs. Mundy, per Mr. Cox ...				1	1	0
Mrs. H. Robinson				0	2	6
Per Mr. Abraham Altham				90	0	0
Mr. J. A. Byerley, per V. J. C. ...				2	2	0
Orphanage box "Hawthorns," per Miss Moore				1	6	1
Mr. W. Smith				0	2	6
Mrs. Walton, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon				2	2	0
Mr. Flick, per J. T. D.				0	2	6
Mr. W. A. Harding				1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Taylor...				1	11	9
Collected by Mrs. Mimpress				0	3	5
S. W. London Band of Hope Union for services of S. O. Choir...				0	10	6
Mrs. Sale				0	5	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...				0	2	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman ...				0	10	0
Westmoreland-road Sunday-school, per Mr. Shepherd				1	9	11
Mrs. McGregor				1	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett				1	1	0
"Birds of Paradise"				1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, May 31 ...				2	2	0
Mrs. Macleay				3	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts				0	5	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—						
Mrs. S. Brown				1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—						
Mr. J. S. Trounson, per Mr. W. J. Evans				0	10	0
				£868	4	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to June 19th.—PROVISIONS: 5 Boxes of Figs, Mr. S. Bayly; a Quantity of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 3 Hampers of Gooseberries, Mr. A. Doggett; 1 Firkin of Butter, "W. B. L."

CLOTHING (*Girls' Division*):—16 Pairs of Boots, Mr. G. H. Kerridge; 109 Articles, Albion Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Stevens; 65 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 23 Pinafores, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 1 Frock, 13 Pinafores, "A little Souvenir from Harrogate"; 53 Articles, Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Miss Nellie Withers.

CLOTHING (*Boys' Division*):—2 Flannel Shirts, Miss Coath; 17 Flannel Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 7 Night Shirts, Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Miss Nellie Withers.

GENERAL:—1 Scrap Book, "A little Souvenir from Harrogate"; 18 Sheets, 7 Pillow-cases, Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Miss Nellie Withers; 2slbs. Starch, Messrs. Berger and Co., per Mr. T. P. Chard.

SALE ROOM:—5 Articles, Mr. Joseph Cubey; 1 Infant's Cloak, 1 Pelisse, 2 Pinafores, 1 Overall, South Shields; 2 Articles, some Scripture Cards, per Mr. W. C. Jones.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collected for "The Reading House," by Miss Nellie Withers, Reading:—						
Nellie Withers	2	2	0			
Mr. M. H. Sutton ...	1	1	0			
Mr. M. J. Sutton ...	1	1	0			
Mr. A. Sutton	1	0	0			
Mr. W. T. Palmer ...	1	0	0			
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6			
Mrs. Marcus Lewis (Newbury)	0	10	0			
Mrs. Walter Palmer ...	0	10	0			
Mr. H. Sutton	0	10	0			
Mr. A. Palmer	0	10	0			
Mrs. Charles Simonds ...	0	10	0			
Mr. R. Toomer	0	10	0			
Mr. T. Gregory	0	10	0			
Mr. S. Rosling	0	10	0			
Mr. E. S. Anstie (Carshalton)...	0	10	0			
Mr. Joseph Morris ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Lousley	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Cowslade ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Hunt...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0			
Mrs. G. Ward	0	5	0			
Mr. T. H. Woodeson ...	0	3	6			
Mr. G. Searle	0	3	0			
Mrs. Lee...	0	3	0			
Mr. James Leslie ...	0	3	0			
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6			
Mrs. Dawbarn	0	2	6			
Mrs. W. Shepherd ...	0	2	6			
Mrs. Winter	0	2	6			
Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6			
Mr. Wyley	0	2	6			
Mr. W. Ravenscroft, Jun.	0	2	6			
Mr. S. Fawcett	0	2	6			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6			
Mrs. Burton	0	2	0			
Mr. Webb...	0	1	6			
Mr. Baker	0	1	3			
Mrs. Collins	0	1	0			
Mr. Hill	0	1	0			
Mrs. Lawrence	0	1	0			
Anon	0	1	0			
Mr. Turner	0	1	0			
Anon	0	0	9			
				15	0	0
Miss Annie Macdonald				0	5	0
Stamps from Yupton				0	1	0
From Mr. Wishart's children's missionary box				0	5	0
D. P. M.				10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Eliza Cracknell	1	1	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Mote	1	1	0
Dr. Gervis	3	3	0
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Mr. D. F. Wishart...	1	0	0
Mrs. MacLean	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Toovey	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A sincere well-wisher	1	0	0
W. S., and an aged widow	0	3	6
Mrs. McMurtry	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
A thankoffering for sermons	5	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
H. G.	1	10	0
Mrs. Salmon, Sen.	0	2	6
A Mountaineer's mite	0	10	0
Mrs. Grant	0	10	0
Mrs. Walton, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Keen...	2	2	0
M. B., per Mr. Israel Sida	20	0	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	10	10	0
Half-yearly Subscription :—			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
	£179	16	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
For Bethnal Green District :—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association :—			
Stow and Aston District 10 0 0			
Witney 10 0 0			
	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, for Cardiff	10	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
For Bower Chalk District :—			
Union Chapel, Martin ... 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Welch 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring District	10	0	0
Ludlow District, Rock Lane Mission ...	2	2	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association...	7	10	0
Ringwood District	12	10	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Sunningdale and Ascot District ...	20	0	0
Church Gresley and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	16	13	4

	£	s.	d.
M. A. H. (quarterly), for Orpington ...	5	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
	£250	15	4

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
E. B., for Travelling Secretary... ...	50	0	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	21	0	0
Part Collection Metropolitan Tabernacle	80	0	0
Mr. Peter Lamont...	0	10	0
M. O., per W.M.	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Paige	0	10	0
Miss E. P. Hinton	0	5	0
Mr. A. A. Urquhart	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Keating	10	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Prinseps	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	12	7	0
Mr. W. Mainwaring	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Half-yearly Subscription :—			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. S. R. Pearce, for 1881	1	1	0
Mr. Dugdale, periodically	0	5	0
	£196	10	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Park Road Chapel, Peckham	26	4	10
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Lower Sloane Street Chapel, Chelsea	21	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	6	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Watton	1	10	0
Thankoffering from Burnham, Essex, for Mr. Burnham's services	2	0	0

	£	s.	d
Mr. F. N. Charrington (additional thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services)	4	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering from Charlton King's, Cheltenham, for Mr. Burnham's services...	2	15	6
	£63	15	4

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1881-82.

Trustees: *who are also Managers.*

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, *Treasurer.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.	THOMAS H. OLNEY.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.	B. WILDON CARR.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.	HENRY SMITH.
WILLIAM MILLS.	CHARLES F. ALLISON.

Hon. Consulting Physician.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

J. C. WORDSWORTH, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

THOMAS C. PAGE.

Head Master.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, PANN STREET, E.C.

The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys & Girls.

Applications for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children, between the ages of six and ten, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. As the number of candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form; for it would be useless to cause trouble when there is no prospect of success. If a form be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

The questions must be fully and frankly answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Under no possible circumstances can exceptions be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries. Should these be satisfactory, the child will appear before the Committee in due course, and if among the most needy and deserving at the time, it will probably be recommended for admission to the Institution, as soon as there is room. Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees at any stage if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability, for the Institution is not a Hospital, or a Reformatory, or an Idiot Asylum. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need always has the loudest voice with them.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately as they are bound not to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. Mr. Spurgeon cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to. All letters on this business must be addressed to the Secretary.

The Institution is mainly supported by spontaneous gifts, a number of donors sending as regularly, year by year, as if they were pledged to do so. An increase to the number of subscribers would greatly cheer the President's heart. Now that girls are coming in the income needs to be doubled. *Will not the reader of this Report become a helper?* Subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Gifts of Food, Stores, Clothes, Books, Toys, and useful articles are always welcome, and should be directed to

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master,
The Orphanage, Stockwell, London, S.W.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped directed envelope.

REPORT 1881-82.

THE year closes with gratitude to God. We would abundantly utter the memory of his great goodness. According to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus, he has fully supplied all the wants of our numerous family of boys and girls, and made our heart to sing for joy. Truly the Father of the fatherless is mindful of his little ones and of those who care for their necessities, and he manifests both to the children and their protectors the goodness of his fatherly heart in a thousand loving ways. There is none like Him in all the earth, nor in heaven above. Unto his name be praise, world without end. Let all his saints trust him, and they shall be made to speak well of his name.

Morning by morning throughout the year the freewill offerings of loving friends, who count it an honour and a joy to minister of their substance, have spared the President's heart even a trace of anxiety in providing for a family now numbering

THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX ORPHAN CHILDREN!

Each gift has been welcomed as a token of sympathy in bearing the burden of our orphan charge, and as a pledge of Christian fellowship in faith and prayer. Everything has been given heartily, and the pounds and the pence, the notes and the stamps have all been perfumed with love. No paid collector has solicited contributions, nor has it been necessary to resort to advertisements in the public press to enforce the claims of the Institution upon reluctant donors. Those who have given, have brought their offering with cheerfulness, and our hearty thanks are tendered to all our loving helpers, and to the Lord who has made them willing in the day of his power.

While the Institution is carried on in dependence upon God for the supplies needed, the Managers feel that they are not violating the true principles of faith, when, in giving an account of their stewardship, they make known the characteristic features and necessities of the Orphanage.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following tables:—

BOYS.

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
1	Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	218
5	April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230
9	April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	April, 1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244
11	April, 1879, to March, 1880	41	568	41	324	244
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	42	610	44	368	242
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	54	664	52	420	244

Of the 52 boys who left, 41 were sent to situations; 4 returned to friends to be placed in situations; 1 was adopted by a relative; 4 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers; and 2 consumptives were removed by death, both of whom died in the faith and hope of the gospel of Jesus.

GIRLS.

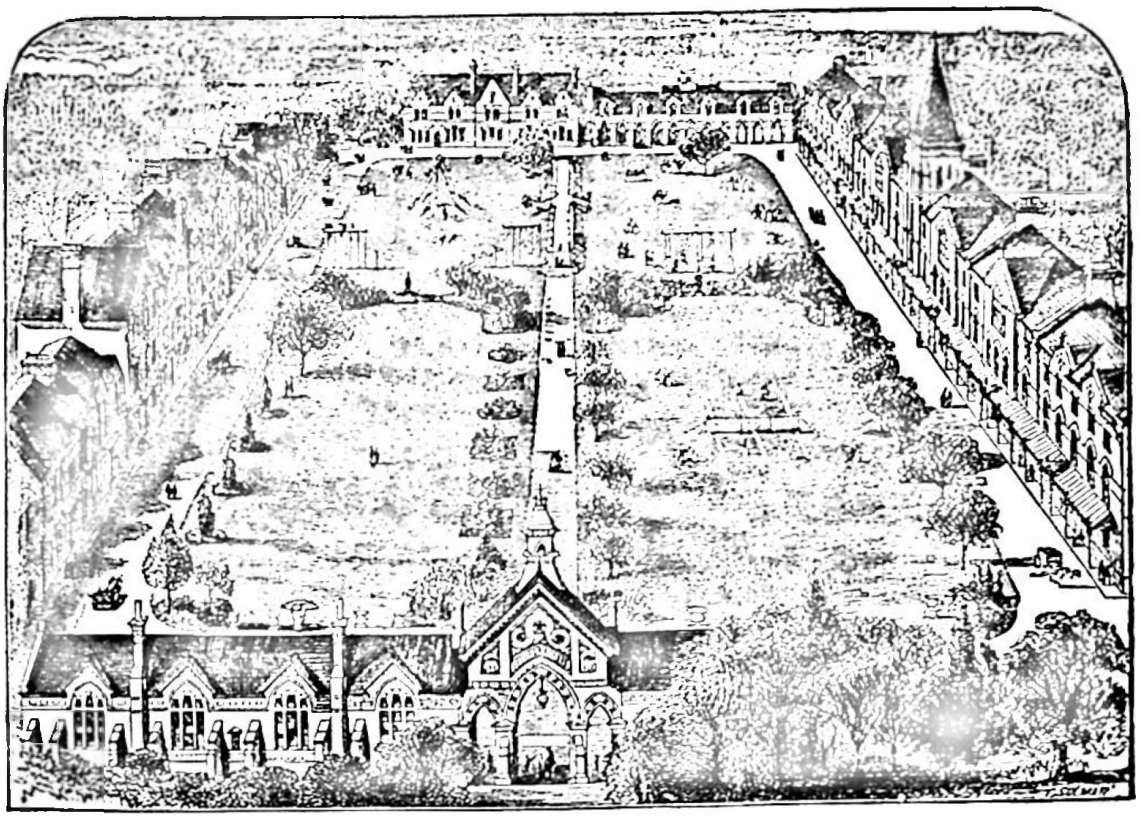
No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
11	Dec., 1879, to March, 1880	29	29	1	1	28
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	7	36	1	2	34
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	58	94	0	2	92

Total number received—758. Left—422. In residence—336.

It is a fact which calls for a loud note of thanksgiving that SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT CHILDREN have been admitted to the benefits of the Institutions up to March, 1882.

From the reduced engraving of a bird's-eye view of the Institution, it will be seen that it consists of a series of COTTAGE HOMES, which are presided over by Christian matrons who have devoted themselves

to the work out of love to Jesus and the little ones. Our conviction is deepened by experience that the Barrack system is ill-adapted to the training of children who need personal culture and not regimental discipline.



Open to all classes of the community, the following table shows the wide range of the operations of the Institution as to

THE PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:

Mechanics	180	Policemen, &c.	9
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	120	Commission Agents	8
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	130	Accountants	6
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	105	Postmen and Sorters	5
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	74	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries ...	25	Surgeons and Dentists	4
Mariners and Watermen ...	23	Solicitors	3
Commercial Travellers	15	Fireman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	13	Soldier	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	10	Architect	1
Farmers and Florists	10	Gentleman	1
Railway Employés	9		
TOTAL	758		

It will be seen at a glance, that while children of the more necessitous classes have been received, those of a somewhat higher grade have not been overlooked.

In the domestic arrangements of the Institution, however, no class distinctions are so much as thought of, or ever will be. There is enough of that outside.

The plea for help comes to us from all parts of the kingdom, and as the children are *selected* according to their need, and not *elected* by favour, the most necessitous of the applicants succeed in their application for admission. Thus the evils which naturally rise out of the voting system are avoided, and friends are spared the expense and labour of a contested election. Fatherless children, between the ages of six and ten, are eligible for admission, without reference to class, sect, or locality, so long as there is room. This is as it should be, for it seldom happens that the necessity which attends orphanhood can be relieved within the district where it is experienced, or by immediate friends. It is a constant joy to the president and the committee that they are able to mitigate, to such a large extent, the misery and need which are brought under their notice; and it must be an equal joy to the subscribers to know that their loving contributions are put to this blessed use.

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES

From which children have been received.

LONDON.

Balham	6	Haverstock Hill ...	1	Paddington	4
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	1	Peckham	19
Battersea	8	Holborn	8	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	8	Pimlico	2
Bermondsey	54	Homerton	2	Poplar	4
Bethnal Green ...	4	Hornsey	2	Rotherhithe	1
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown... ...	4	Shadwell	1
Borough	7	Hoxton	9	Shoreditch	3
Bow	13	Islington	21	Soho	1
Brixton	18	Kennington	6	Southwark	19
Camberwell	25	Kensington	2	Spitalfields	1
Camden Town ...	4	Kentish Town ...	6	Stepney	5
Chelsea	6	Kilburn	6	Strand	2
Clapham	5	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Clapton	4	Lambeth	53	Stockwell	2
Clerkenwell	8	Lewisham	4	Stoke Newington ...	4
Dalston	1	Limehouse	3	St. John's Wood ...	1
Deptford	5	Marylebone	13	St. Luke's	2
Dulwich	2	Mile End	7	St. Pancras	3
Finsbury	4	Newington	10	Sydenham	1
Hackney	12	New Cross	6	Walworth	34
Haggerston	1	Norwood	4	Wandsworth	12
Hammersmith ...	3	Notting Hill	6	Westminster	8
Hampstead	2	Nunhead	1	Whitechapel	3
TOTAL	524				

NOTE.—Of the children received from London, the *poorer* districts have furnished the larger proportion.

COUNTRY.

Bedfordshire, Bedford	2	*Cheshire*, Birkenhead	1	*Dorsetshire*, Swanage	1
Berkshire, Newbury...	2	„ Chester ...	1	*Durham*, Stockton ...	1
„ Reading ...	10	*Cornwall*, Penzance...	2	*Essex*, Barking ...	1
„ Slough ...	1	*Derbyshire*, Belper ...	1	„ Boxted ...	1
„ Uffington...	1	„ Derby ...	1	„ Braintree ...	1
„ Wokingham	1	*Devonshire*, Bideford	1	„ Colchester ...	2
„ Wargrave	1	„ Brixham	1	„ Coggeshall ...	1
Buckinghamshire,		„ Devonport	2	„ Dunmow ...	1
Princes Risborough	1	„ Exeter ...	1	„ Halstead ...	1
Winslow	2	„ Stoke ...	1	„ Hatfield Heath	1
Cambridgeshire,		„ Torquay	1	„ Ilford... ...	1
Cambridge	2	*Dorsetshire* Poole ...	1	„ Leyton ...	1

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Essex, Leytonstone ...	3	*Kent*, Orpington ...	1	*Oxfordshire*, Kidlington	1
,, Loughton ...	1	,, Plumstead ...	2	,, Witney ...	1
,, Maldon ...	3	,, Ramsgate ...	1	*Rutlandshire*, Uppingham	1
,, North Woolwich	2	,, Rochester ...	1	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1
,, Paglesham ...	1	,, Sittingbourne	2	,, West Felton ...	1
,, Stratford ...	1	,, West Wickham	1	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2
,, Walthamstow	1	,, Woolwich ...	3	,, Taunton ...	2
,, Witham ...	2	,, Wrotham ...	1	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1
Gloucestershire, Bristol	4	*Lancashire*, Ashton-under-Lyne	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	1
,, Gloucester ...	1	,, Bolton... ...	1	,, Halesworth...	1
,, Nailsworth ...	1	,, Liverpool ...	3	,, Ipswich ...	4
,, Painswick ...	1	,, Manchester ...	1	,, Southwold ...	1
,, Stroud ...	2	,, Morecambe ...	1	,, Stowmarket	2
Hampshire, Lymington	1	*Lincolnshire*, Boston...	1	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1
,, Bournemouth...	1	*Middlesex*, Arlington	1	,, Bletchingley	1
,, Christchurch...	1	,, Barnet ...	1	,, Croydon ...	8
,, Hayling Island	1	,, Ealing ...	1	,, East Moulsey	1
,, Landport ...	1	,, Edmonton ...	1	,, Godalming ...	1
,, Pokesdown ...	1	,, Finchley ...	1	,, Godstone ...	1
,, Portsmouth ...	1	,, Hampton-Wick	1	,, Kingston ...	3
,, Portsea ...	1	,, Harrow ...	1	,, Sutton ...	1
,, Romsey ...	1	,, Hendon ...	1	,, Tooting ...	1
,, Southampton	2	,, Hounslow ...	2	,, Wimbledon ...	1
,, Winchester ...	1	,, Isleworth ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	2
Herefordshire, Ledbury	1	,, Tottenham ...	1	,, Hastings ...	2
Hertfordshire,		,, Whetstone ...	1	,, Lewes ...	1
,, Berkhampstead	1	*Norfolk*, Holt ...	1	,, Seaford ...	1
,, Hoddesdon ...	1	*Northamptonshire*,		*Warwickshire*,	
,, Redbourne ...	1	,, Brackley ...	1	,, Birmingham	1
,, St. Alban's ...	1	,, Kettering ...	1	,, Coventry ...	1
Kent, Charlton ...	2	,, Northampton	1	,, Quinton ...	1
,, Chatham ...	3	,, Oundle ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
,, Crayford ...	1	,, Thrapstone	1	,, Chippenham	1
,, Deal	1	*Monmouthshire*,		,, Summerford Magna ...	1
,, Eynsford ...	1	,, Blaenavon ...	1	,, Swindon ...	1
,, Goudhurst ...	1	,, Newport ...	1	,, Warminster	1
,, Gravesend ...	3	*Nottingham*, Retford...	1	,, Westbury Leigh ...	1
,, Greenwich ...	9	,, Sutton ...	1	,, Wroughton...	1
,, Maidstone ...	3	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1	*Yorkshire*, Leeds ...	1
,, Margate ...	4	,, Chipping Norton	1		
,, New Brompton	1				
,, Northfleet ...	2				
TOTAL				221.	

NOTE.—150 provincial towns, representing 35 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 221 children.

Wales, Bridgend ...	1	*Wales*, Haverfordwest	2	*Wales*, Llanelly ...	1
,, Builth ...	1	,, Hay	1	,, Swansea ...	1
,, Cardiff ...	1				
TOTAL				8	

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Isle of Wight*, Newport ...	1
Ireland	2	,, ,, Sandown ...	1

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	524	Wales	8
Country	221	Ireland	2
Scotland	1	Isle of Wight...	2
		Total	758

The catholicity of the Institution will be evident by reference to the following table of THE RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	267	Roman Catholic	3
Baptist	176	Brethren	3
Congregational	91	Moravian	1
Wesleyan	76	Bible Christian	1
Presbyterian	15	Not specified	125
Total	758		

All sections of the Church are thus laid under obligation, and we record with thankfulness the fact that members of every communion contribute to the funds of the Institution. It would be a calamity to be deplored were theological differences allowed to mar so beneficent a work as that of assisting the widow and the fatherless. Our supreme aim is not to advance the interests of a sect, but to minister to those of whom the Lord hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me." We desire to realize in all our arrangements our responsibility in being called upon to act "in God's stead!" May grace be given us that we may discharge this duty aright.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals; the Word of God is read and expounded, evangelical hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, by Mr. W. J. Evans, when addresses are given by ministers and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder children attend the service at the Tabernacle; a second detachment is accommodated at the Wynne Road Chapel; a third attends the Stockwell Chapel, South Lambeth; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. A Sunday School is held in the afternoon, superintended by Mr. W. J. Evans, when a staff of earnest teachers instruct the children in the international lessons arranged by the Sunday School Union. Mr. C. Carpenter presides over the Evening Service. Most of these good friends who labour with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement. By these arrangements the members of the staff, who are with the children all the week, find a welcome relief, while the influence of our earnest voluntary helpers is of the most salutary kind. Children who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band," and meet twice a month.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the children are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed except by order of the doctor, and many of them are pledged abstainers, with the approval of their friends. Band of Hope meetings are held every month, when competent speakers enforce the claims of total abstinence; and lectures are given at intervals during the winter months.

The Educational arrangements are the same as in former years, the object being to impart a sound English education and a religious training. In addition to the ordinary subjects the children are instructed in French, Shorthand, Drawing, and Elementary Science, and they are examined in the two last-named subjects by the examiners appointed by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The returns of the last examination are as follows :—

SCIENCE AND ART CLASSES.

Examination March, 1882.

1.—DRAWING.

	Certificates.	Prizes.	Total.
1st Grade Freehand...	51	7	58
„ „ Geometry...	11	7	18
„ „ Model	15	4	19
2nd „ Freehand...	1	...	1
Passed satisfactorily ...		...	103
			199
20 were unsuccessful.			

2.—SCIENCE.

	Certificates.	Prizes.	Total.
Electricity and Magnetism	46	4	50
Physiography	21	...	21
			71
41 were unsuccessful.			

The amount granted by the Department is sufficient to cover the extra expense involved by the study of these additional subjects.

Scripture Examination.

As our Sunday School is affiliated to the Sunday School Union, we allow the scholars, who desire to do so, to sit for examination. Of the Candidates who were successful at the last examination, 4 gained prizes, 16 First Class Certificates, and 55 Second Class Certificates.

Total—75.

As usual many of the children took part in the Musical Festivals arranged by the Band of Hope Union and the Tonic-Solfa Association at the Crystal Palace.

In order to make the character and claims of the Institution more widely known, the Head Master and the Secretary have held meetings in London and the Provinces, and the success which has crowned their efforts is of a very gratifying character. The boys who accompany them to sing and to recite furnish a powerful appeal by their appearance and conduct, and commend the Institution to which they owe so much. The local papers speak in terms of the highest praise of their services, and thus a most effective advertisement is secured without any cost to the Institution. The friends who actually see the boys become far more deeply interested in them than they could be from merely reading about them; while those who entertain the children are sure to become for life the friends of the Stockwell Orphanage. We doubt not that many a donation and legacy have come to us through the visits of the orphan lads.

During the year Services of Song were held as under :—

LONDON.

Battersea Park Chapel; Ross's Mission, Old Kent Road; West Croydon Baptist Church.

THE PROVINCES.

Bridgend, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Norwich, Cardiff, Maidenhead, Newport, Mon., Portsmouth, Southampton, Southend, Stowmarket, and Yarmouth.

The amount realized during the year, after defraying all expenses, is £398 18s. 11d., and our thanks are hereby tendered to all who assisted in any way to secure such a splendid result. Friends in other places, willing to assist the Orphanage by arranging for a visit from the choir, should apply to Mr. Charlesworth. Our funds might be helped in a pleasant and efficient manner if friends would invite the choir to their localities. It would not diminish the income of any home fund if ministering brethren would give their people the pleasure of an evening with our juvenile representatives; in fact, it might tend to quicken other works if the congregations were stirred up to liberality to our cause. When folks grow generous in any direction, the springs are tapped, and they will flow more or less on all sides.

The Committee record with thankfulness that there has been no lack in the funds contributed for the efficient maintenance of the Institution throughout the year. We do not ask our Friends to pledge themselves to send annual subscriptions, but prefer to leave the matter from year to year to the spontaneous kindness of our helpers. They will not fail us so long as they see the hand of the Lord with us. If some drop off, others will be raised up. The noble manner in which our dear Friends carried out the Bazaar in January last deserves special mention. How everybody must have given, and worked, and purchased, to have produced so grand a net result as £3,326. Those who know

the heavy expenses of conducting such an enterprise as a great bazaar at the Tabernacle, will be glad to see so substantial a result when all is over. All helpers are hereby heartily thanked.

The admirable custom of making shirts for the boys is still continued by the young ladies of an educational establishment, who send in a supply of 200 shirts every year, thus effecting a considerable saving to our funds. Their efforts are supplemented by several working Associations, but the supply is not yet equal to the demand, and we cordially invite the co-operation of others, to whom we shall be glad to send samples and patterns.

Several working meetings have espoused the cause of the girls, and are making garments for their use. How thankful we should be if others would copy their example and keep the wardrobes replenished! Any garments suitable for girls between the ages of six and fifteen would be most thankfully received.

From the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, under the skilful farming of our friend, Mr. Toller, we continue to receive a welcome supply of flour and potatoes. Other friends have sent us a portion of their potato crops, and several millers have forwarded a sack of flour occasionally. Puddings and potatoes form such important articles of diet, that we shall be glad if Christian farmers will remember our Orphan children in "Seed time and harvest." A good friend at Reading has dedicated a pear-tree to the Orphanage, and sends either the fruit or the money realized by its sale.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, but they have been duly acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the Trowel*. They are all received with gratitude, and we take this opportunity of repeating our thanks. It is a cause of grief to us when friends do not receive a prompt acknowledgment of their gifts, but in almost all instances where this has occurred, the donor has failed to send *name and address with the parcel*. We are too grateful for any help, however small, to risk giving pain or offence to those who remember us, by wilfully neglecting to acknowledge their gifts, and we respectfully request to be informed of the transmission of presents *at the time*, and their receipt shall be duly acknowledged.

In administering a sum of money bequeathed by the late Mr. B. Vickery, the President was able to furnish three of the new schoolrooms for girls, and the fact is commemorated by the following inscription on a marble tablet :—

In Memoriam.
Three of these Schoolrooms
were furnished from a Fund bequeathed
by the late
Benjamin Vickery,
a true friend of this Orphanage,
and of his Pastor,
C. H. Spurgeon,
October, 1881.

In December last the girls were removed from the "Hawthorns" into the new houses, five of which are now occupied. It is a source of deep regret to us that, in consequence of the failure of her health, the Institution will lose the valuable services of Miss H. Moore, who has gone to Canada to help our honoured sister Miss Annie Macpherson.

By the time this report is issued the Play-Hall and Infirmary for the Girls will be completed, also the Swimming Bath for the entire Institution. We cherish the hope that all the children, girls and boys, on leaving the Institution will be able to swim. This is a healthful exercise, and gives an extra chance of life in case of accident, and also bestows the ability to save life in the case of others who are in danger.

In order to complete the entire scheme we have to erect a Laundry, for the washing of the establishment, and for training the girls in this most important department of service. The Dining Hall, in which all the inmates will take their meals together, will be proceeded with at once; and, as soon as possible, the House for the Head Master.

Some friends are careful to mention that their donation is *for the girls:* this is very convenient while we are still building, but when this is done it will have no meaning; for the Institution is one and indivisible, and there will be only one fund for boys and girls alike.

Visitors will be struck with the amplitude and beauty of the buildings of the Orphanage. We have not built a wretched workhouse, but a beautiful residence for those whom the Lord has taken up. We would not spend a sixpence needlessly, neither would we withhold more than is meet No money has been wasted in lavish ornament, or in hideous ugliness. The buildings are not a penitentiary nor a county-jail, but a pleasant home for those children of whom God declares himself to be the Father. The additional buildings which we contemplate are not for luxury, but for necessary uses; and as we endeavour to lay out money with judicious economy we feel sure that we shall be trusted in the future as in the past.

Are there not friends waiting to take a share in the Stockwell Orphanage Buildings? They cannot better commemorate personal blessings, nor can they find a more suitable memorial for departed friends. No storied urn or animated bust can half so well record the memory of beloved ones as a stone in an Orphan House. Most of the buildings are already appropriated as memorials in some form or other: and only a few more will be needed, and those who would supply them must be quick about it. Very soon all building operations will be complete, and those who have lost the opportunity of becoming shareholders in the Home of Mercy may regret their delay. At any rate, none who place a stone in the walls of the Stockwell Orphanage will ever lament that they did this deed of love. Honoured names are with us already engraven upon the stones of this great Hostelry of the All-merciful; and many others are our co-workers whose record is on high, though unknown among men. Who will be the next to join us in this happy labour?

The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father," and therefore the Lord's people will not question that they should help in carrying it out. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willinghood which is the charm of such a service. The work is carried on in dependence upon God, and His blessing evidently rests upon it.

As we now enter more fully upon a fresh stage of our existence, we shall need a great increase to our present income, and we shall have it from the ever opened hand of the Lord our God. Friends will be moved to think of our great family, for our great Remembrancer will keep them in mind of it. The duty of each Christian to the mass of destitute orphanhood is clear enough, and if pure minds are stirred up by way of remembrance there will be no lack in the larder, no want in the wardrobe, no failing in the funds of our Orphan House.

We call our readers' special attention to the fact that we shall now need double money in our sack. As we have to maintain girls as well as boys, we must beg them, when they send us a pound for the boys, to add another pound for the girls. Of course we cannot spend money if we do not get it, and the children cannot eat breakfasts which are not supplied. We look up first to the Lord, and then, next, to his compassionate people. If you have judged us faithful hitherto, continue to help us, and help us much more largely than you have done aforetime. In a little while we hope to have erected all the buildings, and then we shall not be obliged to make appeals for bricks and mortar, but we shall always have to ask for bread and butter. Therefore, stay not your hands, and slack not your giving, for the work is great, and the cause is good, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

It is a great boon to children to be received into such an institution as ours. They are delivered from the streets, saved from the workhouse, and kept from hunger and the consumption which so often follows upon it. Then they are trained to occupy their station in future life, and by God's grace they are led in the way which conducts them to the life to come. No one can tell the inestimable blessing which is thus conferred upon the children. The letters of gratitude and words of thanks which we frequently receive, are proofs that the benefits are valued; while the honourable lives of those who were brought up under our roof are our crown of rejoicing. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but, speaking generally, our boys who have left us and entered upon manhood are a credit to the Institution. We feel sure that it will be just the same with the girls, but of these only one or two have gone forth as yet, and therefore we speak the language of hope. It is one of our greatest joys to see the old boys rally at the Orphanage on days of meeting—fine-looking, respectable young men, many of them holding good positions and having excellent prospects in the world, giving promise of a race of helpers to the Orphanage in years to come. In several instances these young men are spending all their

strength in the service of our great Lord and Master. In one or two cases, where the poverty from which they were delivered was extreme, it is delightful to see how they themselves care for the poor and needy, and are among the first to seek after the wandering ones.

But the blessing does not stop with the children. When the mother is relieved of the burden of so many little ones her hopes revive, and she is enabled to set herself with confidence to the task of rearing the rest of the family. When one or two are gone, the crush of the load is removed, and although her task is still a stern one, yet she sets herself to it in hope, and by God's help achieves her life-work. In helping one of a destitute family we practically assist all the rest. We have met with many instances in which the family has been suddenly reduced from competence to penury, the mother has become the only bread-winner, and she has been sickly and frail. Despair has well-nigh chilled her exertions; but she has got a boy into the Stockwell Orphanage, and she is canvassing to get another into another asylum, and suddenly she takes heart. Her renewed courage saves her. In the providence of God friends are raised up, she herself grows stronger, and although the pinch is very severe, yet despair is driven away, and she fights bravely for her fatherless children. If money had been given her it would soon have been spent, but the relief afforded by the acceptance of her boy is worth far more than money, and is a far greater encouragement to her.

The Trustees are devoutly thankful that the health of the children has been so wonderfully good for so long a time. The Lord has kept away epidemics from us even while they have been scourging other institutions. It may be that we shall have our time of trial, but we shall do our best by careful sanitary arrangements to keep it off, and meanwhile we shall bless and praise God who has dealt so tenderly with us. Parents of families know the trial which comes with a disease which infects all the household, and they can therefore guess the turning of things upside down which happens to a large orphanage when many are down at once with an epidemic; they will, we trust, join with our other friends in daily supplication that we may still be spared such a calamity. Prayer is wanted every day for guidance and supply, but this is a special affliction from which we would fain be preserved. Yet we write not thus in any fear, for he who has been a wall of fire around us will not leave us.

Let the reader who sees the Lord's people caring for the widow and the fatherless see the mercifulness of the Christian religion, and reflect that if the children care for the poor and needy, much more will their heavenly Father. He will not leave the mourning heart to desolation, nor turn a deaf ear to those who seek him. He delights in grace; "In him the fatherless findeth mercy," and others in forlorn conditions shall find the same. Let the broken in heart fly to the great Father of mercies. Let the troubled conscience seek rest in Jesus, who is God's unspeakable gift. It would be reason for an eternal song if some poor conscience-stricken heart should come to trust the Saviour through reading

AN ORPHANAGE REPORT.

The longer our friends live the better for us; but as death will in due time call them away, we trust they will remember the orphans to the last. As it is most important to comply with legal conditions in order to secure the validity of a legacy, we append the necessary form. Very serious risks are run by persons deviating from such form. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. By forgetting this, friends have put the President to serious trouble. Those are wisest who are their own executors and distribute their money in their own life-time; but if this cannot be, they should at least make their wills, and see that they are properly worded.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of..... *pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Orphanage.*

The following little books have been issued, illustrating the character and claims of the Institution. They are admirably adapted for enclosing in letters:—

1. "Love Jesus and live for heaven." 2. "Apt to Teach." 3. "Little Dicky." 4. "To those who are happily married, or hope to be." 5. "Sunshine in the heart." 6. "Gone home." 7. "Home in Sunshine and Shadow."

Price One Halfpenny each, or 3*s. per* 100.

MAY BE HAD AT THE ORPHANAGE, STOCKWELL, LONDON, S.W.

Messrs. PASSMORE & ALABASTER have issued a beautiful volume of Photographs of the Orphanage and other institutions connected with the Tabernacle. It contains 24 views and a descriptive introduction by Mr. Charlesworth. It is published at 25s., and can be obtained through all booksellers.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31ST, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations:—			
General	3,108	14	4
Collecting Boxes and Books	921	7	0
Services of Song (less expenses)	398	18	11
	4,429	0	3
„ Legacies	1,093	1	8
„ Annual Subscriptions	191	0	6
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs)	1,574	7	3
„ Donations—Girls' Orphanage	3,624	14	2
„ Bazaar:—			
Proceeds of Sale of Goods (less expenses)	3,326	6	11
	14,138	10	9
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1881:—			
For New Buildings	3,987	3	0
„ General Purposes	2,650	4	9
	6,637	7	9
	£20,775	18	6

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,240	7	4
Wages at Laundry	260	0	5
Provisions	2,893	15	6
Clothing	1,463	15	8
Washing, Soap, &c.	125	6	9
Fuel, Gas, and Water	477	1	3
Books and School Requisites	147	9	1
Medical Expenses	95	16	4
Gardening and Sundries	8	5	2
	6,711	17	6
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	400	6	6
„ Furniture and Repairs	737	11	4
„ Poor and General Rates	137	12	4
„ Girls' Orphanage:—			
Buildings, Roads, Grounds, Furniture, &c.	7,017	16	9
	15,005	4	5
„ Balance at Credit March 31st, 1882:—			
For New Buildings	3,820	7	4
„ General Purposes	1,950	6	9
	5,770	14	1
	£20,775	18	6

Audited and found correct this 13th day of June, 1882.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
JOSEPH PASSMORE,
WILLIAM HIGGS, *Treasurer.* } *Trustees.*

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

W. IZARD,
Arthur Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES,
32, Moorgate Street, E.C. } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1882.

Inaugural Address

AT THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, APRIL 18, 1882.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

MY dear Brethren,—I greatly value your prayers, and I feel intensely grateful for that Benjamin's share in them which is ever my portion. I never consciously needed your intercessions more than I do just now, for I may say with the Psalmist, "He weakeneth my strength in the way." After my severe illness I am trembling like a child who is only commencing to use his feet; it is with difficulty that I keep myself up; what can you expect from one who can scarcely stand? During the last six weeks I have considered from day to day what to say to you, but nothing has come of my consideration. My mind is out of gear, my memory is like the leaking buckets of the daughters of Danaus, and consequently my meditations have been as great a failure as the labours of Sisyphus, when the stone which he rolled up hill rolled back again into its place. I have gone to the pits and found no water, and returned with my vessel empty. My brain has been so occupied with sympathy for the poor body that it has not been able to mount aloft with the eagle, nor even to plume its wings for the lower flight which I must needs attempt this morning. One thing, however, is clear,—I am in special communion with my subject, and can speak, as the good old people used to say, "experimentally." I cannot, however, draw much aid from that fact, but I cast myself upon the power divine, which has so many times been displayed in weakness. "The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us."

I draw my subject from the words of Paul in 2 Cor. xii. 10: "When I am weak, then am I strong." I shall not be guilty of uttering anything fresh upon my theme, neither shall I be able to say anything forcible upon it. The weak side of the experience will come out most observably: I can only pray that the strong side may not be hidden. My own feelings supply me with a commentary upon the text, and that is all the exposition I shall aim at. Our text is not only written in the Bible, but it is inscribed upon the lives of the saints. Though we are not apostles, and shall never be able to claim the inspiration of Paul, yet in this one particular we are as instructed as he was, for we have learned by experience, "When I am weak, then am I strong." This sentence has passed into a Christian proverb: it is a paradox which has ceased to perplex any child of God: it is at once a warning and a consolation, bidding the strong behold the weakness of power, and setting before the feeble the strength of weakness.

Let it be understood at the commencement that OUR TEXT IS NOT TRUE IN EVERY SENSE in which it might be read. Some brethren are weak with an emphasis, and always so; but I have never yet discovered that they are strong, except in the sense of being headstrong and wilful. If obstinacy be strength, they are champions; and if conceit be strength, they are gigantic; but in no other respect are they strong. *Many are weak, and yet not strong:* we must alter the text concerning them, and say, "When they are weak, they are weakness itself." There is a kind of weakness which we may well dread, it may steal over us insensibly; but it brings no strength, no honour, no virtue with it; it is evil, only evil, and that continually. With it come unfitness for holy service and want of success, and unless infinite grace avert the calamity there will arise out of it failure of character and defeat in life. May we never know the weakness which befell Samson after he had told his secret, and had lost his locks. He could not say, "When I am weak, then am I strong," but rather, "When I am shorn I am weak as other men." See what befalls him! "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He cannot now smite them; he cannot protect his own limbs; he cannot guard his own eyes; he cannot obtain his own liberty. Blinded, he toils at the mill; the hero of Israel is become a slave to the uncircumcised! Alas, that such weakness should be possible to a man who had slain his thousands, and laid them heaps upon heaps! Oh that such weakness should be possible to a man who had carried the gates of Gaza away on his shoulders, posts, and bars, and all! And yet it is so, and may be so with us. "Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen!" Brethren, we must strive against all weakness which leads to sin, lest to us also some Delilah should bring destruction. Samson's unshorn locks denoted his Nazarite consecration, and if we ever become weak through *failure of consecration,* such weakness will be fatal to true usefulness. If the man who had "none of self and all of God" grows downward till he craves for "some of self and some of God" he is in a sad condition. If he who once lived to win souls now lives to win silver and gold, his money shall perish with him; if he that once was famous for his Master becomes his own master, he shall be infamous; for I trow that, even if we do nothing wrong in the eyes of man, it is wrong enough to have declined from the whole-hearted service of God.

It is this that demons laugh at and that angels marvel at; a man of God living like a man of the world! Even the Lord himself stays a while to ask, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The holy and the zealous grieve if they see a minister of Christ ministering to his own ambition. We are only strong as our consecration is perfect. Unless we live wholly for God our strength will suffer serious leakage, and our weakness will be of that kind which degrades the believer till the ungodly scornfully inquire, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"

We must, dear friends, never become weak in another sense, namely, in our *communion with God.* David slackened his fellowship with God, and Satan vanquished him through Bathsheba; Peter followed afar off, and soon denied his Lord. Communion with God is the right arm of our strength, and if this be broken we are weak as water. Without God we can do nothing, and in proportion as we attempt to live without him we ruin ourselves. Alas! that the man who has seen the face of the Strong One, and has been made mighty, should forget where his great strength lieth, and so become sick and enfeebled! He who has suspended his visits to the banqueting-house of hallowed fellowship will be ill-fed, and cry out "My leanness! My leanness! Woe unto me!" He that walks not with the Beloved will soon be a Mephibosheth in the feet, and a Bartimeus in the eyes; timorous in heart, and trembling on the knee. If we are weak in communion with God, we are weak everywhere. If a man can be strong without God, such dangerous strength may fall to the lot of the man who is out of communion; but if it be true that only as we hang upon the Lord we are strong, then broken fellowship will soon bring broken strength.

And, dear friends, there is a kind of weakness which I hope none of you will ever cultivate, though it seems greatly in favour at the present day, namely, *weakness of faith;* for when I am weak in faith, then I am not strong in the Lord. When a man doubts his God, he weakens himself. A little time ago persons who were full of distrust and unbelief were regarded as the possessors of a deep experience; but I hope the age has for ever gone by in which unbelief shall be regarded as a qualification for eminent saintship. If the gospel message were, "He that doubteth, and is not baptized, shall be saved;" there are many who have made their calling and election sure; but while ours is a gospel of faith, unbelief can never be regarded with complacency. Faith is our battle-axe and weapons of war; woe to the warrior who forgets it. Therefore, brethren, let us separate between weakness and weakness—the weakness which is the token of strength, and weakness in faith which is the indication of spiritual decay.

I pray that we may never be *weak in love,* but that we may become like Basil, "pillars of fire." Love is the greatest of all the powers which can possess the human breast. I must not compare love with other graces so as to depreciate any virtue; yet of all active powers love is the most forceful; for even faith worketh by love. Faith does not overcome men's hearts for Jesus until it takes to itself this wondrous weapon, and then believingly loves them to Christ. Oh, for a passionate love, a love which shall be a pure flame, burning to a white heat, and consuming us. May this flame burn in the very centre of our

being. May we love our God intensely, and love the people for his sake. Brethren, be strong there! Depend upon it, if you leave off loving the people to whom you preach, and the truth you are ordained to proclaim, the state of the church will be as when a standard-bearer fainteth. There may remain to you strength of passionate temper, strength to offend, and strength to scatter; but the power of God will be withdrawn. You will, like Phaeton, bind the horses to the chariot of the sun, but they shall only hurry you to swift destruction.

We want, brethren—oh how we would pine for it! to be *delivered from all weakness of the spiritual life.* We want to outgrow the weakness natural to us as babes in Christ, so that we may become young men who are strong; yea, we need to go beyond this, and to become fully developed men in Christ Jesus, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." If we are weak in that respect we are strong nowhere. As ministers we ought to covet all the spiritual strength which God is ready to bestow. Would to God that the Holy Ghost who dwelleth in us found nothing within to impede him, and nothing to restrain his influences! O that the full Godhead of the blessed Spirit might as much manifest itself in these mortal bodies of ours as once the Godhead of the second Person manifested itself in the person of Christ Jesus, the Son of man. I mean not, of course, miraculously, nor in any way to make us rival the incommunicable glories of our divine Master; but even to its fulness I would that our nature, like the bush in Horeb, were aglow with the indwelling Deity. Never mind though the bush should be consumed; it were well to be consumed so long as the Spirit of God would dwell in us and manifest his power.

Thus, you see, there are senses in which we contradict the text flatly, and thereby establish its true meaning. If it were true that all who are weak are strong, we might straightway find a vigorous ministry by ransacking our hospitals, enlisting a troop from our idiot asylums, and calling together all of weak brain and garrulous tongue. No, no, it is not given to the fearful and unbelieving, the foolish and the frivolous to claim that their mental, moral, and spiritual weaknesses are a fit platform for the revelation of the divine strength.

A second observation must be brought before you before I actually come to the text. THERE IS ANOTHER FORM OF IT WHICH IS CLEARLY TRUE. "*When I am strong, then am I weak.*" That is true, almost as true as, "When I am weak, then am I strong"; of course, not true in all senses, but so nearly correct that I would recommend its acceptation as a proverb worthy to be quoted with the text itself. Look at the tyro who has just commenced preaching in a village chapel or in a mission-room, and admire his boundless confidence in his own strength. He has collected certain anecdotes and telling metaphors, and he propounds these as if they were the Summa Theologica, the very flower and essence of wisdom. He is voluble and energetic, though there is nothing in it. See him stamp his feet and clench his fists! He is a wonder unto many, for they see no sufficient cause for his powerful self-assurance. Possibly he comes to College; he enters the class-room feeling that for once *a man* treads the College floor. The inhabitants of London shall know that verily there is a prophet among them. We hear about this gentleman very soon, for he is not appreciated; his brethren are not

willing for a season to rejoice in his light; they even show a disposition to snuff him out. Yet how perfectly self-satisfied he is! I have heard such a brother deliver himself of nothing at all at extreme length, and sit down full to the brim with satisfaction. I have almost envied and altogether regretted him! Many an abler man is weeping over his shortcomings, while this poor soul is wondering at his own triumphs. Like Cowper's poor believer,

"Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"

he knows this much, and nothing more—his abilities transcendant and his knowledge vast. How self-content he is. But he is not strong for all that. Did you fear him when you first came into contact with him? Did you look upon him as an ironclad, utterly impregnable? The delusion did not last long. "Man being in honour abideth not." If I remember rightly, you in the College room began to try your prows upon this man-of-war. You found that it was only a wooden ship after all. There is a grim pleasure in seeing the mighty collapse; and that fell to your share. We felt a degree of happiness in seeing the great man lose ounce by ounce his boasted strength, till he died outright. We never buried the body of vainglory, for we never knew precisely what became of it; but we were glad to find in its place a diffident youth who needed cheering lest he should too much depreciate himself,—a lowly spirit whom in due time the Lord exalted. As he grew consciously weak he became strong, and discovered that when he was strong in his own opinion he was in many ways weak.

Since we left the College benches we have seen many strong men. I think I see one sitting down in his study. He has been reading the reviews and quarterlies, and a little of the latest modern thought: now he is looking out for a text. He perfectly understands it, whatever it may be. At any rate, if *he* does not understand it, who does? When he falls upon his text he interprets it, not at all desiring to know what the men of God who lived before him have said upon it, for they were of a darker age, and he lives in the nineteenth century, that world of wonders, that region of wisdom, that flower and glory of all time. Now you shall see what you shall see when this cultured divine comes forth from his chamber as a giant refreshed with new wine. No dew of the Spirit of God is upon him, he does not require it; he drinks from other fountains. He speaks with astounding power, his diction is superb, his thought prodigious! But he is as weak as he is polished, as cold as he is pretentious: saints and sinners alike perceive his weakness, and by degrees the empty pews confirm it. He is too strong to be strengthened of the Lord, and therein too weak to bless a congregation. He seeks another sphere, and another, and yet another, but in no position is he powerful, for he is too strong in self. His preaching is like a painted fire, no one is either cheered or alarmed by it. We have known other men that were not so strong, who felt that they could not even understand the word of God without divine illumination, and who went to the great Father of lights for that illumination: trembling and afraid they have asked to be helped to speak the mind of God, and not their own mind, and God has spoken through them; and they have been strong. They were weak, for they were afraid lest their thoughts should

stand in the way of God's thoughts, fearful lest their mind should darken the word of God; and yet they have been truly strong, and humble people have listened to them and said that God spake through them; and sinners have listened, and though they have become angry, they have come again, and at last have yielded themselves to Christ. Verily God spoke through that man; he had neither hurricane, nor earthquake, nor fire, but he was a still small voice, and the Lord was in it.

I have known preachers who have been very weak, and yet they have been used of the Lord. For many, many years my own preaching was exceedingly painful because of the fears which beset me before entering the pulpit. Often my dread of facing the people has been overwhelming. Even the physical feeling which came of the mental emotion has been painful; but this weakness has been an education for me. I wrote many years ago to my venerable grandfather, and told him of many things that happened to me before preaching, sickness of body and terrible fears which often made me really ill. The old gentleman wrote back and said, "I have been preaching for sixty years, and I feel still many tremblings. Be content to have it so; for when your emotion goes away your strength will be gone." When we preach and think nothing of it, the people thing nothing of it, and God does nothing by it. An overwhelming sense of weakness should not be regarded as an evil, but should be accepted as helpful to the true minister of Christ.

Look at the preacher who has no burdens. His sermon is in his pocket; there cannot happen any mischief to it unless a thief should steal it; he has rehearsed all his action, he is as safe as an automaton. He does need to pray for the Spirit of God to help him in his preaching, and though he uses the form one wonders what the prayer can mean. He surveys the congregation with the complacency of a gardener looking at a bed of flowers. He has something to say, and he knows what it is going to be, every word of it, and therefore he says it with ease, and comes down the stairs as pleased with himself as heart could desire: the notion of trembling is far from him, he is not so weak. Yonder is a poor brother who has been tugging away with his brains, wrestling on his knees, and bleeding at heart; he is half-afraid that he may break down in the sermon, and he is fearful that he will not reach the hearts of the people; but he means to try what can be done by the help of God. Be you sure that he will get at the people, and God will give him converts. He is looking up to God, for he feels so feeble in himself. You know which of the two preachers you would sooner hear, and you know who is the really strong man of the two; the weak man is strong and the strong man is weak. An American divine, who says a great many things that are wise, and a few which are otherwise, says that the best preparation for preaching is to get a good night's rest, and to eat a good breakfast. According to his opinion, a fine constitution is a most efficient help to preaching the gospel. If you know nothing of the headache, and nothing of the heartache, and never allow anything to disturb the equilibrium of your mind, you may expect to be a very successful minister. It may be so. I would not depreciate health, appetite, a bounding spirit, and a good Saturday

night's sleep; but these things are not all, nor much. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, by all means; but where that has been a good deal relied upon it has displayed itself in fine sensational sermons; but, brethren, I question whether the next generation will say that it has proved itself fruitful in spiritual teaching which will feed the soul or move the conscience. Many of the noblest specimens of our sermonic literature have come from men who were patient sufferers. Men who have had the most touching pathos, the deepest spirituality, the most marvellous insight into the deep things of God, have often known little of bodily health. Calvin laboured under many fierce disorders. Shall we ever see his like? Robert Hall was rarely free from pain. Who ever spoke more gloriously? And here I would mention one whom all of us love, Charles Stanford, who grows sweeter and sweeter as he grows weaker and weaker, and who sees all the more clearly now that his eyes grow dim. My brethren, physical force is not our strength, it may be our weakness. Health is to be desired, and carefully preserved where we have it; but if we lose it, we may count it all joy, and look forward to be able to exclaim with Paul, "When I am weak, then am I strong." In some form or other we must be tried. A preacher who has no cross to carry, a prophet of the Lord without a burden, is an unprofitable servant and a burden to the church.

It would be a dreadful thing to be a pastor without cares; I do not address any such, I am happy to believe; but I do address some who, as pastors, are overloaded with cares, and overweighted with sorrows. Perhaps the largeness of your church, or more likely the smallness of it, may be to you a daily trouble. Do not ask to be otherwise than troubled. The shepherd who can always go to bed regularly at night, and who is able to say, "I do not have much trouble with my flock," is not the man to be envied. He coolly says, "A few lambs died last winter; we must expect that kind of thing. It is true that some sheep died of starvation; but if the meadows failed, I could not help that." That is the kind of shepherd who deserves to be eaten by the next wolf; but the man who is able to say with Jacob, "By night the frost devoured me, and by day the heat," is the true shepherd. He is most irregular as to his rest; the only thing regular about him is his labour and his disappointment, and yet faith makes him a happy man. When you grow very weak as a pastor, and your charge utterly overcomes you, do not repine at such weakness, for then you will be at your full strength; but when you are strong as a pastor, and say, "I think that to be a minister is an easy matter," you may depend upon it that you are weak.

Permit me here to say that whenever a brother gets to be so strong as to talk much of his own holiness then also he is weak. I have not observed yet that anybody who has had grace to make into flags has won the more victories in consequence. I have required, as far as I am concerned, all my grace to make into a sword; I have wanted all my power for real fighting; but as to making a single banner out of it to display before men, I have not yet attained unto it, and must take a very lowly position among the servants of God. Coleridge was once asked whether he believed in ghosts, and he said no, he did not, for he had seen too many of them. If anyone asked me if I believed in perfect

men I should have to say that I have seen too many of them to believe in them. A ghost is a wonderful affair, and when you see it at first it makes each particular hair of your head "to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine" But this does not occur a second time, for a suspicion of hollow turnip and candle steals over you. We heard of one the other day who even dared to squirt carmine over a spirit which had been conjured from the vasty deep at a *séance*. I have sometimes ventured to oppose a perfect man, and the warmth of his temper has been evidence to me that while he may have been upon the verge of perfection among his own friends, he had not absolutely reached that consummation when exposed to the colder judgment of strangers. The pretender to perfection has usually avoided me from a distaste to my protestantism against his holiness; and I have not bewailed my loss. I am not in love with that perfection which talks about itself. There is little virtue in the beauty which calls attention to itself: modest beauty is the last to extol its own charms. A number of persons in company were boasting of their graces and attainments, and only one brother sat silent. At last one said to him, "Have you no holiness?" "Yes," he said, "but I never had any to boast of." All the holiness that can be had let us have, and let us press towards perfection; but let us still recollect the fact that when we are strong then we are weak, that when we think we have reached perfection the blue mould of pride is coming over us. We have not afforded ourselves a complete inspection, or we should have found some fault to repent of, some evil yet to struggle against.

(*To be continued.*)

Large Men Wanted for Small Churches.

WE have heard of a race-boat made so narrow and so easy to overset that the oarsmen had to part their hair in the middle before they took their seats in it, so as to keep it in trim. Even so there are some churches, some little churches, in which the pastor needs to walk very circumspectly, so as not to put more weight on one side than the other. It is a very great mistake to suppose that it takes more grace and skill to manage a large church than a small one. Far otherwise. Christopher Columbus had far more trouble with his three little galleys than Horatio Nelson had with his ships of the line. But the discovery of America was something grander than the victory of the Nile or Trafalgar. A man who can be pastor of a small church, and do his work well, has skill enough for any employment under heaven. Any land-lubber can haul away at a rope's end, especially if there be a crowd to haul with him; but it is only the "able-bodied seaman" who is able to stand at the wheel, or furl the main-royals in a gale. The largest man is needed for the smallest place. And God can raise up just the kind of men that are needed, men of faith and of the Holy Spirit. If the weak churches would pray to God more earnestly, he would send that kind of men as pastors. All the gifts needed by any church are in the hand of Christ, and can be had for the asking.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Anne Askew.

Condensed from "Self-Surrender."

ANNE ASKEW, one of the last group of martyrs who suffered in the reign of Henry VIII. the miscalled father of the English Reformation, was the second daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire. She was a lady of great beauty, of gentle manners, and warm imagination. When she was fifteen years of age, in 1537, Tyndale's English translation of the whole Bible was printed, with a license from the King for it "to be sold or read of every person, without danger of any ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary." Anne obtained a copy and read it with avidity, and as she read the Holy Spirit illumined the page, and she found spiritual enlightenment and strength.

Her elder sister had been promised in marriage to the son of Master Kyme, a wealthy neighbour, whose gold was his only recommendation. Her death put an end to the engagement; but Sir William, still anxious to secure a connection so desirable, arranged with the young man to give him his second daughter Anne in place of her sister. Young Master Kyme's character was not of high reputation, and Anne's heart had no inclination towards him: she ventured to remonstrate with her father, but her objections had no effect, and they were married. She demeaned herself as a Christian wife, but the wealth around her could not supply the place of congenial love, and her life was a scene of gilded loneliness. In the Bible she found something besides the salvation of her soul; she discovered that its teaching was contrary to the Romish doctrines and practice, in which she had been educated; and with her characteristic transparency of character and fidelity to conscience she followed out her convictions by gradually withdrawing from confession. The priests were exceedingly wroth, and fostered her husband's displeasure by every means in their power. After the birth of her second child he plainly told her that if she persisted in reading the Bible, and absenting herself from confession, he should banish her from his house. This threat was carried into execution, and the young wife with her two children went to London. She never returned to her husband, and even resumed her maiden name. In her solitary position she obtained introduction to Queen Katharine Parr, the Duchess of Suffolk, and other ladies who were inclined to Protestantism. Her desire was to live a quiet, retired life with her little ones; but her enemies were not willing to let her rest.

A law had been passed for the suppression of heresy. It contained six clauses, and went by the name of the "whip with six strings." Anne Askew was made to feel the lash of this terrible scourge. She was summoned in March, 1545, to appear before an inquest for heretics, held at Sadlers' Hall, Cheapside. There she was asked whether she did not believe that the sacrament hanging over the altar was the very body of Christ; whether it was true that she had said, she had rather read five lines in the Bible, than hear five masses. "I confessed," said she, "that I had said no less, because the one did greatly edify me, and the other nothing at all." A priest was sent for to examine her, and she was then taken for examination before the Lord Mayor, who laid to

her charge one thing, she says, which was never spoken by her; it was the question whether a mouse eating the host received God or no? "This question did I never ask," said she, "but indeed they asked it of me, whereunto I made them no answer, but smiled." Then the Lord Mayor committed her to prison, angrily refusing bail.

Eleven days afterwards she was brought before Bishop Bonner, who encouraged her to speak to him freely, craftily assuring her that her words should not be used against her. "If a man have a wound," said he, "no wise surgeon would minister relief, without seeing it first uncovered. In like manner I can give you no counsel, unless I know wherewith your conscience is burdened." Anne replied, "My conscience is clear in all things, and it would appear very foolish to apply a plaster to a whole skin." She had no faith in Bonner, and she was careful not to commit herself. Touching the Eucharist, she says, "Then enquired he of me, 'What if the Scripture doth say it is the body of Christ?' My answer was, 'I believe as the Scripture informeth me!' Then asked he, 'What if the Scripture doth say, it is *not* the body of Christ?' Still I said, 'I believe as the Scripture doth teach.' Upon this he tarried a great while, hoping to have driven me to make him an answer to his mind. Howbeit I would not, but concluded thus with him: that I believed therein, and in all other things, as Christ and his holy apostles did leave them. Then he asked me why I had so few words? I answered, 'God hath given me the gift of knowledge, but not of utterance; and Solomon saith that a woman of few words is the gift of God!'" After another futile attempt to ensnare her, by getting her to sign a paper of fabricated answers to the questions which had been put to her, she was at last released on bail.

But the suspension of hostilities did not last long. Bonner and Gardiner were aware of Queen Katharine's leaning towards the Reformation; they were anxious to put a stop to religious enquiry; they regretted having allowed the English Bible to be placed in the Cathedrals; they felt that the Queen's influence with the King was an obstacle in the way of its removal: Anne Askew was a favourite at court, and they hoped through her to implicate the court ladies and possibly the Queen herself. In addition to all this they thought that to make a public example of so young and fair a lady would make an impression not to be lost.

Anne Askew was again taken into custody, and this time was sent to Newgate. After a five hours' examination before the King's Council at Greenwich, Bishop Gardiner told her she should be burnt. "I have searched all the Scriptures," said she, "yet could I never find that either Christ or his apostles put any creature to death." She was asked how she could deny the very words of Christ, "Take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you?" "I answered," she says, "that Christ's meaning was there as in these other places of Scripture—'I am the door'—'Behold the Lamb of God'—the rock—the stone—only figured by these things. 'Ye may not here,' said I, 'take Christ for the material thing that he is signified by; for these would make him in that way a very door, a vine, a lamb, a stone, clean contrary to the Holy Ghost's meaning. All these do but signify Christ—like as the bread doth signify his body in that place. And though he did say there,

"Take, eat this in remembrance of me," yet he did not bid them hang up the bread in a box, and make it a god to bow to it.'"

Thus with clear bright sense and woman's wit she defended herself against her enemies, never for a moment lowering her flag, a shining contrast to the truckling tyrants that surrounded and baited her. In Newgate prison she wrote the following noble poem, in which her heroic nature and sublime faith shine out with equal brightness. It has the true ring of the dauntless martyr spirit.

"Like as the armèd knight,
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my shield.

"Faith is that weapon strong
Which will not fail at need;
My foes therefore among
Therewith will I proceed.

"Faith in the fathers old,
Obtainèd righteousness,
Which makes me very bold
To fear no world's distress.

"I now rejoice in heart,
And hope bids me do so;
For Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my woe.

"Thou sayest, Lord, whoso knock,
To them wilt thou attend;
Undo therefore the lock,
And thy strong power send.

"On thee my care I cast:
For all their cruel spite,
I set not by their haste,
For thou art my delight.

"I am not she that list
My anchor to let fall
For every drizzling mist;
My ship's substantial.

"Nor oft used I to write,
In prose nor yet in rhyme,
Yet will I show one sight
That I saw in my time.

"I saw a royal throne
Where justice should have sit,
But in her stead was one
Of moody cruel wit.

"Absorpt was righteousness
As of the raging flood,
Satan, in his excess,
Sucked up the guiltless blood.

"Then thought I, Jesus Lord,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Hard is it to record
On these men what will fall.

"Yet, Lord, I thee desire,
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquity."

Before her condemnation she was nearly starved in prison, what sustenance she got being, as she says, "through means of her maid, who as she went along the streets with the child, made moan to the prentices, and they by her did send money; but who they were I never knew."

She was now sent to the Tower and racked to make her discover other persons of her sect. "The rack consisted of two windlasses, placed horizontally seven or eight feet apart, to which the arms and feet were fastened by sharp cutting cords; the windlasses were then turned by levers, until the body of the tortured was in a state of tension, sometimes so great as to dislocate the limbs and tear the muscles." But the anguish of this torture failed to extort from her even a groan, much less any confession, and the Chancellor Wriothesley was so incensed that he commanded that the torture should be renewed. The jailor turned away with sickened heart and excused himself from executing the command, whereupon the Chancellor and his companion Rich threw off their gowns, and turned the windlasses with their own congenial hands, till the delicate lady's bones were almost broken and her joints pulled asunder. When released from the machine she became unconscious. Her persecutors took pains to revive her, and then kept her sitting on the bare ground two weary hours while they argued with her, and pressed her with fair words to renounce her faith. She wrote to a friend, "But my Lord God—I thank his everlasting goodness—gave me grace to persevere, and will do I hope to the very end."

The end was not far off. In three days the tragedy came to its close. The 26th of July, 1546, was the day appointed for her martyrdom, and for greater effect the burning, like the lurid holocausts of Nero, was reserved till nightfall. Smithfield was bright with torch light. On an elevated bench sat Wriothesley the Chancellor, with the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, and other gentle souls. Anne Askew, twenty-four years of age, being unable to walk since the Chancellor's racking, was brought to Smithfield in a chair and fastened with a chain across her waist, to the stake. Other three martyrs, John Adams, John Lascelles, and Nicholas Belenian were also fastened up to their stakes. And now, all being ready, Dr. Shaxton improved the occasion by preaching to the assembled multitudes. Anne Askew listening the while, and where he said well, confirming the same; where he said amiss, "There," said she, "he misseth and speaketh contrary to the Book." All is now ready; but wait! the noblemen on the bench have heard there is gunpowder about, and are fearful of an explosion. Be quieted, my lords, the gunpowder is laid on the persons of the martyrs to shorten their sufferings, and is not likely to touch you. The Lord Chancellor sends down letters to Anne Askew offering her the King's pardon if she will recant. Her answer is this: "I came not here to deny my Lord and Master." The other martyrs followed her example. The Lord Mayor then commanded the fagots to be lighted crying with a loud voice, "Fiat justitia." The flames burst forth, and

Wriothesley and his companions sat watching the fires, till the bodies of their victims were consumed.

But they saw not what was seen of angels. Those crackling, spitting flames were as chariots of fire and horses of fire bound heavenward. The realm of heaven was in an attitude of preparation and welcome. The King was risen to receive his faithful confessors. Death was swallowed up in victory.

Anne Askew has left to her scattered descendants an inheritance more noble than riches or position, in her splendid example of a delicate woman's fortitude under persecution for conscience' sake. By her heroic fidelity to Christ she, being dead, yet speaketh to them and to all men, and this is what she says: Be faithful to freedom, to conscience, to God.

C. A. D.

Unprofitable Literary Wares.

THE late James T. Fields, while an active partner in the firm of Ticknor and Fields, was waited upon by a young sugar merchant who had poetic aspirations. The mercantile man complained that his manuscript poems had been rejected by the firm, and he wanted to know the reason why, inasmuch as all of his friends had heard the verses read, and unanimously declared them to be accessions to American literature. "Our reader decides that," said Mr. Fields, in his blandest tones. "Then I would like to see the reader." Always the personification of amiability himself, the publisher took the merchant upstairs to the reader. That mighty personage sat at a desk heaped high with manuscripts; he carefully read a few pages of each package, then dropped it into a basket at his side. Occasionally he became more than ordinarily interested; in that case he placed the package inside his desk. "Why, he goes through 'em just as I sample sugar!" exclaimed the would-be poet in amazement. "That's because he's familiar with literary wares as you are with sugar," rejoined Mr. Fields. "I'm satisfied, let us go," said the merchant. They went, and the disappointed bard gave up verse-making, but he made a large fortune in sugar.

We cut this from the *Chicago Standard*. It is a revelation of the horrors of our own editorial chamber, our waste-paper basket is always in full use, and it has a singular tendency to devour rhymes which writers call "stanzas." Poetical effusions are for the most part prosy delusions. Good poetry charms us, but limping verses worry us, *and we are often worried*. Let true poets sing all day and all night, but let pretenders hush. How glad we should be if this paragraph would wean some minor poet from rhyming, and inspire him with love to his drapery, grocery, carpentry, or bakery! The retail trade is far more useful than wholesale poetizing. Guessing at the dates of prophecy, and making poor verses, are two of those unprofitable devices which we rank with getting blood out of gate-posts and extracting sugar from bitter aloes. We mean this scrap to act as a warning. TRESPASSERS BEWARE! A WASTE BASKET IS KEPT ON THESE PREMISES.

C. H. S.

Hopeless Sorrow.

THE following is a legend from the Mahabharat that may help us to comprehend in some measure the vast difference between "the glorious gospel of the Blessed God," and the miserable teaching of Hindu mythology. The Bible gives hope to the sorrowing and bereaved, but the Hindu Shastres send forth no ray of light into the darkness. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you"; are words of comfort that every believer in Jesus knows; but the idolaters of India have no such source of consolation. Their sorrow is without hope, as the translation here given will show:—

Bosheesto was a sage. Wild with grief at the news of his sons' death, he determined to destroy himself. He threw himself from the top of the North Pole, but fell upon the peaks of the hills below as upon piles of cotton wool. Then he made a great fire in the forest and leaped into it; but though it flared up well it did not consume him. Indeed, it rather refreshed him. Still sorrowing, he bound a large stone upon his neck and tumbled into the sea: but he was cast up on the shore again by the waves. Returning to his hermitage, and seeing it without his sons, he went forth again. This time he saw a great river, the strong current of which was carrying along fallen trees and reeds. The sorrowing sage resolved once more to drown himself, and, tying his hands together, leaped into the stream. But the rope was broken, and the water cast the loosened hermit on the shore again. No power on earth could end his sorrow or his life. Though an ascetic and a hermit he had no ray of hope concerning the departed, or comfort for his own troubled spirit. All Hindus are thus hopeless in sorrow; and

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny"?

No; but we will preach to them "our Saviour Jesus Christ, who abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel." "This is the true God, and eternal life,"

R. SPURGEON, *Barisaul.*

One word more.

BRIGHT remark by the *Christian Register*:—

"'One word more,' said the speaker, 'and I am done.' And the reporter found, when the word was written down, that it contained fifteen hundred syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was outdone."

The speaker must have been the same one who said, "I will detain you but a moment more." And the moment measured five minutes and thirty seconds by the clock, and about twenty minutes by the count of the hearers.—*Boston Watchman.*



"The Hop-pickers' Mission."

BY JOHN BURNHAM, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELIST.

AMONG the many agencies in operation to-day for "reaching the masses," not the least noteworthy is the "Hop-pickers' Mission." Its title would seem to imply that it is purely *local*, and hence very *limited* in its influence; but a perusal of the following programme of work undertaken by this Mission, will at once dispel any such erroneous ideas. Its immediate operations are confined to the hop-growing districts; but when we consider that it was started, and is carried on, mainly with the object of benefiting the *thousands* who gather from all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom for the hop-picking, it will be seen at a glance that its influence must be as wide-spread as that of any home mission in existence.

Thousands of the very poorest from the lanes, courts, and back slums of London gather into Kent and Sussex in September, to earn a trifle in the hop-gardens, and recruit their strength; and each returning season a few warm Christian hearts are seeking to embrace this golden opportunity for reaching these masses that are, for the main part, unreached at home.

There are several centres of operation among the hop-pickers where brethren have settled to work in right earnest; and most heartily do we wish them "God speed," and ask for them the like blessings that we crave on our own work. But we wish now to plead *specially* and briefly the cause of the above-named—"THE ORIGINAL"—"Hop-pickers' Mission."

Unostentatiously it came into existence seventeen years ago; has quietly plodded on, doing a noble work, steadily growing both in usefulness and in the confidence of the Christian public, upon whose liberality it is entirely dependent for the means of its support.

Several brethren are engaged in this Mission each September; and their work is as varied as it is interesting. They visit the gardens, distribute tracts and fly-leaves, talk to the pickers at the bins, visit them at their tents and encampments on Sundays, holding brief services in their midst, gather them to free teas in the meadows on Sunday afternoons, in order to sing and talk to them about the Saviour; distribute shoes and clothing to the shoeless and thinly-clad, and medicine

to the suffering; visit the sick and dying at the "hopper-houses" when informed of such cases; and hold open-air services each evening in the villages whither the "hoppers" resort to the shop or to the ale-house. These village services deserve special note from the fact that they gather about us large numbers of the villagers who are not usually accustomed to attend any place of worship—that part of the population unreached by ordinary church and chapel services. The services are largely attended by men, who, with few exceptions, are very orderly, and listen with considerable interest to the addresses.

That all this labour has not been expended in vain we have had many most encouraging proofs.*

We are very anxious to add another valuable feature to this department of our work; one that for worth may outweigh all the rest, and for this reason will surely commend itself to the practical sympathy of all God's stewards. We wish to start a "Bible-carriage" for the cheap sale of Bibles and Testaments before and after our services; believing this to be one of the best methods of extending a knowledge of the Saviour's name.

It needs no argument to prove that all this work cannot be carried on without considerable expense; and for help in this direction we now earnestly plead. The "Bible-carriage" enterprise will cost an additional £12, beyond the ordinary outlay of former years.

Who will send an offering to help in this work? Parcels of clothing or grants of tracts should be sent, carriage paid, to Rev. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Contributions to C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood; to the president of the Mission, Rev. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road, London, S.E.

Early prayer used of God.

ABOUT 1812 a very wicked man, a most dreadful drunkard, a bad and cruel husband and father, was living in the town of Frome, Somerset. One Saturday night, going home at midnight, he stumbled into a doorway, a kind of porch, on Catharine Hill, as he was finding his way to his miserable home, fell fast asleep, and did not wake till four o'clock on the Sabbath morning, when he was aroused by the voice of prayer. It was the custom of the good man of the house to rise early, and come down to a small parlour, next the street-door, to hold communion with God that he might not disturb the family. The poor drunkard had by this time become sober, the good man's words pierced his soul, he was deeply convicted of sin, and at length found mercy, and became a wonder to all that knew him. He used to be pointed out to me as a miracle of mercy when I was young. It was indeed a wonder of grace that the man who was the terror of the town should become a Christian. Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?

E. W.

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* If our readers would like a detailed description of the work, we refer them to articles on this mission in the following numbers of *The Sword and the Trowel*: October, 1878; December, 1879; December, 1880; January, 1882. Or Mr. Burnham will gladly send a reprint of these articles to any applicant on receipt of a penny stamp for postage.

Mental Arithmetic.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 359.)

EXERCISE No. 2 in our mental arithmetic book is termed, "*adding insult to injury.*" The adeptness of some in this direction is truly astounding. The time they take to accomplish the feat is no time at all. Why, they have done the sum, and *proved* it, before other folks have glanced at the top line. It does not take long to do harm or to give insult; nor is it any wonder that the two evils go together. He who cares to knock any man down will probably be ready to kick him when he is down. He fancies he has purchased the right so to do. Just so; if one does another a positive and wilful injury, he will, in all likelihood, follow it up with some unmeasured language. When the hand does wrong, the tongue will speak evil to defend its fellow member. Injury and Insult go Siamese-twin fashion, and are as inseparable as "Mary and her little lamb." But how unlike they are to that pretty pair. No smiling face and tripping feet has Injury; only a scowl on its hateful visage, and a kick from its cloven foot. No snowy fleece and soft, meek eye has Insult, but a coal-black hide, and a glance that flashes fury. If these two dark angels must exist, perhaps it is as well that they should be chained together. If it must needs be that these offences come, let them not come singly. If one is lightning and the other thunder, let us have the storm over and done with. Even if the devil has married them, let no man put them asunder; rather let us endeavour to slay them both, that as they were ugly and hateful in their lives, in their death they may not be divided.

Injury, however, is the elder born of these disgraceful twins, and if we could smother him we should have the more hope of suffocating his brother. Insult arises, as a rule, in consequence of previous ill-doing. If, therefore, we went about, like Jesus, doing good, we might hope to have more gracious words proceeding out of our mouths. "Actions speak louder than words;" yet when the deeds are double base the words are treble, and a pretty tune they make between them! I have heard it said that there is no devil worse than a dumb devil, but I have grave doubts on the point. It is bad enough when the evil spirit acts, but it is worse when he follows up those acts with words. When his tongue is like a drawn sword I wish that he would hold it, for by so doing he would both keep his tongue quiet and maim his hands for future action.

Would God that we could, at least, keep these evils out of the church of Christ. How sad it is to meet with professing Christians who are not ashamed to tell you of certain feuds that exist between themselves and members of the same church. Some even take a pleasure (or seem to do so) in mentioning it, and if you will only listen, will favour you with the charming history of the long-ago injury, and of the ceaseless insult since:—for what is it but insult?—not to recognise a member of the same family, that family the church of God. I have known cases in which the original injury has been very slight, but the long-continued insult has magnified it into something very heinous. Lapse of time has

made the breach so wide that the parties say of each other with the utmost coolness, "We are not on speaking terms"; "Don't suppose I've recognised him for five or six years," and so on. What! are these co-members of Christ's body? Do these eat at the Lord's table and drink in emblem the blood of him whose dying prayer was for his enemies? Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, and pointing their reproachful fingers to the scene of strife exclaim derisively, "Behold how these brethren love one another!" Drive out these hateful and hating thoughts. Put a red-hot iron in the nest of hornets.

There is a vessel in this port (Auckland) just now which has lately arrived from the Islands. Though not, properly speaking, a passenger ship, she seems to have had a good many on board of a most unwelcome sort. The uninitiated were surprised the other day to find this craft completely submerged. Let me quote from the newspaper report. "The vessel was sunk to drive out the vermin. The climax was reached when the water washed over the combings of the hatchways. The cockroaches were by far the most numerous. There were several armies of them, each thousands strong. Up they came in myriads, and still they came, dead and alive, from the active little fellow to the monster two or three inches long. The ants also were in swarms, and did not take at all kindly to the salt water. Nor were the centipedes and scorpions few or far between. One unfortunate rat paid the penalty for not having sagacity enough to quit the ship prior to her beginning to sink. He tried to swarm the rigging, but unsuccessfully, and fell back into the water in the hold. Getting out of that he next attempted to reach the wharf, and stood a fair chance of succeeding; but, alack! a courageous dame, who stood hard by, dealt him a severe blow with her umbrella, and he once more retreated. Next he was seen on the rail of the vessel taking such a bird's-eye view of the situation as the limited time at disposal would admit. Turning his eyes wistfully towards shore he jumped into the water, and was last seen steering a nor'west course."

Is there not a hint here for my unforgiving friend? Drown the vermin, my brother! You have got a shipload of prejudices and dislikes, and petty jealousies and long-standing feuds; better sink the ship and get quit of them! "Let not one of them escape." Oh, that churches which are thus infested could undergo such a baptism of the Holy Spirit that not a solitary hard thought should remain fore or aft. Hast thou wronged thy fellow? Confess thy fault; and ask his pardon and thy Lord's. Let not the sun go down on thy wrath. "Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother." Hast thou been wronged? Forgive and forget! Remember that "to err is human, to forgive divine." Stretch out thy hand, and let thy heart go with it, in the name of the loving Jesus.

The next exercise,—and in this case also I must try to show "how not to do it,"—is "Multiplying difficulties." Well hath the poet sung, "multiplication is vexation!" If multiplying figures deserves such a title, what shall be said of the multiplication of vexations. "Vexation of vexations, all is vexation!" saith the multiplier. There is a good deal of folly connected with this business. Not content with having two or three troubles, some must needs multiply each by the other till

they swell enormously. And it is remarkable that those that are foolish enough thus to increase their woes, never, by any chance, do the self-set sum correctly, but always make it come to very much more than its proper total. They have got into a fog of perplexity which magnifies their difficulties tenfold. They see everything double with each eye, except their mercies. These they overlook altogether. Much of this arises from fear of something which, after all, never comes to pass. They have been listening to some silly old Mother Shipton, and having heeded her prophecies are in mortal dread until the day arrives. What is their surprise to find that day as bright as any other! But they feel a little disappointed that the doleful predictions were not verified. Crossing the river before coming to it is always a more difficult operation than when actually at the ford. Reality is seldom as black as fancy paints it. A young man of my acquaintance being troubled with an obstreperous molar betook himself to a dental hospital to have it out. He was ushered into a large waiting-room and glanced around. Oh, what a sight it was that met his eyes! Cheeks were there blown out as big as those of the trombone player in a German band, only, strange to say, in these cases only one of the cheeks of each person was so swollen. Still, each one was big enough for two. Then there were swaying heads and bandaged faces, and groans, and moans, and cries. There were babies too, cutting their teeth, and wretched-looking adults devoutly hoping soon to cut acquaintance of theirs. Oh, it was a horrid sight, and those were horrid sounds! My friend's toothache had fled like a dream when one awaketh, and my friend did likewise. What magic was there in the very place to charm his pain away! But lo, on reaching home the ache returned. He found it hard to screw up courage a second time to seek the forcep's aid. Who does not dread the cruel extraction? At length he ventured; saw the same sad scene, and fled again! Once more the feet of pain stamped on the tender nerve, and the sufferer was compelled to revisit the hospital. This time he got right into the surgery: the pincers were applied; the wrench was given; all was over, and it was not so terrible after all. The youth hied homewards exultingly, and on arrival found that the dentist had pulled out a perfectly sound tooth and left the acher in. However, it never ached again, and has been a useful member of its society ever since. Here was multiplying difficulties with a vengeance, and to no purpose. Days of agony might have been reduced to a second's pain; indeed, more than half the pain was experienced in anticipating the last and relieving twinge. The reality in such a case is bad enough, but not so bad as the fears and fancies which precede it. Travelling once by coach in Victoria I was told to look out for a mountain as we neared a certain township. I looked obediently with all my eyes, but still in vain. All the country round seemed as near a dead level as possible. Soon the coach stopped at the village hostelry. This was my destination, so I enquired of a bystander, "Where is the mount I was told of?" "Oh," said he, "you are just about on the top of it now." I wondered for the moment which was the way down, and eventually discovered that there was a fall of a few feet to the right, but mountain there was none! How many expect a Hill Difficulty where everything is as flat as a pan-cake. They are on the mountain top before they know where they are,

and when they find out their position they fear it is too good to be true. Poor souls; they are great invalids where there is nothing much the matter with them; and, worse than all, they are going to be bad for months. They make up their minds for evil tidings, and are half sorry when the postman brings them good news instead. Let us pity and help such. Our special aid and comfort shall be for those who fancy there are mountains betwixt them and Jesus. Dear soul,—if such a one reads this paper—your fears are groundless. Christ has come over the mountains of division; nay, he has levelled them, and spanned the gulf that yawned between you and your God. We are made nigh by the blood of Christ. The barriers you fear did exist once; but if you trust this Saviour you shall know that he has plucked up the opposing mountains by their roots. When Louis XIV., king of France, sent his grandson into Spain as Philip V., he said, "There are no longer any Pyrenees." The dividing range between the two countries was virtually done away with. So when God sent his well-beloved and only Son into the world, he proclaimed, "There is no barrier now! Heaven has gone to earth, and earth may come to heaven! The sinner may come to God, for God has gone to the sinner!"

Cheer, desponding seeker! Do not use all your wits, as some professed seekers do, to invent reasons why you should be cast out. Let faith make mountains into molehills. No flaming Sinai bars your way to God. Its sound is hushed; its flame is quenched; itself demolished by our law-honouring Saviour. No towering sins need stay you in your progress to the house of mercy, for this same Jesus has finished transgression, and made an end of sin. No lack of fitness need deter you. "All the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him." Throw away that slate, my friend, on which you have been figuring so long; leave off the multiplication of hindrances and obstacles, and simply believe that Jesus died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring you to God.

Last, but not least, of these exercises is one called "Dividing attention."

"One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell."

So sang our mothers and our nurses in our early days, and since then we have proved it true. To have too many irons in the fire is as bad as having too many eggs in the basket. It is all very well for the up-country shopkeeper to have a draper's shop on one side and a grocer's on the other, with all sorts in between, but that sort of thing will not do for the city. I see that some of our butchers are going in for selling vegetables, but I do not fancy their meat any the more for it, nor like the greengrocer's cauliflowers less.

We should do our own business much better if we let other people's alone. He who drives a coach-and-four has enough to do without giving the costermonger instructions how to handle his donkey. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and deserves undivided attention. All our talents and all our time are not so extensive that we can afford to split and parcel them. It's like taking two bites at a cherry, or breaking a lozenge in halves. Be sure the work is right, and then go in for it, hand and heart. Let this be so particularly

in Christian work. Have some special service to perform, and throw yourself entirely into it. Said a saddler to me the other day, "I've made this business my life's study: I know little else, but I think I know pretty well all about saddlery." Hence his success. This spirit also should pervade our prayers, as saith the Psalmist, "*One thing* have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." Pointedness and precision in our petitions is a great desideratum.

A word to the unconverted and I have done, especially to those who are looking and longing for salvation. Christ is our *only* hope. "He *only* can forgive." The eye of faith must rest on him alone. There are a hundred things to divert the gaze, but divided attention in the matter is dangerous, yea, *damning*. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Be anxious and earnest by all means, but rest not on your own endeavours. It is not even your trust in Christ that saves you; 'tis Christ himself.

An old lady who lately died in Melbourne said to her minister, "Do you think my faith will hold out?" "Well, I don't know much about that," replied the man of God, "but I am sure that Jesus Christ will hold out, and that is enough for you. 'Looking,' not to our faith, but 'unto Jesus.'"

Do this while you are alive and well. It will be easier to do it then when the tabernacle totters. Let "Jesus only" be your motto as you start the Christian life. He must be all your salvation and all your desire. Thus shall you at the last great day

"Stand in him, in *him alone*,
Gloriously complete."

Feeble Saints.

IT was an amusing distortion of a good hymn, but there was not a little sound philosophy in it, when the old negro preacher sang—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble *saints*."

And yet this is precisely what the great majority of unconverted men are doing all the time. They will not go to the Bible and give heed to what God himself says. They have no ear for his voice of mercy that offers them salvation for the taking. They do not pay any attention to the solemn warnings that the Scriptures utter. They judge the Lord by "feeble saints." They attempt to feed their starving souls on the imperfections of Christians—poor food enough they find it! Because God's people are not all that they ought to be, therefore these cavillers will keep aloof from the religion which they profess. Because God's believing followers are not perfect—they do not claim to be—therefore, say these unbelievers, there is no power in religion. Christians cannot claim exemption from criticism. They do not expect it. They know that the eyes of the world are upon them. But they say to the unbelievers—"If you would know the truth, go to the Word; go to him who is the truth; judge not the Lord by feeble saints."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

An Old Puritan Town.*

MR. RIMMER has issued a beautiful volume of pen and pencil sketches of spots more or less quaint and attractive. It will prove more than acceptable to every lover of Old England and of Old English lore. Jaded editors and journalists, who have to remain at their posts while genial weather tempts tourists abroad, will probably be disposed to envy an author a task which necessitated a personal visitation of so many places which are picturesque in themselves and rich in historical associations. Mr. Rimmer appears to have thoroughly enjoyed the service he undertook; for while the text bears every mark of having been written *con amore*, the author's truthful pencil also supplied the drawings from which the illustrations have been engraved. To discover how pleasantly such an author can discourse on old customs, departed worthies,—in a word, on the past and present of our good old towns, we must refer the reader to Mr. Rimmer's own pages. Our own intention is to present a brief sketch of the Puritan town of Boston, the materials being chiefly drawn from authorities both old and new.

The Lincolnshire town of Boston—originally the town of St. Botolph's, the patron of sailors—lies six miles from the sea, and anciently was of so great importance that when in the year 1204 a tax on traders of the port of London realized £836, Boston yielded no less than £780. In the days of Edward III. the town was celebrated for an immense annual fair; and was hardly second to any other English trading centre for its traffic in wool, leather, and lead. Such was Boston's prosperity in these mediæval times that merchants from the Continent were attracted, and the first symptoms of decline were occasioned when, through disagreeing with the natives, those foreigners were compelled to depart. After the dissolution of the monasteries, Philip and Mary gave the town 500 acres of land; and its history was for some years a chequered one. It was afflicted by plague and inundation; and in the civil wars Boston was for a while the head-quarters of the Parliamentary forces.

Boston was the native place of John Foxe; and, in connection with his account of the life of Thomas Cromwell, the martyrologist gives a curious account of the pope's dear merchandise called Boston Pardons. During the first quarter of the sixteenth century the moral darkness was still dense, although the publication of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, in 1525, may be regarded as the inauguration of the Reformation in England. At that time the Romish court drew a considerable revenue from pardons of various kinds, some affecting individuals, while others in their magnanimous comprehensiveness embraced entire towns. Boston held a couple of leases of "his holiness"—the greater and the lesser pardons—and when these in time expired, a deputation was commissioned to visit Rome to obtain a renewal of the costly privilege.

The commissioners, one Geoffery Chambers and another, appear to have set off on their difficult mission with some trepidation; but on coming to Antwerp they were fortunate in making friends with the afterwards

* Our Old Country Towns. By Alfred Rimmer, Author of "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," &c. With fifty-four Illustrations. London: Chatto and Windus. Price 10s. 6d.

celebrated Thomas Cromwell, who then, as a youth, was acting as secretary to the English merchants in the port. After Cromwell had been advised with, he consented to accompany his two new friends to Rome; and even "began to cast with himself, what thing best to devise" in order to get well through with the business. "At length," continues Foxe in his quaint style, "having knowledge how the pope's holy tooth greatly delighted in new-fangled strange delicates, and dainty dishes, it came into his mind to prepare certain fine dishes of jelly, after the best fashion, made after our country manner here in England; which to them of Rome was not known or seen before." The pope with whom Cromwell had to deal was Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X., the grand opponent of Luther. Watching his opportunity, the ingenious Cromwell approached Julius just when the pope had returned from the hunting-field; and presenting "his jolly junkets such as only kings and princes in England are to feed upon," the jellies were so well appreciated that "the jolly pardons of the town of Boston" were at once stamped for another term of years.

The first pastor of the English church in Boston, *Massachusetts*, was William Blaxton, who is supposed to have arrived in 1623. Though Blaxton may have been a preacher in the wilderness, he is spoken of as a single, lonely white man, whose house and garden were situated on the slope of the hill. After the arrival of Governor Winthorpe and his company in 1633, Blaxton moved away, when John Wilson, of King's College, Cambridge, became pastor of the church. At this time there also arrived Isaac Johnson whose wife was daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Atherton Hough—late mayor of Boston, in England—and others, and these naturally changed the name of the new settlement to Boston.

The next pastor of the pioneer church is thus referred to by Mr. Rimmer:—"John Cotton, the vicar of Boston, (England), who resigned his benefice to join the new settlers, was a man of scholarship and high standing, and only left his vicarage because he would not conform to the genuflexions and bowings that were ordained to be used in the church of England; his life was, it is true, without reproach, but he could not conform to what he believed to be superstition, and he appealed in vain to the Bishop of Lincoln and the Earl of Dorset to save him from the impending persecution, urging that for twenty years his sole aim had been to advance righteousness and godliness, and saying, with perfect truth, that his way of life was before all men, and none could challenge it. He indeed might have gone far beyond the patriarch in asking whose ox or whose ass he had taken, for he gave to the extent of his power, and left himself often very bare. All this Lord Dorset knew quite well, and his reply showed that at any rate he was not a hypocrite, for he told him that if 'his crime had been merely drunkenness or uncleanness, or any such lesser fault,' there would have been no difficulty at all in procuring his pardon, but as for Puritanism or Nonconformity, these were too heinous, and he had better fly." Such were the men whom the policy of Laud imprisoned in all parts of the country, or obliged to fly to distant shores.

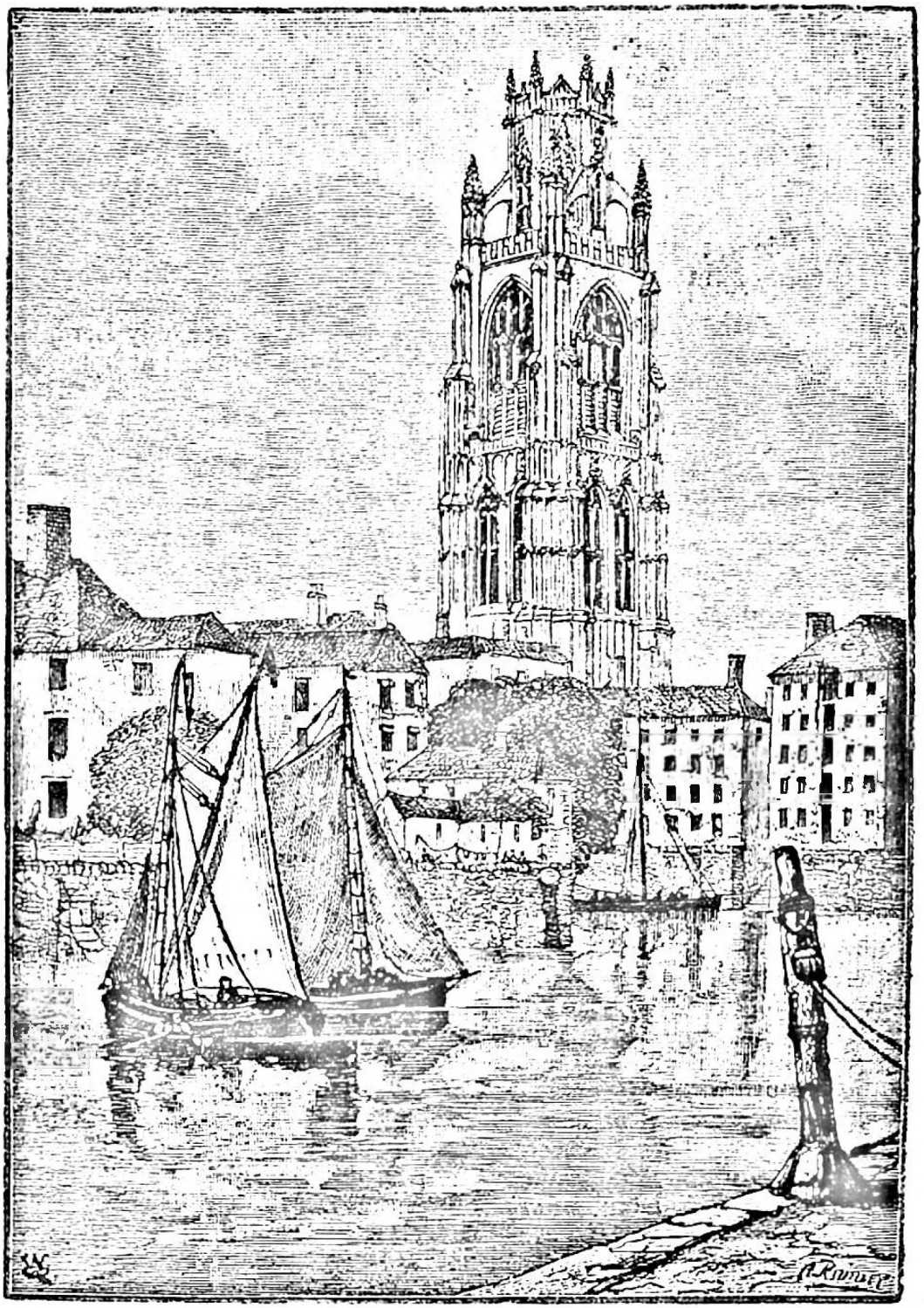
The population of the English Boston within the parliamentary boundaries is now over 18,000, and this, it may be, exceeds the number

of souls sheltered by the town when the port was of greater magnitude than now. The Boston of the New World, however, has grown into the literary metropolis of America—a wealthy community 360,000 strong. Under these circumstances it is pleasant to find that the mother in England and the daughter on the other side of the Atlantic still preserve those kindly feelings for one another which spring of ancient Puritan relationships. The parish church of our Lincolnshire Boston —one of the largest in the kingdom, and having a tower which is visible forty miles away—was repaired a few years ago at the expense of friends in the American Boston, who in this manner sought to bestow a mark of honour on the old country. Other courtesies have been observed on the part of the two communities, and will doubtless be continued till the end of time.

For the representation of Boston Harbour, whence more than one freight of Puritans sought to escape from persecution early in the seventeenth century, we are indebted to the pencil of Mr. Rimmer. It may be taken as a specimen of the fifty-four engravings which embellish his entertaining and instructive book.

Interruptions.

TURNER, the artist, said to one who interrupted him with a question, "There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!" Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: "Various visitors began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions. God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by teaspoonfuls." Others besides Sir Walter have had to breathe this prayer. People call on a well-known minister out of the idlest curiosity, and invent the most perverse excuses for dragging him away from his work. One would think we were wild beasts to be stared at. Just as a sermon is shaping itself, in comes a pasteboard from an old lady who has nothing on earth to do but to call round on everybody she knows, and rob them of their time,—wretched thief that she is. We have seen her, and lo! another knock; no message can be sent in, the party must see the minister himself, as his business is strictly private: that means begging. Here's another, whose pretended errand is to ask if we knew the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Llwwffi, for he was her mother's uncle's cousin by marriage. Why should we be thus at every mortal's beck and call, and have neither space for meditation, nor time for devotion? People do not call on doctors or lawyers at this rate, and our time is quite as precious as theirs. We cannot protect ourselves by fees, and yet if we do not see every one, there will be such an outcry. All we can say is—they must cry, for we cannot neglect our Master's business to play lackey to everybody who is moved by the powers of darkness to call us away from the word of God and prayer. C. H. S.



BOSTON HARBOUR, FROM THE WYTHAM.

A Free Lance with the Free Church.*

IS the high reputation that the *Free Church of Scotland* has hitherto held among the evangelical churches of Christendom on the wane? Not yet have forty years transpired since the "Disruption." A young branch of the old Kirk, she took root as soon as she was severed from the parent tree, and gave immediate signs of vitality and vigour that drew admiring eyes. In numerical strength her numbers exceeded the community she quitted. Her ministers were renowned for their purity and their piety, for their courage and their consecration. They seemed to have inherited the faith and fearlessness of John Knox, the mettle and chivalry of Richard Cameron and the Covenanters. Maintaining "the headship of Christ," and doing homage to him as her only Lord, the enterprise she displayed and the prosperity she realized at home and abroad while she continued true to the standards was, perhaps, without a modern parallel. So has "the Free Church" sowed good seed and reaped the devout gratitude both of continental and colonial churches, whom she greatly aided. We sincerely hope that the sad story of Israel is not about to be repeated in her chronicles. When Joshua and the elders who outlived Joshua were gathered to their fathers there arose another generation which knew not the Lord nor the works he had done for Israel. The sounds that reach us from the Presbyterian camp raise suspicions of decadence from which we recoil with horror. Can it be that "of their own selves men have arisen, speaking perverse things, and drawing disciples after them"? Our attention has been drawn to a curious problem raised by Dr. Bruce, who is favourably known beyond his own denomination by his previous works as an able and orthodox exponent of Christian doctrine. To his "Cunningham Lectures on the Humiliation of Christ" we invited attention in a recent number of this magazine. In the lectures that supply the basis of his book on "The Chief End of Revelation" he has wandered into another field of religious literature. We use the word "wandered" advisedly, for he appears to lose his way soon after starting, to take a rather circuitous route, and then to lie down in a wilderness of doubt, there to indulge in a dream of long ages to come. The task he proposed to himself was a contribution to "Christian Apologetics;" but missing the track of the old pioneers he has rambled about in the region of "metaphysics." In a brief preface he tells us that "two convictions have been ruling motives in this study. One is, that in many respects the old lines of apologetic argument no longer suffice either to express the thoughts of faith, or to meet successfully the assaults of unbelief. The other is, that the church is not likely again to wield the influence which of right belongs to her as custodian of the precious treasure of Christian truth, unless she show herself possessed of vitality sufficient to originate a new development in all directions, and among others in doctrine, refusing to accept as her final position either the agnosticism of modern culture, or blind adherence to traditional dogmatism."

Now, what are we to understand by Christian apologetics? This is

* The Chief End of Revelation. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics, &c., Glasgow. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1881.

an important question to open with. The answer to it may afford some clue to the strange bewilderment of the worthy Doctor. "*Apology*" in the classics stands for a defence of the truth, or of the faith, if you prefer to express it so. And yet this word "*apology*" has dwindled down in modern conversation to mean an excuse for acknowledged error. In Origen's famous "apology" he flung down the glove and waged an encounter with the Pagan (Celsus). And in Jewell's "apology" he in like manner did battle with the Papist. We have fallen on softer times and sweeter courtesies. Our redoubtable champion takes off his hat to the Sadducee of the nineteenth century. Literary men have a curious liking for each other. So the author of "The Humiliation of Christ" and the author of "Literature and Dogma," Alexander Bruce and Matthew Arnold, retire from the ring and talk matters over as "friends in council." This is the new departure in "*Christian Apologetics.*"

"*The apologist's task in these days is a delicate one,*" says Dr. Bruce. So we should think if this is a specimen of the style in which it is conducted. Only imagine a lecturer on physical science at the London Institution or the South Kensington Museum publishing a tractate on "The Chief End of Creation," in which he denounces all study of astronomy or geology, of botany or chemistry, and the argument he plays with is the advantage of "*a simple creed.*" What need we care about the sun so long as it shines brightly enough to give us light and warmth? Why bother yourself about the moon or stars if they serve "the chief end" of cheering your dark nights? As for the earth, be content with ploughing the fields and reaping the fruits; sink no mines nor search for hidden treasures beneath its surface. Are not field flowers gay enough in all conscience without troubling yourselves to cultivate an endless variety of ferns and exotics? Draw the line, at any rate, between gardens and conservatories. Like doctrine and dogma in religion, one is tolerable and the other execrable. Then fancy you are listening to some such peroration as this—"In all probability the world has many long ages before it; and we may devoutly dream of the glory of that day when all men will be like little birds who in their little nests agree, because they have no lessons to learn." This is pure fiction on our part; but the book before us on "The Chief End of Revelation" is, we regret to say, a serious fact.

Let it be understood that there is "*a chair*" in the Free Church College, Glasgow, for "*Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis,*" and the author of this volume is the Professor who occupies it. Having an engagement to deliver a course of lectures to the students of the Presbyterian College, London, he takes occasion to assail the rudiments of that study which they were placed in this institution to learn, and he was selected to teach. This surely is startling enough. We should have thought that, from a high sense of honour, he would have resigned his appointment before he repudiated the department of Christian education from which he draws his emoluments.

After sowing the seeds of suspicion and distrust in the class-room among students for the ministry he then proceeds to address a wider audience through the press. Presumably he appeals to the *Senatus* of the Free Church of Scotland, and counsels considerable retrenchment in her confessions of faith and her catechisms for the instruction of the

young. Thus he lays down the proposition—"*The more catholic the communion the less comprehensive the creed.*" To promote unity he would concede every position to the gainsayers whom he had heretofore failed to convert. And who are they? They profess to be men of culture, though they prove themselves to be merely charlatans, wise in their own conceit. While they offer fulsome compliments to the purity of Jesus of Nazareth, they dislike his doctrines, and decline to be his disciples. They prefer Plato's dialogues to Paul's epistles. They espouse the philosophy of Aristotle rather than the faith of Abraham. Many of them esteem the rationalism of Hegel as manly, but the practical commentary of Matthew Henry they all scout as childish in the extreme. What has happened? Has any fresh discovery been made? Does a new seer challenge our attention; another Daniel whose oracles unfold brighter visions of immortality than had ever dawned on us before? Oh, no; nothing of that sort. Poor Dr. Bruce is to be pitied. From first to last his treatise shows that he is distracted with fear. His timidity is far more remarkable than his temerity. He beats a retreat along the whole line; not certainly as one who is beaten by an advancing army of faithful and sincere exponents of Revelation, but as one who is exquisitely sensitive of the sneers of an undisciplined crowd of sceptics. He flies before their face, scared by what he calls "*flippant caricature.*" He will not defend "*miracles*" lest he should be given "*the fool's cap;*" and he disclaims "*prophecy*" so far as it pretends to foretell anything positive, to obviate his "*being held up to ridicule.*" If ever extraordinary caution might be pleaded in mitigation of excessive censure we really think that Dr. Bruce is entitled to the clemency of his judges. His propositions are, perhaps, more hesitant than heretical. At least, we would fain hope that his aberrations of mind are not indications of apostasy. If he really has any strong convictions he would surely have more courage in asserting them. He sues for pardon in his preface because he knows that his views will please no theological party. "I do not deprecate criticism, but I ask the critics to remember that the apologist's task in these days is a delicate one." Then, by way of postscript, after ruthlessly denouncing the creeds and catechisms, he disavows any serious opposition to them. "In making these observations I am not to be understood as hinting that immediate attempts at reconstruction of creeds and recasting of catechisms are either likely or desirable." The chief end of Revelation, according to Dr. Bruce, is, after all, extinction; and the dénouément of his treatise, as we have already stated, is a devout dream of that future when mankind will have heard the last of anything that disturbs their own reasoning. In those halcyon days "doubt, division, and dogma" will disappear; and "certainty, concord, and a simplified creed" will complete the combat of centuries of strife.

Alas, alas for the pulpits of the immediate future if this is the kind of logic your students are to learn while in training for pastors! We look back no further than to the times of Chalmers and Candlish, whose careers have so lately closed. We think we hear their prayers for your Presbyteries. Oh that God would hear and answer them.

Working Days in Lambeth.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ORIGINALLY a very extensive parish, and for centuries the head-quarters of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Lambeth has a long and interesting history which will well repay the attention of those who have a taste for ecclesiastical lore. The palace is still one of those ancient institutions of Old England which look down upon us with the scarred and weather-beaten face of extreme age. If they could speak, the walls would tell of a chequered history both in times of war and of peace; for frequently, in successive reigns, the palace has been visited by royalty; it was fortified by Laud when the preliminary growlings of civil war were beginning to be heard; it was turned into a prison for malignants during the ascendancy of Puritanism; and then after being inhabited by one of the judges of Charles I., the estate came back to the archbishops at the Restoration. The borough of Lambeth has now a vast population of well-to-do people; but in and around what would once have been called the town, the habitations of the working poor are found in plenty; and there the missionary with his Bibles, tracts, and words of peace is found. One missionary has a constituency of four hundred and forty taverns and coffee-houses to look after, and does not fail to see fruit from his labours. Others work in a more ordinary way; and it is to the endeavours of one of these still successful visitors that we now invite attention.

Mr. J. C. Parker, a veteran servant of the London City Mission, and now a district secretary, was formerly located at the west-end*; but two years ago he might have been found, with five hundred poor families in charge, at Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, under the superintendence of the rector, at whose house the local clergy and other agents met together weekly for prayer and conference. These weekly gatherings were found to be times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, as was sure to be the case when the workers were all found to be of one mind in their endeavours to extend their Lord's kingdom.

When, at the request of the London Committee, Mr. Parker undertook the interesting sphere known as Hercules-buildings, the district had the advantage or disadvantage of being virgin soil; it had not been occupied before by any spiritual overseer, and hence, at first, the people hardly knew what to make of the kind-spoken gentleman who called to enquire after their welfare morning after morning. "I had to knock, or ring, at every house and introduce myself," he says, in the private note-book he has allowed us to use. "'Who are you?' 'What do you want?' 'Where do you come from?' were very proper questions to ask, but not quite as easy to answer." At the same time the difficulties of beginning were of a very common-place kind; and unaccustomed to magnify molehills into mountains, our friend went boldly to work, consoling himself with the thought that the obstacles in his way were no more serious than a bishop, a rector, or a curate would have encountered

* For an account of his work there see "The Taverns of Paddington," in *The Sword and the Trowel* for October and November, 1873.

had one of those dignitaries ventured to begin and complete the house-to-house visitation of a west-end square.

The exercise of a little art in one sense, and the expenditure of a little more art in another sense, helped to smooth the way in making a beginning. A firm who sympathized with the work made a grant of tastefully coloured cards, having on them texts, mottoes, birds, flowers, or rustic scenes. The charm of these trifles was found to be wonderful; and such indeed was the eagerness to possess them, that in an incredibly short time nearly every room in the district was embellished with such texts as, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness": "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge": "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning": "God is with thee in all that thou doest": "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness": "I am the way, the truth, and the life": and "God is love." Some of the people were so unselfish, that they sent the cards to ailing relatives in the country. "There is nothing more marvellous," says Mr. Parker, "than the thoughtfulness and care of the godly and provident poor for the happiness of distant members of their own families. The tie of flesh and blood is a strong one."

There were "characters" to be found in Hercules-buildings district if any chose to look for them; and it so happened that the first threshold crossed by Mr. Parker, in the work of visitation, was that of "a remarkable old woman eighty years of age," whose one remaining eye was of such youthful quality that no spectacles were needed while she toiled at the plain needlework which represented her daily calling. Neat and provident in her ways, her room was adorned with many mementoes of those who had been her friends in the past; and a tear moistened her eye as she related how repeated blessed visits had been paid to her lowly dwelling by Catherine and Crawfurd Tait, wife and son of the archbishop in the palace close at hand. She was so affected that she asked her visitor to join with her in asking the Lord to comfort the archbishop in his bereavement.

A large portion of Mr. Parker's time was occupied in visiting the afflicted; but according to his own confession, this represents a department of service for which he has especial preference, and thus he accounted himself singularly happy in having a superintendent like the rector of the parish who was always kindly anxious to deal efficiently with cases of sickness as well as of misfortune.

The cases encountered successively in his daily round were something more than the short and simple annals of the poor; they showed that to the humble poor an agency like the London City Mission oftentimes proves, through the blessing of God, the very friend-in-need which they most require. Take the example of a poor widow's family who lived in one of the meanest neighbouring streets. One day a son, who is apparently the mainstay of the household, returns home invalided from service at a gentleman's house. Strength failed so rapidly that he was unable to take even the smallest nourishment, and hope of recovery diminished daily. What is to be done? We find Mr. Parker writing in his note-book: "A consultation is held at the rectory, and a nice light pudding is made, and a few delicate smelts are cooked and

sent on a hot plate to the invalid. It was a surprise and a pleasure and, for the moment, created a slight appetite. The lad ate nearly the whole of one smelt, and from that hour a change for the better took place. We have read and prayed with this young man, and thankfully watched his returning physical and spiritual health." Instead of dying, as he might have done had he found no resources other than his widowed mother's cottage supplied, this lad found friends to provide many temporal blessings as supplementary to the gospel. Friends were even forthcoming to send him to the seaside, and to find another opening for him in the service for which he was suitable.

Some of the saddest scenes to be met with, however, are those of inherited disease—the cases of sufferers who are doomed to suffer through the sins of others. Thus, in one small, miserable room was found a poor bed-ridden boy, seven years of age, whose very bones were so affected by scrofula that he had undergone at least one operation. "Life is ebbing," remarked our friend in his note-book. "A newly-born baby, half alive and half dead, lies by his side, to add to the misery of the scene. Several other brothers and sisters are in the same small apartment; and to make things complete, a nurse-child shares the room during the day." Many children, like the afflicted boy above-mentioned, have died in hidden corners of London unknown to the outside world; but in this instance the invalid was not left to his fate, it was arranged that his mother should take him to a sea-side home where, through the blessing of God, sea-air, bathing, and skilful medical treatment, the terrible disease might be conquered. With rich friends around him, how much can an evangelical rector do for the suffering poor of London.

But illness does not represent the only perplexity to which the poor are subject. The question of all others which most urgently requires an answer in the case of many a poor woman is, What shall I do with this boy, or that girl? Without possessing the means to apprentice them to such employment as they might desire, the indigent parents have still sufficient discernment to see that unrestrained liberty in the streets means ruin. "My son, sir, is turned fourteen," remarked an anxious mother to Mr. Parker, of course expecting that the practical wisdom for which city missionaries are remarkable would solve the difficulty, she went on to explain. "He is a good scholar, as he goes to Hercules-buildings School; and he's a good boy too, as you'll see by the Sunday-school prizes he's won; but he's rather small, and unfortunately has a bodily weakness owing to an accident. We don't know what to do for the best." If the city missionary cannot advise in such an emergency, who can? He is sometimes the only resource of the very poor, and the simple faith with which the people appeal to his disinterested generosity and wisdom has doubtless something to do with the success attending their endeavours. Though he may know of no openings himself, the Christian visitor can always carry such cases to his superintendent. That was done in the case of the small boy with the bodily defect; and it was at once discovered that although he was not adapted for hard manual labour, he was likely to make an admirable pupil teacher in the school where he had been educated.

More than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Parker joined the Young Men's Christian Association, and has ever since felt great interest in the

welfare of all young men coming to London to seek their fortune. In the course of his visitation our friend came across a youth of twenty-one, who being in a deep decline was near the end, and greatly desired to see Mr. W. H. Smith, whose words had been a means of blessing in former days. On hearing this news Mr. Smith went at once to the address given, he recognised a former attendant at the meetings of the Association, and on asking if all was well, received the gratifying answer that all was well through Christ. On being asked if he knew that he would soon pass away, the youth still answered, "Yes, and it is well; I rest upon Jesus." He gave utterance to many other things showing his Christian triumph, and such as greatly interested those who stood by his dying bed. "On enquiring of the young lady, and of the motherly, kind-hearted woman who were weeping at his bedside, I was assured that they needed nothing to add to the comforts which surrounded him," wrote the secretary, Mr. Smith; "he had everything that loving hands could provide, and was tenderly nursed by her, who, had his health permitted, would soon have been his wife, and at the home of her mother. Upon asking about his friends, I was told that he was alone in London, having no father, mother, brother, sister, or near relative. Upon again turning to the dear young man, I asked him how long he had been saved and in the enjoyment of this conscious peace, when he replied, in broken sentences, 'For about five months; ever since that Saturday night when I came to the prayer-meeting, when you spoke to me, and asked me to come to the Bible-class the following day, and I came; and from that time I have been on the Lord's side.' I asked if it was at the prayer-meeting or Bible-class he obtained the blessing, to which he replied, 'Oh, at both, and I have never doubted since.'" A few days later the secretary in Aldersgate-street received a note from Mr. Parker: "Our young friend, A. W. R., died this afternoon. Your visit was a great comfort to him, and brightened his last moments." He was one of the trophies of the Young Men's Christian Association, and there are very many such cases to be told to encourage the friends of that useful agency.

As a rule, so long as Mr. Parker retained the district, Hercules-buildings were remarkably free from cases of inveterate drunkenness; but as there were exceptions, he found some work to do in the way of restoring wanderers. Among the "characters" of the "Buildings" was a quondam man-servant of a well-known Christian captain at Barnet, who loved to speak of old times, and especially to introduce his daughter as a "distinguished singer" and star of the season at a neighbouring music-hall. This girl, however, gladly read the books which were supplied, and there is never any possibility of knowing what may come in the end when the far-reaching gospel is concerned.

While this girl was being spoken to, it so happened that another young woman came forward in a somewhat light and trifling way to ask for books. At first, supposing that the tracts were sold, she offered to purchase, but on hearing that the supply was provided by kind friends who loved the Saviour and cared for the welfare of the poor, she became deeply affected. She then covered her face with her hands, and cried and sobbed in a heart-breaking way. "I am a great sinner,"

she cried. "I am a drunkard and a liar, and a very bad woman. It is all since I came to live here. Bad company and my own wicked heart have led me wrong. There is no hope for me; I am past being saved. I pray, and then I sin, and so I must be lost." She then referred to her native town of Barnet, and to having had a Christian teacher there in the person of a member of the captain's family before-mentioned. She then expressed a desire to give up the drink, and to save the money she was accustomed to squander in vicious indulgence. Placed under the care of a lady visitor the woman gave up the drink as she proposed, and became quite a different character. She told Mr. Parker on a subsequent occasion that she had read his books, that she trusted God would prevent her from falling again, and that she desired the company of those whose association would strengthen her in doing right. The husband of this woman sent her into the country to regain her health; and thankful for the reformation which had been effected in this instance, the missionary's superintendent proposed that a number of other similar characters should be invited to drink tea at his house, where an experienced matron would address them. "It strikes me this is the way to do things, and a very blessed one too," remarks our friend in his note-book. "There is something in the tender mode of treating those who have erred and fallen, which reminds us of our gracious Lord when he dwelt among us."

There was so little lack of the juvenile element in Hercules-buildings that, without taking a complete census of the children, Mr. Parker designated his district "A prolific part of the metropolis." He then explained matters a little further by remarking, "We marry young, and often have families of from seven to nine children by the time we are thirty years old." While families were large, however, the wages received by the bread-winners were generally small, so that when winter and hard times set in, it was not always possible to find cash for current expenses. Any kind-hearted visitor going in and out of so many homes of poverty will naturally be drawn out in sympathy to the poor children who suffer without being in any way the cause of their own discomfiture. Next to the children we shall also feel for the over-worked and underfed mothers; and the best way of helping the children is to help the mothers, who have an ear to listen to anybody who shows any sympathy with their boys and girls.

There are various methods of getting at adults through their children; but we are not aware that anyone else can claim the credit of having organized a corps of juvenile domestic chaplains—children between the ages of seven and seventeen, who undertook to read daily to their elders at home not less than two verses of God's Word. In gathering this Herculean Band, as he called it, Mr. Parker exercised no undue pressure, although he gave each member a copy monthly of *The Cottager and Artisan*, for the purpose of keeping up a friendly communication. As his plan interfered with no ordinary Sunday-school work, there was nothing to be urged against it; on the contrary, it was urged with truth, that "if some of the incorruptible seed of God's truth is lodged in the hearts of these young people, it will be like a rudder to a ship in the ocean, and enable them to steer safely through all the certain dangers of their unseen future lives." At all events, the policy of

interesting the children in the religious welfare of their households was a wise one; and while the young people appreciated the honour done them, the elders showed that they were to be influenced by the agents selected.

Though a Churchman, Mr. Parker has always rejoiced in the fact that the London City Mission is founded on the most broad of catholic bases. It embraces all evangelical denominations, and these appear in one way and another to have been represented in the district; but while these are doing what they can, and there is much to cheer any earnest worker, the ignorance of God and of Christ's redeeming work is very great. One day the good Bishop of Rochester went down to Hercules-buildings to address a number of persons engaged in the work of reclamation, and he told them that things were so awfully bad that there was enough for all to do. "He certainly tried to stir us up both before and after tea," remarks Mr. Parker, in reference to the bishop's visit; and there is no man in the Establishment to whom the sight of Christian visitors at work affords more pleasure. The Church of England has long boasted of being the church of the poor; may she more and more establish her claim to so noble a title.*

George Thomson of Cameroons.†

THE mangrove swamps of the West Coast of Africa have long proved themselves the sepulchres of missionaries. Along the whole coast, from Sierra Leone to the Gaboon and beyond, the air is impregnated with malaria, and many missionaries and missionaries' wives have gone thither to die. Such a waste of consecrated life, where life consecrated to the vast work of evangelizing heathendom is, notwithstanding modern zeal for missions, as yet all too rare, may well be regarded by the church with peculiar sorrow; and any attempt to diminish it will be hailed with thankful interest. A noble effort in this direction has been recently made by George Thomson, architect, of Glasgow; an effort in which he sacrificed his life without securing the full accomplishment of his plans, though he succeeded in making a good beginning.

Mr. Thomson's attention had been long fixed on Africa. In 1837, his brother William, accompanied by his wife and three children, had gone to Sierra Leone as a missionary, and, after a brief but noble career of six years, the two parents died there in 1843, and the three orphan children were sent home to Scotland. The eldest of these, a lad of thirteen at the time of his father's death, afterwards chose the same heroic career for himself. He went out to Sierra Leone in 1849, and after struggling with the malaria, losing his bright young wife, and twice returning to England, was finally forced, at the end of fifteen years, to leave his mission-work, and settle in Liverpool, in utterly broken health. George Thomson was therefore closely interested in African

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* Since writing the above, we have learned that the missionary at present stationed in Hercules-buidings district is Mr. P. R. Yost, who speaks in enthusiastic terms of the constant assistance he receives in his daily work from the Archbishop and his three daughters. The primate is always ready to second any new project for carrying the gospel among either rich or poor, while the ladies are indefatigable, not only in the work of visitation, but in supplying the indigent and the suffering with food, clothing, and other necessaries. Happy is the humble missionary who is privileged to work with such allies as these.

† Memoir of George Thomson, Cameroons Mountains, West Africa. By one of his Nephews. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

mission-work, and loved to entertain at his house in Glasgow all English and American missionaries to that dark land, who had occasion to visit Scotland. The idea arose in his mind that if a sanatorium could be established in some healthy spot in the African highlands, to which missionaries could easily resort without incurring the expense and loss of time involved in a return to England or America, it would prolong valuable life for the work of Christ in Africa.

He made this matter his especial study; and finally, having matured his plans, sailed at his own expense for Africa, in 1871, to carry them out. Amidst much suffering and difficulty from fever and from the suspicions of native tribes, he travelled on foot and by river through a vast extent of wild country, in quest of the healthiest locality. About 300 miles north of the Equator, towering up grandly to a height of thirteen thousand feet, within view of the sea, rises the Cameroons Mountain. The town of Victoria, where our own glorious Saker carried on his mission, lies at its feet. This mountain-side, after much study, had been fixed upon by Mr. Thomson as likely to prove the most salubrious station for the sanatorium, and his personal observation confirmed the opinion, and led him to fix upon it as the site.

At a height of four thousand feet, where the air was invigorating, and the wild coffee-plant flourished, he found an abundant supply of water. We quote his own description of the scene:—"Our way was getting rougher, being mostly over ridges of broken lava, with deep hollows between. We were longing much to come to the object of our search, and after every new ascent we hoped to find it in the hollow beyond. At length we came upon a deep ravine at the bottom of which water was running; and as our foremost guide had come to a stand, we enquired if this was the Madiba, or water. We were quite prepared to find some insignificant runnel. He shrugged his shoulders, however, which meant an answer in the negative, and pushed on. After passing some other ridges, and when struggling up a steep ascent, we were glad to hear the shout of one of our guides, who had got down over the other side; then we heard the rush of water, and, following down the path, we caught the glimpse of white foaming waters flashing through the trees. Cautiously approaching the edge of the ravine, a spirit-stirring scene was revealed to view. High up the torrent was dashing over and among large masses of broken rocks, and at our feet a stream of white foaming water rushed down an almost perpendicular cliff into a deep pool, where it foamed and boiled, and then went dashing down out of sight amongst another series of broken rocks."

Here he put up a wooden house, and commenced the cutting of a road through the forest to this spot. He resided amongst the natives at the village of Mpanja, on the mountain-side, and endeavoured to teach them to plant cocoa-nuts for commerce. He became also Governor of Victoria, and proved himself in every way the sterling friend of the missionaries. Only seven years had he spent in his work when, during an enforced residence at the coast, fever seized him, and laid him in his grave.

The book which records his life is one of intense interest. It portrays the beautiful, genial character of the man, with his redolent humour, his love of nature (he was an ardent botanist), and his whole-souled consecration to the Master. Many might regard such a life as a failure; for he died without seeing the achievement of the beneficent purpose to which he had devoted his days. But no such self-sacrifice is in vain. It leaves enkindling sparks behind it which, in susceptible souls, will set aflame new heroisms. And if anyone shall be inspired to take up George Thomson's work, he will find "roads partially made, the confidence of the mountain tribes gained, a site fixed, and a wooden building, though only a temporary one, put up. His work will be made all the easier by the fact that George Thomson had preceded him. The need is still urgent; surely his example and his efforts will not be wholly lost."

C. A. Davis.

Waiting for the Pilot.

BY REV. JAMES DANN, GREENOCK.

THAT is a splendid vessel which has just come in from a long voyage. Everything about her betokens fitness for endurance, hard work, and great speed. How gracefully she moves through the waters! what a reserve of power she evidently possesses! Out yonder, on the wide waste of wild waters, where she has plenty of sea-room, she will forge along grandly, we may be sure. Her captain, too, is evidently a man well versed in his business. She is not only a fine vessel, but she is ably handled. Those are careful eyes which sparkle in that handsome face, bronzed by exposure to sun and wind. As he nears port, a heavy load falls from his shoulders, without a doubt. But why does she slacken speed; why does her screw cease from churning the salt water into foam? See! she has stopped dead still! and hark! how her hoarse whistle, most unmusical, but unmistakable, rends the air. Go on, captain, there are anxious eyes watching for you at the harbour yonder, fond hearts are beating with tenderest emotion, your passengers long to touch *terra firma* again, and the owners of your ship will be glad to see her safely moored, and her cargo discharged once more. He does not listen to such counsels, cautious man! Among other things, he has learned the wisdom of waiting. The river above abounds with banks and shallows, and brave and skilful as he is, and ready for even dashing action out on the broad ocean, he dare not venture any further *without a pilot.* So he waits and watches, not without impatience, it may be, for the coming of the well-qualified man, who has just put off in his boat, to come aboard. Under his guidance the vessel will reach her journey's end, and the weary captain may now venture upon that rest for mind and body which he sorely needs.

Have you taken the pilot aboard, friend? Life may have been all smooth sailing with you thus far, the wind, perhaps, has served, and your vessel has bounded along, with most exhilarating speed. God has given you a sound mind in a sound body, circumstances have favoured your onward progress, business goes well, and home comforts are continued, and

"All goes merry as a marriage bell."

But—that awful, qualifying word—you will soon be nearing the shallows, and the dangerous banks lie right before you. "*What will the end be?*" Already there are marks upon your face which tell of the rapid flight of time. Frost is beginning to gather in your hair, your step is not quite so nimble as it was, that handwriting, of which you were once so proud, is a trifle uncertain to-day. You are nearing the journey's end. What? "Full speed ahead" still? Give the signal, man, to "slow" if not to "stop." At least run "half speed," and *think.* Dare you face the dangerous navigation before you? Have you skill enough to guide the vessel into harbour? Alas! no! None can do that without the pilot.

"Stop! poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go."

He stands yonder, waiting, ready to guide all who seek his aid. Well he knows the road.

"In all points tempted like as we are," he is a brother, a fellow-man, and yet he has the all-wisdom, all-power of God. Signal for him to come aboard! blow the whistle! and see how swiftly he will answer.

Need it be said that Jesus is the pilot, and that he alone can guide us safe to the port of heaven? Well has Toplady expressed the sentiment of every humble, trustful Christian.

"Thou art my pilot wise,
My compass is thy word."

Notices of Books.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon SPENCE and the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. *Exodus.* Exposition and Homiletics by the Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. *Leviticus.* Exposition and Homiletics by the Rev. F. MEYRICK, M.A. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co.

WE are growingly pleased with the volumes of the Pulpit Commentary. In our judgment their value to the preacher far exceeds that of any other modern commentary. They are not got up to sell, but they are scholarly, reliable, and full of sound sense. Exodus is ponderous to the last degree as a volume; it had better have been made into two. Leviticus is more portable in size. The two commentaries would make a noble present to a minister. We are glad to see that the New Testament is to be proceeded with, for if all the books of the Bible are treated in the same manner with equal devoutness and freshness, the Pulpit Commentary will become the standard book for ministers. The series edited by Lange is nowhere in comparison with these volumes; indeed, they stand in the front rank, and are likely to do so for many years to come. We never turn to these pages without deriving instruction from them, and therefore we conscientiously speak in their praise, not coldly and formally, but with thorough heartiness.

Heralds of the Cross; or, The Fulfilling of the Command. Chapters on Missionary Work. By F. E. ARNOLD-FORSTER. Hatchards.

ATTRACTIVE missionary reading for boys and girls between the years of ten and fourteen. The book is mainly intended for Church of England children, but it does not leave out Carey, or Moffat, or Williams. In true missionary work and suffering there is such real unity that it little matters to whom the record relates; for the history of holy work is the common property of the entire church. It is a good idea to give the juveniles an early knowledge of what the missionaries are doing. We have little magazines in abundance, but we should like to see veritable books containing the telling stories of work done for the Lord by members of our Baptist Mission. Meanwhile we commend this work, and wish for it extensive usefulness.

Modern Heroes of the Mission Field. By the Right Rev. W. P. WALSH, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR good Bishop Walsh is quite a missionary enthusiast, and has the happy power of imparting his enthusiasm to others. He has here given sketches in brief, bright style of the missionary heroes in all sections of the church: and his book is sure to stimulate interest in this noble work. Here is the Baptist Carey, the Presbyterian Duff, the Episcopalian Martyn—all put into the gallery of honour, and all sympathetically treated. Our rising men and women could have no better stimulus than this, and we should like to know that it had been freely bought and studied. "Put it in the school library at once, Mr. Librarian!"

Outline Missionary Series. Polynesia. South Africa. Female Missions in Eastern Lands. John Snow and Co. (6d. each.)

THE scope and object of the whole of this Outline Missionary Series commend themselves to our judgment and common sense. We should heartily recommend teachers to buy all the manuals as they are issued, become masters of their contents, and then deliver them to others in the form of lectures.

Along the Lines at the Front. A general survey of Baptist Home and Foreign Missions. By WILLIAM F. B. BAINBRIDGE. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

AN admirable summary of the work of the baptized churches throughout the world. Our young people ought to be well posted up in it. The book deserves to be brought out by an English publisher. Mr. Bainbridge has not only seen the outside of our missions, but he knows the inner soul of them, and hence he writes with authority, and makes his volume interesting.

The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, from 1817 *to* 1882. Written by himself. Illustrated. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. John Bright, M.P. Edited by John Lobb, F.R.G.S. "Christian Age" Office.

BEFORE the abolition of slavery in the United States, Frederick Douglass was known in Great Britain as well as in America as an earnest and eloquent pleader for the rights of the slave. Born in 1817 on the plantation of a Colonel Lloyd, which was worked by about a thousand negroes, the author had plenty of opportunities in his early days of studying slavery in all its bearings. Indeed, by the time that he was twenty-one, he had himself passed through several phases of the accursed system, while his opportunities of observation were as complete as could be desired. Having had enough of the kicks and lashes of bondage, Douglass, at the age of twenty-one, in 1838, left Baltimore by train disguised as a sailor, and reached New York without being stopped. Proceeding to New Bedford, he soon found friends and suitable employment; but during the twenty years preceding the outbreak of the Civil War he travelled through the Free States, and through Great Britain and Ireland, incessantly advocating on the platform, and through the press, the Abolitionist movement. The book in its opening chapters is thus a vivid picture of slavery; and further on the reader comes upon a thrilling narrative of the ultimate triumph of freedom through the Rebellion which the slaveholders provoked to the destruction of slavery. The story throughout is forcibly written, and is at the same time free from that questionable sensationalism in which American fiction-writers have indulged when treating of this subject. The book will also prove a triumphant vindication of the cause of the slave against the ambitious and voluminous manifesto of Jefferson Davis recently published in this country. A man who, as president of the Southern Confederation, could issue a piratical proclamation, "announcing slavery and assassination to coloured prisoners," needed to write a very long vindication indeed both of himself and of his fellow conspirators against freedom and right, and he has done so; but while Mr. Davis has not shrunk from this task, his book deservedly lies unread on the booksellers' shelves. There is no fear of Douglass's work sharing this unenviable fate; for taking it altogether, it is the best and most interesting book on slavery and on the Civil War which we have ever read. As a narrative of truth the book is worth more than all the fiction which the controversy ever produced.

Judas Maccabæus, and the Jewish War of Independence. By CLAUDE REIGNIER CONDER, R.E. Marcus Ward and Co.

THE position of the Jewish people when Mattathias struck the apostate and slew the king's commissioner is well pictured. Israel had been goaded to revolt by the cruelties of Antiochus, and when Judas Maccabæus unfurled his conquering banner hope of freedom made them valiant, and confidence in the God of their fathers showed them the path to triumph. Judas goes from battle to battle, and though his end is shaded with defeat, yet his people received at his hands the charter of their liberties, and no more bowed before Gentile tyrants. This series of biographies does great credit to Marcus Ward and Co. They are not mere catchy brochures, but solid, well written, condensed histories. In this instance the Bible student can hardly afford to be without this sketch of the brightest of the links which connect the Old and New Testaments.

From Log Cabin to White House. By WILLIAM THAYER. Eighth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN a book has reached its thirty-fifth thousand it becomes unnecessary to review it at any length. The subject of this volume, the life of President Garfield, is of such general interest, and its literary merits are so manifest, that for a time it was difficult to keep pace with the demand for it. It stands to-day the best book on the subject yet published, and the reading of it must be stimulative to the mind and heart of everyone who will go through it. Garfield was a worthy subject, and Thayer is a worthy biographer.

Anecdotal Illustrations of the Gospel according to St. Mark. Founded on a collection made by J. L. Nye. Bemrose and Sons.

A SERVICEABLE collection of anecdotes placed under texts in Mark which they illustrate more or less effectively. We suppose the price to be about a shilling, and, if so, it will prove a good investment. The further the idea on which this book is constructed is carried out the better. We advise our readers to buy the little book, and judge for themselves.

Joan of Arc. "The Maid." By JANET TUCKEY. Marcus Ward and Co.

FINE change for half-a-crown. Get it. Reading this sketch for our reader's sake that we might give them some idea of its value, we were carried away by the style and taken up with the compact material, and found ourselves reading for our own delight. This is as it should be. "The Maid" has anew excited our wonder and increased our admiration. What savages those English must have been to have burned her, when her only witchcraft was her patriotism and her faith in God. Had they worshipped her, one might not so much have marvelled; but to burn the pure heroine was a crime against which all the ages must protest. The more historic reading our young people will allow themselves the better: this might well supply with healthy nutriment a craving which is usually drenched with foolish or even wicked novels.

Earth's Diamonds; or, Coal, its Formation and Value. With a Plea for the Miner. By HENRY H. BOURN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A THOROUGHLY instructive book upon the fuel which the Lord has stored away in the cellars of the earth for his favoured creature man. Here we may see the history of coal-formation and coal-extraction, and read terrible stories of explosions, and breakings in of water. A hard and dangerous life is that of the collier, and happy is it for him when he knows how to enlighten the darkness of the pit with the lamp of salvation. This coal-book is full of "the best nuts"; its contents are well screened, and consist of "best coals only." Young people should be sure to read it, and it will make them thankful that they are not diggers of black diamonds.

My Nellie's Story. The Castle in Trust. Murray Ballantine. Little Teachers. Saved in the Wreck. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

IN the June number of the magazine we said that the above little books were, like the famous pure tea, "always good alike"; but we unfortunately made a mistake as to the publisher's names, and therefore mention them again.

Stephen Mainwaring's Wooing: with other fireside tales. "Home Words" publishing office.

TOUCHING, tender, taking stories, having in every case an important truth to teach, and teaching it in a most attractive way. Fiction is always in its best garb when arrayed as the handmaid of virtue and godliness. The printing and general get-up deserve a word of praise too.

One Dozen Copies of Friendly Letters. By Miss SKINNER. Assorted Packets A and B. Jarrold and Sons.

The writer of these "*friendly letters*" has set herself the task of giving a cheery Christian word to cabmen, policemen, publicans, railway porters, etc., etc., etc., in a form which, we think, will be attractive and useful. The notes are not too long and prosy; and the godliness is not ostentatiously exhibited. They would do capitally for enclosure in letters or for discriminate personal distribution.

My First Class, and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Wesleyan Conference Office.

STORIES of godly purpose, told with considerable power of description and pathos: sure to do good, where perhaps severer reading would not find an entrance.

Arthur Hunter, with other Tales. By Mrs. CROWE. Wesleyan Conference Office.

STORIES having for their main teaching the truth that "honesty is the best policy." Suitable for the boys of the family, and for the Sunday-school library.

A Homiletical Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. By the Rev. W. Harris. R. D. Dickinson.

The extracts from other authors are valuable, but the homiletical outlines appear to us to be the weakest inventions we have yet seen. We hope that no one will try to make a sermon out of some of these outlines, for that would be deliberate folly; for even the best are thin and watery to the last degree. This big book will bitterly disappoint the purchaser; he had far better spend his money on Bridges or Lawson. We are sorry that Mr. Dickinson has introduced such a volume into his series, for it is not up to the mark at all.

A Homiletical Commentary on the Book of Daniel. By T. Robinson, D.D. Richard D. Dickinson.

Daniel is a difficult book to handle, especially by one who treats it homiletically, for only in measure does it lend itself to the maker of sermons. Mr. Robinson is one of the ablest of the contributors to this series of commentaries, and as we have so little upon the Old Testament John, we are glad of such a valuable increase to our expository helps. There is still room for a good Daniel book. Dr. Pusey as yet leads the van.

The Patriarchs: their Lives and Lessons. By Fergus Ferguson, M.A., D.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Contains many fresh thoughts popularly expressed. We know of more sententious and profound works, but yet the general run of readers will find here a large amount of solid instruction and devout suggestion. We like Dr. Ferguson far better in his expository mood than as a controversialist. A wide-awake theologian reading this volume might guess at the peculiar views of the writer; but they are not obtruded in season and out of season, as is the case with zealots whose crotchets are their only possessions. A sensitive mind might demur to certain expressions, but, knowing the writer to be what he is, it is more sensible to gather the good into vessels, and throw the bad away; of the good there is good store, and he who is not instructed must be marvellously wise, or very much the opposite. We are glad to possess the original thought of such a man as Dr. Ferguson.

A Pictorial Commentary on the Gospel according to Mark. With the text of the Authorised and Revised Versions. Edited by Rev. Edwin W. Rice. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

Brief notes which will be found practically useful to Sunday-school teachers and others who have not much time to give, and need much information in a short space. The engravings are numerous, and much to the point, but they should have been better executed.

The Revisers' English. By G. W. Moon, F.R.S.L. Hatchards.

The author of these letters is the well-known critic of Dean Alford and his "Queen's English," and this little book is a reprint of correspondence in "Public Opinion" at the time when the Revised Version had just been printed. The manner is very severe and caustic, and many of the criticisms fair; but there is a tendency to be hypercritical, which spoils Mr. Moon's judicial faculty, and adds a tone of bitterness to the controversy. He seems to see evil, and only evil, in the Revised Version, at which he runs atilt all the way through these letters. There are many arguments in favour of the older Version as against the Revised, and specially upon the point of its English; but Mr. Moon spoils his case with extravagance of blame. We love the dear old Book in its old inimitable beauty, but we do not care for this narrow and scathing championship. The best part of the volume is the group of photographs of the revisers.

The Christian Garland. A popular Exposition. By Rev. T. H. C. Lillingston, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Just what it professes to be. A popular exposition of Peter's garland of virtues in his second epistle. Mr. Lillingston is true to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, giving no uncertain sound, and withal writing in a sparkling, warm-hearted style which compels attention and profit. His book must do good.

Better Days for Working People. By William Garden Blackie, D.D., LL.D. New edition, revised and enlarged. Religious Tract Society.

This is an old favourite. It has had already a fine run, and now that the Religious Tract Society has adopted it, it is likely to have a new career of usefulness, and to be found among living books many days hence. The secularist wins his way by declaring that religion has no reference to this present life; this book disproves the calumny.

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones. Second Edition. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

Mr. Cinderella Jones—is that his name?—is a warm, sparkling Welsh preacher. These sermons upon the Acts are worthy of a great Association meeting among the mountains in the days of Christmas Evans. They are fresh and lively; thoughtful and fiery; just the sort to hold a congregation spell-bound. We do not mean that there is anything rough or off-hand in Mr. Jones's discourses, for they exhibit a good deal of finish and elegance; but they are not overdone in that direction, so as to die of dignity. We are glad to see the more striking points of a book of Scripture set forth in this fashion by a great preacher; for thus our lights of exposition are increased, and the Word is better understood. Much more might be done in this direction to the gain of the Church. We are not at all surprised that these "Studies" have reached a second edition, they belong to an order of books which will always command a sale as long as Scriptural exposition is valued, and that will be the case so long as spiritual men are left among us.

The Truth of the Christian Religion as established by the Miracles of Christ. By Ram Chandra Bose. Religious Tract Society.

Amongst the many books on Christian evidences and the truth as to miracles this one is clearly entitled to take a prominent place. The separate chapters appear to have been delivered as lectures, and whilst they are philosophical in form, are popular in manner of treatment. We feel deeply grateful to God that such a man as the author should have been raised up out of heathenism to spread the light of the gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen. Wherever the infidel theories of Renan and Strauss have been scattered, this book will act as the antidote, and the higher strata of Oriental thinkers be helped thereby; whilst for English teachers and preachers the volume will not be without value. The Tract Society never does better work than in making such books procurable by the mass of the people.

Studies in the Life of Christ. By Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

Amidst all the varied treatments of the Life of Christ with which we are favoured to-day, there was a distinct place for such a work as this, and it has been filled after such a fashion that the book will live. We do not accept every opinion of the writer—notably the hint as to Judas' destiny—yet gladly confess that Dr. Fairbairn combines qualities of mind and heart seldom found in the same writer, but absolutely needful for a complete expositor of Christ. In this volume there is a broad philosophy, a wide grasp of historical forces and influences, together with a keen eye for every dramatic detail and touch of beauty.

The piety, too, which is the power to see and the power to interpret the loveliness of Christ, is here manifest in every page, whilst there is an unusual power of going back along the line of history and giving vividness to every incident. Students and preachers will revel in the book, which we are glad to see is in its second edition: but a cheaper edition at about half the present price—nine shillings—would be a boon to readers and a profit to publishers.

Self Surrender: A second series of Consecrated Women. By Mary Pryor Hack. Hodder and Stoughton.

A gracious book, consisting of brief sketches of eleven holy women, among whom are Anne Askew, Isabel Brown, and Anne Maurice. We summarized the touching story of the wife of covenanting John Brown, of Ayrshire, in the magazine of last month. The article on "Anne Askew," in this month's magazine, is also extracted from this book.

Physiological Fallacies. First Series. Williams and Norgate.

OUR heart bleeds, and our soul writhes in horror as we read descriptions of the unutterable cruelties practised upon animals, not by the old-fashioned demons of the olden times, but by educated mortals in black coats. And now to think that all this hideous business should be proved to be useless! All this cutting and torturing to go for nothing! O Lord, how long! We shall have a round of letters from doctors, but we cannot help it. If ever we go mad it will assuredly be through reading such papers as come from the pens of certain M.D.'s who dare to watch the agonies of rabbits, dogs, and other animals. Can it be? Is it not all a dream? Did men who had mothers and wives perpetrate these accursed deeds? The nature of the book before us may be judged by two paragraphs from the preface:—

"We believe in God,—in his justice, his mercy, his love. We do not believe that he so made this world of his that aught but utmost ill can come to man, his noblest work—to man, made in his image, bound to his service and training for his presence—by deliberate breach of his divinest laws. In this faith we have grappled boldly with the selfish plea of good to be gained for man by self-seeking cruelty to the helpless creatures God has committed to his power. And it has crumbled in our hands. We have met the scientist on his own chosen ground of science. We answer him in his own tongue. Point by point we prove his assertions to be false, his conclusions fraught, not with good to man, but with error, and loss, and hurt. We challenge a reply."

Blue Ribbon Army Cards. By WM. NOBLE. Hoxton Hall.

The Blue Ribbon Movement: a Sermon by Rev. JOHN OATES. Northampton. One penny.

Seven Reasons for Wearing the Blue Ribbon. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Leicester.

THIS is the best temperance movement that has as yet been inaugurated. We gladly join it, because the gospel is set in the forefront, and temperance takes its proper place. Friends must carefully distinguish between the Blue Ribbon movement and the Salvation Army, and they must not confound Richard T. Booth with "General" William Booth. There is no imitation of an army, and no organization about the Blue Ribbon, or gospel temperance movement; indeed, Mr. R. T. Booth never uses the term "army" at all. He prefers the title "Gospel Temperance Union," and so do we. We have had enough of the blood-stained words "army," "general," "captain," and so forth. If there had been a beneficial influence in their use our Lord would have made his servants majors and lieutenants; he did not so, but scorned to dress his apostles and evangelists in the tawdry honours of a murderous trade.

The sermon by Mr. Oates is a small affair, but it is altogether on the right side.

Mr. Meyer's reasons for wearing the Blue Ribbon are excellent. As they may be new to our readers we transcribe them.

"1. *Wear the blue ribbon, it is a beautiful emblem of a noble cause.* . . . . Who can doubt that that cause is dear to Christ which leads many to deny themselves that it may be easier for their tempted brothers and sisters to give up that which is ruining them both body and soul?

"2. *Wear the blue ribbon, it commits a man.* It is of the utmost importance that a man should be committed to a good cause from the very outset.

"3. *Wear the blue ribbon, it will act as a reminder.* Some badge of this kind was worn by the Jews to remind them of their obligations.

"4. *Wear the blue ribbon, it is a shield.* It shields a man from temptation; for no man, who deserves the name of man, would ask another to drink who wore the blue. . .

"5. *Wear the blue ribbon, it affords easy opportunities for advocating total abstinence.*

"6. *Wear the blue ribbon, it is a bond of friendship.*

"7. *Wear the blue ribbon, it helps to make a strong public sentiment.*"

How shall I go to God? And other Readings. By H. BONAR, D.D.

AN excellent book to put into the hands of those who are anxious and enquiring after salvation. The special difficulties of seekers are here met, and the story of God's love and Christ's sacrificial power fully set forth. It cannot fail to do good service.

The Three Scholars, and other Poems. By the Rev. CHARLES MILLER. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

FINE poetic expressions, indicative of wealth of thought, are scattered all through this tasteful volume. The author is no Poet Close, no rhymer of platitudes: the fire of the poet burns within his soul with pure and lambent flame. The poesy is marred by occasional poor and inappropriate symbols and figures, else would Mr. Miller take a foremost place among the singers of the century. As it is, he is no mean musician. He speaks of a lark which has soared aloft as—

"A twinkling mote that higher still doth move,
As if to charm mankind to happier worlds above."

He tells of winter "grasping the brooklet's throat," and of "turbaned hills that chill the vales," and says, "the heavens are huge with hills of mimic snow." These and hundreds of other passages are words of a master of song. We marvel not that *Chambers' Journal* has opened its pages to verses of such merit. Our only regret is that the singer has passed his threescore and ten, and therefore has scant time to charm us with new canticles or to perfect those which he has given us. How soon shall we all hear the voice of the end!

"Let us, then, in grace advancing,
Steer our vessels in the sun,
And, with prows in splendour glancing,
Into heaven's haven run."

The Religious Topography of England. By S. R. PATTISON. Religious Tract Society.

WHY has not this been done before? Here we have a sort of "Holy Gazetteer." Places are mentioned alphabetically, and those incidents mentioned which give them a religious history. This makes a most interesting volume, which we believe will command a sale for many years to come. It is only half-a-crown, and leaves room for a larger work, which should be arranged in the same fashion. As specimens of the details of this "Topography" we give *Barking* and *Basingstoke*:—

"BARKING, Essex.—In 1556, an aged and crippled man, Hugh Laverock, a painter, and a blind man, Richard Ap Price, for denying the doctrine of the real presence, were arraigned before Bonner, and, manifesting the courage of their convictions, were condemned by him, and taken in a cart to Stratford-le-Bow, and there burnt to death. Foxe relates that Laverock, after he was chained to the stake, cast away his crutch, saying to Price, 'Be of good comfort, my brother, for my Lord of London is our good physician. He will heal us both shortly, thee of thy blindness and me of my lameness.'

"BASINGSTOKE, Hampshire.—Early in the present century, Dr. Marsh, curate at Reading, was requested by a curate at this place to visit him and preach. He went, but the rector prohibited the young evangelical from preaching in his church. He acquiesced, but a message came from a clergyman in the suburbs, asking him to supply his place on account of illness. He went, and in his sermon made the offer of Christ's salvation to the wickedest man in the church. A notoriously wicked fellow, called 'Swearing Tom,' was converted under the sermon, though Dr. Marsh only knew of it thirty years afterwards, on his preaching again in the town. The sinner had then for a quarter of a century been a most useful sick visitor and helper in the good cause. He lived and died consistently; where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Arkite Worship. By Rev. R. BALGARNIE. Nisbet and Co.

THESE papers are a reproduction in the main of the views set forth by Mr. Balgarnie in the pages of the *Expositor* upon the age of the patriarchs; the occasion of the writing of the twenty-third Psalm; the universality of the religion committed to the Jews, and the meaning of the expression, "After the order of Melchizedek." Ingenious theory-spinning is the substance of this book; and whilst one is compelled to marvel at the power of the magician, we cannot help asking, "Of what use is it?" It is too elaborate and complicated to be read by any other than Bible students, and these it would, in our judgment, unsettle rather than strengthen in their faith in the Bible.

Victor Emmanuel. By EDWARD DICEY, M.A. Marcus Ward and Co.

THIS is a complete and succinct life of "the king, honest man," to whom Italy owes so much. Our author is impartial, and does not conceal the monarch's grave faults, but he does not harp upon these as those do who are enemies, and therefore wish to conceal his public merits behind his personal transgressions. He was a faithful constitutional monarch, and *politically* a worthy example to all whose trade it is to be kings. How much we wish that he had subdued his passions as he conquered his lesser foes! We mourn that Italy should be saved and that her gallant monarch should be self-enslaved. A second time we commend this "New-Plutarch Series" of lives. Not only are the volumes cheap as mere printer's wares, but they are thoroughly good from a literary point of view.

Hoskin's Illustrated Handbook and Tourist's Guide to the Isle of Wight. With Map. Partridge and Co.

THIS is a useful little guide-book, but it might easily have been made much better than it is. The composition is very imperfect, many sentences are incomplete, and the printing is exceedingly incorrect. If these matters are attended to in a future edition of the book, visitors to the Isle of Wight will find that it is worth all that it costs. It can be obtained, post free, for seven stamps, of Mr. Hoskin, 98, Turner's-road, Bow, E.

Notes.

FRIENDS will please to notice that we have eight pages extra this month for accounts. When we occupy so much space with the record of donations, we do not deprive our subscribers of their reading-matter. Our aim is to keep the Magazine thoroughly interesting. Will those who think we succeed give us a little help by obtaining new subscribers for us?

We thought that friends might like to see the pattern of the keys which were presented at the opening of the Infirmary and the Play-hall of the Girls' Orphanage. Silver trowels have been given in hundreds of cases, and this is a little variation upon a well-worn custom.

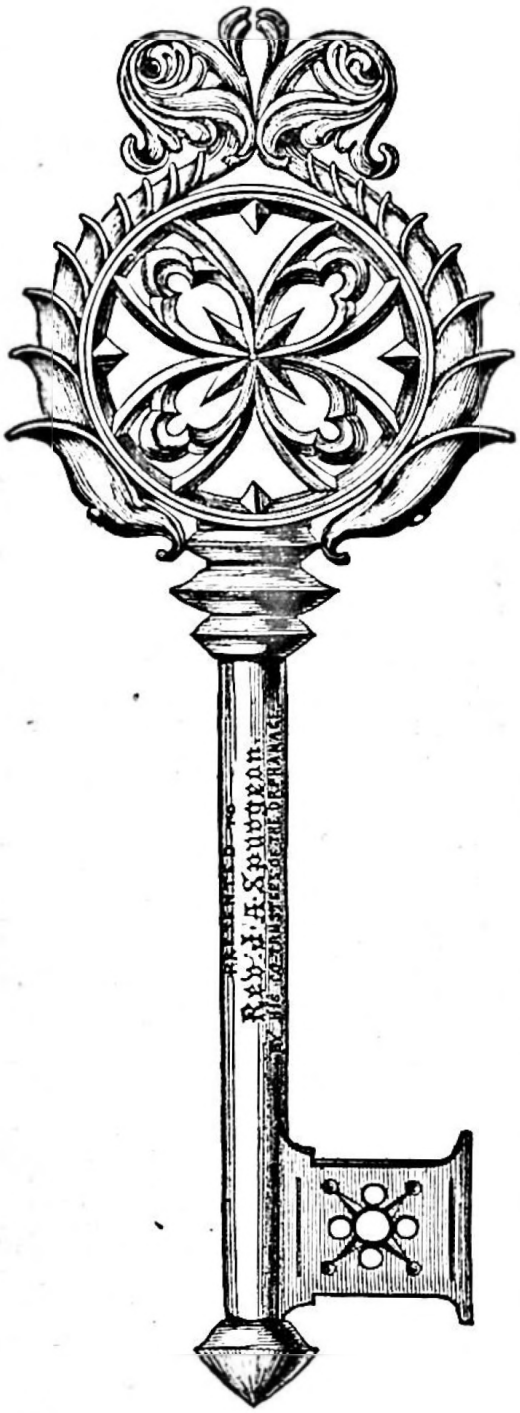
The prayer-meeting held before the Lecture on Thursdays to pray for the Pastor evidently grows in favour with the people. It is a season of refreshing both to preacher and hearers. Would it not be well for other churches to try this method, and spend an hour before service in praying for the divine blessing to rest upon the preaching of the word? Anything which tends to increase the prayerfulness of the church should be regarded with favour.

On *Sunday, June* 18, the beloved president of one of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Adult Male Bible-classes, Elder W. Perkins, fell asleep in Jesus. Although called away from the work he so much loved, his influence will long be felt by those whom he either led to the Saviour, or helped onwards in their Christian life. His life and death preach a powerful sermon to us all. We saw him covered from head to foot with sore boils, and exhibiting in his own person both the patience and the suffering of Job. He lived well, and died well. Such men as he are few, and their deaths are precious. By the unanimous vote of the members, and with the Pastor's hearty acquiescence, Elder J. T. Dunn has accepted the post of leader of the class, and under his able management we anticipate a new career of usefulness for the earnest body of young men who are here banded together for mutual edification. During the past month we have received from the class £23 for the College, and £30 for our Indian Evangelists' Fund.

On *Monday evening, June* 26, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Mr. J. S. Harrison, one of the two students who went out to Australia with our son Thomas, gave an account of his work as the first pastor of the church at Deloraine, Tasmania, and afterwards as an evangelist in the colonies. His report of the various College brethren whom he had visited was very cheering, but he most of all delighted us with his recital of the success of Mr. A. J. Clarke at West Melbourne, and our son Thomas at Auckland. He was able to bear personal testimony to the urgent need of a new chapel for the large congregation already gathered in Auckland.

This is perhaps the best place in which to insert an extract from a recent letter from our son to his mother. Writing concerning the Bazaar, which is to be held at Christmas time, in aid of the building fund of the new Auckland Tabernacle, he says:—"We shall

have a struggle to make the sale much of a success; but a success it must be, so now for the struggle. I am going in for the Young Men's Stall, and wonder if any of my eager *Sword and Trowel* readers will find it in



their hearts to help me. A case from the home Tabernacle would be welcome for the new Tabernacle. If you should hear of any such desires, give my address. I will gladly pay carriage and duty for such good goods. When I write this, mind you, I hardly expect anything of the sort, but there is no harm in suggesting possibilities, is there?"

A case *will* be sent from the Tabernacle, so that any friends who wish to help will have an opportunity of doing so. Parcels should be sent on as speedily as possible, and addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, for Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's Bazaar. Moreover, it would be peculiarly pleasant to the father if many friends would rally to the help of the son. Our readers must have been interested by the papers which have been contributed by Thomas Spurgeon, and as he has now a needful but heavy work in hand, we should be glad to see him largely helped. He has taken up his position in a most important part of New Zealand: it is important that a good church should be built up there, and to that end the people must have a house to meet in. Help our son for his own sake, for he is worthy, and for our sake, if that argument will weigh with you. A bazaar in Auckland is all very well, but it would be far better to send money than goods. Combine the two, and the best thing is attained.

On *Monday evening, July* 3, a meeting of the ladies of the church and congregation was held in the Lecture Hall, for the purpose of forming a Tabernacle Auxiliary for Zenana Mission Work. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the meeting, and after a brief address, called upon Mrs. Rouse, of Calcutta, who described the condition of the women of India, and gave many interesting and encouraging details of her own work, and the labours of other lady missionaries among the women and children in the Zenanas and schools. Mrs. Rouse pleaded with great pathos and earnestness the claims of the work. Mrs. Allison responded to the pastor's request to state the steps which had led to the present movement. It was proposed that the sum of at least £120 should be raised annually at the Tabernacle for the support of a Female Missionary, who should give all her time to the work. Mr. W. Olney and Mr. Allison also explained the plans of the friends who had interested themselves in the matter, and a list of subscriptions was read, which was considerably extended at the close of the meeting. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has consented to act as President, Mrs. Allison as Treasurer, and Mrs. Charles Murrell as Secretary, to the committee about to be formed. The Pastor is delighted to see this new vessel launched under such favourable circumstances.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the same evening, a party of missionaries from the China Inland Mission attended, and asked for the prayers of the church on their work. Among them was one of our former students, Dr. E. H. Edwards, who has been trained at the Edinburgh Medical Mission.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. I. Stockley has accepted the pastorate of the church at Port Mahon, Sheffield, and the following brethren have removed:—Mr. W. Bonser, from Burslem, to Fenton, Staffs., where we hope to build up a Baptist cause; Mr. W. Glanville, from Egremont, to Newport, Isle of Wight; Mr. C. Gomm, from Kilburn, to Soham, Cambs.; Mr. G. B. Richardson, from Charlbury, to Eynsford; and Mr. Albert Smith, late of Esher, to West Drayton.

Mr. S. A. Dyke has resigned his pastorate in Toronto, in order to become Business Manager of the *Canadian Baptist* and book-room.

One of our medical missionary students, Mr. E. H. Edwards, B.M., has been accepted by the China Inland Mission, and has sailed for China.

On *Tuesday*, *July* 18, the President preached an open-air sermon in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of a new chapel at Hornchurch, where Mr. E. Dyer is labouring with much success. About half the amount needed for the building is already in hand, and £100 more is promised, leaving about £270 still to be raised. Mr. Abraham, who laid the stone, has been the means of the formation of a Baptist church in Hornchurch.

EVANGELISTS.—Mr. Bax has written the following appreciative report of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Salters' Hall Chapel:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It is with very great thankfulness I write to inform you of the great blessing we have received at Salters' Hall through the visit of our beloved brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Our dear brethren were with us for three weeks, and the services seemed to increase in interest and power to the very last; and it was with the most sincere regret that we bade our friends farewell. Mr. Fullerton's preaching is altogether remarkable. It is very pointed and illustrative, and appeals much more to the reason and conscience than to the emotions. To this fact probably is to be attributed the entire absence of anything like undue excitement. People feel they are being addressed by an earnest, true-hearted man, who entirely forgets himself in his work. Mr. Smith's singing adds greatly to the interest of the services, which are singularly bright and happy. The special services for children, conducted by Mr. Smith, are not likely soon to be forgotten by the little ones. They abound in anecdote, and always have a good application. Some of the meetings deserve especial notice, *e.g.*, the early Sunday-morning service for workers, the meetings for men only, and women only, and the excellent song-services on Saturday evenings, which I may say, in passing, are no mere entertainments, but full of the gospel, both spoken and sung. The results have been very blessed. Many persons have been pressed into active service for Christ, Christians have experienced a great revival in their spiritual life, and have been roused to deep concern for the salvation of their fellows, while a very large number profess to have found rest and peace in Christ. God is with our dear friends, of a truth, and the crowds which nightly filled our spacious chapel prove triumphantly that it is not at all necessary to resort to all sorts of vulgar and senseless expedients to gain the ear of the multitude. Our treasurer will forward you in a few days a cheque as a thank-offering, and I only wish it were double the amount.

"With very best love,
"I remain,
"Faithfully yours,
"ALFRED BAX."

Since the accounts were closed we have received a cheque for £46 as a thankoffering for the blessing received through our brethren's visit.

During the past month the evangelists have been conducting very successful services in connection with nearly all the churches in Woolwich. After a season of rest, which they both greatly need, they will again visit the south-west of England, in which they can still arrange for a few more engagements. In response to Mr. Fullerton's letter in last month's Magazine he has received from "A Friend" £5 for the distribution of sermons, and a lady at Salters' Hall Chapel gave Mr. Smith £5 for the same object. These are the only donations to hand at present towards the £200 that will be required for the proposed 100,000 sermons to be given away at the evangelists' services.

ORPHANAGE.—We have decided to proceed at once with the erection of the next portion of the Girls' Orphanage buildings. We reported at the *fête* on June 21st that we had at that time a balance of £3,000 in hand on the building fund account, and during the past month we have received £1,000 from "A Friend," who does not wish his name to be known. This enables us to go forward with confidence, assured that the rest of the money will be forthcoming as it is required. The plans for the laundry have been prepared, and the building will be commenced as soon as possible; the dining-hall, kitchen, and master's house being left for the present. We can the more readily continue our building operations without anxiety as we have recently received for the general purposes of the institution two legacies amounting together to nearly £3,000. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

On *Thursday afternoon*, *June* 29, Mr. W. Ross entertained the whole of the Orphanage boys and girls at a strawberry-tea at the Horse-shoe Iron-wharf, Old Kent-road; for which the President very heartily thanked him. A considerable number of visitors also partook of Mr. and Mrs. Ross's kind hospitality, and then showed their interest in the orphans by making a generous

collection in aid of the institution. Thus one friend after another helps us to make the little ones happy.

A country donor writes:—"Whenever I buy or sell a horse, or have one born or die, I always make a tithe of £1 for something which seems to claim it most (your institutions principally). I was very much tempted on one occasion not to do so; circumstances seemed to forbid, when one of my horses died; but a few days after I had an account sent to me which I never expected to get, showing me plainly that the old promise is as sure now as ever. Since the enclosed P.O.O. was obtained, the colt has died, so that is the reason you get the sovereign extra."

We have experienced a great sorrow. Miss Hannah Moore, an invaluable worker, has for years served faithfully at the Orphanage, but having been for some time unwell it was the unanimous opinion of doctors and friends that a change and a sea-voyage would be of great benefit to her. Our kind friend, Miss Annie Macpherson, generously made an opening for Miss Moore, and she left us, as we all hoped, to return in a year or two, refreshed and well. She felt it to be a great sorrow, though the holy happiness of the home at Galt, Ontario, and the general kindness of Miss Macpherson and friends helped her to tide over the change; but alas! while she was speaking of her grief at leaving us, she died, in a moment, of heart-disease. We never had a better sister among us, and her death is to us as sad as it is sudden; only when we look beyond this present scene we almost envy such a translation. We shall not soon see another like her, for in all respects, except health, she was exactly suited to her post,—kind, gentle, faithful, Christ-like, she was our ideal of a Christian worker; but for that very reason she was ready to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. There is a voice in this to all of us who are banded together at the Orphanage—"Be ye also ready."

COLPORTAGE.—The reports of work from the colporteurs continue to arrive, and many of them tell of the conversion of sinners through their labours. Some of them appear specially useful in the cause of Temperance. The following letter will be read with interest. It is from a colporteur who has charge of a Sunday-school, and who also conducts the services in the village chapel:—

"At the end of another quarter I submit a brief report of past labours. I have very much to be thankful for, although I cannot exceed the amount previously realized by the sale of books. When I consider that many of the families have been out of employment, and others do not care about purchasing books, I can still thank God, and take courage, and my daily prayer is that God may abundantly bless his word, and the different periodicals which I have been enabled to dispose of; also that I still may have an increased demand for the good and useful literature.

"Upon the whole, I continue to be well received; there are a few exceptions, and some are as happy to see me as though I were one of their own family. In some of the villages we are having glorious times, and several, I feel sure, are under serious impressions.

"God is also blessing our labours in the Gospel Temperance Movement, and in one of the darkest villages through which I travel glorious have been the results. One hundred have signed the pledge, and donned the blue ribbon. Praise the Lord! All these are new recruits brought in during the last five months, and I am happy and thankful to God that nearly all of them are staunch and true; and, more than that, some of them are anxious about their souls' salvation, and now instead of being found in the alehouse singing the devil's songs, they are to be heard singing the songs of Zion.

"Among those that we have been led by God to rescue is one of the greatest drunkards in the place, and another who, in a drunken spree, was stabbed, and nearly lost his life. But now they are respectably clothed, and in their right mind, and as the result we have been enabled to sell books to them, and others who before spent the greater part of their wages in strong drink and tobacco.

"One man in particular deserves mention. He had been a regular attendant at the house of God for years, but the drink was a snare to him, also the pipe; but now as the result of talking to him he has thrown his pipe, etc., into the canal, given up his beer, and signed the pledge. Instead of spending his money as before, he has ordered from me "The Life of Christ," and bought other books as well. On the whole, we have very much to be thankful for."

The efforts of over seventy Christian men, engaged in various parts of the country, doing similar work to that described above, cannot but result in a mighty blessing, and when it is remembered that each man is a distributor of thousands of volumes and parts of religious and moral books, the influence for good of the Association can hardly be over-estimated. The committee will be glad to hear from friends in any districts willing to contribute £40 a-year towards the support of a man. This is one of the cheapest forms of Evangelistic work known.

Regular contributions are also needed for the General Fund, to continue the work already in hand. They may be sent to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple-street, London, S.E.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—The regular meetings of this society, which are held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, every Wednesday

evening, continue to be well sustained, and in every way successful. During the four months since the movement was started nearly 900 pledges have been taken, the signers being nearly all those who were not previously total abstainers; and, better still, many cases of conversion have resulted from the work. It has been carried on from the commencement on the principles of the Gospel Temperance Union, as advocated by Messrs. R. T. Booth, W. Noble, and F. Murphy, although the wearing of the blue ribbon badge is quite optional.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Richard T. Booth to hold a series of Gospel Temperance Services in the Tabernacle, commencing on *Sunday afternoon, September* 3, and closing on *Tuesday evening, September* 12. On the Monday and Thursday evenings the meetings will be held at the close of the usual prayer-meetings and service; and on Sunday evening, September 10, which will be the strangers' quarterly free service, Mr. Booth will hold a special meeting at eight o'clock. Lord Mount Temple, Canon Wilberforce, Pastors W. J. Mayers (Bristol), and C. Leach, F.G.S. (Birmingham), and other able temperance advocates, have, we understand, promised to help Mr. Booth. Will all who desire to see the spread of the gospel and temperance pray that a rich and lasting blessing may rest upon the mission?

PERSONAL NOTES.—Some time ago we published sixteen cases of usefulness of our sermons, which had come under the notice of one of our evangelists. The same brother has sent us the following additional incidents:—

(17.) During my Yorkshire campaign, I met with an earnest worker who has been engaged in the Sabbath School for many years. In conversation it transpired that she was brought to Christ twenty-five years ago through reading your sermon on "India's Ills and England's Sorrows" (No. 150). Until then thoughtless and unconcerned, the whole current of her life was changed by reading that sermon: and she was led to devote herself and her energies to the Saviour's service.

(18.) In Northamptonshire, far removed from any place of worship, I have during the past year, repeatedly visited a poor old lady, who is nearly ninety years of age. Each visit has been a season of blessing to my soul; for the good woman is one of the happiest Christians I know. It is years since she was able regularly to attend the chapel where she is in membership; and during this long absence her weekly feast has been your sermons, which she reads and re-reads *con amore*. Though she has never seen you, she always inquires most eagerly of me concerning your work and your health.

(19.) At A——, I heard of a military officer, who owed his conversion to reading one of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sermons; and who, for years after, until removed to the service of the King of kings, bought half-a-dozen of the weekly issue for circulation among his brother officers—an example worthy of imitation by all who themselves profit by these sermons.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 26, eight; June 29, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	0	7	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Gilbert	2	10	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Miss I. Samuel	1	0	0
Miss H. Southwell	1	0	0
Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	1	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	1	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Chepstow Baptist Church 1 0 0			
W. L. M. 0 10 0			
	1	10	0
A friend in E——	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Pewtress	9	0	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	10	0
Collected at Portland Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	5	5	4
Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Rouse	0	10	6
D. E. G., Wilts	0	4	0
The late Mr. Perkins' Bible-class	23	0	0
Miss Moore, per J. T. D.	0	3	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	5	5	0
Mrs. Webb	2	2	0
Mr. Balne	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
A Thankoffering	4	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ross	1	0	0
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Balance of Lecture, per Pastor W. B. Haynes	0	9	0
Mr. D. Robie	0	10	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	2	6
The Misses Black	2	0	0
Mrs. de K.	0	2	6
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Mrs. Gillanders	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 18 30 0 0			
,, 25 (including £15 from "An Australian friend") 47 10 8			
July 2 34 2 6			
,, 9 34 0 9			
	145	13	11

	£	s.	d.
J. H., Edinburgh	3	0	0
Mr. W. J. Hazel	6	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible Class	13	0	0
Miss E. A. Davies	1	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor, per F. R. T.	2	10	0
	£250	13	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	10	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	2	0
Lilla, Bertie, and Jessie Nash's collecting-box	1	4	0
Ellen Grounds	0	1	0
Mr. Wm. Marshall	0	6	0
Mrs. Ann Dale	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Kirby	0	2	0
Mrs. Wells and Miss Hasler	1	0	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Miss Hopperton	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. Shaw	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	0	10	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Salt for the Orphans	0	2	6
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	10	0
Miss S.	1	0	0
Miss Jackson	0	10	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	15	0
Mr. W. Painter	0	3	0
T. S.	2	2	0
Miss. A. Leeder	0	5	0
Mr. F. Cooper	1	0	0
Master Tom Brine	0	10	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	20	11	9
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	5	1
E. A. Newton	0	2	6
Mr. Sedcole	0	10	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Mrs. Hunt and Friend	0	16	0
Mrs. Markland	0	5	0
Miss McEwing	1	0	0
Durweston Ringers	0	5	0
Mrs. J. L. Blake	1	0	0
E. J. A.	0	5	0
F. E. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Near	0	2	6
Miss Clara E. Berry	0	1	0
Miss L. C. Sealy	0	10	0
E. B.	48	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	48	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	10	0	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Brother Rabbit	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Jane Jordan:—			
Mrs. McGaw	0	2	6
Mrs. Cameron	0	2	6
Mr. Clarke	0	2	6
Mr. Gordon	0	2	6
Miss J. Jordan	0	2	6
	0	12	6
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
O. D. D. and Friends, Scarborough	1	0	6
O. D. D. (annual sub.)	1	1	0
	2	1	6
Collected by Mrs. James	1	0	0
Mr. James Dougall	0	10	0
Mrs. A. G.	2	0	0
Mrs. G. E. Buckenham	1	2	0
Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	2	0
Mr. W. Gates, per Mrs. G. E. Buckenham	1	1	0
Mrs. Mary Evans	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Jno. Robinson	1	10	0
Rev. G. F. Pentecost, D.D.	5	0	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	21	0	0
Postal order from Paisley	0	5	0
A Widow's Offering, A. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Tutcher	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Williams	0	5	0
Miss H. Southwell	1	0	0
Miss Morrison	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn	2	8	0
Maggie	0	2	6
J. S. T. E. J.	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Dods	1	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	1	0	0
For the Lord's Service	0	2	9
E. Marrow	0	1	0
Miss Ann Brown	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Briggs	0	5	0
The late Minnie Rose	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	2	0	0
H. M. F.	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	6	9
Mr. W. A. Palmer	0	5	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Hewitt, per Miss Jackaman	2	0	0
Mrs. Haydon	2	2	0
Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	1	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
A Friend	0	10	0
A Thankoffering	0	2	6
Mary Jones	1	10	0
A Friend, Glasgow	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davis	1	0	9
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Welling	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dayton	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Collected by Ollie Rossiter	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	3	0	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	10	0	0
Messrs. James Bischoff and Sons	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Hutt:—			
Mr. G. W. Colebrook	1	1	0
Mr. C. Julian	1	1	0
Mr. J. Goodacre	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Gamlen	1	1	0
Mr. Hewett	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Collier	1	1	0
Mr. A. Callas	1	1	0
Mr. A. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hutt	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Hoffman	1	1	0
Mr. R. Bracher	1	1	0
Mr. R. Tompkins	0	10	6
Mr. G. Batby	0	10	6
Mr. J. Bragg	0	10	6
Mr. E. Albury	0	10	6
Mrs. Goodacre	0	10	6
	14	3	6

	£	s.	d
J. L.	0	5	0
Miss E. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Skinner	1	1	0
Postal Order from King's Heath	0	10	0
Miss Mary Maxwell Bayley	1	10	0
W. R. H.	1	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Miss S. Scott	0	5	3
Mrs. Thomas Fleming	0	12	0
Martha Hart	1	0	0
Miss J. Banbury	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Knock	0	5	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	2	0	0
Mr. J. McMaster	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horner	0	10	0
M. M. M.	0	2	6
Miss E. Stockwell	1	1	0
Miss Sarah Rimell	0	6	0
Miss Maggie Kempt	0	2	0
Mr. R. Robinson, "firstfruits"	0	10	0
S. V.	1	0	0
In memory of "Beecie," Montrose	1	0	0
Mr. I. B. Falconer	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Wight	1	0	0
Friends at Braintree, per Pastor J. C. Foster	0	13	6
Collected by Miss Alice Blackman	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mrs. Sercombe	4	0	0
Collected by Miss Mary Holmes	3	0	0
M. A. K.	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Bale	0	1	0
Mrs. Dodwell	1	0	0
Mr. R. McKinley	5	0	0
A servant	1	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Per Pastor C. L. Gordon :—			
Mrs. E. Phillips 0 10 0			
Mr. Thomas Havard 0 2 0			
	0	12	0
Widow Townsend	1	1	0
Collected by Master G. Cormack	0	13	6
Collected by Mr. Alfred Burleton	0	5	0
Mr. George Tomkins, per Miss Jones	2	2	0
N. G.	0	4	0
Mrs. J. Smith	0	2	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0
Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. Ridgson	5	0	0
Teachers and Scholars at South-street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich	2	2	0
Robert and Ann Gallant	0	18	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
F. T. White	0	5	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
Miss Arkill (three quarters) 0 15 0			
Mr. G. Betjamann, sen. 0 10 6			
Mr. John Jones 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Billson 0 1 0			
Mr. J. B. Kelleway 0 5 0			
	1	16	6
Mr. W. Fox	5	5	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	1	0	0
Two bright half-crowns given by a little boy and girl to Mr. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Misses Anne and Elizabeth Newman	3	0	0
Number one	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. E. Pickering	0	10	6
Cornwall-road Baptist Sunday-school	10	10	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0
Sale of Flowers by Miss Howells, from Mrs. Alfred Major, Boxmoor	1	10	8
S. G.	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	2	2	0
A friend	0	2	0
W.	4	0	0
Mr. E. Sheffield	5	0	0
Miss White	1	0	0
Mrs. Roberts	0	10	0
Two sixpences	0	1	0
Miss Sandall	0	10	0
G. T.	1	0	0
G. J. R.	2	2	0
Mrs. Wand	0	2	0
Florrie Wand's farthings	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Willcox	0	10	6
Miss Finlayson	1	0	0
P. A. Jones	0	8	0
A Scotch lady, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
K. T.	30	0	0
Miss Smallridge	0	5	0
T. C.	1	1	0
E. Collin	0	5	0
Mr. W. E. R. Hoskin	2	0	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	13	0
Mr. John Wood	0	7	6
Mr. Sydney Smith	1	1	0
A Friend, per Pastor J. H. Sobey	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Rouse	2	2	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	7	0
L. K. D.	1	2	6
Mrs. Couttie	0	10	0
Mr. E. Jenner, per Mr. Allison	2	2	0
Collecting Books received June 21st, 1882:—			
Abbott, Mrs.	1	0	0
Allum, Mrs.	2	7	2
Ashwell, Mrs.	1	15	0
Bonser, Miss	0	10	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	15	1
Bantick, Mrs.	0	12	0
Brower, Mrs.	0	14	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	0	9
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	14	0
Burrill, Miss E. L.	1	2	0
Brayne, Miss	0	8	6
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	4	4
Cooper, Mr. J.	1	2	7
Cockshaw, Miss	1	11	0
Christie, Miss A.	0	7	9
Cockle, Mrs., Collected from friends at Brockley-road Chapel	11	16	0
Charles, Miss B.	0	14	0
Cann, Miss	1	12	10
Cheney, Miss	0	17	4
Day, Miss	0	10	0
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Davey, Master	0	6	0
Ellis, Mrs.	5	17	0
Evans, Mrs.	1	1	6
Evans, Mrs. E.	2	11	6
Ewen, Mrs.	1	11	8
Evans, Mr. W. J.	3	0	0
Friston, Mr. O.	4	4	0
Fisher, Mrs.	1	0	6
Farmer, Miss E.	2	2	2
Gubbins, Mr.	1	2	2
Goslin, Mrs.	0	10	0
Hubbard, Mrs.	1	7	1
Horner, Mrs.	1	1	0
Hogbin, Mr. T. F.	0	11	9
Hickinbotham, Miss	4	1	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	4	0
Heasman, Miss	1	0	0
Jephs, Miss	1	15	0
Jumpsen, Mrs.	0	10	6
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	3	0	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	10	0
Lovegrove, Miss L. H.	0	7	6
Leworthy, Miss	0	13	6
London, Master	0	6	6
Livett, Mrs.	0	15	0
Lewis, Mrs.	1	0	0
Mackrill, Mrs.	0	13	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
McDonald, Mrs.	1	5	0
Mott, Mrs.	0	14	6
Mann, Miss	2	15	0
Norris, Mrs....	1	10	0
Orridge, Mrs.	1	13	6
Oakden, Miss	4	13	3
Powell, Miss	0	6	6
Parry, Mr. Wm.	0	9	6
Page, Miss M.	0	10	0
Porter, Miss	0	8	0
Priestley, Miss S.	0	11	0
Paine, Master G.	0	7	0
Parker, Mrs.	10	0	0
Phillips, Master E. ...	0	6	0
Phillips, Master W. ...	0	1	0
Roby, Miss	2	0	0
Smith, Miss	4	2	0
Spurdens, Miss	1	1	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	0	0
Thomson, Miss	0	10	0
Tiddy, Mrs.	1	14	0
Willis, Mrs.	1	10	0
Whitehead, Mrs.	2	1	1
Wilks, Mrs.	0	6	6
Wykes, Miss E.	0	15	0
Williams, Mrs.	1	8	6
Weekes, Mr. A.	1	10	0
Wells, Miss	0	12	6
Donations—			
Alderton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bourne, Mr. W.	1	0	0
Briers, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Brownridge, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0
Brand, Mrs....	0	2	6
Cooper, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Descroix, Mrs.	1	0	0
Dowsett, Mr. (Sunday-school Class)	1	10	6
Ellwood, Mrs.	4	4	0
Ellwood, Mrs., per G. A. W.	1	0	0
Earl, Mrs.	2	0	0
Evans, Mr. W.	5	5	0
Evans, Mrs. W.	5	5	0
Glover, Mr.	0	10	0
George, Wm.	0	1	0
Grose, Miss H. A.	0	10	0
Goslin, Mr. and Mrs. C. ...	1	1	0
Hellier, Mr.	2	2	0
Haward, Mrs. G.	0	5	0
Haward, Mrs. F.	0	5	0
Hall, Mrs.	0	10	0
Head, Mrs.	0	10	0
Healy, Mr. (boys)	1	0	0
Healy, Mrs. (girls)... ...	1	0	0
Hudd, Mrs.	5	5	0
Hudd, Miss Maud	0	10	6
Jeannerette, Mr.	1	0	0
Jackson, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	2	2	0
Kelly, Mr. T. A.	0	10	0
Kelly, Mrs. T. A.	0	10	0
Kerridge, Mrs.	1	1	0
Lewis, Miss	0	2	6
Lanthois, Miss	0	2	6
Mather, Mr. John	0	10	0
Olney, Mr. Thos. H. ...	10	0	0
Offer, Mrs. and Friend ...	0	10	0
Price, Miss E.	0	10	0
Perrett, Miss	1	1	0
Pearce, Miss L. M. ...	4	7	6
Romang, Mr.	1	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0
Robinson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Robinson, Mr.	0	10	0
Rudd, Mr. Samuel... ...	0	10	0
Read, N.	0	2	0
Ranbott, Mrs.	0	5	0
Sloan, Mr. (Scotch Bible Society)	0	10	0
Stone, Mrs. (girls)... ...	0	10	0
Smith, Miss Ida	1	0	0
Saunders, Mrs. S.	1	1	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A. ...	20	6	0
Smith, Mrs. J.	1	1	0
Turley, Mr.	1	0	0
Tyrrell, Miss Ada Grace ...	0	2	6
Tyrrell, Miss Harriett E....	0	2	6
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	5	0
Woollacott, Mr. J. C ...	1	0	0
Wilson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Weekley, Mrs.	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr.	2	2	0
Webster, Mrs.	1	0	0
Yates, Mr.	0	2	6
Young, Mr.	10	0	0
Surrey House, Bodham ...	0	10	6
Katie	0	10	0
Per Miss Cockshaw :—			
A Friend ... 0 2 0			
A Friend ... 1 0 0			
E. Matthews... 0 3 9			
B. Matthews... 0 3 9			
P. Johns ... 0 2 6			
A Friend ... 0 2 0			
	1	14	0
E. and M. A. S.	1	1	0
S. B.	0	1	6
S. A.	0	1	0
A stranger	0	10	0
A Well Wisher	0	10	0
G. W....	1	0	0
Four Boys	0	4	0
B. W. C.	2	0	0
A Friend	0	2	6
M. C.	6	0	0
Susan B.	0	5	0
Charlotte B.	0	5	0
L. K.	0	2	6
A. S.	0	5	0
E. C.	0	5	0
E. H.	2	2	0
Per Pastor J. H. Barnard :—			
Mr. J. G. Randall. 1 0 0			
Pastor J. H. Barnard 0 10 0			
Mrs. Barnard ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Lea 0 5 0			
Mrs. Reynold ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Pawle... ... 0 5 0			
Dr. Harvey ... 0 2 6			
Miss Heintz ... 0 2 6			
Miss M. Heintz ... 0 2 6			
Mrs. Standfast ... 0 2 6			
	3	0	0
L. W., per W. O.	0	2	0
E. S. T.	0	2	0
J. D.	0	10	0
A. H.	0	5	0
H. K....	0	5	0
J. B....	0	1	0
M. G....	0	0	6
T. G. W.	0	1	0
A. H....	0	3	0
H. C....	0	10	0
W. H.	0	10	0
H. C.	0	2	6
Alias	0	2	0
E. D.	0	1	6
One penny a week subscribers	1	10	0
Cash	0	4	0
Boxes :—			
Burnett, Mr.	1	2	6
Sargeant, Mr.	1	18	6
Purkes, Miss	0	8	0
Edmonds, Mrs.	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
G. F. P., per J. A. S. ...	1	0	0
Hagger, Miss	1	0	0
Davis, Mrs.	1	0	0
			257 11 6

Collecting Boxes:	£	s.	d.
Atley, Miss	0	4	9
Aldridge, Miss E. B. ...	0	5	6
Ayton, Miss H.	0	0	11
Alder, Miss	0	5	8
Allen, Mrs.	0	3	2
Atkins, Miss...	0	10	8
Allum, Master A.	0	13	4
Ackland, Mr.	0	6	9
Ackland, Miss	0	18	1
Atkins, Miss E.	0	10	10
Andrews, Mr. D.	1	6	7
Askew, Miss L.	0	0	10
Bowes, Mrs....	5	10	0
Bliss, Miss C.	0	5	11
Bennington, Miss A. ...	0	12	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	14	6
Bucknole, the Misses ...	0	15	11
Butler, Miss...	0	8	3
Brook, Mrs.	0	16	10
Brown, Mr. E. F.	0	4	3
Baxter, Miss E.	0	17	6
Bourne, Miss F.	0	16	5
Burton, Mrs.	2	9	0
Boltwood, Miss A.... ...	0	11	0
Bellingham, Miss	0	1	4
Baker, Mrs....	1	0	2
Brewer, Alice and Lilly ...	0	10	6
Besfer, Miss	0	13	1
Bristow, Miss	0	8	0
Burrage, Mrs.	0	5	10
Brooks, Miss	0	5	1
Burley, Miss...	0	3	3
Butler, Mrs.	0	19	4
Brightwell, Miss	0	2	9
Blandford, Mrs.	0	5	11
Betambeau, Miss A. ...	0	4	9
Bowden, Miss A. M. ...	0	4	5
Bedwin, Mrs.	2	8	10
Bartholomew, Mrs. ...	0	10	6
Boswell, Mrs.	0	4	5
Blackwell, Miss M. ...	1	17	9
Briggs, Miss E.	0	4	1
Box, Miss Jane	0	1	10
Bennet, John	0	0	2
Beale, Miss...	0	5	6
Baulf, Miss L.	0	14	3
Bowser, Miss A.	0	2	7
Bartlett, Miss M.	0	9	3
Bartlett, Miss	0	7	2
Bates, Miss M.	0	4	6
Buswell, Mrs.	1	9	2
Barr, G. H....	0	5	8
Bowser, Miss E.	0	6	3
Barr, Master C. F. ...	0	8	1
Blake, Miss...	0	3	1
Cowdroy, S. H., Jun. ...	0	18	6
Cooke, Miss...	0	3	1
Catlin, Mr.	0	2	6
Charlesworth, Miss Mabel F.	0	3	4
Chiddock, Master	0	3	6
Corsan, Mr.	0	3	1
Cockshaw, Miss and Pupils	1	0	1
Charlesworth, Miss Grace	0	2	3
Casey, Mr. C.	0	6	9
Chapman, Mrs.	0	9	1
Coupees, Master F. ...	0	7	1
Cox, Master E.	0	1	2
Chard, Mr. F.	0	1	9
Cook, Miss	0	8	6
Chamberlain, Master W. E.	0	7	0
Cannon, Mrs.	0	3	2
Chamberlain, Miss... ...	0	5	11
Chillingworth, Miss ...	0	7	3
Cobham, Master E. ...	0	10	5
Crew, Miss	0	14	3
Collier, Mrs....	0	8	5
Crawford, Mrs.	0	2	1
Colman & Gamble, Misses	0	14	3
Corrick, Mrs.	0	17	2
Coles, Miss Louise... ...	0	2	7
Cairns, Charles	0	8	0
Choat, Mrs.	0	3	3
Culver, Mrs....	0	11	9
Collins, Miss (Kennington Box)	1	1	10
Clark, Miss	0	1	5
Curtis, H. and C.	0	11	0
Call, Miss E.	0	4	6
Cooksey, Mrs.	0	7	6
Drew, Miss C.	0	10	9
Dennis, Miss E.	0	4	7
Dockree, Miss	0	2	5
Day, Miss H.	0	2	9
Davey, Master E. S. ...	0	5	0
Drew, Master C.	0	2	6
Darby, Miss L.	0	3	0
Dibley, Miss	0	5	7
Davey, Miss M.	0	2	1
Davis, Mrs.	0	6	4
Davis, Miss C.	0	5	11
Dale, Miss C.	0	3	8
Dice, Mr. A.	3	9	7
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	5	6
Ellis, Mrs.	2	8	0
Evans, S. H.	0	3	4
Emery, Mrs....	0	8	3
East, Mrs.	0	11	5
Everett, Emma	0	4	6
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	6	0
Frisby, Master T.	0	7	0
Freeman, Miss E.	0	14	11
Fairman, Mrs.	0	6	6
Fern, Master C.	0	9	4
Frisby, Miss...	0	9	8
Fremlin, Miss B.	0	13	8
Foster, Miss A.	0	5	9
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	5	0
Franklin, Mr.	0	3	4
Ferrar, Mrs....	0	12	3
Fuller, Master W. A. ...	0	4	10
Franklin, W. R.	0	0	8
Fuller, Mr. L.	0	5	9
Goodwyn, Miss A.... ...	0	8	0
Grant, Miss C.	0	10	8
Grant, Mrs.	0	3	0
Gebbett, Master A. ...	0	2	10
Glanvill, B. and A. ...	0	1	7
Green, Miss	0	1	5
Gillard, Miss	0	14	5
Gwillim, Mrs.	1	4	8
Gosling, Mrs. T.	1	15	0
Grose, Miss	0	16	11
Gibbs, Mrs.	0	13	2
Howlett, Miss A.	0	4	7
Harrald, Miss Lily ...	0	9	10
Hooper, Mr. E.	0	7	3
Howard, Miss	0	4	8
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	10	9
Hayler, Mrs. M.	0	4	7
Herrmann, Mrs.	0	1	11
Hudson, Mrs.	0	2	10
Hoare, Miss E.	0	2	4
Hoare, Master W. D. ...	0	2	2
House, Master A.	0	2	4
Heeson, Miss F.	0	6	0
Harbison, Miss	0	1	8
Hodby, Master E.	0	2	7
Heays, Master C.	0	2	3
Hudson, Mrs.	1	4	5
Harrington, Mrs.	0	7	6
Hawgood, Miss A.	3	8	11
Hillen, Mrs....	1	3	9
Hunt, Mrs. J.	0	8	7
Hughes, E.	0	3	0
Hughes, Miss C.	0	1	6
Hopkins, Mr.	3	6	8
Hall, Miss E. J.	0	15	6
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	3	8
Humphrey, Mr.	0	15	2

	£	s.	d.
Hardy, Master	0	7	9
Houlgate, Mrs.	0	18	6
Harbison, Miss M.... ...	0	2	10
Hutchinson, Master R. ...	0	0	6
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	3	0
Hewett, Miss E.	0	2	11
Hogbin, Mr. T. P.	0	19	10
Hobbs, Miss (Brighton) ...	0	7	3
Heeson, Miss A.	0	2	2
Hobbs, Miss C.	0	2	3
Harrison, C.	0	11	2
Holiday, Mrs.	0	10	0
Ince, Miss T.	0	9	5
Johnson. Miss J.	0	14	8
Jones, Miss E.	0	3	5
Jarman, Miss	0	15	0
Johnson, Miss	0	4	8
Johnson, Master J. W. ...	0	12	7
Jones, Master	0	1	5
Johnson, Miss	0	2	8
Jago, Master I.	0	7	5
Knight, Mr. G. H.... ...	1	11	9
Lewis, Miss A.	1	6	0
Langton, Miss	0	2	4
Lines, Miss	0	5	0
Lake's, Mr. (Bible-class)...	0	18	6
Last, Master F.	0	4	4
Laker, Mrs.	1	6	0
Lardner, Master H. H. ...	0	9	4
Lawrence, Mrs.	0	10	6
Luxford, Miss	0	3	9
Lawrence, Mr.	0	8	1
Milne, Miss	0	8	9
Mathews, W.	0	1	2
Mathews, Miss M.... ...	0	1	6
Morgan, Miss	1	1	7
Munday, Mrs.	3	15	0
Messent, Master H. E. R.	0	5	0
McNeal, Misses Ellen and Elizabeth	0	0	11
Merritt, Miss	0	7	2
Martin, Mrs.	0	1	1
Mills, Mrs. W. R.	0	3	5
Medwin, Mrs.	0	8	5
Moore, Mrs.	0	1	1
McCombie, Mrs.	0	11	0
Mellon, Mrs.	0	3	6
Minter, Master Kirkham	0	19	1
Martin, Master	0	0	4
Maxwell, Miss	3	6	6
Monk, Mrs. S.	0	12	9
Mackrill, Mrs.	0	0	9
Medwin, Mrs. A.	0	6	1
Mann, Miss	0	11	0
Middleton, Mrs.	0	1	9
Mackay, Miss	0	11	6
Mills, F. C.	0	3	3
Middleton, Misses S. & A.	0	6	6
Mallison, Mrs.	0	2	6
Mills, Master H.	0	13	2
Miles, Miss	0	2	5
Newbatt, Miss A.	0	3	3
Nightscales, Mrs.	0	9	6
Newman, Mrs.	0	8	6
Nichols, Miss C.	0	4	7
Nicholls, Master L. ...	0	1	11
Nicholas, Miss A.	0	5	9
Nigley, A. R.	0	12	0
Newman, Joseph	0	9	9
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	10	10
Oxford, Master E.... ...	0	8	9
Paddon, Miss	0	2	0
Poole, Mrs.	0	8	1
Perris, Master Jno. ...	0	5	4
Passenger, Miss	0	12	7
Pain, Miss C.	0	9	8
Palmer, Master Geo. ...	0	10	6
Payne, Mr. C. J.	0	1	7
Perryman, Master H. ...	0	11	3
Price, Miss F.	0	2	1
Powell, Master G.	0	5	4

	£	s.	d.
Pankhurst, Miss	0	5	2
Pike, Mrs.	0	8	0
Penstone, Miss M.... ...	1	8	11
Powell, Miss Eva	0	5	0
Perry, Miss W.	0	2	10
Palmer, Master H. ...	0	2	3
Prebble, Mrs.	0	11	7
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	1	1	0
Pugh, Miss	0	3	11
Pankhurst, B.	0	4	10
Paradine, Mrs.	0	3	3
Parker, Miss E. A. ...	0	7	9
Reddish, Miss	0	1	0
Rogers, Miss F.	1	0	3
Rose, Master A.	0	3	9
Robinson, John	0	0	1
Ridley, Miss E.	0	3	10
Redford, Miss	0	1	2
Richardson, Miss Ada ...	0	3	5
Round, Master E.	0	5	5
Round, Miss M.	0	2	5
Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	6
Ross, Mr.	0	1	9
Rouse, Mrs.	0	12	8
Ranford, Mrs.	0	8	5
Sadler, Miss	1	3	10
Sedcole, Master A.... ...	0	10	6
Strachan, Miss M.	0	1	8
Simpson, Miss A.	0	11	5
Smith, Master J.	0	2	4
Sparey, Miss	0	9	7
Stocks, Miss...	3	4	3
Sharp, Miss E.	0	3	9
Salter, Mrs....	0	5	7
Snell, Miss	0	6	10
Spencer, Master H. ...	0	3	7
Simmons, Mr. G.	0	6	3
Stocks, Mrs....	0	2	6
Smith, Mrs. C. J.	0	13	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	0	2	6
Spence, Miss H.	0	1	1
Smith, Miss Fanny ...	0	1	6
Stracey, Master Geo. ...	0	12	11
Samuel, Mrs.	0	11	2
Smith, W. J.	0	10	9
Sanders, Mrs. S.	1	19	6
Spencer, Mrs.	0	7	1
Seward, Miss G.	1	2	2
Smith, W. H.	0	1	7
Sullivan, Miss	0	2	9
Scudder, Mrs.	0	8	0
Smith, Miss...	0	1	8
Sherwin, Miss	0	3	0
Simpson, Miss	0	9	9
Tyrrell, Mrs.	1	4	4
Taylor, Miss H.	0	1	9
Thornton, Mrs.	0	0	8
Tarlton, Mrs.	0	5	10
Tyrrell, Miss H. E. ...	0	12	6
Thomas, Miss L.	0	1	3
Turner, Miss L.	0	2	0
Trory, Miss A.	0	5	7
Tompkin, Miss	0	2	8
Towersey, Mrs.	0	7	7
Thomas, Miss A.	1	1	2
Toms, Miss L.	0	13	3
Thomson, Miss H.... ...	0	7	2
Thomson, Miss F.	0	4	3
Vero, Miss Maud	0	9	9
Vears, Mrs.	0	7	10
Wayre, Miss Lily	0	6	1
Ware, Miss	0	8	10
Wilkinson, Mr. T.... ...	0	9	9
Watson, Master	0	11	1
Wallace, Mr.	1	18	9
Woollerton, Mrs. J. P. ...	1	7	0
Weekes, W. and F. ...	0	9	8
Wheatley, Mrs.	0	9	6
Weeks, Mrs. M.	0	17	1
Willis, Mrs....	0	10	6
Walker, Mrs.	5	8	10

	£	s.	d.
Willets, Master G.	0	2	0
White, Mrs.	4	1	8
Williams, Master H.	0	6	1
Watkins, Mrs.	0	9	4
Woolley, Miss	0	13	3
Weekes, Miss	0	8	10
Wells, Miss M.	0	2	8
Waterman, Miss	2	5	0
Walker, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wheeler, Miss	1	2	5
Wilkinson, Miss	1	15	8
Ward, B. E.	0	5	4
Warren, Miss	0	8	0
Woods, Mrs.	0	3	6
Wagner, Miss	0	4	0
Wickstead, Miss	0	2	6
Woods, Thos.	0	5	9
Weekes, Miss	0	3	6
Wells, Miss	0	7	5
Womersley, Mrs.	0	11	4
Watkins, Miss S.	0	5	4
Wareham, Miss A.	0	3	11
Wrighton, Mr.	0	5	7
Willis, Mrs.	1	0	9
Wilson, Mrs.	0	5	11
Woodhouse, Mrs.	0	1	9
Wigney, Miss A. R.	0	12	0
Mothers' Meeting, per Miss K. Buswell	0	12	4
H. C. S., a Class at Mansfield-street Sunday-school	0	15	0
Carter-street Sunday-school, per Mr. Morgan	0	10	3
Odd farthings and cash received in addition to above	1	13	11
	185	3	0
Collected by Miss Walker from friends at New Cross, in penny weekly subscriptions	2	9	7
Collected by Miss Birkinshaw	0	5	0
A Friend, Preston	0	2	6
Collected by Master A. Gray	0	7	7
Collected by Mr. Farra	1	11	10
Collected by Mrs. Shaw	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	3	3	0
Master Walter Oakley	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wain	5	15	0
Mr. G. F. Smith	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. O. H. Stafford	0	5	3
Miss Ivimey	1	0	0
Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	1	2	0
Major-General W. G. Lennox and Mrs. O. Lennox	2	0	0
J. B. R. N.	10	0	0
Pastor H. Wilkins	0	12	6
A Friend, per Pastor H. Wilkins	0	2	6
Mr. Richard Evans	15	0	0
Miss J. Lord	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Copping	2	0	0
Mr. G. Wilson	0	12	6
Employés of Messrs. Marshall and Sons, Fleet-street, per Mr. J. Morgan	1	17	7
Mr. T. H. Howell	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Bowden	0	10	6
S. M. G., per V. J. C.	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. McKee	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Bunn	0	6	5
Collected by Mrs. M. Hodgson	1	7	4
Collected by Miss C. Bacon	0	8	9
Collected by Miss A. Dickson	0	4	0
Mr. Parr, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. James	0	12	9
Collected by Mrs. Stringer	3	5	0
Collected by Miss Flory A. Pickworth	0	16	8
Collected by Mrs. J. Pudney	0	4	8
Collected by Mrs. Farrall	1	13	1
Collected by Miss Kate Thompson	1	19	5
Mrs. G. and Mary Ann Lyon	0	15	0
Mr. Jas. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
Donations at Mr. Ross' Tea to Orphanage Children:—			
Free-will offering at Mr. Ross' mission	10	10	0
Mr. A. Ross	2	2	0
Mr. Jas. Ross	2	2	0
Mr. Gibberd	2	2	0
Mr. Bailey	2	2	0
Mr. Martin, Sen.	1	1	0
Mr. Martin, Jun.	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. Gloag	1	1	0
Mr. Hill	1	1	0
Mr. Shepperd	1	1	0
Mr. Pope	1	0	0
Anonymous	1	6	0
Mr. Hurst	1	1	0
A friend	0	10	6
A friend at St. John's-Wood	0	2	6
	29	4	0
Collected by Mr. J. Thurgood	0	19	0
Collected by Miss M. Pentelow	0	10	11
Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class, Stockwell Baptist Chapel	1	1	9
Mr. J. Parsons (for numbers on Swimming Bath)	0	5	6
S. M. R. E., per E. W.	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Charlesworth	0	3	6
Miss H. Marsden	0	3	0
A Well Wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Priestley	0	16	0
Mr. G. Lampard	1	1	0
Mr. E. H. L. Wilson	2	0	0
Mrs. McCaig's Bible Class	1	8	8
Fanny and Emily Godbould	0	8	5
Mr. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. Clarkson	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Tom Hughes	1	2	0
Master Frank Butler	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Rev. E. Bott	1	0	0
Mrs. H. St. Claire	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. E. Dodwell	0	7	6
A Sailor, Cowes	0	10	0
M. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Robinson	5	0	0
Mr. H. Preston	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mann	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Thorpe	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood	4	1	7
Miss Long	2	0	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. Wiseman and daughters	1	0	0
Edith, Hilda, and Wm. Nottingham	0	7	6
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Webb	1	10	0
Mrs. Coleman and servant	0	3	0
A Servant's Presents from Visitors	0	2	6
Doreas	0	5	0
Mr. Alexander Sinclair	1	0	0
An Incurable	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	2	0
A labouring man, Aberdeen	0	2	6
Mr. W. Howard	1	5	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	2	6
Collection at United Baptismal service at Haddenham, per Pastor T. Henry Smith	3	11	0
Mrs. Joseph Williams	0	15	0
Mr. R. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Smith	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
A. G.	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Eno	0	3	0
For Jesus Christ's sake	0	5	0
Rent of small room	0	3	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
M. R.	1	0	0
An honoured servant of the Master	0	2	2
An aged babe	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	25	0	0
Dr. H. Schou	0	9	11
Mrs. M. McMaster	1	0	0
The Misses Black	1	0	0
Messrs. Waltham Bros.	5	0	0
M. A.	1	10	0
Fanny Thorne Ryde	0	5	0
Mrs. Lord's Sunday-evening class	0	12	6
Mr. Jas. Hamilton	0	5	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Richmond-street and Flint-street Sunday-schools, and Richmond-street young men	21	5	1
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	0
G. H.	10	0	0
A country minister	0	3	3
Mr. Wm. Rea	5	5	0
Mr. J. Baker	1	0	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0
Mrs. R. Godfrey	0	2	6
Mrs. Jane Parsons	5	0	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	2	0	0
A Friend, Newhaven, per Mr. S. Sargeant	20	0	0
Mrs. P.	1	0	0
Cairngorm	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Isabella and Annie Gardiner	1	15	3
P. O. O. from Portheawl	2	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Miss Alice Yates	0	10	6
Executor of the late Mr. J. Le Cappelain	1034	6	7
Executors of the late Mr. R. Nicholson	1000	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, July 4th	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Rev. Thomas Curme	1	0	0
A. N.	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor 2 10 0			
Mr. Joseph Benson 0 10 0			
Master Cecil Benson 0 5 0			
Miss King 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parkinson 0 10 0			
	4	15	0
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
Messrs. Tibbatts and Sons	1	1	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Horton	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Thos. Milward	6	10	0
	£4138	2	3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to July 19th.—PROVISIONS: 1 Sack of Potatoes, 1 Bag of Cabbage, Mrs. Walker; 5 Pecks of Gooseberries, Mr. A. Doggett; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 10 Hams, Mr. Newton; 2 Churns of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 28 lbs. of Pudding Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

CLOTHING (*Girls' Division*):—Nine Articles, Miss Earl; 2 Pairs of Stays, W. Oakley; 72 Articles, Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class; 1 Patchwork Quilt, Mrs. Cooper; 1 Quilt, Mrs. Butterworth (per Mr. C. Wrigley); 12 Articles, Miss Allen; 2 Articles, "E. R."

CLOTHING (*Boys' Division*):—Some Bows, per Mr. Bartlett; Some Bows, Mr. Lake's Bible Class; A Parcel of Remnants of Cloth, Mr. Eden; 7 Articles, Miss Allen.

GENERAL:—Forty Illustrated Texts and Mottoes, Mr. J. E. Tressider; 5 Dozen Illustrated Texts and Cards, Sunday-school Union; 2 Dolls, 3 Scrap Books, "E. R."; 500 Paper Bags, Messrs. Crescens Robinson; 1 Doll and Clothes, 2 Mats, Mrs. De K—; 1 Large Hamper of Flowers, Wimborne Baptist Congregation, per Pastor J. Hooper; 206 Table Forks, 40 Dessert Spoons, Mr. G. Wheeler; One Pulpit and Reading Desk, Dr. Soper; an Ornamental Garden Gate, Mr. Ross.

SALE ROOM:—A Settee, Miss Jones (per Mr. Round); 6 Pictures, Mr. H. Mansell; 1 Parcel, Mrs. Dring; 8 Teapot Holders, 6 Tea Coseys, Miss Gilbey; 12 Yards of Tatting, Miss Dobson; 6 Dozen Bottles of Mineral Waters, Messrs. Kinmond and Co.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Charles Carnegie	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Brown	0	7	6
The widow's mite	0	15	0
Miss Bessie Brine	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	5	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	0	6	0
Two friends in Edinburgh	0	4	6
Mr. W. Pedley	5	5	0
Miss Mary Moncrieff	0	7	0
In memory of loved ones	1	0	0
Miss Mary Mack Wull	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Clews	1	0	0
Mr. G. Merton	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Hutchison	5	0	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	0
"Thou knowest"	0	10	0
Mrs. Holt, per Miss Jones	2	2	0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. Susan Boulter	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	0	10	0
Miss Mary Pocock	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	10	0
Profits from Reading Market Bookstall, per "Garge o' Redin'," for "The Reading House"	3	0	0
For "The Liverpool House":—			
Friends at Liverpool, per Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown 21 0 0			
Mr. W. Litherland, per Mr. E. Mounsey 5 0 0			
Mr. E. Mounsey 5 0 0			
	31	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans	10	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
An unknown friend	1	0	0
Emily Anne White	1	0	0
A brick	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0
A servant-girl near Forres	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Scivwright	0	10	0
Mr. John Wood	0	7	6
Mrs. Couttie...	0	10	0
Mrs. Thomas	5	0	0
Mrs. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
Mr. Ranford...	1	0	0
Bazaar goods sold at the Orphanage, June 21st	41	17	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
In memory of dear Mabel Adeline ...	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Benest	0	5	0
An incurable	0	5	0
Mrs. Garrard	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Hatchard	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. Hamilton	0	5	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Davies	50	0	0
M. B...	1	1	0
A friend	1000	0	0
B., Moseley...	5	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
	£1202	14	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
High Wycombe District	15	0	0
Norfolk Association	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, for Dorking ...	30	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Ventnor	30	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Southern Association	56	13	4
W. R., for Ilkeston	8	11	4
Northampton Association, Bulwick Lodges	6	13	4
Eythorne District	7	10	0
	£224	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Terry	2	0	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, from Legacy left at his disposal by the late Mr. R. Wallis	100	0	0
Mrs. Howard	10	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Mr. A. Long	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	5	0	0
Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Rouse	1	1	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Powell...	0	2	1
Collected by Miss Fosberry	0	8	8
Mr. J. Harris	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	5	0	0
A Rossman...	0	3	0
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
The Misses Black	2	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	5	0	0
Mrs. Robt. Wilson	2	0	0
J. H., Edinburgh	2	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Geo. Tomkins	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
Mr. J. McHaffie	0	5	0
	177	3	3

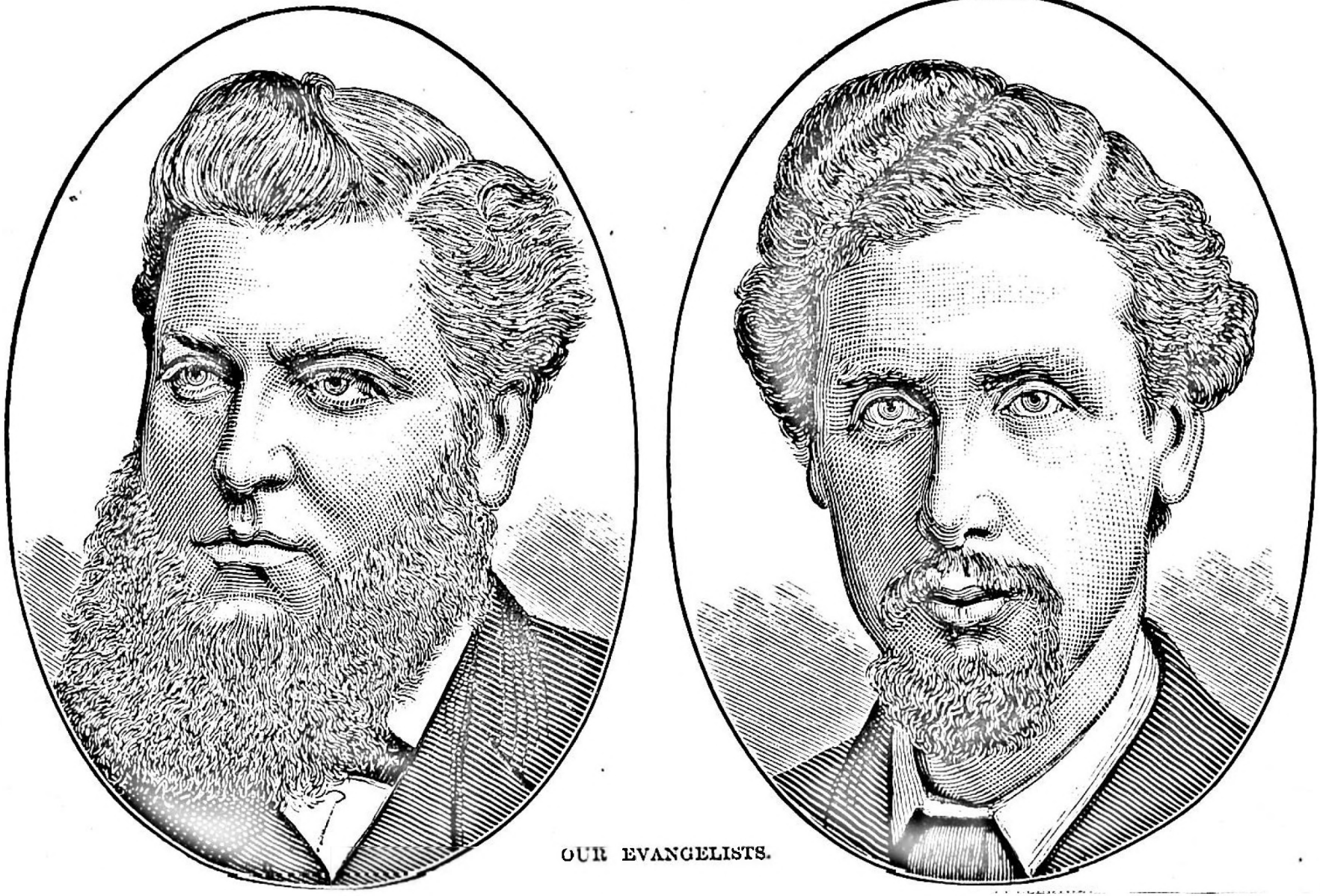
Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Trowbridge	1	0	0
Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	1	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Collection at Sandy, after services by Mr. Burnham	1	12	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services at Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road	27	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
	£44	7	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



OUR EVANGELISTS.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

Inaugural Address

AT THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, APRIL 18, 1882.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Concluded from page* 408).

HITHERTO we have been going round the text, after the example of Rowland Hill; now let us come fairly up to it. "When I am weak, then am I strong."

I. Here is, first, A DEPRESSING EXPERIENCE. "When I am weak:" when is that? Truly, we are so always. Is there ever a time when the strongest Christian is not comparatively weak? But there are seasons when we are consciously weak. Take Paul's case as an illustration. He had been caught up into the third heaven, but he could not bear revelations so well as John, who had enough of them to fill a book, and yet was never elated by them; but Paul was not so well qualified to be a seer, for he was more at home with arguments than with visions, and therefore when he saw a vision he set great store by it. He kept his secret for fifteen years; but it was such a very remarkable thing for him, and so much out of his own natural line of things, that the tendency in him was to be exalted by the abundance of the revelation; and therefore the Lord sent, not Satan, but "a messenger of Satan," a mean, despicable spirit, not to fight with him with sword and buckler, but to "buffet him," as boys do their playmates. Have you never had an insignificant thing to vex you, like a fly buzzing around you? Have you not felt the trial to be

intensely worrying, and yet meanly trifling? You could have girded yourself to meet a lion, but this trouble was a mere yelping cur, and it irritated you to the last degree, and inflicted a pain upon you. Paul does not describe his trial as the cut of a sword, else he would have bound it up; it was only the prick of a thorn; he could scarcely see the cause of the pain, or he would have taken a needle and extracted it; but it was a little thorn which had buried itself in the flesh, and festered there. This was Paul's worry, and it was sent to keep him humble. Paul might have gloried in wrestling with the devil; but this was a wretched business. To grapple with a great temptation, and to hurl it to the ground, has a grandeur in it which inspires you; but it is very different when you are assailed by a thing so small that you despise yourself for taking notice of it, and yet it frets your soul. You say to yourself, "How weak I am! Why am I thus irritated and disturbed? If anyone else made half this fuss about a little thorn I should say, 'You ought to know better'; and yet here am I, a preacher of the gospel, greatly tried by a trifle, and beseeching the Lord thrice to take it away from me, for I cannot bear it." Do we ever get into such a condition? I wish that at such a time we would confess our abject weakness and cast ourselves upon God, for then should we be made strong.

This festering of the thorn does not afflict us all, because it does not happen to all to see visions; but many servants of God are made to feel their weakness in another way, by *an oppressive sense of responsibility.* Brethren, I speak to you as unto wise men, who will not misunderstand me. I hope you will always feel your responsibility before God; but do not carry the feeling too far. We may feel our responsibility so deeply that we may become unable to sustain it; it may cripple our joy and make slaves of us. Do not take an exaggerated view of what the Lord expects of you. He will not blame you for not doing that which is beyond your mental power or physical strength. You are required to be faithful, but you are not bound to be successful. You are to teach, but you cannot compel people to learn. You are to make things plain, but you cannot give carnal men an understanding of spiritual things. We are not the Father, nor the Saviour, nor the Comforter of the Church. We cannot take the responsibility of the universe upon our shoulders. While vexing ourselves with fancied obligations we may overlook our real burdens. I could sit down and meditate until I felt the responsibility of the whole south of London upon my back, and this would render me unable to look after my own church. What is the practical result of making yourself, as one man, responsible for the work of twenty men? Will you do any more? Will you do it any better? I saw a horse this morning which was pulling at a three-horse load. How he tugged! How he strained himself. I thought to myself, there is a good horse being ruined. His master ought to take off part of his load, or else put more horses to pull with him. Does our Lord and Master treat us in this fashion? No; we overload ourselves. We get tugging away as if the salvation of the world depended upon our straining ourselves to death. Now, I do not want you to get away from feeling a due measure of responsibility; but then you are not God, and you do not stand in God's place; you are

not the rulers of providence, and you have not been elected sole managers of the covenant of grace; therefore do not act as if you were. But, dear brethren, having said this much by way of caveat, lest I should lead any of you to despair, let me now say,—have we any of us fully felt the measure of our responsibility? If there be one such here, let him speak; but I shall not believe him. We have not done what we should have done, what we could have done, nor what we ought to have done, nor what we will yet do in God's strength. Perhaps we have worked up to the full of what was expected of us in quantity, but how about the quality? It may be we have attended quite enough meetings, and delivered quite enough sermons; but then, has this been done in an apostolic spirit, and night and day with tears have we warned men and pleaded with them as in the sight of God? Our responsibilities, when they are thoroughly felt, crush us, and then are we weak indeed; but this weakness is the road to strength. "When I am weak, then am I strong."

And do we not often feel weak in the *sense of utter unfitness for being ministers at all by reason of our sinfulness.* Paul said of his calling to the ministry, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." We can say it too; yet sometimes we feel as if we would speak no more for Christ, and we should sink into silence were it not that his word is as a fire in our bones, and we cannot refrain. Then we think we will go away into the far West, and in some log cabin teach a few children the way of salvation, for we do not feel fit for anything higher. Our shortcomings and our failures stare us out of countenance, and then are we painfully weak; but this also is the highway to strength: "When I am weak, then am I strong."

Sometimes we grow depressed and weak *because our sphere of labour seems specially difficult.* This is not the time to dilate upon the peculiar trials of our pastorates. Ministers in London could tell a tale that would astonish you, for they see things which are their burden day and night. As for our country brethren, what some of them have had to put up with! They cannot move the deacons and the church at all, but perhaps the deacons wish to move them; they cannot get at the people, and though they preach their hearts out they preach to empty pews. If we could only put certain men into the positions which their brethren faithfully occupy under great discouragement, they would know themselves better, and leave off boasting, and instead of finding fault they would wonder that so much has been accomplished under such circumstances. By that way also we become strong: when God makes us feel that our work is impossible to us without his aid then are we driven to his strength.

Some of you are *quite alone* as to the helpful fellowship of kindred spirits. This is a trying deprivation, and may well depress you. Beside this, many of you are *poor*, and you hardly know how to support your families. As I listened to the prayer of the brother who led our devotions just now, and remembered what he is suffering, and how he has actually worked in the harvest-fields, with working men, so that he might earn his bread and preach the gospel, I felt that I could rejoice in him. Still I know that poverty often makes a man feel sadly weak; when his children are without shoes, and the wife's dress is nearly worn

out, and he knows not where any more are to come from, his heart sinks within him. In addition to this, it may be that *reproach comes undeservedly.* A scandalous story from the father of lies may be forged against you, and you may be quite unable to defend yourself. You fear lest in trying to erase the blot you might spoil the page. Hearts are broken over this matter. Oh, how weak a man becomes when this is the case; he may half feel himself guilty after having heard the accusation repeated again and again, although all the while he is as pure as the driven snow. This brings a weakness which may paralyze a man. Oh to be strong in the Lord at such times.

I suppose you do not think that I ever *get dried up*, and find it difficult to say anything fresh in my sermons, and yet so it is. Think, dear brethren: I have more than twenty-seven volumes of sermons in print! It grows harder to say anything new as those volumes increase. Where will the next sermon come from? is the question we have asked ourselves again and again; we have feared that we could not keep up the supply, and we have felt our own weakness to a terrible degree; but this, also, is the way to strength. So prepare yourselves, my younger brethren, to become weaker and weaker; prepare yourselves for sinking lower and lower in self-esteem; prepare yourselves for self-annihilation, and pray God to expedite the process.

Certain brethren know nothing of this experience, they are not weak at all; but despise such confessions. Have you never met with preachers who can keep on and on; and though they never did say anything and never will, yet they never know what it is to be weak. They are just as able to-day as ever they were. I have heard of an old Scotch preacher, whose divisions were very numerous, and whose subdivisions were almost innumerable; so one day the people, one by one, went away, until at last the boy took the keys up and said to him, "You can lock the church up when you have done." Some are so very long in saying nothing, and are so surely emptying their places, that it would be wise to hand them the keys so that they might retire when they are quite through. As for some of us, we are consciously feeble, and when we prose we know it. We come out of the pulpit at times feeling that we are less fit than ever for the holy work. Our last sermon we judge to be our worst, and frequently for that reason it is our best; we grow, and among other growths we grow downwards.

We shall go on feeling less fit, and still less fit, and all the while becoming more suited to be used of the Lord. I know one who said the other night, when she was reading, that it seemed as if her eyes had dropped out. The truth was her spectacles had fallen off. Go on losing your spectacles, and be sure that you get rid of all those holy tones and whines, and grotesque methods, and stiffnesses and mannerisms, which are not your eyes, but only shockingly bad spectacles.

II. I conclude by speaking upon THE BLESSED EXPERIENCE. "When I am weak, then am I strong." How is it, and how can it be? Well, first, it is when I am weak that *I am sure to flee to God for succour and help.* The little coney mentioned by Solomon was a poor, puny creature, and yet he baffled the sportsman. Learn a lesson from him. "The conies are a feeble folk; yet make they their houses in the rocks." Brethren, because I cannot think, I hide behind a doctrine which God

has thought out for me; and because I cannot invent a hypothesis I hide my soul in a self-evident fact; and because I cannot even be consistent with myself, I get behind the plain teaching of the text, and there I abide. It is wonderful how strong a man feels in such a hiding-place. When you cannot lay a stone, and cannot lift a trowel by yourself, then you may begin to build for God, for he will make you a worker together with him, your feebleness will be linked to the eternal strength, and then the wall will rise with speed. "When I am weak, then am I strong."

Next, we are strong when we are weak *because we gain our strength by prayer, and our weakness is our best argument in supplication.* Jacob never conquered until he limped, nay, until he fell. When the sinew shrank the suppliant triumphed. When you are engaged in prayer, plead your strength, and you will get nothing; then plead your weakness, and you will prevail. There is no better plea with divine love than weakness and pain; nothing can so prevail with the great heart of God as for your heart to faint and swoon. The man who rises in prayer to tears and agony, and feels all the while as if he could not pray, and yet must pray—he is the man that will see the desire of his soul. Do not mothers always care most for the tiniest child, or for that which is most sick? Do we not spend the greatest care upon that one of our children which has the least use of its limbs? and is it not true that our weakness holds God's strength, and leads him to bow his omnipotence to our rescue?

There is another strength in weakness which it is well for us to have. I believe that *when we preach in conscious weakness it adds a wonderful force to the words we utter.* When Mr. Knill went out to distribute tracts among the soldiers, he tells us that there was one wicked man who said to his comrades, "I will cure him of coming to us with his tracts"; so when a ring was made around the minister and the blasphemer, he cursed Mr. Knill with awful oaths. Hearing these profane words Mr. Knill burst into tears, and said how he longed for the man's salvation. It was years after that he met that soldier again, when he said, "I never took notice of your tracts, or of anything that you said; but when I saw you cry like a child I could not stand it, but gave my heart to God." When we tell our people how we are hampered, but how much we long for their souls' salvation; when we ask them to excuse our broken language, for it is the utterance of our hearts, they believe in our sincerity, for they see our breaking hearts, and they are moved by what we say. The man who grinds out theology at so much a yard has no power over men; the people need men who can feel—men of heart, men, weak and feeble men, who can sympathize with the timid and sorrowful. It is a blessed thing if a minister can weep his way into men's souls, or even stammer a path into their hearts. So, brethren, do not be afraid of being weak,—"When I am weak, then am I strong."

Besides this, another form of strength comes of weakness, for by it *our sympathy is educated.* When you and I become weak, and are depressed in spirit, and our soul passes through the valley of the shadow of death, it is often on account of others. I preached one Sabbath morning from the text, "My God, my God, why hast thou

forsaken me?" and though I did not say so, yet I preached my own experience. I heard my own chains clank while I tried to preach to my fellow prisoners in the dark; but I could not tell why I was brought into such an awful horror of darkness, for which I condemned myself. On the following Monday evening a man came to see me who bore all the marks of despair upon his countenance. His hair seemed to stand upright, and his eyes were ready to start from their sockets. He said to me after a little parleying, "I never before heard any man speak in my life who seemed to know my heart. Mine is a terrible case; but on Sunday morning you painted me to the life, and preached as if you had been inside my soul." By God's grace I saved that man from suicide, and led him into gospel light and liberty; but I know I could not have done it if I had not myself been confined in the dungeon in which he lay. I tell the story, brethren, because you sometimes may not understand your own experience, and the perfect people may condemn you for having it; but what know they of God's servants? You and I have to suffer much for the sake of the people of our charge. God's sheep ramble very far, and we have to go after them; and sometimes the shepherds go where they themselves would never roam if they were not in pursuit of lost sheep. You may be in Egyptian darkness, and you may wonder why such a horror chills your marrow, but you may be altogether in the pursuit of your calling, and be led of the Spirit to a position of sympathy with desponding minds. Expect to grow weaker, brethren, that you may comfort the weak, and so may become masters in Israel in the judgment of others, while in your own you are less than the least of all saints.

More than this, I believe that my text is true when a man becomes weak through *love to the particular place in which he is called to labour.* Suppose a brother placed in the midst of a dense, poor population, and he feels the responsibility of his work and the misery of souls around him until it gets such a hold upon him that he cannot escape from it. He tries to think of more cheerful subjects, but he cannot shake off the nightmare of the people's poverty and sin. It is with him by day, and it is with him by night; he hears the crying of the children, and the wailing of the women; he hears the sighing of the men and the groans of the sick and dying, and he comes to be almost a monomaniac in his desperate zeal for his own part of the great field of service. Yes, that man may kill himself with anxiety; but meanwhile it is evident that he is the man whom God has sent to bless the people. He will go on thinking and praying and planning, until at last he will hit on a method which outsiders may judge to be as odd as the man; but he will carry it out, and the whole district will be the better for it. Oh, it is a blessing when God casts a godly man into the middle of a mass of misery, and keeps him there. It may not be a pleasant thing for him, but it will bring a sevenfold reward in the end. I am glad that Howard felt that he must go through all the prisons in Europe. He had a comfortable home of his own, and yet he must roam through France, and Germany, and Russia, poking his nose into every pestilential dog-hole where prisoners were to be found. He makes himself familiar with the unimaginable horrors of dungeon life, and suffers fevers born of the jail-filth. He has a choice nose for the worst atmosphere; the

fouler it is the more needful that he should breathe it, for he has a passion for the discovery and destruction of prison cruelty. He comes home, and writes a book upon his pet subject, and then, after a little while, he is off again, and at last he dies a martyr to the cause he has espoused; yet it was worth while to be a Howard who could live and could die to rescue his fellow-men. Mr. Howard, it is because you are so very weak, and suffer so much from *prison-on-the-brain*, that you are strong; you will accomplish reforms while others are talking of them. I dare say there were some who said, "These things must be gradually ameliorated by the progress of better principles, and we must try new notions by degrees." Yes, this gradual reform is a prudent idea, but then Mr. Howard is such a weak-minded man that he goes raking up horrible stories; and insisting upon it that murder by imprisonment must cease at once. Brethren, may you become weak in like fashion,—almost out of your minds with restless resolve to save souls. If you break loose in an absurd way, and set the chill proprieties a-trembling, and the imbecilities ridiculing, it will cause me great joy. Little do I care if you become fools for Christ's sake. When our weakness verges upon fanaticism it may have all the more power about it. Mr. Plimsoll did nobly when he stood up and pleaded against coffin-ships; but he was never so strong as when he lost himself, and broke the rules of the House in the ardour of his passion. It was very weak of him, but in that weakness lay his strength. Give us more of the speech which comes of a burning heart, as lava comes of a volcanic overflow. When the truth conquers us we shall conquer by the truth.

Weakness is strength, once more, because often a *man's sense of weakness arouses the whole of him;* whatever there is in the man then comes out, it makes the man intense in every part. Certain small animals are much more to be dreaded in fight than larger beasts, because they are so active and furious that they bite fifty times while the greater ones are opening their mouths. A man might almost as well face a hyæna as a rat or a weasel, because these lesser creatures are all alive, and so intent on the attack, that they fight with their whole bodies; claws and teeth are all at work, and thus they become strong through that sense of weakness which causes them to use every atom of force which they possess. Have you never seen a great man, perhaps a Doctor of Divinity, concerning whom you have felt how mighty he is? We all acknowledge his strength; but what does he accomplish? A far smaller man full of grace and ardour, and all alive in working for the Lord, achieves much more. The conscious littleness of the man makes him live intensely unto God,—"When I am weak, then am I strong." Because I cannot do much, therefore I will do all I can. Because I have little power, therefore I will use all the power I have. Do not the tradesmen say that "a nimble ninepence is better than a lazy half-crown"? I am sure it is so. A sense of weakness may bestir us to a bravery which else we had not known. Look at our country ages ago, when Spain tried to destroy her. See the Invincible Armada! Huge ships burden the sea, and Papal warriors are speeding to the prey. England must do her best. On the one side is Spain, mistress of empires, and on the other is a poor little island, with a brave queen it is true, but with an army and navy slender to the last degree. The monster ships are off

Plymouth; here they come, like a half-moon, or like jaws opening to swallow us up. What is happening in Britain? Why, everybody is preparing for the battle, and every man and every woman on the island will fight to the death. All the seafaring folk are on the alert. Our sailors in their diminutive vessels are hovering round the huge galleons, waiting for an opportunity to strike a blow, and the opportunity comes.

> "Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
> And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down."

God watches over England. He blows with his wind, and the sea covers the Armada, and Spain is smitten and England is saved. It was a sense of weakness that moved the valour of our forefathers, and stirred the saints to cry to God for help. Go to, ye mighty ones, ye are not strong. Come ye up, ye weak ones, to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, for ye are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

And this, last of all, is the reason why we are strong when we are weak, namely, *because the sacrifice is being consummated.* When was Christ strongest but when he was weakest? When did he shake the kingdom of darkness but when he was nailed to the tree? When did he put away sin for his people but when his heart was pierced? When did he trample upon death and the old dragon but when he was himself about to die? His victory was in the extremity of his weakness, namely, in his death; and it must be the same with his trembling church: she has no might; she must suffer, she must be slandered, and derided, and so the Lord will triumph through her. The conquering sign is still the cross. Wherefore, brethren, let us be perfectly content to decrease even unto the end, that our right royal Lord and King may gloriously increase from day to day. Amen.

The Literature of the Gallows.

IT seems shocking, almost ludicrous, to speak of a young man going through a course of reading as a preparation for the gallows, and yet it is literally true that impure reading has, before now, landed its victim on the last stage of the road to ruin. In the year 1829 a murderer named Stratford was executed at Norwich, and the following is the testimony, given at the time by a Christian friend who visited the convict in prison: Again and again he assured me that his falling into vicious and criminal practices was the consequence of his having imbibed mental poison from bad books—and the same assertion he repeated to several other persons. An infidel publication, long since notorious for its fatal influences over the human mind, became the companion of his private hours. He read it, and adopted its principles. He rejected the Holy Scriptures, looked upon their contents as a cunningly devised fable, and to use his own expressions, gave up his faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus was he left without compass or rudder, whereby to steer his course aright through the ocean of life.

"By the Blood of Christ I'm Coming."

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THOSE who are familiar with the habits of the working classes can endorse the dictum of the poet—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves,"

for, with a remarkable want of forethought, they are content to live from year to year without making due provision for sickness, old age, or death. The condition of a family during the protracted illness of a working man is in most cases pitiable in the extreme. When the last earned wages are exhausted, articles of furniture or clothing having any market value are either sold or pledged, the charitable are dunned for contributions, tradesmen are requested to supply a few more necessaries on credit, and, as a last resource, there is an abject appeal to the poor-law guardians for a pauper's dole. If death ensues the funeral expenses must be borne by the parish unless friends can be found to help, or the undertaker has to accept the tardy discharge of his bill by small instalments extending over a period of months, or even years.

The straits to which the widow is put until she can turn her hand to some employment, badly paid at the best, compel a feeling of mingled grief and pity. Should the wardrobe of the family be scanty, which is generally the case, the stock is soon exhausted, and the children are reduced to rags. From the vaunted independence of a working man to the degraded pauperism of his family there is but a very brief step; shame that it should have to be taken through his cruel selfishness or unpardonable neglect. When will our working classes learn wisdom in these matters?

Sad, indeed, as is the social aspect of the improvidence of the people, that which involves spiritual and eternal issues is still more deeply to be deplored. And yet how many there are who, when brought to face the stern realities of death, are altogether unprepared for the conflict! A neglected and despised Bible is called for, and the offices of a minister or missionary are requested. Under such circumstances the agony of remorse is often mistaken for the pangs of repentance. How often has the writer turned sad at heart from the bedside of a poor deluded worldling, indulging the wish that the lesson of such an experience might not be lost.

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

When resident in the Surrey Parsonage as assistant minister, the writer was frequently requested to visit the sick and the dying of the crowded district round Surrey Chapel. Requests were sent in at all hours of the day, and often at night would some anxious messenger come urging an immediate visit. Late one Saturday evening I was called to see "a man who was dying," and without any delay went to the address given. It was a small four-roomed house, the front room on the ground floor being retained by the landlady, so that each room was a separate tenement. The messenger conducted me to the back room up stairs, and there a scene awaited me for which I was ill-prepared, and which will never be effaced from my memory. With the exception of a broken chair and a

rickety deal Pembroke table, the room was utterly destitute of furniture. Stretched on a few old garments in the corner of the room, and with the scantiest covering possible, there lay the sick man I had been called to see. The wife, a poor wan creature, knelt by his side, holding in one hand a rushlight, and in the other a cup of water with which she moistened his parched lips. Never in a long experience had I witnessed such a scene of poverty and misery before! To recall it now awakens the shudder of horror which I could not restrain as I looked into the face of the sufferer. As I afterwards learnt, he was a skilled workman, and disease of the heart had ended in consumption. Too ill to work, and too independent to ask for parochial relief, he and his wife had subsisted on the proceeds of their furniture for some months, and when he came to need it most he had not a bed on which to lie down and die. Such was the state of affairs when I stood watching his last struggles for life. That the end could not be long delayed was evident at a glance; and, kneeling by his side as he lay gasping for breath, I lifted my heart in prayer for direction ere I proceeded with the simple message of the gospel. As he looked up into my face with an anxiety he could not conceal, I said, "*All have sinned and come short of the glory of God*"; and then I added, "Such, my friend, is God's verdict. Tell me, do you feel that YOU are a sinner?" A nod of the head, the only motion of which he seemed capable, expressed his assent.

Oh, it was a sorry plight indeed for a poor soul to be in! Within a few hours of eternity, and totally unprepared for the awful change. Having lived regardless of his soul's eternal interests, now that death stared him in the face he was alarmed at the possibilities of the future, and trembled at the verdict he knew must seal his doom. The vaunted scepticism and cold indifference of years had at length given place to terrible anxiety, and the mingled feeling of remorse and despair seemed to anticipate the perdition of the lost. Weakened by a wasting disease and long privation, he now felt the burden of his guilt as he had never felt it before. He could not speak, but the intensity of his gaze spoke his prayer. So long as memory holds her seat will that scene haunt me!

Feeling that conviction had done its work I advanced a stage with the gospel message to the lost—"*He hath not dealt with us after our sins.*" As in the case with many who suffer, he needed, I felt, to be told that affliction is not a penalty which atones for sin, and that the sufferings of this life are not of necessity compensated in the world to come. I insisted that his condition did not imply the visitation of God for his offences, and was not to be regarded as the punishment due to sin, which time would exhaust. Again he nodded assent, and then I felt free to open up a fuller gospel, and repeated slowly and with emphasis the text—"*The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*" I pointed out how Jesus became the sin-bearer, and how, on the ground of his perfect sacrifice, God is "just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Then, I added, our only hope is in accepting Jesus, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved." To reject the atonement by unbelief is to refuse the pardon it was ordained to procure; to accept it by a simple faith is to "have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Amongst other texts, I quoted the one which has been the means of

light and deliverance to so many: "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" This was a gospel worth carrying to a poor sinner awaiting the stroke which could not be delayed many hours, and which would place him beyond the limits the Saviour prescribed when he sent his disciples forth with the offer of salvation. Never did a fainting traveller perishing for thirst on the burning plains of Africa, or a wounded soldier dying on the field of battle, more eagerly welcome the cooling draught than did this poor despairing soul seize hold upon the truth. The whole scheme of human redemption stood revealed to his quickened vision, and his faith embraced the offered pardon which brought joy, and peace, and hope to his soul.

It is not necessary to describe the change which took place in words; language is a poor vehicle with which to convey the deepest experiences of the soul. The smile which lit up his features was the most eloquent expression possible of the transformation, and the sight of a soul's translation under such circumstances "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God," must ever be a sacred memory to cherish, not to describe. Intellectual assent to the clear but cold articles of a formulated creed never wrought such a change as did the simple faith which embraced a living, loving, and an all-sufficient Saviour. Had it been possible for him to speak, with what rapture would he have told out his experience in the language of the poet—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood."

And again—

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad!"

After a brief prayer, in which I commended the sufferer to the tender pity of his new-found Saviour, I left him, with the promise that I would call again on the morrow.

Early the next morning I retraced my steps to the spot which had proved "the house of God and the gate of heaven," and, as I entered the door, the landlady was coming down the stairs, wiping away her tears with her cotton apron. She, good soul, had spent the night to keep a broken-hearted sister company, and to afford what help she could to the poor sufferer. It was a noble act of self-sacrifice, but only one of many wrought in obscurity, and of which the world never hears. Deeds which win the plaudits of the public shrink into insignificance when compared with such an act of pure, womanly heroism. The morning sun lit up the little back-room which I had only partially seen the night before in the flickering glare of a tallow-candle. What a contrast! But it was as nothing compared with the contrast in the tranquil features of the dead man's face, which but a few hours previously told only too plainly of the agony within. The traces of the soul's mortal conflict were obliterated, and a smile which lit up the features seemed like the lingering radiance of the glory-world he had

just entered. The grief of the poor widow in such a blighted scene was painful to witness, but a few words of Christian sympathy and hope soon induced a feeling of composure. When she was seated on the only chair the room contained, I begged her to tell me, if she could, the experience of her husband's last hours.

"Just before he died," she said, "he threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'I AM COMING! I AM COMING! BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST I'M COMING!'" What a world of meaning was disclosed by that single sentence! Did he see, like Stephen, an open heaven ready to receive him? or did his mind play truant and mock his hopes with the creations of a disordered imagination? Was he dreaming, or did he really hear the angels whisper—

"Sister spirit, come away"?

Ah, it was not the dream of delirium, but the rapture of a waking vision; not a fancy born of disease, but a bright reality, as hope was melting into full fruition. To know the blessedness of a rapture such as this we must be content to wait till our ears shall catch the strains which speak our welcome to the skies:—

"Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
With my own blood I ransomed thee,
Enjoy my perfect favour;
Come in, thou ransomed spirit, come,
Thou now must dwell with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever."

And then may our quick response be—

"I am coming! I am coming!
By the blood of Christ I'm coming!"

It is impossible to look upon such a sunset as this, at the close of a sinning and suffering life, without seeing an unmistakable proof that "God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." A single episode like this should silence the contradiction of the sceptic, and stimulate unceasing activity in bearing to the lost a gospel whose glory culminates in the assurance, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him!"

"Lead us not into Temptation."

IN speaking of immoderate drinking, Lacon remarks, that it is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends till it breaks; or of a memory which recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober. The corruption which comes, he adds, is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling: and all that which corruption attracts, it also retains; for it is easier not to fall than only to fall once; and easier not to yield a single inch than, having yielded, to regain it.

The Bible on the Sea.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

Part II.

IN discoursing on Simonides's Satire on Women, Addison, in No. 209 of *The Spectator*, mentions several species of women, and two kinds who, figuratively speaking, may be said to be "made out of the earth," and "out of the sea." The first "are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating." The others "are women of variable, uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness would cry her up for a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane."

The references to the sea in Scripture are wonderfully numerous; and it is possible that Addison, who professed to be a careful reader of the Bible, drew a hint from Isaiah lvii. 20, where it is said, "The wicked are like the troubled sea." Whether this be so or not, however, the fine moral lesson conveyed is strikingly simple; and we are, besides, further reminded that, while the ocean may be seemingly monotonous to an unobservant mind, there is really no monotony in its ever-shifting scenes. Under the old dispensation, before the art of shipbuilding was fully developed, the heaving and roaring ocean was made to symbolize the enemy, or a flood of enemies; but in our happy gospel day even the voice of the waves speaks of health, peace, and plenty. The sea is the friend of man, especially of the English in their island home; and the vast expanse has undoubtedly been formed by the Creator to convey manifold blessings to his creatures. When the mind is worn, and the body is jaded, what restorative is comparable to rest by the sea, where renewed vigour seems to be inhaled with every breath; and where those who would be braced by activity, or soothed by tranquillity, are alike able to gratify their desires.

In the old days, when nations dreamed that the chief end of their existence as nations was to fight their neighbours, England loved to boast of being mistress of the sea; but if not actually founded in arrogance, such a claim apparently ignored the fact that the sea is intended by God to be a common highway for all the world, no race having rights upon it which can be justly refused to others. To brag, as our fathers were wont to do, about "the wooden walls of Old England," was more creditable to their valour than to their good sense; but then who among them seriously calculated what waste as well as confusion were promoted by making the sea an arena for war instead of using it for commerce and peace? An ordinary line-of-battle ship of the first class used to require 3,000 oaks for its construction; and these trees, which were sufficient to cover a hundred acres of land, were also sufficient to supply timber for the building of a thousand cottages. We talk of our national wealth, which is doubtless unparalleled; but what would it have been had all this shipbuilding

enterprise been expended in the cause of trade, and of the union which trade fosters, instead of in war and its bitter animosities?

The preacher will always be repaid who carefully notices the ever varying phenomena of the ocean, especially if he does so in connection with the many references to the subject which occur in Scripture. The sudden local fogs of small circumference, which sometimes occur in certain watering-places remind us of those depressions to which believers are subject, and during the continuance of which they are tempted to think that all is not only going wrong with them personally, but with the world generally. A person may suddenly step out of warm sunshine into the wetting fog, and as suddenly, without suspecting that deliverance is so near, step out of what "was cloud and darkness" to him into the sunbeams which had not ceased to cheer the outer world. The prophets, the apostles, the reformers and others have all in turn passed through these mists; and in every instance the passing, temporary cloud has had to yield to the glorious and permanent sun above.

Sometimes, after a day of rain and wind, the sun will break through the dispersing clouds with a brilliancy which strongly contrasts with the recent storm. "The waves were still running very high," remarks one who noticed some phenomena on one of these quiet evenings of more than usual interest, "and from the force with which they broke on the rough pebbles, sent up beautiful crests of foamy spray which did more than glitter, for over each wave hung an exquisite arch of prismatic colours like a rainbow."

> "Glittering with light each drop of spray,
> Which formed that foamy diadem,
> A jewel seemed; then fell away
> Back to the ocean whence it came;
> Yet ever, from that ceaseless tide,
> Another gem its place supplied."

At Reggio, in the Straits of Messina, there has been observed an ocean mirage which the natives call "Fata Morgana," and which may certainly be put down among the most magnificent of the phenomena to be seen on the ocean. According to one scientist who investigated the subject some years ago, these appearances come from the irregular refraction of the rays of light in passing through contiguous portions of air of different densities. The following is the brief description of an eye-witness:—

"When the rays of the sun form an angle of about forty-five degrees with the sea, and the light surface of the water in the bay is not disturbed by wind and current, if the spectator be placed with his back to the sun, there suddenly appears on the water the most incomprehensible variety of objects—pilasters, arches, castles, lofty towers, and extensive palaces, with all their balconies and windows; or perhaps trees, valleys, and plains, with their birds and flocks; armies of men, on foot and on horseback, and many other strange objects, all in their natural colours, and all in action, passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea. But if, besides the circumstances before described, the atmosphere happens to be loaded with a dense vapour which the sun had not previously dispersed, the observer will behold a representation of the

same objects in the air, as if traced there on a curtain; though not so distinct or so well defined as those on the sea. These curious appearances were fancifully called by the Italians the 'Castles of the Fairy Morgana.'"

If the sea is as perennial in its interest as it is in its freshness, sailors as a class are interesting people, although it is not easy for a landsman always to understand their characteristics. It used to be said of old, and the saying has still some truth in it, that "no class of people come harder by their money, and none spend it more foolishly." Many incredible anecdotes might be told of the follies of English sailors in port; but happily the past is more singular in this respect than the present. Thus it so happened during the Seven Years' War that a ship called the *Golden Hermione* captured a Spanish galleon so richly laden that even the common seamen were awarded £500 each man, and considering the amount large beyond the capacity of man ever to use in this life, they fried watches over the fire, and insisted on having the head of the vessel gilded at their expense, while every common seaman forthwith donned a gold-laced hat. It so happened that one of the crew appeared on board with silver lace, and while this awakened fiery indignation, the general opinion was that so mean a fellow ought to be forbidden the ship. When the offender gained a hearing, he humbly explained that, as the gold hats on shore were all sold, he was compelled to have a silver one; but in order to preserve his honour untarnished, he made the vendor accept the price paid by the other men for "gold lacers." For such an apology to be cheered may seem to be the height of folly, but folly no less egregious is continually being enacted in the world and is still complimented or cheered. Who are the people that give nearly £3,000 for an old glass jug for the mantel-piece, over £6,000 for an antique sideboard, and £100 an ounce for antique silver?

According to John Newton, the earlier part of whose life was passed upon the sea, the two greatest disadvantages with which a Christian sailor has to contend are want of the public ordinances of religion, and being shut up with evil company; but, of course, the ordinary associations of a ship in the last century were worse than they are at present. "I was reasoned and ridiculed out of the principles which my good and careful mother had endeavoured to instil in me from my infancy," remarks Newton, "and to the commission of evils, which would, some time before, have made me start and tremble had they been proposed." This has frequently occurred since Newton's day; but yet in the course of God's providence, the seeds of truth, sown in youth, have often borne fruit in after-years, perhaps even in old age. Newton himself was a remarkable example, and there have been many others.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was living at Middleborough, in the State of Massachusetts, an English sailor named Luke Short, who, as a native of Dartmouth, remembered many of the scenes of the Civil Wars. He had seen Oliver Cromwell when the Lord Protector was in the prime of active life; and he had even witnessed the execution of Charles I., as well as several other scenes of those exciting and troublous times. Fixing on the sea as a profession, Luke selected Marblehead, in America, as a place of residence for his wife and family, finally removing to Middleborough in the decline of life. At the age

of a hundred the veteran sailor was still able to work on the little farm attached to his house; and with mental faculties still comparatively unimpaired, he was then converted in the quiet evening of his days. When a mere boy, Short had heard a sermon from the then distinguished John Flavel, founded on 1 Cor. xvi. 22, and throughout life that striking discourse was in the main remembered, especially the explanation of *anathema maranatha*—"cursed with a curse," cursed of God with a bitter and grievous curse. The service was remarkable in other respects, however; and it was one the memory of which might well linger with a man through the longest life; for when the preacher stood to pronounce the benediction, he asked, How shall I bless the whole assembly when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is *anathema maranatha?* A gentleman of title in the congregation was so overcome with conviction on hearing this question that he at once fainted, fell down on the floor, and had to be carried home. Between eighty and ninety years after this scene occurred, Luke Short sat down in his field to rest awhile from labour, when many things associated with youth and early manhood passed vividly before his mind, more especially the scene connected with the incident named. Then came Mr. Flavel's searching question; and the old man, as he sat alone, seems to have asked himself whether he loved the Lord Jesus Christ, or whether he should go out of the world cursed with a curse. The Holy Spirit sent the arrow of conviction into the veteran sailor's heart; and seeing his lost state as a sinner, he asked for and obtained mercy through Christ. Mr. Short joined the Nonconformist church at Middleborough; and though not converted until he was a hundred years old, he lived to glorify God for another sixteen years.

In the above instance the man was happy in being delivered from that perversity, characteristic of human nature, which in youth says, "Do not trouble about religion until you are more advanced"; and then, later on, changes the note to "I'm too old to be saved." Ingenious calculations have been made apparently to prove that the grace of God loses its efficacy in proportion as people grow older; but that is not the Bible doctrine. The inspired word calls upon sinners, irrespective of their years, to seek mercy in Christ; and yet, if they have ever taken notice of what learned divines have said upon the subject, we can hardly wonder that many have even accounted themselves as being too old to be saved. It is further characteristic of human folly to heed the word of man more readily than that of God.

"Too old to be saved!" That was the very idea which passed through the mind of a ragged, grey-headed sailor who was leaning against a post conversing with a companion, when a member of the Bethel Union asked him to attend the prayer-meeting. Go to the prayer-meeting? The veteran declared that he should not know what to do with himself, and then remembering that he was over seventy years of age, he added with peculiar emphasis, "I'm too old!" Being too much accustomed to such reasoning, the agent replied, "You are the very man the prayer-meeting is held for," and after a little more persuasion the grey-headed sailor entered the Bethel, where he soon discovered that though he was an old sinner he was not too old to be saved.

In former times, when the war spirit was more dominant than at

present, the usual prescription for a wild youth was, "Send him to sea." Alas, many who went to sea never returned; for, going from bad to worse, their little span of life was soon over. Occasionally, however, as the facts we have mentioned will have sufficiently proved, the youth rushing headlong to ruin was arrested for something better; and Bible-reading, more often than any other means, seems to have been used for effecting reformation.

Early in the present century a certain youth, whose reckless waywardness unfitted him for any responsible or respectable situation on land, accepted the inevitable by consenting to serve on board a line-of-battle ship in active service. The mere transition from *terra firma* to the ocean, however, exercised no reformatory influence; but at the same time punishment more swiftly followed wrong-doing, for ere long the hot-tempered, freakish young man was degraded from a good position to serve before the mast. In the course of God's providence this seeming misfortune turned out to be one of the happiest events of his life. Among the common sailors there was a solitary devoted man who made the Bible the rule of his life; and being now more disposed to listen to truths he had formerly slighted, the prodigal soon became a changed character. He and his friend not only read the Bible together, but they drew together a band of fifteen others from the ship's company. When the young sailor again visited England, he paid a visit to the village pastor, with whom he had been acquainted in earlier days; but such a change had chastened Christian humility effected in the countenance of the former renegade, that the pastor was hardly able to recognise him. He was now a diligent student of Scripture, and consequently a growing Christian. Going to sea may suffice for getting a troublesome subject out of the way of friends on land, but the gospel alone will effect any permanent reformation.

Whether, because they are proverbially such a careless class, sailors in numerous instances lose, destroy, or otherwise dispose of the Bibles supplied to them is a question we shall not undertake to decide; but instances have occurred of sailors who have made the Bible their life-long companion. One of the most interesting instances came to light about forty years ago, when, at a Sunday-school assembly of old scholars, an aged sailor showed a prize which he had received in his seventh year, and on the fly-leaf of which he had written an outline of his personal history:—"This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January 1, 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and my good behaviour when there. After being my companion fifty-three years, forty-one of which I spent in sea-service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burned out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times; this Bible was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October, 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age." The name of this sailor was James Beach North; and when produced at the meeting, his Bible was still perfect, with the exception of one lost leaf.

The sea has found employment for many wanton subjects who appeared to be worse than useless on land; but there also many have

sought refuge from those troubles of life which pressed too heavily upon them. Twelve years ago the sixth Earl of Aberdeen, prompted by a laudable desire to become acquainted with a common sailor's daily life and hardships, was drowned while serving on board an American ship. How many a life-romance could be told by ordinary seamen! Many of the stories would excite sympathy, and perhaps admiration; but more often the narrative would concern some scapegrace of the family who left home to cover the shame of his doings, or who, in a spirit of revenge against those who would have corrected him, forsook the paternal roof.

At the close of a Bethel meeting sixty years ago, a sailor meanly attired, but still of an interesting appearance, asked for a Bible, confessing that he had never possessed one since he had gone to sea. He was the son of a large landed proprietor in the West of England, and had a brother at home as well as several sisters. Prone to idleness and all kinds of vicious sports, he had exhausted his parents' patience, and when they, to check his wanton wickedness, cut off the supply of pocket-money, he went to sea of his own accord. In supposed new-found freedom, he gave way to all a seaman's vices; but harder times were ahead, and employment failing, he was on the verge of starvation. Like the Prodigal, he then thought of his father's house, of friends there, and of the plenty he had left behind. He returned to the familiar spot after an absence of nine years, only to find his father dead, and a provision in that father's will to the effect that, in the event of the family renegade ever again visiting home, he should have five pounds presented to him to defray the expense of travelling back again. Retracing his steps, the young man gave way to melancholy, at the same time harbouring a spirit of resentment against his friends. "One day in this frame I took hold of an old Bible belonging to one of the crew, and read it," he remarked. "There I read that the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I soon found that sin was the cause of all my misery. I took every opportunity to borrow a Bible to read, and the Lord was pleased to bless the reading of his word. I felt I was a great sinner, and had forfeited all right or claim to even an earthly friend." He was led to pray, and appears to have found that pardon and peace which made him confess that, not for any wealth would he again go to sea without a Bible. Thus was he led by a way that he knew not to seek the best of all knowledge.

The bane of our mercantile and naval service has been profanity and drunkenness; but both of these curses, we may fain hope, are on the decline. Captains have sometimes taxed their ingenuity to effect reform, but the Bible presents the only panacea for the evils of the sea and land alike. Artificial checks may be better than no checks at all, but if the heart, prone to sin, be not changed by the Spirit of God, an outbreak may occur when least expected. In any case, Christian sailors are the glory of a civilized country; and a ship without the Bible is worse than a floating prison.

An Enemy turned into a Friend.

DURING Luther's journey a noble knight of the vicinity, learning that he was to tarry at a certain place, and yearning for the honours and emoluments that would accrue could he be safely caught up and transported to Rome, resolved to hazard the attempt. He ordered his armed retinue to prepare hastily, for there was no time to be lost, the aspiring noble being urged and commended to the task by his confessor, who assured him that he would be doing a good work, and would save many souls. He set out at early dawn, making his way along the picturesque *Berg-Strasse*, or mountain road, that skirts the forest of the Odenwald, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg. Arriving at the gates of Miltenberg in the evening, he found the city illuminated, and the town itself full of people, who had come thither to hear and see Luther.

More indignant than ever was the noble knight; indignation grew to rage when, arriving at his hotel, the host greeted him, "Well, well, Sir Count, has Luther brought you here too? Pity you are too late. You should have heard him. The people cannot cease praising him." In no mood for eulogy, the knight sought the privacy of his room. Awakened in the morning by the matin bell of the chapel, sleep had assuaged his ire, and his thoughts were at home, where he had left an infant daughter at the point of death. As he drew aside his curtain he saw the flicker of a candle in the window opposite, and waiting a moment heard a deep, manly voice utter the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." He heard the voice further continuing in a strong, fervent petition for the whole Christian church and the victory of the holy gospel over sin and the world.

Being a devout man, his interest was aroused, and donning his armour he enquired of the landlord who that earnest man was that he heard across the street. "That earnest man," responded the landlord, "is the arch heretic Luther himself. Has your grace a message for him?" "Ay," said the knight, "but I will deliver it with my own lips," and with a dubious shake of the head he crossed the street, entered the house, and in a moment stood before the object of his search. Luther instinctively arose from his chair, surprised and not a little disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a stalwart armed knight, perhaps having an unpleasant suspicion of his errand. "What is the object of this visit?" enquired Luther. Twice and thrice he repeated his question before receiving a reply. At length the knight, having recovered somewhat from the spell upon him, said, "Sir, you are far better than I. God forgive me for intending to harm you. I came here to make you a prisoner; you have made a prisoner of me instead. It is impossible for a man who can pray as you pray to be an enemy of the holy church, a heretic." "God be praised," said Luther, now relieved from his suspicions; "it is his word and Spirit that has subdued you, not mine, though I may be chosen to bring his word to honour in Christendom. Go now your way, therefore, in peace, my lord. He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it to Christ's coming. If it be God's will, you shall

yet behold miracles; how the Lord will break many swords like yours, and cut the spear in sunder, as he has to-day." Convinced and confirmed, the knight lost no time in making his way homeward, attended by his retinue, now still more curious to know the object of this hasty expedition. Arriving at the bedside of his daughter, he found her now convalescent and out of danger, and falling on his knees he thanked God for all that had happened. A few years later, when Luther confessed his faith before Charles V., among the assembled nobles who stood on Luther's side was this knight, who had once thought to overthrow and destroy him.

The Famine in Samaria.

WE are told that the famine in Samaria was so severe that "the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung was sold for five pieces of silver." 2 Kings vi. 25. Our translators have rendered the word "Cherjomim," or "Dibionim," by "*dove's dung*," which has furnished abundant suppositions with many as to the correct sense, as well as led to fabulous explanations. The word simply means a sort of pea or vetch, and it is so spoken of in 2 Samuel xvii. 28, where the Gileadites brought it to David for food. It is so called by the Arabs in the present day from its likeness to dove's dung. In fact, at Cairo and Damascus it is sold fried in the shops, with which those making a pilgrimage to Mecca supply themselves for their journey. The contents of the Hebrew measures were reckoned according to so many eggs as they would contain, "a cab" being equivalent to six eggs, or the fourth part of a pint of fried pulse. We should, therefore, translate the verse,—"Behold they besieged it, until an ass's head was sold for nine pounds two shillings and sixpence; and a quarter of a pint of pulse for eleven shillings and fivepence."—"*Mistranslated Passages in our Bible*," *by Rev. J. H. Murray.*

Jacob's partiality for his son Joseph.

"ISRAEL loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age." Gen. xxxvii. 3. Joseph was born when Jacob was ninety years old: but as Benjamin was born sixteen years later, this was a strong reason for his being loved more than Joseph. The Hebrew text only says, "because he was the son of the elders," or senators; that is, because he was their disciple. Onkelos and the ancient translators of the Chaldee, Persian, Arabic, and Samaritan, translate it "a wise and prudent son," old age being often mentioned as a token of prudence and sagacity. It is right in the MS. It means that when he was a child he was grave and discreet, as if he had been an old man, and wise as a senator; wisdom being a quality that makes parents love their children, and prefer them to their brethren who are not so wise.—"*Mistranslated Passages in our Bible*," *by Rev. J. H. Murray.*

Hearing for Others.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

ONE of the most unusual things in the world is to hear a parson complain that his people are too generous. I would as soon expect to hear John Ploughman's horses grumble that their mangers are too often filled, or to find Master Jack Horner weeping because there are too many plums in his pie.

Never but once did I come across a church to which a collection was not acceptable; and in that case, if I remember rightly, there was a debt on the place which the officers were not anxious to clear off, since (so they said) it was policy to keep it standing. By the way, I have grave doubts whether it was "the best policy." No; the financial difficulty generally assumes quite a different shape. The impoverished offering-box cries, "Give! Give! Give!" The dumb-deacon at the door speaks loudly by means of the scanty sprinkling of coin which hardly hides all the green baize; while tea-fights and muffin scrambles, to say nothing of entertainments and bazaars, like so many bush-rangers "stick up" the Zion-ward pilgrim, and demand his money or his life. The greater sin in this case is, doubtless, with the pilgrims who, sad to say, are all too slow to give as God has prospered them. Christian people who complain of the ways and means resorted to for obtaining the needful may often find the first cause at home in their own closed pockets and clasped purses.

"But what," says one, "has this to do with hearing for others?" Well, just this. In one of our colonial churches I heard the minister seriously charge the congregation with being too liberal. Believe me, this is a fact. I heard it, as people say, with my own ears, and I might also venture to assert that the preacher said it with my own voice. The complaint was somewhat as follows: "My friends, one of the growing curses of our congregations is generosity; people nowadays are far too liberal!" If those folk did not open their eyes! There was to be a special collection too, and though the people doubtless thought the foregoing advice first-rate as far as their pockets were concerned, the deacons thought it augured badly for the plates.

It would be rather interesting to imagine the inward musings of some of the listeners while the unusual remark was still ringing in their ears. "Far too liberal!" muttered farmer Skinflint, who, by the way, has a button on the lapel of his pocket which he gets his "missus" to see tight on over Saturday. "He's right there,—never said a truer thing in his life—must mean me. I'll make it threepence to-day instead of six-pence." "Them's my sentiments," thought old mother Saveall, whose remark to the charity collector has become quite proverbial, "What I gives is nothing to nobody." Mrs. Peacock, who had just gone in for a new set of feathers, and dropped one shilling in the plate on entering, now regretted such munificence, for she "really could hardly afford it": and young Mr. Superb, who looked as though he had just emerged from a bandbox, voted himself a fool for putting sixpence in the plate each Sunday, for he might have had an extra pair of gloves every few weeks if he had only been more moderate in his ecclesiastical expenditures.

There was, in fact, a momentary hum of approval among the audience, and only those who feared that such restraint would recoil on themselves, as deacons or trustees, fancied the speaker had taken leave of his senses and knew not of what he spake.

"Yes," continued the preacher, who had noticed the surprise, "I venture to repeat that statement. Strange though it may seem, I am persuaded it is true. Our churches are plagued with this spirit of generosity, this mistaken liberality; but, mind you (here he grew quite confidential)—for it is possible you may misunderstand me—I do not intend the slightest reference to your relations with the offertory or subscription lists." Visible lengthening of the features of several in the audience. The farmer felt his lapel to make sure that his button was secure, and the old dame and young exquisite grew a little fidgety. "It will be a long time, I fear, before I find cause for complaint in that direction. What I mean is that you are so ready to transfer advice to one another, and to fit my exhortations to other folks instead of keeping them to yourselves. You sit and listen for your friend, and fancy what good he ought to derive, when in all probability the pill was intended for your own mouth, and was calculated to benefit yourself. You are far too liberal: you pass on what you should retain, and give away what you yourselves stand in need of."

In some such strain as this the preacher spoke until many of his hearers looked as black as thunder-clouds, and grew indignant at such plain speech, while others felt the truth and bowed their hearts before it. Before the appearance of that audience quite fades from my memory I pen a few remarks on the same subject.

Habits, unlike crockery, are readily made but not easily broken, and this manufacture comes as natural to most mortals as working in brass and iron did to Tubal Cain, or playing organs to his half-brother Jubal. No one needs to be articled to a lawyer to learn how to transfer precepts and admonitions. The *deed* is easily drawn up and executed by a heart only too ready to plead "not guilty." Now, albeit to look after Number One is a maxim of the world which is not, in most cases, to be recommended, I am not at all sure but that in church-going and sermon-hearing it is both lawful and expedient. Why should we turn the place of prayer into a mutual exchange mart, in which to lend our ears to one another? It is impossible to exchange our hearts as well, and even if we could, I, for one, would be loth to part with mine, faulty as it is. If I hear for someone else, and someone else for me, where is the advantage, even supposing the communication between my ear and his heart and my heart and his ear to be as complete as that between our own ears and hearts? Would there not be some risk of loss in transhipment even then? and since we cannot lay on a telephone to others' hearts from our ears, is it not wiser for every man to hear for himself? "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

It seems to me that a little of "minding the main chance" after a spiritual sort is not amiss. "Every man for himself, God for us all," should be the hearer's motto. Does the bee, having climbed into a flower and having found honey there, say, "I'll leave that for my brother"? Nay, he gathers it for himself, and eventually it benefits his brother

too; whereas had he left it, it might never have reached the hive at all. We are not called upon to feed others to the famishing of ourselves, especially if they have equal opportunity of reaching the viands. I am willing to share my meal with a hungry, helpless beggar, but I will not give all my dinner away to one who sits at the same well-filled table. Why should I? Pursue such a course yourself if you like, dear reader, and I prophesy you will soon be as lean as a hurdle. If you literally give all your goods to feed the poor, you may as well give your body also to be burned. There is a medium in all things, as General Tom Thumb said to Chang the giant. He who hears for everyone but himself is generosity overgrown, and altogether too much of a good thing; while he who cares only for Number One is about as much a liberal as Tom Thumb was a general. It is possible for the richest to give to beggars till he brings himself to beggary, for the physician to doctor and attend the sick till he is as ill as any, and for the carver to be so busy helping the guests as scarcely to get a bite himself. I have often watched the mother-hen scratch and scrape on behalf of her chirruping chicks, and have greatly admired the performance, for "'tis their nature too;" but for one hearer thus to cater for his fellows is too much like foul play; but I believe this is often done in other places of worship besides the Poultry Chapel.

Concern for others may, after all, be a very hollow concern, and anxiety for our friends may prove nothing better than an ill-weed in our garden, and not a fragrant flower. The surest way to right the world is to right ourselves. If every man tended his own vineyard what a vintage there would be! This sort of charity certainly should *begin* at home. I do not say that it should end there. Tom Thumb's littleness is as much to be shunned as Chang's greatness, and, provided our own souls do not suffer, we are more than justified in wishing for and seeking after the benefit of our neighbours. To remind a friend of such and such a portion of the sermon, or to press home a certain truth on one to whom you have reason to believe it is applicable, is but the path of duty. Would to God many more walked according to this rule. Happy the preacher who has hearers who watch where his arrows fall, and follow up his remarks. But this can only be done by those whose own hearts have been listening for themselves, and have benefited by the hearing. A failure to recognise any portion of the exhortation as appropriate to one's self is a sure sign of incapacity for applying the truth elsewhere. Ezra's injunctions to the feasters will serve as regulations at our spiritual meals. "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." Carefulness for others does not excuse carelessness of self. A spendthrift is no more liberal than an economist is miserly. There are times when it is right to stint one's self for others' sakes in temporals; but the necessity never exists in spirituals. There is "ever enough and to spare" of God's good gifts, so we need never fear lest our feasting deprive others of their portion; and having tasted that the Lord is gracious, we should indeed be selfish were we not anxious that our fellow-men should be partakers of that heavenly gift. We can afford to give portions away when we have refreshed ourselves. Let me illustrate this point.

I had been boating for half a squally day with a friend in the beautiful harbour of Auckland, New Zealand, when we were driven, partly by stress of weather and partly by the approach of lunch-time, to seek a sheltering shore. A natural cavern formed our restaurant, and the rough rocks our chairs. The dripping roof and breaking waves played music while we dined. The discussion was opened with beef-steak pie; then followed a paper on custard-pudding, and afterwards tarts and fruit and small etcetera *ad infinitem*. Most of that morning we had been fishing, but never got a bite till we came ashore, so we were prepared to do valiantly; but only two, be they never so hungry, into so many delicacies leaves a large quotient and a good deal over. Presently there glided in front of the entrance of our grotto a small sailing craft with three Maoris aboard, two men and a woman. In a trice we hailed them, making frantic signs with pie dishes, and pudding basins, and forks and spoons. The effect was magical. The helm was put down immediately; for though the voyagers understood very little of the English tongue, the pies and tarts spoke volumes. The fair Maori—if darkies can be reckoned fair—did ample justice to what must have been to her unusual food, while the stalwart men soon put away what had hampered us, and a faithful dog who almost committed suicide by jumping overboard and dangling by the cord that held him to the mast, soon recovered sufficiently to do his share.

"Thank you, thank you; much obliged," came from three pairs of rather thick lips when the repast was over, and the captain and his mate, with their crew and dog, proceeded on their voyage. It was some satisfaction that we had been able to dispose of our victuals and make others happy, though we ourselves had no lack. In some such fashion let us listen to the sermon. If it is as well lined as was our basket, there will be bread enough and to spare. Had we picnickers sailed over to the Maori camp before lunch time, and been so generous with the provisions as to stint and starve ourselves, we should have been about as sensible as those who, through anxiety for others, go on short commons themselves. Many a hearer leaves the church with no personal rejoicing, because all the while he has been hoping and wishing for another's benefit. Disinterested as this may seem, it is not necessarily so. Liberality of every sort should be tested by the motive which prompted it, and an analysis of this kind of generosity often leads to the conviction that they who give most away are themselves in greatest need, and probably give what they do not care to keep. There are too many duck-backed hearers who, before going to church, plume their feathers with the oil of "concern for others" to such an extent that the water runs off themselves and benefits no one.

(*To be continued.*)

"It is the Habit of the People."

A PLEA FOR GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

IN a recent number of the *Christian World* there appeared an interesting article describing a meeting at which "The Students' Missionary Society of Halle" assembled to listen to an address from "Dr. Warneck, one of the most enthusiastic advocates of missionary enterprise that North Germany has produced." One sentence in that article suggests to us a topic for a few words in anticipation of Mr. R. T. Booth's approaching Gospel Temperance Mission at the Tabernacle. The writer gives a bright and cheery account of the proceedings of the evening, which were brought to a close in a way he did not expect. This is what he says:—"As the reverend speaker closed by an appeal for the cause which, with his whole soul, he believed to be the greatest and noblest on earth, the unusual tribute of a hearty round of applause from his attentive but stolid German audience witnessed to the effect of a very earnest, cultured, and powerful address. Another hymn was now sung, and, after the Lord's prayer was repeated, one naturally waited for the benediction. Imagine our horror when, instead of this, came the hurrying waiter with clinking beer glasses and 'cigarren.' Ministers—learned and reverend professors—and those of the general public who were present, all alike 'lighted up,' and began to sip their bright German beer, entering at the same time into animated conversation. The lecturer himself, beer glass, or rather mug in hand, and haloed by tobacco smoke, formed, with the worthy professors similarly equipped, a group not to be seen in England—least of all, after a serious missionary meeting. Yet in this sudden transition there seems to be not the slightest sense of anything approaching to inconsistency. *It is the habit of the people*, for here in the land of Luther, and under the shadow of his university, the 'Beer and Bible' alliance is by no means so nefarious as in England. Still, it was impossible not to feel, as one looked round through the thick fumes, and saw the audience smoking and drinking, the speaker, between sips of beer and whiffs of tobacco, eagerly chatting with two learned theological professors, that to the English religious public this would border on the profane."

The words we have italicised put the whole subject in a single sentence—"It is the habit of the people." How many things are done even by Christian people for which there is no better reason than this:—

> "It was my father's custom,
> And so it shall be mine."

They do not stop to ask themselves whether the course they are pursuing is right, whether it is in accordance with the word of the Lord, whether it is what Christ would have them do, whether it is likely to glorify God and benefit their fellow creatures; but acting on the false assertion that "whatever is, is right," they march along, singing

> "'Tis the good old way,
> By our fathers trod;"

even though the only goodness it has arises from its oldness. Their theory is that whatever is new is not true, and they reckon everything to be new which was not known by their great-grandmothers in the days when witches held undoubted sway, and superstition enslaved our venerated ancestors. We are quite prepared to admit that

"Our fathers were high-minded men,"

and that they have left us noble legacies in the civil and religious liberty which they procured for us at so great a cost; but they were not perfect. David had more understanding than the ancients; and some of us think that if our forefathers could revisit the earth we could teach them a few things which might be for their benefit.

Probably there is nothing in which succeeding generations of men have imitated their predecessors more slavishly than in the matter of taking intoxicating drinks. All sorts of new fermented and distilled liquors have been manufactured, and if those who drink them knew the ingredients of which they are often composed their consumption would be considerably diminished; but in blissful ignorance they continue to taste what Cowper called "the sweet Circean cup," and if we question the wisdom of their action they think it quite sufficient to answer:—"Our parents taught us to drink wine, we had our little glassful when we were children, and as we grew older our allowance was increased, and when our dear pastor, who is now in heaven, used to visit our home, he always partook of the social glass with us, and surely what such a godly man did cannot be wrong." Alas! how many errors and evils remain in the world through reliance on this fallacy—that whatever is done by good people must be right. Many a heresy would have withered away like Jonah's gourd, but it was planted by some eminently learned or holy man, and for his sake it has been nourished, and tended, and cultivated, until whole nations have been afflicted with its baneful influence; and in like manner the habits and customs of some of the Lord's most useful servants have done untold injury to the cause of God and truth. Because a certain Doctor of Divinity says a thing, it is not necessarily true; because a minister of high repute does something, it is not necessarily right: we must always be prepared to appeal from the servant to his Master, and from the ambassador to the august Monarch whom he may, perhaps unintentionally, misrepresent. Good men are liable to be mistaken, especially when the prevailing sentiment of the times in which they live is not as it ought to be.

Returning to the quotation from our contemporary's correspondent—"There seems to be not the slightest sense of anything approaching to inconsistency" in the conduct of these German professors and students, because "it is the habit of the people," although "to the English religious public this would border on the profane,"—we ask, why is there this real or alleged difference in the sentiments of the two countries? It may be that the drink problem does not yet present the difficulties in Germany that it does with us, or possibly the circumstances of the two nations differ so widely that a comparison cannot be fairly instituted; but in our opinion the answer to the question is that "the English religious public" is gradually assuming the attitude which the church

of Christ ought to maintain towards the drinking customs of society. It was not always so, and so much yet remains to be done that there is no room for boasting of what has been accomplished; but the current of religious opinion seems steadily setting in what we conceive to be the right direction, and therein we do rejoice, and will rejoice. Evil or mischievous habits are easily acquired by individuals, communities, or nations; but it is a much more difficult task to alter them. Cowper says—

> "Habits are soon assumed: but when we strive
> To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive."

Leaving out of the question any fancied benefit that may be derived from alcohol when it is used solely as a medicine, and dispensed just like any other poisonous drug, we boldly affirm that the general use of intoxicating drinks is little better than a foolish, expensive, and dangerous habit, into which, as a nation, we have gradually fallen. If we do not conclude our missionary meetings with "drinks all round," we have quite sufficient occasions left when we do pour out libations at the shrine of Bacchus. We have got into the evil custom of drinking on all possible pretences, and the sooner that habit is abandoned the better will it be for all concerned.

How can a man be cured of the habit of drinking, either to excess, or in moderation? How can the customs of the nation be made to undergo a complete transformation? How can the church of Christ effect the change in its habits which is necessary before it can be clear of the blood of all men? There are many secondary answers to these questions, and many subsidiary means by which the desired end can be brought about; but there is only one reply that meets all the requirements of the case; there is only one remedy that can cope with this disease of the body politic. Nothing but the grace of God can thoroughly reform the individual, the nation, or the church; and it is the glory of Gospel Temperance work that it relies on this, and this alone, for its message, its motive power, and its marvellous success wherever it has been fairly tested. Mr. R. T. Booth, who will (D.V.) conduct a ten days' mission in the Tabernacle, commencing on Sunday afternoon, September 3, thus referred to the movement at the opening of his recent mission in Birmingham:—

"When I speak of this Gospel Temperance Movement, I would not imply that there has not been such a thing as Gospel Temperance before; nor do I mean that this is something very new and strange. Ever since the agitation of this question began, in the year 1809, there has never been an hour but that some of the truest and best of the followers of Christ have been its friends and advocates. But I know that now, as never before, this movement is distinctively a *Gospel Temperance* one. As for myself, I have laid down a platform on which to stand—a platform on which, I believe, every sect, and all denominations, every organization, and all societies that wish to advance the cause of Christ and that of total abstinence, may stand at my side. In it there are three great planks of principle—CHRISTIANITY, TOTAL ABSTINENCE, and CHARITY—and these three make a platform as broad as humanity, and as wide as the world. One of our great objects is to bring together all the different elements into one great union, for a

special and specific purpose. We are not going to create any new society or organization. We are not going to pull down, but to build up, those that are already existing; and those who, during the mission, may be persuaded to sign the pledge, and trust in the Saviour, will be counselled to find a home in some Christian Church and some Temperance Society. This movement is *not* an organization, with officers, bye-laws, and regulations. We have but one Head—our Heavenly Father—and we know of but one law—his will. This is only a union of those who are willing to make the Redeemer the centre of all that is done, and who are truly united with him in this effort to sweep away one of the most tyrannical and cruel wrongs the world has ever known."

The Blue Ribbon badge was first adopted in America, in 1875, by some earnest Christian Temperance workers who desired to get all total abstainers to make a public declaration of their principles. On Feb. 10, 1878, Mr. Wm. Noble inaugurated the British branch of the work at the National Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, and on March 29, in the same year, he moved to the Hoxton Music Hall, which has been from that time the head-quarters of the English Blue Ribbon Army. Up to July 24, upwards of 5,500 meetings had been held in the hall, in addition to demonstrations at Exeter Hall, and the Standard and Victoria Theatres, and a large number of meetings in London and its suburbs, and the provinces. From Hoxton alone 470,000 Blue Ribbon Pledge Cards have been sent out. On August 7, 1880, Mr. Richard T. Booth began his work in this country at Hoxton Hall, and after a few weeks' labour there started on the mission in which he has been amazingly blessed. In the various places where he has conducted missions there are up to the present time no less than 900,000 persons who have adopted the Blue Ribbon badge, and joined the Gospel Temperance Union. Of course many of these were previously abstainers, but separate records were not kept until last September, since which time 269,000 *new pledges* have been taken. We have been unable to ascertain the number of signatures secured, and ribbons issued, by Mr. Francis Murphy, to whom belongs the high honour of having, under God's blessing, in America, started the whole movement; but we learn that he and his son Edward commenced their work in England, at Hoxton Hall, on Aug. 27, 1881, and after addressing several meetings in London, went to Scotland, where their labours have been attended with extraordinary blessing. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Noble, and Mr. Booth are, however, only three of the most prominent Gospel Temperance workers; and their efforts are being sustained by an ever-increasing band of Christian men and women all over the kingdom. If the work continues to grow as it has done, the "wearers of the blue" will soon be counted by *millions* instead of hundreds of thousands. How many of these have become Christians it is impossible to say, but the number is doubtless very great, as we hear that in connection with every mission some have been converted, and from all parts of the country where the work has been properly carried on we have tidings of considerable increase to the churches of the district. In a recent letter Mr. Noble writes, "The most encouraging aspect of the work is the large number who are brought under conviction of sin. Our prayer-meetings were never so largely attended as now, and there is a

deep spiritual influence pervading all our meetings. . . . At the after-meetings many remain for prayer and conversation; not a few of whom have confessed Christ." The Lord has set his stamp of approval so manifestly upon this agency that all Christians will do well to assist it to the utmost of their power.

We are glad to see so many persons, of both sexes, and amongst all classes of society, wearing the blue ribbon; but at the same time we are sorry that there are so many who are not wearing it. Several hundreds of the little badges are already worn at the Tabernacle, but we hope before Mr. Booth's mission is closed they will be increased to thousands. *Why don't you wear the blue ribbon,* dear Christian reader? Perhaps you answer, "Because I am not an abstainer." But why are you not an abstainer? Will you take that question to the Lord Jesus, and on your knees ask for his guidance, and then promptly act as he directs? There are many professed followers of Christ who stand in very slippery places through their liking for strong drink. There is no doubt whatever as to what they ought to do. Total abstinence is the only safe path for them. There are others who have dear ones who are slaves to the bottle. How can they hope to rescue those whom they love until they are themselves clear from all connection with the evil? Many reclaimed drunkards have fallen because their wives would persist in bringing the tempter into the house; and if they have to suffer for it, whose fault is it? There are some persons who, to all human appearance, are never likely to drink to excess; but to them we appeal, in Christ's name, to abstain for the sake of what they can do for others. If these lines should meet the eye of any who are led captive by the devil in the chains of evil habit, or who have become abstainers from strong drink, but have not yet sought the salvation of their souls, we would entreat them even now to return to the Lord, who has given by the mouth of the prophet Joel this loving invitation, "Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." To those who will not render us any assistance in this work, we would commend the earnest words of the Bishop of Rochester: "Gentlemen, you may not all adopt the plan I have adopted—total abstinence; you may not all adopt that, but, in God's name, either adopt that, or find a better one." The matter is urgent, and those who trifle with it, and make all earnest attempts to reform the masses the subject of their mirth, or of their sneers, can hardly know what mischief they are doing. Their jests and gibes do no harm to confirmed abstainers, but they may confirm the drunkard, and hold back those who had almost escaped. If they cannot help, let them not hinder a hopeful work.

Mr. Haslam at Bath.*

OUR readers who are familiar with the first portion of Mr. Haslam's autobiography, published some years ago, will naturally expect that this second instalment is as full of entertainment and instruction as the former volume, "From Death into Life." In more senses than one, that last-named book was a very striking story; for while the author gave details of the progress of the Lord's work in various parts of the country in connection with his own preaching, he also told in an unvarnished way of his own conversion. He started in the ministry about forty years ago as an earnest High Churchman, and one so zealous in works of charity and religious devotion that he might almost have been mistaken for an Evangelical. He worked hard and conscientiously according to his light; but surrounded with converted people down in Cornwall, it was hardly possible for such a man to remain permanently in the dark. Mr. Haslam became converted by the grace of God, and so quick were the shrewd hearers of the west to perceive the change, that during the first sermon he preached after escaping from the grave-clothes of sacramentarianism, a man in the church threw up his arms and exclaimed, "The parson is converted!" A scene then ensued which was sufficiently characteristic of the west, but which more orderly, strait-laced folks in better-behaved districts might have been tempted to put down as "brawling in church." Fancy a clergyman who had worked hard for ten years—instant in season and out of season, as he had supposed—telling a large congregation that he had only just been brought into the liberty of Christ, and that, had he died a week before, he must have been lost! Then imagine how "Praise the Lord" and "Hallelujah" was shouted by hundreds of delighted souls in the sanctuary, while "good church people" were hastening down the aisles with prudent alacrity. That scene was the commencement of Mr. Haslam's life-work, the history of which, as told by himself, never flags in its absorbing interest. Indeed, so extraordinary are some of the relations that some critics have not hesitated to accuse the writer of invention or exaggeration; but he is able to reply that "persons who have been in such scenes, and have witnessed the mighty power of God, will think that they are somewhat guardedly and tamely put forth." Many things are under, rather than overstated; some occurrences are left altogether unrelated, for fear of too heavily taxing the reader's credulity, while other things, such as "dreams, visions, and revelations," are left unexplained. Should any reader know of an unconverted pastor who little suspects the truth about his own condition, Mr. Haslam's books will be more likely to be instrumental in bringing enlightenment than the best of evangelical tracts.

Those who read Mr. Haslam's former work left him conducting a successful work in the parish of Hayle, in Cornwall—too successful as it seemed for the rector, who was a man of prudence and caution. "You know I am no revivalist," he remarked with characteristic candour. "I do not like all this uproar. I cannot have it. These

* "Yet not I," or More Years of My Ministry. By W. Haslam, M.A. London: Morgan and Scott. Price 6s.

converted people, as you call them, are no churchmen." Thereupon the seemingly unfortunate curate undertook the charge of what a lady called a "Tramps' Church" at Bath, a city sufficiently beautiful in itself, but one, nevertheless, for which Mr. Haslam had no partiality, because the air had proved in his case somewhat relaxing. He had visited the city in his converted days as well as subsequently, and each time "left it discomfited, and glad to get away." There was a strange providence in his being led thither; for the spiritual obstacles to success appeared to be hardly less than the physical.

There was a time in the last century when Bath was a general rendezvous of the pleasure-seeking aristocracy; but although the city no longer retains the characteristics of a century and a half ago, when Beau Nash was ruler of its frivolities, the total of its visitors is of course far greater than of old. "Bath is a favourite residence of annuitants, and a fashionable resort of wealthy strangers," says one authority. "Hence arises its principal trade. Rents are moderate, coal is abundant, the markets are well supplied, all the wants of taste and society are readily ministered to, and in a full season, from Christmas till the end of May, about 14,000 persons, in addition to the permanent population, are present." Bath is a city of fashionable preachers as well as of pleasure-seeking visitors; and for a pastor looking out for an eligible situation, where fine scenery, cultured society, and other advantages could be found, the city offered rare attractions; but who would have voluntarily chosen such a sphere as the "Tramps' Church"?

The said "Tramps' Church" was situated in Avon Street, once a fashionable quarter, but long since forsaken by its genteel residents and given over to the lowest classes. The church was no other than a chapel erected by the Wesleys, and which their followers had given up in favour of a grander edifice in another part of the town. "They had let this one to an undertaker to keep mourning coaches and hearses in, but the rector having offered a higher price, obtained possession," says Mr. Haslam. "Finding the veritable Wesley pulpit in a corner, he put it up, and otherwise furnished the place for divine service." Such was the district which had been looked after by a Scripture reader for some years—a man who "had settled down into a routine, delivering so many tracts, paying so many visits in so many hours," until "his report was ready for the Saturday." The man was probably not singular in supposing that it was impossible to convert a soul in Avon Street, and honestly spoke his opinion—"I am convinced you will never do anything of that kind in this street."

Any visitor who only looks upon the fair city of Bath from the Great Western Railway, would never suppose that such a place could contain cellar-dwellings more repelling as haunts of fever and damp than even the cellars of St. Giles's. Such was the case, however, and what was more singular, as illustrating the force of habit, the people contracted a love for these pestiferous holes. Take as an example what is said on

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

"We visited one old man who lived in a cellar that was cold and green with damp, yet he was cheerful, and content to call it his 'home.'

I asked him if the water ever came in. 'Oh yes, when the tide be high, it do come up here for an hour or two.' What do you do then? 'Why,' he said, suiting his action to the words, 'I puts my legs up on the stool, and goes on with my shoe-mending. I keeps my tools up there,' he continued, placing his hand on a shelf, 'where they be safe from the wet.' In his person he was a dirty and grimy man, who appeared never to wash himself from one month's end to another. Yet he seemed happy in his dirt, and quite satisfied with his lodging. . . . In a similar cellar I subsequently found a family consisting of five persons, all huddled together in a most miserable condition. Their story moved the compassion of a kind lady, who commissioned me to take better and more healthy lodgings for them at her expense, and remove them out of that wretched, damp place. She said she could get no sleep for thinking of these poor creatures. I soon obtained a two-roomed lodging for them, with a good fire, but this failed to please them as well as their old abode. The following day, on calling, I saw that they had darkened the windows with paper; 'the light,' they said, 'made them feel so cold.' In a day or two after, I found to my surprise that they had gone back to their 'own sweet cellar.' 'There's no place like home.'"

The locality was of the worst kind, the abode of tramps, gipsies, beggars, and other light-fingered adventurers, until sweeps were esteemed "the gentlemen of the place." The Scripture-reader, after showing the new curate the "ins and outs" of the district, challenged his companion to say, if he thought anything could be done other than had been done; and then quietly remarking that he had kept the best till last, the guide led the way into the common lodging-houses which also abounded in the street. The "hotels of the poor," as they are sometimes called, are much the same in Bath as elsewhere—repulsive on the one hand and full of interest on the other to all observers of the social habits of the people. "They were for the most part," says our informant, "if not altogether, the ordinary whining, miserable-looking beggars who are seen in the streets, but they were neither miserable nor whining now. Some who had been 'blind' had recovered eyesight; others who had been cripples were now quite well; and soldiers and sailors had arms and legs restored to them. There were also a number of women among them. A group were sitting round the fire as merry as crickets, telling of the day's exploits and gains with great glee." Sociably these dens might be the lowest of all, but in some of the private rooms, where persons lay sick or dying, the stench and stifling atmosphere were more dreadfully sickening. At first, even Mr. Haslam was disposed to retire disheartened, but in the divine strength he persevered and found his reward.

One of his first converts was a dying shoemaker, who was hoping for salvation because he had "suffered a sight in this world"; another was a common beggar, and then followed a man whose shop had hitherto been a place for the reception of stolen goods. Still, it was no easy matter to get the people of Avon-street into the church. "Some of them laughed aloud at the idea," says Mr. Haslam; "others, mocking, said, 'Oh yes, we'll come. We're all on us coming.' Another man suggested that he would come if I paid him: 'that's the way to get us

along to church.'" This merry remark represented a very prevalent idea, namely, that the parson made a good thing out of his calling; he was supposed to be well paid by the Government, and to have a good deal of money entrusted to him besides, which he appropriated to his own use. One outspoken man, who had a dead child lying unburied, declared to the pastor, "It ain't no business of mine to bury it. What are you paid for, I should like to know?" The most Scriptural and common-sense method of going to work under such conditions is to gather a working church, to win recruits from the enemy, and to train them for a better service. This was what Mr. Haslam did; but the most careful oversight was necessary, because as soon as the denizens of the lodging-houses knew that there was aught to be gained by "conversion" they were ready, as the Scripture-reader said, to be "converted in shoals." When, however, more genuine cases of reformation occurred, and some lapsed one was removed from the slums to help in the church's work, the genteel and perfumed do-nothings of the fashionable world were ready to raise an outcry against such innovation. Even when Mr. Haslam himself preached in a certain church, "A lady" resented the indignity offered to the congregation—"The idea of that nasty little man from the tramps' church coming to teach *us!*" Then, when a thoroughly competent person, after undergoing a change, was employed in gathering a school of ragged waifs and strays, the report went forth that the clergyman in Avon-street was "employing a beggar-woman—a common tramp, to teach the children," and she had to be removed; and the school, meanwhile, was scattered.

The general work, nevertheless, went forward prosperously, and the power of the Holy Spirit became manifest in the conversion of some of the worst of characters. Through good report and evil report, the pastor continued his labours, and in spite of all exceptions which were taken to his doctrine or his procedure, he had his reward.

On one occasion when the chairman of a meeting, who held extreme views, corrected Mr. Haslam's theology, the accused told this story in self-defence: "Once upon a time, there was an old experienced Christian, who was a ferryman on the Clyde. One day he had the opportunity of carrying two gentlemen in his boat; the one a Calvinist, and the other an Arminian. They were having a hot dispute about their respective tenets, so that the ferryman could not get in a word edgeways, though he was most anxious to do so. After trying several times, he bethought himself of this device—to pull the boat with one oar. The disputants stopped, and asked what he was doing. 'Don't you like this?' said the boatman. Then putting down that oar, he took up the other, and pulled with both hands till the boat went round the other way. 'Whatever are you about?' said both the combatants. 'Why,' replied the veteran, 'I call this oar Sovereignty, and that oar Responsibility; and if I do not pull them *both together*, you will never get to the other side of the river.'"

The blessing continued in Avon-street until the church had to be enlarged to accommodate the increasing congregation, so that Mr. Haslam lived to prove that it is possible to gather a full assembly of the most unlikely characters if proper means are used. Like all good organizers, he was greatly indebted to his helpers, among whom was that wonderful

young lady, Miss Geraldine Hooper, who died at an early age, and whose biography has been written by Mrs. Grattan Guinness. With commendable tact the pastor adapted his procedure to circumstances. Though straitened for space, he was not content with a full Sabbath congregation; a day-school was soon regathered after parting with "the beggar-woman;" there were good Sunday-schools and mothers' meetings. Street preaching was also very successfully carried on; and during one campaign the stand was taken in front of each of the public-houses, the signs of which were made to serve as topics of discourse. The result was, that the police-cases of a week soon became less than they had formerly been in a day; and in grateful recognition of this fact a certain member of the Corporation was anxious for Mr. Haslam to have a site for a new church presented to him entirely free of cost. This scheme of rebuilding was, however, abandoned for the time; but since our friend's removal from Bath, St. Paul's Church appears to have been taken away from the people; in other words, "a handsome church" has arisen in a more eligible neighbourhood. "I hear," says Mr. Haslam, "that it is now a crowded and fashionable place of worship, and one to which the ragged people do not venture."

So much for Bath. We have not space to follow Mr. Haslam's narrative of work done in other places. In 1863 Sir Thomas Beauchamp offered him the living of Buckenham, in Norfolk, a rectory to which was attached the parish of Hassingham. In 1871 he accepted Lord Howe's offer of the incumbency of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair; but for a brief period he accepted from the same patron the parish of Little Missenden, Bucks. Mr. Haslam supposed that he had found a life-sphere at the West-end of London, but unlooked-for changes occurred. Lord Howe died; and his successor was one "who apparently cared nothing for spiritual matters or spiritual people. In a short time his lordship dismissed the various Scripture-readers and Bible-women who had been employed on the estate by his predecessor." The new owner of the property supposed that he could dismiss the incumbent also, and wished to do so. Had Mr. Haslam resisted, the patron of the living would have found more than his match in the ecclesiastical courts; but at last consenting to leave, at Midsummer, 1878, the incumbent took a step which he, as well as many others, at first half regretted; and the building has been taken down, while a flourishing Christian company has been scattered. For four years past Mr. Haslam has been engaged in parochial mission work in connection with a society which the well-known evangelist, Mr. Aitken, established in memory of his father. In this congenial work he has had much success; and we trust that ere he passes to his reward he will give the world yet another instalment of his delightfully instructive reminiscences.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Pictures. Photographed from life for the Magic Lantern. By FREDERICK YORK, 87, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill.

THE artist has not been content to copy the designs which illustrate John Ploughman's second book, but he has made living designs, and photographed them. A lecturer, by reading pieces of the book, and exhibiting these views, might readily entertain an audience. We heartily commend the slides, and would urge intending lecturers to communicate with Mr. York, who has lavished time and thought upon his subjects, and reached a high pitch of excellence. By the reading of selections from "John Ploughman" much practical truth may be brought before the people. We like the views so much that we hope personally to use them when giving another reading from homely John.

The Pulpit Commentary. Deuteronomy. Exposition by Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D.; Homiletics by Rev. C. CLEMANCE, B.A., D.D. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co.

THIS portly commentary comes in too late for a thorough examination, and so we can only say that as the exposition is written by W. L. Alexander, and the homiletics and homilies are by competent brethren, we are sure that purchasers will spend their money wisely. As soon as possible we will give further information. We suppose that the cost will be 15s. Hitherto we judge this series of expositions to be the best which a preacher can procure for sermonic purposes. We are all grateful to Canon Spence and the Rev. Joseph Exell for these invaluable works.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. In Four Volumes. Vol. III. The Epistles of St. Paul. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke.

THIS valuable commentary runs the risk of being forgotten in the flood of other expositions, but it deserves a far better fate. We have now before us the third portion of the New Testament, which will be complete in four volumes. Able scholars have united to produce this work; in fact, the united scholarship of England and America is laid under tribute, and the result must be singularly useful. The aim is the instruction of the English reader of ordinary education; hence, everything is clear, concise, and important. The scholar could not desire greater accuracy, and the plain man could not wish for greater simplicity. At eighteen shillings each, these noble volumes are by no means dear: they are essential to a complete library of exposition. We are glad to see every day some fresh candle lighted, by whose beams we may the better read the infallible Word of God. Dr. Schaff has done eminent service in this direction.

The Ministry of Healing; or, Miracles of cure in all Ages. By A. J. GORDON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE hope Dr. Gordon will not go off from sober gospel preaching into mere imaginings: there is a tendency in that direction in some who believe in healing by faith. He has certainly collected a singular array of incidents, and placed us all under obligations thereby; for it is very useful to have the evidence on a great question put within reach. Some of the stories do not impress us, and others we could account for on natural principles; but it is clear that the Lord has used faith as a healing medium and is ready to use it again. Such faith is not given to all; but where it is exercised it is honoured. Dr. Gordon is a preacher of high excellence, and we prefer to hear him upon other themes, for he is a sound evangelical divine, and lays himself out to win souls by the truth of God.

Reggie's Boast, and other Stories. By F. M. HOLMES. F. E. Longley.

HALF-A-DOZEN lurid stories, showing the dreadful effects of the drink. There is a vividness and raciness in the writing that compels you to read, and the "Circus Clown's Story" is simply inimitable in its pathetic power.

Mistranslated Passages in our Bible; a Help for English Readers. By Rev. J. H. Murray, B.A. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We like this book very much. It sheds light on many a dark sentence in our Scriptures. Although scholars may look upon it as rather elementary, it is well adapted to whet the appetite of students. Our authorized version of the Old Testament is often sadly inaccurate. Little errors abound at which sceptics sneer, and pious people are strangely puzzled. The text and the translation both need to be carefully revised. A committee of learned men is leisurely engaged on this interesting task. The most determined courage and the most delicate caution must be called into play if it is to be done satisfactorily. We quite agree with Mr. Murray in the conviction "that the ancient unpointed text gives more consistent readings, and more in agreement with the principles of the construction of the Hebrew than the Masoretic or pointed text, which was invented at Tiberias in the sixth century, and has been in use ever since." The old Hebrew language had a varied and expansive meaning; it was *ideal* and picturesque, comprising a very limited number of primitive words called "roots" in their primary or radical sense, expressive for the most part of nature in respect to external objects and internal emotions, and then in their subordinate or derivative application branching out into manifold diversities of meaning. Now, what was the intent of the Masoretic notation or vowel-pointing of an age when the Hebrew had ceased practically to be a living tongue? Well, if it was partly designed to preserve the sound, its chief object was permanently to fix the *sense*, and so to limit it, thus depriving the original text of that very charm which has always supplied interpreters with the most vivid evidence of its inspiration, and evangelical preachers with the liveliest token of its divine authority. This is a very serious matter for us who believe in an inspiration whereby men spake from God "being moved by the Holy Ghost." Here we have in common use the "Holy Bible," which on its title-page professes "to be translated out of the original tongues." The scholarship of two hundred and seventy years ago may have been very inferior to that of the present day, but it is of no small consequence for us to be as clear as possible about the validity of that original tongue in which Revelation was given. Some two centuries ago Dr. John Owen showed that the Septuagint is incorrect, or not *verbally* reliable: the Masoretic pointing, however, perverts the sacred original into a paraphrase. Besides this, there are blemishes of other kinds in our version, which we can hardly doubt that "the learned revision committee" will do much to rectify. A few omissions and not a few interpolations occur. That copyists tried to corrupt the Hebrew text we are tolerably certain; any material fraud, however, would be easily traced out. The testimony of Josephus towards the end of the first century is of singular value. He tells us that "the Hebrew and the Greek Septuagint were in perfect agreement." Philo Judæus somewhat earlier bears witness to this fact. What do we find later on? Justin Martyr distinctly charges the Jews with altering and erasing passages in their Scriptures, which would prove that Jesus Christ was the Messiah. Origen and Tertullian make a similar charge. The few copies of the Hebrew that existed in those days were mostly in the hands of the Rabbis, who had abundant opportunity of falsifying the text. Not so the Septuagint. It was widely dispersed both among Christians and heathens. To make this point clear we must ask our readers to verify one instance for themselves by a reference to the Bible and the Prayer Book version of Psalm xiv. Three verses are omitted after the fourth verse in the one, which are contained in the other; and Paul quotes those very three verses, divided into six, in Romans iii. 13—18. Of course, Paul quoted from the Greek Septuagint which was in common use among the people as our version is now. Of interpolated passages we might give a much longer account. It needs no learned authority to tell us that the fifty-second chapter of Jeremiah was added afterwards. The conclusion of the previous chapter is—"thus far are the words of Jeremiah." For the fifty-second (or supplementary) chapter there

appear to be three verses slipped in by some transcriber (viz. 28, 29, 30) distinctly at variance with 2 Kings xxiv. 14—16. Surely inspiration is not to be held responsible for such inconsistencies. The last chapter of Deuteronomy must have been written after—and the last three verses long after—the death of Moses. In Mr. C. H. Mackintosh's recently published "notes on Deuteronomy," we meet with this characteristic observation: "We are fully persuaded that the postscript is as truly inspired as the book; and the book as the Pentateuch; and the Pentateuch as the whole volume of God." Once more we commend this small octavo of less than three hundred pages to our readers. It is the result of more than twenty-five years' study. The author is generally clear of any sectarian bias. His brief suggestions of improved readings are fortified for the most part by strong reasons; to conductors of Bible-classes they may be of signal benefit.

The Orthodox Theology of To-day. By Newman Smith. Dickinson.

A well-intentioned book, perhaps; but it does not commend itself to us. The fewer of such defences of orthodoxy the better. Orthodoxy is quite able to take care of itself; but it often has just cause to cry, "Save me from my friends." Apparent vindications accompanied with gentle hints of improvement are the sappers and miners which do the preparatory work of the enemy. Not purposely, but inadvertently, the desire of the broad school is carried out by certain so-called orthodox scholars who are distressed at the idea of being thought old-fashioned. Would they sell the truth for a little honour among men? Not consciously, and yet the net result comes to much the same thing. We know nothing of Mr. Newman Smith, but we do not care for his book.

Hindu Women: with glimpses into their life and Zenanas. By H. Ll. Nisbet and Co.

The old, old story of an Indian woman's sufferings is here told with graphic power, and earnest appeals made for new volunteers to undertake Zenana work. There is no finer field of Christian work for ladies, and we wish this simple but touching statement might be effectual in securing more labourers. It has our sincerest approval.

The Story of the New Testament. By Rev. A. Carter, M.A. Whittaker and Co.

Into this little handbook the author has managed to condense the fullest scholarship and information regarding our New Testament, its versions, manuscripts, etc. Its comparison of the Authorised and the Revised Versions is able, fair, and reliable, and indeed the whole work is of a high style. The cheapest shilling's worth on the New Testament yet published.

Sacred Songs and Solos. Numbers I. and II. combined. Compiled and sung by Ira D. Sankey. Morgan and Scott.

A singularly rich collection of useful and taking songs. Everybody knows how the first half of this book carried every one by storm, and the second part is nearly as good. For our part we shall always adhere to our solid psalms and hymns, and the grave, sweet melodies of our well-worn tunes, when the people meet on the Sabbath; but a few of these sprinkled in on week-nights make a change, and give pleasure to good people whose tastes differ from ours. We do not doubt that great service to the good cause has been wrought by Mr. Sankey's sacred lays. The words can be had for 1d., but with the music the prices range from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. The work is a general favourite.

Little Foxes; or, the Little Sins that mar the Christian Character. By John Colwell, Wesleyan Minister. T. Woolmer.

A fascinating little book, full of philosophy, but withal made so spicy and attractive that, once begin to read, and there is no leaving off until it is finished. Fresh illustration, forcible proverb, a pithy humorous style, combined with transparent, manly godliness, make a most readable book. The more of such the better: it will compel its own popularity. "Well done, Mr. Colwell!!"

Old Bristol: a Story of Puritan Times. Baptist Tract and Book Society, 22, Castle-street, Holborn.

We have already commended this story in its American form. This English reprint is far superior to the former edition. It is a capital Baptist tale, and deserves to be widely circulated by those who have Scriptural views of the ordinance.

The Pledged Eleven: or, Valentine's Broken Vows. By Maggie Fearn. National Temperance Publication Depot.

In several places where the Gospel Temperance movement has been organized, the publicans and their friends have started opposition bands, which they have called "The *Red* Ribbon Army," "The Drink-no-water Society," or "The Drink-when-you-like League;" and this tale traces the history of eleven young men who entered into some such unholy covenant. For a long time they were a terror to the village in which they lived; but through the mercy of God they were all reclaimed, and "pledged" in another and a better sense.

Tom Fletcher's Fortunes. By Mrs. H. B. Paull. T. Woolmer and Co.

An excellent story, intended to teach the wisdom of honesty and uprightness in the young, and the happy consequences that follow their possession. Mrs. Paull writes in an easy, attractive style, and her books will be sure to command popular approval. A copy of this book should go into the Sunday-school Library.

Beatrice and Brian. By Helen Briston. T. Woolmer and Co.

A simple story of the conquest of passion and selfishness in a spoiled child; told with fair power and interest.

Dots and Gwinnie: A story of two friendships. By R. R. T. Woolmer and Co.

A story all alive, about school-girl friendships, and the tests to which they were put: showing that true friendship must be founded upon Christian character. A first-rate gift for girls. Healthy as spiritual, interesting as elevated.

Maia: a Tale of the Fatherland. By J. Ottlie V. Jacoby. Elliot Stock.

Those who may be at the pains to read this book will find more than the usual allowance of sentimental love stories, five or six couples of love-sick swains and damsels, in all possible and impossible dilemmas, being the chief actors in this rather tangled tale. The grand finale is the marriage of three of the couples at the same time and place, and of course "they lived happy ever after." Religion of a certain, or uncertain, kind is plentifully thrown in: for example, two of the young parties flee from an angry parent to their "spiritual adviser," the Romish priest, who settles their little difficulty by marrying them in a trice. A naughty boy is piously admonished by his mother: "You were enlisted into God's service in your baptism, and sworn to fight against all these evil tendencies; so whether you will or no, you are bound by the most solemn oath to do so. You may be a rebellious and disloyal soldier, but you will still be one," etc. Anon we are favoured with information that one of the parties has by Confirmation "been sworn finally into the fellowship of Christ's religion, and has entered the blessed company of all saints, enlisted finally into the army of the faithful." What have we done that we should be doomed to read such a book?

Little Flotsam. By R. Richardson, B.A. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

The usual story of adventures, but told in a very pleasant, chatty style. A shipwreck; a being caught by the tide; a being lost in the mist on the mountains, and a few other nerve-trying sensations all woven together with considerable power, make up just such a book as is dear to many young folks.

The First year of my Life: a true story for young people. By Rose Cathay Friend. T. Woolmer and Co.

A moderately successful attempt to write a history of one's first year, from the information of parents. Really, a conversational description of China and its customs, and a voyage from thence to England. The style is clear and simple, and full of interest, and the book deserves to be read.

Our Brother in Black: his freedom and his future. By A. G. Haygood, D.D. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

This book has made somewhat of a stir in some places across the Atlantic. It is an attempt to solve the problem of what is to be done politically and religiously with the six millions of negro freedmen in America, and especially in the South. The author, having once been a defender of slavery, has now become the champion of the black man, and urges his claim to national education and national help. We sincerely trust his book may not merely secure blessing for the Africans in America, but stimulate them to missionary work amongst their people in their native land. "Well done, Dr. Haygood! Your repentance, though late, is sincere and thorough."

The Theology of the New Testament. A Handbook for Bible Students. By Rev. T. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Fourth edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Oosterzee is a born theologian, possessing by endowment and training just the powers needful for the systematic treatment and exposition of truth. This fourth edition is of a work that deserves, and will repay, the study of every minister of the gospel, and every student preparing for his life-work. Orthodox and forceful; true to the central facts of the gospel, and yet adapted to present-day thought and feeling; intellectual and yet more spiritual, it cannot but be valuable to every honest workman who will use it aright. We should like to say to every pastor's friend, "Give your minister a copy of this book and you shall reap the reward in your own soul by-and-by." [So far we had written when we received the sad news of our friend's death. Alas for us that such a champion has fallen.]

Gaspard de Coligny. By Walter Besant, M.A. Marcus Ward & Co.

Although this life was not written with the view of propagating Protestantism, but simply as an impartial sketch of a great man, it is nevertheless one of the best pleas for the reformed faith. Here we see how a great and candid mind threw off the yoke of priests, and learned to rest in the word of God. Hitherto there has not existed an English biography of the great admiral, the wise leader, the gallant defender of the Huguenots. Mr. Besant has executed his task in a masterly manner, and we trust that his work will be read by real Protestants and scattered on all sides. From a second edition it ought to proceed to a tenth right speedily. Admiral Coligny laboured hard to form colonies to which the persecuted might flee; this failing, he laboured to bring France into such a state that the Catholic and Calvinist might dwell together without cutting each other's throats: he was generous, conciliatory, and trustful, and the end was—the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Rome does not understand the milder qualities of good men; the scarlet woman is insensible to truth and righteousness; suspicion she always deserves, and by energy she ever needs to be held in check. The murdered body of Coligny cries to us from the ground—"Beware of Rome. When she speaks like an angel believe her not."

Morning Sunshine: Thoughts for the Little Ones. By L. A. D. T. Woolmer and Co.

An excellent little portion for a month's readings day by day for the young. Sweet, simple, and full of the Saviour. Buy it, and let Harry or Mary have it at once.

The Pastor as Preacher: Lectures delivered at the Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. By H. W. Smith. Blackwood and Sons.

Though there is nothing fresh said herein upon the ministerial office and work, yet old truths are emphasized and enforced with much of wisdom and power. The student who can reproduce this advice in his pastoral work and life will be in the best sense truly successful: especially is this so in the case of the rural and village minister, whom Mr. Smith has mainly in view.

Jehovah-Nissi, or, The Lord my Banner. By P. McDonald. Glasgow: T. Smith and Co.

An exhaustive historical account of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and an earnest protest on behalf of the supremacy of Christ in his own Church.

What does History say? or, the Baptists brought to the Test. A Sermon. By J. T. Briscoe. Tract Depository.

About the tersest, pithiest putting of the historical position of Baptists we have seen. It will do good service in quarters where our principles are misunderstood, and we should like to see it distributed very generally. "More light, more light."

The Baptists: Who are they? and what do they believe? By Rev. W. B. Boggs. Madras: Lawrence Asylum Press.

An excellent little book, giving a general idea of Baptists and their principles, and, excepting on the subject of "Close Communion," one with which we have entire sympathy. We were amused with the ingenuity with which the whole subject was treated, or rather the principle begged, the author appearing to regard it settled when he says, "We believe baptism should be *before* the Communion." As if the question were one of time merely. Still, apart from this, it is a very handy little book.

Baptism and the Baptists. By the Rev. George Duncan. With Prefatory Note by the President of Rawdon College. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

Mr. Duncan is a prince in controversy, and here he shows himself a master of the art of condensing history. Such a mass of historical information has seldom been compressed into so small a space. We have not had time to examine into the accuracy of every statement; but as Mr. Rooke, of Rawdon, has read the proof-sheets, and speaks warmly of the book, and as Mr. Duncan is a diligent student of history, the reader may feel quite safe under his guidance. Every Baptist should purchase one copy to keep and another to give away. When will the dispute upon Baptism be ended by our friends seeing the truth in this matter? Here is a capital class-book for senior Sunday-school classes, and if it be adopted our young people will no longer be ignorant of the story of their own people. Thanks, Mr. Duncan, for most valuable help. May you be prospered in all things.

A Critical Greek and English Concordance. By Charles F. Hudson. S. Bagster and Sons.

This is no ordinary book, and is unquestionably the best of its kind. It has been compiled with great labour and skill, and is not likely to be soon excelled in its own department, or superseded by any other. It is an entire concordance of both the Greek and English of the New Testament within a comparatively small compass and in a very readable type. It is not a mere concordance of the numerous instances in which the same word occurs in either the Greek of the original or in the English translation, but of the several instances in which different renderings have been given of the same word. All that is required to render such a work invaluable is to know that it may be relied upon for its accuracy and completeness; and of this we may be well assured by the testimonies that have been given in its favour, and by the fact of its having been continually before the recent revisers of the New Testament, who have acknowledged the assistance they derived from it. It has rendered, we think, such a revision less needful, by enabling those who are less learned to make a revision for themselves. While helpful to Greek scholars of great eminence, it is yet more helpful to those whose attainments are more limited, and it may be of greatest use to those who are acquainted with little more than the Greek alphabet, as it will enable them in a considerable measure to understand the criticisms of others. It will suffice to convince them upon what little differences frequent and elaborate criticisms have been expended, and that the more closely the original sources of the good old English Bible are investigated, the more confirmatory they become of the old orthodox faith.

"*Hurrah!*" *A bit of loving talk with soldiers.* By S. G. Prout. Nisbet and Co.

About the breeziest, most robust piece of religious writing we have met with for a long time. Nothing could be in better taste or more adapted for distribution amongst our soldiers in the hope of making them "good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Earth's Work and Heaven's Rest. By Rev. J. Philip, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

A series of earnest addresses, endeavouring to stir up Christian people to work for God. The style is manly, yet devout; robust, but eminently spiritual; and the illustrations and arguments are forced home with great power. It cannot but do good wherever read and put into practice.

Lessons learnt in Italy and The Riviera. By the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The portion of this book which has in it some kind of reference to the Riviera is short indeed, and therefore we are so far disappointed. Mr. Figgis has a devout and poetical mind, and so writes profitably and pleasingly; but we cannot say that we go quite his length in commendation of Francis of Assisi and other Romish saints. When these personages are spoken of, it needs great caution, or we may be leading the feeble where they will not be so able to stand as we ourselves may be. We do not say that Mr. Figgis is not guarded, but we do not think that he errs on that side. The excellent author has written with the highest of motives and written well, and yet we do not think his book will win the popular ear, or be largely influential.

Bible Words and Phrases Explained and Illustrated. By C. Michie, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

This is a most useful addition to the series of Bible-class Primers, and cannot fail to be of service. Students whose cash is limited and Sunday-school teachers whose time is too short for reading larger books will find it invaluable. With such helps as these, to be an inefficient teacher is to be blameworthy.

Bible Misreadings: or, the Book Divine and Human. Elliot Stock.

An unintentionally true title: the readings which, in many instances, our anonymous author would substitute for the present version would be indeed flagrant "misreadings." We never saw in so small a book so much dishonour done to the Word of God. The supernatural, the miraculous is shouldered out of the Book altogether, whilst believers in it are contemned and poohpoohed. Tom Paine and Voltaire and all the hosts of infidels never come so close to "crucifying the Son of God afresh" as do these professed friends of Revelation who betray it to its foes. We should label this book "*Poison*" in glaring letters.

Importance of Faith in Scripture Miracles. By an Associate of King's College. Haughton and Co.

Whoever is the anonymous author of this treatise he battles right valiantly for the truth. It is a most healthy reaction from the rationalizing tendencies of many professed Christian teachers. Bishop Butler and Paley done up into essence and modernized. Capital!

"*Comfort ye, my People.*" A record of severe suffering and of great consolation. T. Woolmer and Co.

The diary of a sufferer culled from, in the hope that it may prove a source of comfort to others "in the furnace." Good of its kind, though we do not much care for its kind: we find that *Scripture promises* are the best anodyne for pain and suffering.

God's Hidden Mystery. By W. Brown. Partridge and Co.

An excellent little handbook for a Bible-class series of studies on "Redemption" and "Substitution." The proof-texts are capitally chosen, and the plan of the whole most successfully carried out. Brief and pointed to a degree.

Leaves from my Log Book of Christian Work in the Port of London. By T. C. Garland. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

The author has been engaged for more than a quarter of a century in the docks as an agent of the Wesleyan Seamen's Committee; and in this book he has collected a number of examples, more or less striking, which have come directly beneath his own notice. Mr. Garland's pages do not lack interest; and they have a value of their own as showing that sailors, who were formerly supposed to be an almost utterly reprobate class, are quite as amenable to Christian influences as other people, if only the right kind of men go after them.

Mistaken Signs, and other papers on Christian life and experience. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. J. Woolmer.

Here are twelve sermons (the title notwithstanding), but such sermons as are simply charming. Call them "papers" if you please: they are models of good preaching on one special line, that forsooth which chains the ear and appeals to the heart of believers. The book is published at 2*s*. 6*d*. Buy it, and blame us if you are not pleased with the purchase.

Notes.

We have inserted portraits of two of our evangelists, in order that friends may not forget their work of faith, or cease to plead for a blessing upon them. Never were two men better fitted for their work, nor more thoroughly devoted to it. They are engaged for some months ahead; but we would encourage friends to seek their services, for they are ready to preach the gospel wherever a door is opened.

Mrs. Spurgeon is exceedingly busy with her distributon of books to poor ministers, a work fraught with untold blessing. She wishes us to remind friends that she cannot attempt to supply preachers with books if they are in trade, or have good incomes. Her business lies with those who give all their time to the ministry, and at the same time are so ill-remunerated that they cannot afford to purchase books. If those who are ineligible would kindly *not* apply, it would save the distributor much trouble, and the great pain of having to refuse.

With much pleasure we note that Canon Wilberforce has made a gallant attempt to clear the Church of England from complicity with the liquor traffic. Personally he is doing all that can be expected of any man, namely, getting rid of licenses as they fall in. No one can expect the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to do more; but we hardly dare to hope that they will do as much. Evidently, the Archbishop and other commissioners will be all the better for a little stirring of their consciences. It will be an unspeakable blessing to them if the subject is kept before the public mind, and thus gently brought under eyes which are none too eager to perceive troublesome facts. Corporations are slow in being reformed, and for them to reform themselves is a thing so rare that we might almost say that it never occurred, and never will. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" We shall see what we shall see.

On the evening of September 10 we shall, God willing, have the Tabernacle open for all comers, according to our custom once a quarter. We observe that an American paper wittily says, "Let not Spurgeon's people be proud of leaving their seats to strangers in the evening once in a quarter, for in our country we have thousands of persons who do the same every Sunday night in the year." We are grateful that we cannot say so of our people. Though the habit of half-a-day worship is extending in many quarters, it does not come nigh to us.

On *Wednesday*, *Aug.* 16, the ministers of the Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association dined at "Westwood," by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and afterwards held a conference on the work of the denomination in the two counties. All who were present seemed to feel the urgent necessity for further aggressive efforts, and it is hoped that something practical will result from the interchange of opinion.

The two counties of Surrey and Middlesex, apart from London, are low down in our Baptist statistics, and indeed in all Nonconformist work. The churches are nearly all feeble, and are holding their own with great difficulty: hence, they have very little strength to spare for founding new interests. The London Association contains all the large churches, and the few who form the new Association have a huge task before them, and outward strength altogether out of proportion to the demand upon it. They need an evangelist of their own to go through all the towns and villages preaching the word, but how is he to be supported? Oh, that some wealthy brother would make these counties his own district! If the two appear too much, let one be taken up. Comparatively little money would be needed, and great results might be anticipated. We offered the friends £50 for the next year towards an evangelist, and we hope others will come forward and help also. There are places in Surrey which are far more discouraging than Zululand or Tartary, and yet present most urgent calls for gospel effort.

On *Friday evening*, *Aug.* 11, a meeting of South London ministers and church-officers was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. R. T. Booth respecting his approaching Gospel Temperance Mission. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, who has recently become a total abstainer, and has been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Tabernacle Temperance Society, presided. After a short address by the chairman, and a statement by Mr. Smithers, the Secretary, as to the arrangements already made or contemplated, Mr. Booth spoke briefly, but earnestly; and the rest of the evening was occupied with suggestions as to the best means to be adopted to secure the success of the

Mission. Mr. Andrew Dunn took the chair, when Mr. James Spurgeon had to leave for another meeting, and at the close of the Conference the committee met to carry out as far as was practicable the recommendations that had been given.

The list of services, at all of which Mr. Booth hopes to speak, is as follows:—Sunday afternoon, September 3rd, at 3; Monday evening, 4th, at 8.30; Tuesday, 5th, at 8; Wednesday, 6th, at 5.30 (for children and young people only), and at 8 (for adults); Thursday, 7th, at 8.30; Friday, 8th, at 8; Saturday, no meeting; Sunday, 10th, at 3 and 8.15; Monday, 11th at 3.30 (for women only), and 8.30 (for all); and Tuesday, 12th, at 7.30, great farewell meeting. Every day during the Mission, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday, a mid-day prayer-meeting will be held at 12.30. Contributions in aid of the expenses of the Mission will be thankfully received by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

College.—During the past month Mr. J. H. Grant has accepted an invitation from the church at Gold Hill, Bucks; Mr. E. B. Pearson has settled at Providence Chapel, Hounslow; and Mr. E. Richards has become pastor of the church at Lerwick, Shetland, where he will labour in connection with the Baptist Home Missionary Society of Scotland.

Mr. J. W. Comfort has removed from Ossett to Bromsgrove, Worcestershire; and Mr. E. A. Tydeman, from Devonport, to Zion Chapel, Bacup, Lancashire.

Mr. J. E. Moyle, who returned to Canada on the completion of his college course, has settled at St. Andrew's, Quebec; and Mr. R. Holmes has removed from Aylmer to become Mr. Dyke's successor at College Street, Toronto.

Mr. A. Fairbrother sailed on the 24th ult. for Auckland, New Zealand.

The summer session of the College was commenced on *Tuesday afternoon, August* 8, when the tutors and students assembled at "Westwood" for devotional exercises and social enjoyment. Twenty-three "freshmen" were introduced to their brethren, and heartily welcomed to the benefits of the institution; and addresses were delivered by the President, Vice-President, and Professors Rogers, Gracey, and Fergusson. Tutors report the new men as an exceedingly hopeful band. The Lord make them all faithful preachers of the word. The College work is the most important of all the labours that have been entrusted to our oversight by the great Master, and our heart is set upon it more and more. Let not the Lord's stewards forget the portion for the school of the prophets, for to her rising men, now in training, the church looks for her future leaders. Our teaching has distinct and definite doctrines as the groundwork of everything; we do not upon that matter give forth any uncertain sound.

Evangelists.—Mr. Burnham goes this month to labour among the hop-pickers in Kent. In response to his appeal for contributions towards the extension of the work, we have received the following amounts:—Mrs. Higham, 2s. 6d.; M. M., 10s.; Readers of *Word and Work*, £10; A. M., Scotland, 5s. This we beg most gratefully to acknowledge. It shows that there are a few good people who care for the poor Londoners in the hop-gardens.

Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, having completed their twelvemonth's mission in London, are now resting preparatory to starting on their autumn tour in the south-west of England. We hope our friends in that region will be ready earnestly to back them up.

Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund.—Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon beg to acknowledge, with heartiest thanks, the receipt of the following contributions for their son's new Tabernacle at Auckland, New Zealand:—Mrs. C. Parker, 10s.; Mrs. Smith, 1s.; M. C. H., £5; A widow, 12s.; Mrs. M. E. White, 3s.; Miss Farmer, 10s.; Mrs. Dix, £10; Mr. Calder, £5; A friend, 10s.; Mrs. A. G., £2; Mr. W. R. Fox, £5; Lydia, per J. T. D., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Virtue, £5; Mrs. Joseph Williams, 10s.; A friend, £1. There must be many more friends of our son who are intending to help: will they please quicken their pace, and cheer us thereby? A box will be going early in September. As the bazaar is to be held at Christmas, any goods to be sent must be off at once, for even now the time is short. Goods must not be later than the 15th of September, and the earlier the better. The members of the Old Tabernacle at home should be the first to help the New Tabernacle in Auckland. They cannot have forgotten young Thomas whom they were so pleased to hear. Let him not imagine that he has slipped out of the memories of those at home.

Orphanage.—*Notice to Collectors.* The next quarterly collectors' meeting will be held at the Orphanage on *Friday evening, October* 13, when all collectors are earnestly requested to bring or send their boxes or books, with the amounts collected for the institution. With girls to provide for as well as boys our needs are greatly increased, and all collectors should do their best. *Double quick* is marching time just now.

Colportage.—During the past month nothing has transpired that deserves special note in the work of the Colportage Association, though the usual labours of the colporteurs are still full of encouraging incidents. To understand the value and importance of the work thoroughly it is necessary to go down into the localities, and see and hear what is being done. The secretary has recently visited two of the districts, and

reports progress which calls for much thankfulness. At Woodham Walter, in Essex, where Mr. Keddie is at work, a nice village chapel has been erected, mainly through the labours of the colporteur, and the pulpit is supplied chiefly by him. The first anniversary has just been held. After a sermon by the secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, a crowded meeting was held in the evening, at which the colporteur was supported by Congregational, Wesleyan, and Baptist friends. It was reported that some of the worst characters in the neighbourhood had been converted, one of whom got up at the close of the meeting and confessed that it was through the labours of the colporteur that he had been blessed. The locality is sparsely populated, but the chapel is crowded on Sunday evenings. During the week the colporteur, who has been supplied with a donkey and cart by local friends, visits the villages for eight or nine miles round, and sells a considerable quantity of good literature, besides visiting many sick folks.

The other district visited is Bower Chalke, situated in the midst of the lovely Wiltshire downs. Here a small Baptist church subscribes nobly towards the support of the colporteur, who has to walk through the whole of his wide district, and is much respected.

After a sermon in the afternoon by the secretary, a tea-meeting was held in a large barn. The tables having been cleared the audience took their seats in the "bay," and a wagon was wheeled on to the "floor" for a rostrum for the speakers, when addresses were delivered upon colportage work. Some £15 a year more is required to enable the Association to continue this needy district. Most of the supporters are labourers, and do well. Will any wealthy friend send a special subscription, so that the district may be continued beyond the present year? Visitors to the sea-side will find some of our colporteurs at work on the beach, and we hope will encourage them by purchasing good and interesting books. Great Yarmouth, Ryde, Cowes, and Ventnor all have Colporteurs. All applications for the appointment of Colporteurs, and subscriptions or donations will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple-street, St. George's-road, Southwark.

Personal Notes. — A Baptist minister writes to us as follows:—"You ought to be a happy man. When in Scotland some time ago I got lost in a Glen-something. The folk there had never heard of the late lamented Beaconsfield. Happy is the people that is in such a case! They had no notion of Gladstone; but you should have seen them wake up when I mentioned your name. They had a sort of knowledge of that name, for they read your sermons, and fetched a lot out to show me that they did so. I assure you I never saw any man's works with such signs of use upon them. There was no kirk in the glen, so on Sundays they got together and had a service, the scholar of the place reading the sermon. One very old man said he 'Wad shoost gang on his twa honds and knees a' the way to Glasguh to get a sight o' ye.' I doubt if he could have done half a mile any way, but there was a look in his eye that you would have been comforted to see."

A Christian man, who used to attend our services at the Surrey Music Hall, recently felt moved to read the sermons on the green of the village where he lives, and in the adjoining town. With the help of a few friends he has conducted a full service at each place on Sunday afternoons and evenings. In the village he has gathered from 200 to 300 people together, and in the town his congregations have ranged from 400 or 500 up to 900 or 1,000. He says that the people have been very attentive, and that from the many encouraging expressions he has received he is sure God is blessing the work. His great regret is that he did not commence the effort before. When the weather gets too cold for open-air services he hopes to secure a large building in which to continue the reading of the sermons through the winter. Are there not many other places where those who have been blessed by the reading of the sermons might with great advantage to many people carry on similar services?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—July 27, eighteen; August 3, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
M. H. H., per Pastor W. W. Robinson	5	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	4	4	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	10	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. J. W. Joyce	90	0	0
Collection at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor H. Knee	4	6	4
Mr. J. Billing	2	0	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Miss E. Hupfeld	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
An aged believer	20	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 16	36	0	7
„ 23	33	6	8
„ 30	46	5	3
Aug. 6	33	6	3
„ 13	38	0	0
	186	18	9

	£	s.	d.
A friend in Scotland	25	0	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, from Mr. John Edwards' legacy	391	0	9
Mr. H. J. Lester	0	2	0
Mrs. Hinton, contents of box	0	15	8
"Friends at Reading"	6	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
	£774	3	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
E. B. E., per Pastor W. W. Robinson	1	0	0
K.	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Mr. R. Beck	1	0	0
Mr. W. Gross	2	0	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
Mary Fraser	0	6	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Dumfries	1	0	0
J. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
L. K. J.	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer	25	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Charles-street Sunday-school, Camberwell New-road	2	15	0
Mrs. Morland	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	3	3	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	0	15	0
The Lord's own money	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	3	0	0
Mrs. M. F. Home	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Hughes	1	0	0
C. Smith, Hardwick	0	1	0
Mr. J. D. Link	5	5	0
Miss Jessie Binder	0	10	0
Miss Lizzie Binder	0	10	0
Master Bertram Binder ...	0	5	0
	1	5	0
"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Baker	0	9	0
H. T.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Roads, Thankoffering ...	1	0	0
Mr. N. B. E. Baillie	2	0	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	10	0	0
A widow's mite, Drumblade	1	0	0
Annette	0	5	0
Shoreditch Tabernacle Young Men's and Young Women's Bible-classes ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Arthur	10	0	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	10	2
Mrs. Soutter, Thankoffering	0	5	0
Mr. J. Billing	4	0	0
Dr. Beilby	4	0	0
Collection after sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, at "Benmore"	27	8	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Keely	0	5	0
"Ailsa Crag"	0	10	0
Miss F. McNicol	0	5	0
Mr. Newindorff	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	4	6
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
J. S.	10	0	0
An aged believer	10	0	0
E. J.	2	0	0
L. N.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wilson	1	0	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
"Our wedding day"	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hogg	0	10	0
A thankoffering	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	1	5	6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	16	10
Mrs. Horton	1	0	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	12	6
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Bates	5	0	0
A weary one	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer 3 0 0			
Mr. Joseph Long 1 0 0			
Mr. Richardson 1 0 0			
James Withers 0 5 0			
H. Cooper 0 1 1			
	5	6	1
Balance of legacy left by the late Mr. John Edwards	195	10	4
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	10	0
Mrs. Dew	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Mountain	0	7	6
Ashburnham Chapel, Chelsea Bazaar, for services of S. O. Handbell ringers	2	2	0
Walter Oakley	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. Durrant (omitted April)	0	9	2
Collected by Mrs. Young	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Willcox	1	11	6
Collected by Miss Hudson, Brighton ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Eley, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Burman ...	0	12	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. T. Osborne, per Mr. Andrew Dunn	1	0	0
Friend visiting the Orphanage	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	1	11	0
Collected by Miss S. Cutts	0	10	3
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	11	6
Mr. W. T. Shaw	1	1	0
R. B., Norwich	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Jenkins	1	1	0
Rev. Chas. Miller	0	5	0
W. S. Hobson	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, August 3rd ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Adams	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Palmer, M.P.	50	0	0
	£411	18	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to August 14th.—PROVISIONS: 2 tons of Coal, 1 Sack of Flour, 2 bushels of Potatoes, Mr. J. Young; 28 lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a quantity of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; a quantity of Milk, Mr. Doble.

CLOTHING (*Girls' Division*):—1 Box of Articles, E. M., Birmingham.

GENERAL:—1 Parcel of Pieces for patchwork, per Mr. E. H. Bartlett.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. A. T. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Watts	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Miss Sloman	0	5	0
A Friend, per Pastor George Monk ...	0	10	0
A Friend, Limerick	2	0	0
A thankful sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Bradley	1	10	0
Executor of the late Mr. J. W. Joyce...	90	0	0
"Ailsa Crag"	0	5	0
Shoreditch Tabernacle Young Men's and Young Women's Bible-classes...	1	0	0
M. H....	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. J. Crocker	1	0	0
J. M., Middlesbro'...	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£103	12	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Aston and Perry Bar, per Rev. G. Samuel	3	0	0
Ludlow District	12	13	0
Thornbury District	4	10	0
East Devon Colportage Mission ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Tring	10	0	0
Kettering District :—			
Per G. E. 5 0 0			
Per Mr. T. Jones 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Bower Chalk District :—			
Rev. T. King 5 0 0			
Baptist Church, Bower Chalk 5 0 0			
Mr. Butler 1 0 0			
Berwick 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Hardiman 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Sheppard 1 1 0			
	14	1	0
Ringwood District...	12	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Orpington District, per Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	5	10	8
	£99	14	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. Unwin	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Camps	0	2	6
Mr. R. Worsley	0	10	0
Miss Thompson	0	9	6
Mr. Greening	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Lilley	5	0	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
H. I., Malta...	0	10	0
S. D.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Maynard	5	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	2	0	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	7	0
A deaf girl	0	5	0
Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
An aged believer	10	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, from Mr. John Edwards' legacy	100	0	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
Half-Yearly Subscription :—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Quarterly Subscription :—			
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
	£177	11	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington	46	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
M. B.	5	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£53	5	0

Received by Mr. Spurgeon for Spanish Missions, G. I. S., £5.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1882.

Communion Address

DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have nothing now to think of but our Lord. We come to him that he may cause us to forget all others. We are not here as ministers, cumbered with much serving, but we now sit at his feet with Mary, or lean on his bosom with John. The Lord himself gives us our watchword as we muster our band for the last assembly. "*Remember me*" is the loving command. We beseech him to fill the full circle of our memory as the sun fills the heavens and the earth with light. We are to think only of Jesus, and of him only will I speak. Oh for a touch of the live coal from him who is our Altar as well as our Sacrifice!

The text is found in the words of John, in the first chapter of the Revelation, at the seventeenth and eighteenth verses:—"*And when I saw* HIM, *I fell at* HIS *feet as dead. And* HE *laid* HIS *right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am* HE *that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.*"

John was of all men the most familiar with Jesus: and his Lord had never needed to say to him, "Lovest thou me?" Methinks if any man could have stood erect in the presence of the glorified Saviour, it would have been that disciple whom Jesus loved. Love permits us to take great liberties: the child will climb the knee of his royal father, and no man accuses it of presuming; John had such love, and yet even he

could not look into the face of the Lord of glory without being overcome with awe. While yet in the body even John must swoon if he be indulged with a premature vision of the Well-beloved in his majesty. If permitted to see the Lord before our bodies have undergone that wondrous change by which we are made like to Jesus that we may see him as he is, we shall find the sight to be more than we can bear. A clear view of our Lord's heavenly splendour while we are here on earth would not be fitting, for it would not be profitable for us always to be lying in a swoon at our Redeemer's feet, while there is so much work for us to do.

Permit me, dear brethren, to take my text from its connection and to apply it to ourselves, by bringing it down from the throne up yonder to the table here: it may be, I trust it will be, that as we see Jesus even here, *we shall with John fall at his feet as dead.* We shall not swoon, but we shall be dead in another sense, most sweetly dead, while our life is revealed in him. After we have thought upon that we shall come to what my text implies: then *may we revive with John*, for if he had not revived he could never have told us of his fainting fit. Thus we shall have death with Christ, and resurrection in him. Oh for a deep experience of both, by the power of the Holy Spirit!

If we are permitted to see Christ in the simple and instructive memorials which are now upon the table, we shall in a blessed sense FALL AT HIS FEET AS DEAD.

For, first, here we see *provision for the removal of our sin*, and we are thus reminded of it. Here is the bread broken because we have broken God's law, and must have been broken for ever had there not been a bruised Saviour. In this wine we see the token of the blood with which we must be cleansed, or else be foul things to be cast away into the burnings of Tophet, because abominable in the sight of God. Inasmuch as we have before us the memorial of the Atonement for sin, it reminds us of our death in sin in which we should still have remained but for that grace which spake us into life and salvation. Are you growing great? Be little again as you see that you are nothing but slaves that have been ransomed. "God's freed-men" is still your true rank. Are you beginning to think that because you are sanctified you have the less need of daily cleansing? Hear that word, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another," yet even then "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." We sin even when in the highest and divinest fellowship, and need still the cleansing blood. How this humbles us before the Lord! We are to be winners of sinners, and yet we ourselves are sinners still, needing as truly the bread of life as those to whom we serve it out.

Ah! and some of us have been very special sinners; and therefore, if we love much it is because we have had much forgiven. We have erred since we knew the Saviour, and that is a kind of sinnership which is exceedingly grievous; we have sinned since we have entered into the highest state of spiritual joy, and have been with him on the holy mount, and have beheld his glory! This breeds a holy shamefacedness. We may well fall at Jesus' feet, though he only reveals himself in bread and wine, for these convey a sense of our sinnership while they remind us of how our Lord met our sin and put it away.

Herein we fall as low as the dead. Where is the I? Where is the self-glorying? Have you any left in the presence of the crucified Saviour? As you in spirit eat his flesh and drink his blood can you glory in your own flesh, or feel the pride of blood and birth? Fie upon us if there mingles a tinge of pride with our ministry, or a taint of self-laudation with our success. When we see Jesus, our Saviour, the Saviour of sinners, surely self will sink and humility will fall at his feet. When we think of Gethsemane and Calvary, and all our great Redeemer's pain and agony, surely by the Holy Ghost self-glorying, self-seeking, and self-will must fall as though slain with a deadly wound. "When I saw HIM, I fell at HIS feet as dead."

Here, also, we learn a second lesson. *Jesus has placed upon this table food.* The bread sets forth all that is necessary, and the cup all that is luxurious: provision for all our wants and for all our right desires: all that we need for sustenance and joy. Then what a poverty-stricken soul am I that I cannot find myself in bread! As to comforts, I may not think of them; they must be given me or I shall never taste them. Brothers, we are Gentlemen Commoners upon the bounty of our great Kinsman: we come to his table for our maintenance: we have no establishments of our own. He who feeds the sparrows feeds our souls; in spiritual things we no more gather into barns than do the blessed birds; our heavenly Father feeds us from that "all fulness" which it hath pleased him to lay up for us in Jesus. We could not live an hour spiritually without him who is not only bread, but life; not only the wine which cheereth, but consolation itself. Our life hangs upon Jesus; he is our Head as well as our food. We shall never outgrow our need of natural bread, and spiritually we shall never rise out of our need of a present Christ, but the rather we shall feel a stronger craving and a more urgent passion for him. Look at yonder vain person! He feels that he is a great man, and you own that he is your superior in gifts; but what a cheat he is, what a foolish creature to dream of being somebody. Now will he be found wanting; for, like ourselves, he is not sufficient even to think anything of himself. A beggar who has to live on alms, to eat the bread of dependence, to take the cup of charity,—what has he to boast of? HE is the great One who feeds us, who gives us all that we enjoy, who is our all in all; and as for us, we are suppliants—I had almost said mendicants—a community of Begging Frères, to all personal spiritual wealth as dead as the slain on Marathon. The negro slave at least could claim his own breath, but we cannot claim even that. The Spirit of God must give us spiritual breath, or our life will expire. When we think of this, surely the sight of Christ in this bread and wine, though it be a dim vision compared with that which ravished the heart of John, will make us fall at the Redeemer's feet as dead.

The "I" cannot live, for our Lord has provided no food for the vain *Ego*, and its lordliness. He has provided all for necessity, but nothing for boasting. Oh, blessed sense of self-annihilation! We have experienced it several times this week when certain of those papers were read to us by our brethren, and moreover we shrivelled right up in the blaze of the joy with which our Master favoured us. I hope this blessed assembly and its heavenly exercises have melted the *Ego* within

us, and made it, for the while, flow away in tears. Dying to self is a blessed feeling. May we all realize it! When we are weak to the utmost in conscious death of self then are we strong to the fulness of might. Swooning away unto self-death, and losing all consciousness of personal power we are introduced into the infinite, and live in God.

II. Now let us consider how WE GET ALIVE AGAIN, and so know the Lord as the resurrection and the life. John did revive, and he tells us how it came about. He says of the Ever-blessed One,—"HE laid HIS right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am HE that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

All the life-floods of our being will flow with renewed force if first of all we are *brought into contact with Jesus.* "He laid his right hand upon me." Marvellous patience that he does not set his foot upon us, and tread us down as the mire of the streets! I have lain at his feet as dead, and had he spurned me as tainted with corruption I could not have impugned his justice. But there is nothing here about his foot! That foot has been pierced for us, and it cannot be that the foot which has been nailed to the cross for his people should ever trample them in his wrath. Hear these words—"He laid his right hand upon me." The right hand of his strength and of his glory he laid upon his fainting servant. It was the hand *of a man.* It is the right hand of him who in all our afflictions was afflicted, who is a brother born for adversity. Hence, everything about his hand has a reviving influence. The *speech* of sympathy, my brothers, is often too unpractical, and hence it is too feeble to revive the fainting; the *touch* of sympathy is far more effectual. You remember that happy story of the wild negro child who could never be won till the little lady sat down by her, and laid her hand upon her. Eva won poor Topsy by that tender touch. The tongue failed, but the hand achieved the victory. So was it with our adorable Lord. He showed us that he was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; he brought himself into contact with us, and made us perceive the reality of his love to us, and then he became more than a conqueror over us.

Thus *we felt that he was no fiction,* but a real Christ, for there was his hand, and we felt the gentle pressure. The laying on of the right hand of the Lord had brought healing to the sick, sight to the blind, and even life to the dead, and it is no strange thing that it should restore a fainting disciple. May you all feel it at this very moment in its full reviving power! May there stream down from the Lord's right hand not merely his sympathy, because he is a man like ourselves, but as much of the power of *his deity* as can be gotten into man, so that we may be filled with the fulness *of God!* That is possible at this instant. This Lord's supper represents the giving of the whole body of Christ to us, to enter into us for food; surely if we enter into its true meaning we may expect to be revived and vitalized; for we have here more than a mere touch of the hand, it is the whole Christ that enters into us spiritually, and so comes into contact with our innermost being. I believe in "the real presence": do not you? The *carnal* presence is another thing: *that* we do not even desire. Lord Jesus, come into a many-handed contact with us now by dwelling in us, and we in thee.

Still there was something else wanted, for our Lord Jesus, after the

touch, *gave the word:* "Fear not; I am the first and the last." What does he say? Does he say, "Thou art"? Open your Testaments and see. Does he exclaim, "Fear not; thou art the beloved disciple, John the apostle and divine"? I find nothing of the kind. He did not direct his servant to look at himself, but to remember the great I AM, his Saviour, and Lord. The living comfort of every swooning child of God, of everyone who is conscious of a death-wound to the natural "I," lies in that majestic "I," which alone can say "I am." You live because there is an "I am" who has life in himself, and has that life for you.

"I am the first." I have gone before you, and prepared your way; I loved you before you loved me; I ordained your whole course in life before you were in existence. In every work of grace for you and within you, I am first. Like the dew which comes from the Lord, I waited not for man, neither tarried for the sons of men. And I also am the last, perfecting that which concerneth you, and keeping you unto the end. I am the Alpha and the Omega to you, and all the letters in between; I began with you, and I shall end with you, if an end can be thought of. I march in the van, and I bring up the rear. Your final preservation is as much from me as your hopeful commencement. Brother, does a fear arise concerning that dark hour which threatens soon to arrive? What hour is that? Jesus knows, and he will be with you through the night, and till the day breaketh. If Jesus is the beginning and the end to us, what is there else? What have we to fear unless it be those unhallowed inventions of our mistrust, those superfluities of naughtiness which fashion themselves into unbeliefs, and doubts, and unkind imaginings? Christ shuts out everything that could hurt us, for he covers all the time, and all the space; he is above the heights, and beneath the depths; and everywhere he is LOVE.

Read on, "I am he that liveth." Because I live, ye shall live also; no real death shall befall you, for death hath no more dominion over me —your head, your life. While there is a living Christ in heaven no believer shall ever see death: he shall sleep in Jesus, and that is all, for even then he shall be for ever with the Lord.

Read on, "And was dead." Therefore, though you die you shall go no lower than I went; and you shall be brought up again even as I have returned from the tomb. Think of Jesus as having traversed the realm of death-shade, and you will not fear to follow in his track. Where should the dying members rest but on the same couch with their once dying Head.

"And, behold, I am alive for evermore." Yes, behold it, and never cease to behold it: we serve an ever-living Lord. Brothers, go home from Conference in the power of this grand utterance! The dear child may sicken, or the precious wife may be taken home, but Christ says, "I am alive for evermore." The believing heart can never be a widow, for its husband is the living God. Our Lord Jesus will not leave us orphans, he will come unto us. Here is our joy, then: not in ourselves, but in the fact that he ever lives to carry out the Father's good pleasure in us and for us. Onward, soldiers of the cross, for an immortal Captain leads the way.

Read once more—"And have the keys of hell and of death." As I

thought over these words I marvelled for the poverty and meanness of the cause of evil; for the prince of it, the devil, has not the keys of his own house; he cannot be trusted with them; they are swinging at the girdle of Christ. Surely I shall never go to hell, for my Lord Jesus turned the key against my entrance long ago. The doors of hell were locked for me when he died on my behalf. I saw him lock the door, and, what is more, I saw him hang the key at his girdle, and there it is to this day. Christ has the keys of hell; then whenever he chooses he can cage the devouring lion, and restrain his power for evil. Oh that the day were come!—it is coming, for the dragon hath great wrath, knowing that his time is short. Let us not go forth alone to battle with this dread adversary; let us tell his Conqueror of him, and entreat him to shorten his chain. I admire the forcible words of a dying woman to one who asked her what she did when she was tempted by the devil on account of her sin. She replied, "The devil does not tempt me now; he came to me a little while ago, and he does not like me well enough to come again!" "Why not?" "Well, he went away because I said to him, Chosen, chosen!" "What did you mean by that?" "Do you not remember how it is said in the Scripture, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath *chosen* Jerusalem rebuke thee.'" The aged woman's text was well taken, and well does the enemy know the rebuke which it contains. When Joshua, the high priest, stood before the angel clothed in filthy garments, Satan stood at his right hand to resist him, but he was silenced by being told of the election of God: "The Lord which hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee." Ah, brethren, when Christ's right hand is upon us the evil one departs. He knows too well the weight of that right hand.

Conclude the verse,—"And of death." Our Lord has the keys of death, and this will be a joyful fact to us when our last hours arrive. If we say to him, "Master, whither am I going?" He answers, "I have the key of death and the spirit-world." Will we not reply, "We feel quite confident to go wherever thou wilt lead us, O Lord"? We shall then pursue his track in his company. Our bodies shall descend into what men call a charnel-house, though it is really the unrobing-room of saints, the vestibule of heaven, the wardrobe of our dress where it shall be cleansed and perfected. We have a fit spiritual array for the interval, but we expect that our bodies shall rise again in the likeness of "the Lord from heaven." What gainers we shall be when we shall take up the robes we laid aside, and find them so gloriously changed, and made fit for us to wear even in the presence of our Lord. So if the worst fear that crosses you should be realised, and you should literally die at your Lord's feet, there is no cause for dread, for no enemy can do you harm, since the divine right hand is pledged to deliver you to the end. Let us give the Well-beloved the most devout and fervent praise as we now partake of this regal festival. The King sitteth at his table—let our spikenard give forth its sweetest smell.

Singleness of Aim.

THE Mahabharat—one of the sacred books of the Hindus, and the longest poem in the world—among much that is impossible and unreasonable, contains the following story. Interwoven with the history of the Pandob race, there are in the poem many shocking and ridiculous legends of the gods, and these often so conceal the real history that it becomes a difficult task to unravel the tangled medley. The following anecdote is, however, probably true, and gives us a glimpse of an ancient teacher of archery in the forest with five princes as his scholars.

Drono, desiring to test his scholars' use of the bow, prepared an imitation vulture and placed it on a tree. Then calling them all, he showed them the bird, and ordered them to bring their bows and shoot at it. "When I speak," said he, "let the one I command shoot it in the head." The eldest was called first to take aim, and the teacher asked, "Do you see the vulture?" "Yes, I see it," was the reply. "Can you see me, the tree, or your brothers as well?" was the next enquiry. "Sir," the prince replied, "I can see all of you." Displeased at this the teacher then said, "You cannot take aim. Move off." The rest of the disciples, one after another, were thus repulsed till he called Aurjoon and told him to try. Taking aim he awaited the word of command; but the teacher asked, "Can you see me, the tree, and the vulture too?" "Sir," he answered, "I can see the bird, but nothing else." Drono was delighted at this, and asked, "How much of the vulture do you see?" and the disciple answered, "Nothing but its head." Then receiving the word of command, he shot the arrow, and brought the bird to the ground. The master of archery embraced his scholar, and rejoiced as one victorious in battle.

Singleness of aim must be attained by all who would be successful in their attacks upon sin, superstition, idolatry, or error. The target must be distinctly seen, and carefully aimed at with our whole force. The aim being well directed, all attendant circumstances must disappear from view as though they were not. Our motto must be, "This one thing I do." In this one object we shall find sufficient scope for all our energies. The missionary in heathen lands, the pastor among his people in England, and every disciple of Jesus, will find vultures everywhere at which to level their shafts. Once detected, none should be allowed to live. No view of self or glance at others should be permitted to prevent a sure, steady, and single-eyed aim being taken at the evil. Of all spiritual archers who read these lines may it one day be said, "His bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." That it may be so, let us each one lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and, freeing ourselves from all that closely clings to us, take an unerring aim, and prove that we have not become disciples of our Master in vain.

ROBERT SPURGEON, *Barisaul.*

Ragged Schools in former days.

THE original London ragged school appears to have been that attached to Surrey Chapel, and founded by Rowland Hill, in 1785. One of the first things Mr. Hill did on becoming associated with the metropolis was to provide for the reclamation of destitute children. The second and third schools were opened in Kent-street and in the Mint, in 1798-9, by Thomas Cranfield, a veteran who fearlessly invaded localities which were not safe for a respectable person even to go down. When little boys were allowed to be used as chimney-sweeps—occasionally getting suffocated in their hazardous employment—a school was opened especially for this needy class; and other institutions, called *fragment schools*, received children to whom clothes were lent, in order that they might make a presentable appearance on the Sabbath-day. Surrey Chapel, Kent-street, and the Mint, represented the Southwark Sunday School Society at the end of the last century, and were thus the pioneers of a great movement.

When ragged schools were more generally instituted, from 1840 to 1850, one of the "appalling facts" of the day was the increase of youthful crime. Youths ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-five were shown to constitute only one-tenth of the population, but in point of fact they committed no less than a fourth part of the crime. This was a fact well calculated to move the heart of any community which reverenced law and order; and in a paper written in 1849 Mr. Benjamin Ratch traced no small proportion of the evils existing to the loose system of apprenticeship which prevailed, as well as to the want of education generally. "The putting out of a lad to learn a trade, a business, or an occupation in any way, is universally made a question of gain in some way or other; and this happens at a period of his life by far the most dangerous to his morals, and consequently to his future happiness and prosperity in life. Having been taught little or nothing previously that could furnish a store of knowledge to prepare him in any degree for his new condition, the poor boy finds himself suddenly made the servant of, it may be, a drunken shoemaker, a dissipated tailor, a blaspheming tinman, a gambling whitesmith, or a Sabbath-breaking brush-maker—in fact, the slave of a tyrant who, the constant inmate of the beershop, is neither a good master nor a good man; who, perhaps, the member of a trades' union, is *secretly* bound to withhold instruction instead of to impart it; whose bad example is ever before the poor apprentice's eyes, tending to ruin alike his body and his soul." If that is a truthful picture of industrial London a generation ago, one can hardly wonder that young persons whose school advantages were so limited should have gone to the bad in such large numbers instead of rising up to excel in their callings, and become blessings to society. How could the young creatures escape when even their masters joined the league of evil against them? A man's *secretly* binding himself to cheat a boy out of knowledge for which a premium had been received reveals a hideous depth of depravity.

Though at the date in question London was only about half its present size, the snares to which apprentices were exposed were as deadly as they were numerous. What was known as the Holywell-

street traffic in impure literature was then at its height, so that boys and girls who had attained the art of reading were exposed to the most corrupting influences. The evil press was supplemented by theatrical abominations which we hope will never again be tolerated. At that time there were certain low and begrimed theatres which in the strictest sense were nurseries of crime; the diabolical programme of each evening being well adapted to nurture subjects for the prison and the gallows. Thus, "a dark and wretched gallery" of one house is described as having been "crammed to suffocation by a class of boys and girls who, for rags and filth, might have formed the *élite* of ragged scholars in the lowest school in the metropolis." It naturally followed that "the conversations of the evening were characterized by swearing, profanity, deception, and lewdness; and the cases represented were those of drunkenness, seduction, murder, and suicide." The audience included mothers with infants in their arms, besides numbers of children who were not more than seven years of age. The pot-boy went round "at stated intervals" to collect "orders" among the motley crew, and "bursts of applause throughout the evening" showed how eagerly the lessons of "Promotion in Life; or, the Path of Crime" were received.

Even after the lapse of a generation we are more or less startled by such revelations of moral ruin; but are more than all astonished to find that there should have been two opinions as to the desirability of attempting a work of reclamation. When he commenced a series of articles in the *Morning Chronicle,* which afterwards developed into his well-known work, "London Labour and the London Poor," the late Henry Mayhew endeavoured to show that ragged schools were so far from exercising any reformatory influence that they were actually creators of crime! He quoted a boy as saying, "I shouldn't have been a thief but for the ragged school, I know I shouldn't;" while a policeman is represented as testifying in regard to the scholars that, "On leaving school their behaviour is very disorderly; they never seem to have benefited." Hence Mr. Mayhew came to the conclusion that an institution which ardent philanthropists were fostering as a heaven-sent panacea "must be productive of far more injury than benefit to the community." It is not very likely that subscriptions were in any way affected by such representations, and the promoters of the work appear to have been more surprised than discouraged by the attack. Thus the late "Old Humphrey" was of opinion that the heroism of the ragged-school teacher's life exceeded anything to be met with in the annals of military action; and, added he, "I should like much to hear of half-a-dozen heroes from the Horse Guards generously doing honour to the heroism of the ragged-school teachers, either by a visit to their battle-fields or by a contribution to the cause in which they are so nobly struggling." Joseph Payne, on the platform at Exeter Hall, was pleasingly aroused by Mr. Mayhew's onslaught. He denominated the "Union" as a pulling-up-by-the-roots society, a looking-every-way society, a sending-to-the-fountain society, and a real-blessing-to-mothers society. It looked backward for encouragement, around for information, forward for incitement, and upward for support. Then, expressing his affection for the children, he added:—

May you be taught, may you be fed;
May you in wisdom's ways be led;
May you be happy night and day,
In spite of all Mayhew can say.

May you from filthy homes be free;
May you improving parents see;
May you grow wise, and good, and strong,
Till Mayhew owns that he was wrong.

The Special Commissioner's view of the question was shared by a considerable number of debased and worthless characters, who objected to their children going to school because they brought nothing home.

To glance at the condition of a few localities in the London of a generation ago will be the best method of showing who was right.

Westminster has been called the Jerusalem of the Ragged-school crusade; and the first school set up in that locality dates from the earliest years of the Queen's accession. The first pioneer teacher was assisted by a poor tinker—the only person to be found who would volunteer assistance—and having gathered forty children, whose matted hair, tattered clothes, and mud-begrimed skins imparted to them a peculiarly wild appearance, they commenced their work. Ten years later the character of Westminster had not materially improved; the purlieus of the city were unknown and unexplored by the respectable inhabitants, because it was unsafe for any save the armed representatives of the law to penetrate into the more notorious districts. After the City Mission had been some time established, the spectacle was repeatedly witnessed of a collision between the people and the police. In one instance forty policemen were driven out of Old Pye-street while endeavouring to capture a thief. On another occasion, when a quondam public-house, at the corner of Pear-street, Duck-lane, was in course of being transformed into a Workman's Institute, chiefly through the efforts of the present Lord Shaftesbury, the operatives came upon nearly a bushel of counterfeit gold and silver coins concealed behind one of the walls. George Wilson wrote, in 1851, "Here were children who knew not that they ever had a father, and who were taught and driven to plunder to procure money for a drunken and debauched woman to get gin. Here were children of tender age, banded together to 'prig,' as they called it, to exist, and exercising all the art and cunning of aged adepts to prevent detection. Here were schools to teach the art of conveyancing, or thieving, and regular colleges to reward the experts with degrees of honour, and admit them to the society and pursuits of their seniors, according to their ascertained proficiency in crime." At the time in question, many of the pestiferous slums were mainly peopled by low Irish. Although from the representations he was wont to make, the late Cardinal Wiseman would have had the public suppose that the Romish church was devoting special attention to these degraded people, the contrary was the truth. Popery possesses no power to raise the squalid, outcast element of the population. Such, indeed, was the condition of the waifs and strays of Westminster thirty years ago, that when a Refuge and School of Industry were set up in Old Pye-street, many children on their first admission actually appeared to be dying of starvation; and on their clothes being removed to be instantly burned,

their bodies are described as having been "full of holes and ulcers, from the effects of vermin!" What was, perhaps, stranger than all under the circumstances, was the evident avidity with which the unfortunate street arabs drank in learning when they had the opportunity of doing so. George Wilson wrote in the year of the first Great Exhibition,—"Unlike children generally, they take delight in the school exercises and lessons. They will go without food, and suffer great privations, rather than go without the privilege and pleasure of the school. More than this, they are frequently the means of introducing something better into the rooms of their elders; and the words of a child have shielded a teacher from rudeness, or even from ill-treatment."

There were spots in *Marylebone* which were not a whit better than the worst parts of Westminster, although they were more completely hidden from public view by the thin shell of respectability in the shape of private houses. In the neighbourhood of Paradise-street, a place which of old took its name from the natural charms of its surroundings, there were one hundred and nineteen tenements housing three hundred families, and these people were as low down in the scale of human degradation as the veriest savages. One rookery was "arranged in such a maze-like form that a stranger, when once in, would have no small difficulty to find his way out." Gin-palaces and marine-store shops were the only flourishing institutions, and blasphemous and obscene conversation was a common sound. Of course, this became the site of a ragged school; but when first admitted to the classes, the children were not only rough and uncivilized in a general sense, they were so "very pugnaciously inclined" that the teachers found it difficult to control them. All endeavours to inculcate habits of thrift and cleanliness were resented by the parents as an encroachment on the liberty of the subject; and accordingly, they would thrust their uncombed heads within the school door to abuse the reformers for introducing unreasonable innovations. They were brought in time to see the matter in a different light; but the public who provided the sinews of war hardly suspected how hard was the battle, nor how much perseverance was needed to secure victory.

Wild-court, in Great Wild-street, Drury-lane, was another representative locality of the London of thirty years ago—a past age, such as can never return, with its grim horrors. In the reign of Charles II. Wild-street was one of the most fashionable localities of the metropolis; and in its well-ordered gardens stood the mansions of those whose features are still known to this generation through the magic pencil of Vander Faes, or—according to his Anglicised name—Sir Peter Lely. Having lost all ancient attractions, the Wild-streets, Great and Little, but more especially Wild-court, were probably, at the time of which we write, the foulest samples of squalid depravity anywhere discoverable in the broad area of London. Though only a few steps west of the great square of Lincoln's-inn-fields, two hundred families, or about one thousand persons, were crowded into fourteen houses. In order that the friends of the poor might for themselves view the tenements, Lord Shaftesbury, prior to their thorough renovation by the Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor, called a meeting in the middle of the court, on November 8, 1854. There is no need to disgust the reader with a full

description of the more than fœtid spot as it formerly existed. According to one witness, "No adequate conception could be formed of the stench and filth which characterized every portion of each dwelling, from the basement story to the garret, except by those who experienced them." According to another witness, several hundred loads of offensive matter were conveyed away; and as this included "a solid mass of living vermin, three or four inches thick," the men engaged in the operation were so overcome that they struck work. On the 6th of August, 1855, when the work of renovation was complete, Lord Shaftesbury called another meeting in the court, thereby inviting friends to "Look on this picture, and on that." Eighty-three families now occupied ninety-two rooms, and more than a quarter of these were old inhabitants of the court. Even as a business affair the transaction was found to pay well; for while nothing could exceed the gratitude of the people for the reformation effected, the advance of 12 per cent. on the old rentals repaid the outlay.

It must be admitted that Wild-court surpassed in horror anything of the kind ever heard of in London; indeed, it may be questioned whether any area of similar extent in the world ever before showed a corresponding amount of pollution and overcrowding. Still, in a greater or less degree, the same kind of squalor, and consequent savage degradation, existed in all quarters of London. In the district bounded by the main thoroughfare of *Shoreditch, Worship-street, Curtain-road, and New-inn-yard*, there were about two thousand children belonging to eight hundred families: few of these attended any school, and more than a third of them were of the degraded type. In the squalid rooms were found starved needlewomen, impoverished artisans, lucifer-box makers, and others, who according to the circumstances of their rearing, appreciated or undervalued the ragged school which was set up in their midst. One favourably-disposed father said that, although he had sent his children to the school, he could not lose his time "to look arter 'em. I does my duty to 'em," he added, with some warmth, and in a self-congratulatory tone,—"When they does wrong, I wacks 'em; I can't do no more."

On going farther east by the water-side, the degradation seemed to deepen, if possible; for a generation ago the Ratcliff district was far more crowded than it is at present with sailors; and, unchecked by wholesome laws, which have since been passed, crimps, as well as others, entrapped and cheated unsuspecting seamen. Speaking of Ratcliff, a clerical visitor of 1854, remarked, "I have seen enough to cause the religious mind to shudder, and to make the thoughtful heart sick. Whoever persists in visiting from house to house, must often return home to his house with the heart heavy and the spirits depressed; and nothing can sustain him in the work but that love of Christ which brought us salvation, and which constrains us to make that salvation known to others."

In the time of Queen Elizabeth the notorious district of *Bluegate-fields*, was really what its name implied, pasture-ground, with the cottage or the farm-house dotting its pleasant surface. It was from thence, as the City historian Stowe quaintly tells us, that he was wont to fetch his "halfe pennie-worth of milke," of a morning,

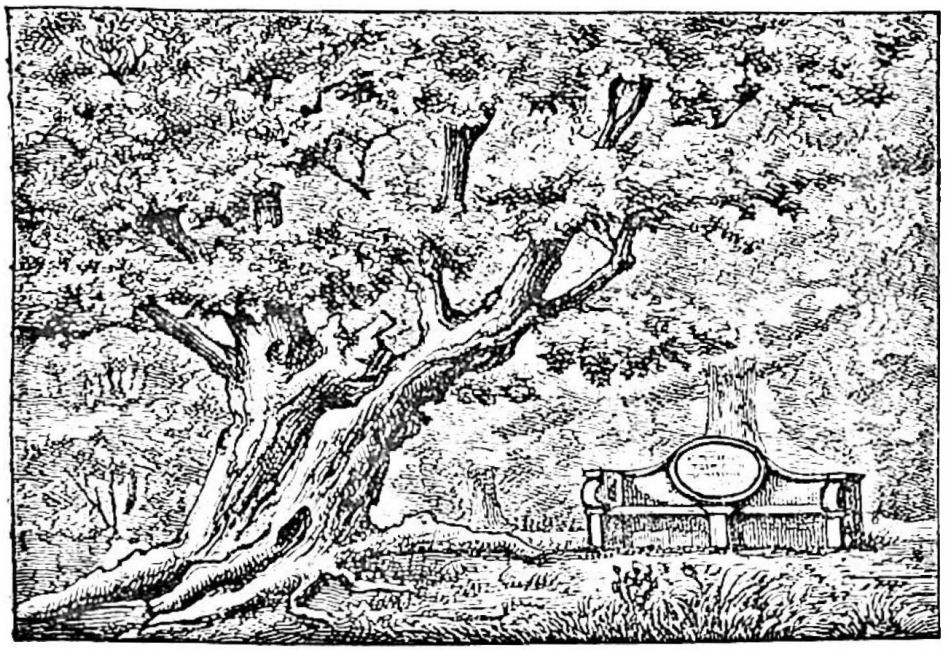
when such was the difference in the value of money between those times and our own, that he "never had less than three ale pints for a half-pennie in summer, nor less than one ale pint and a quarte in winter, always hote from the kine, as the same was milked and strained." When the seventeenth century set in, building on the fields went on briskly, and before he died, Stowe was able to speak of "A continual streete, a filthy straight passage, with alleys of small tenements inhabited by saylors and victuallers," running from the Tower to Ratcliff. In the middle of this century the trade of the port of London had so vastly increased, that the neighbourhood was not only densely crowded, but was afflicted by widely-diffused vice of a peculiarly degraded type. In a piece of ground about two hundred and fifty yards square, containing two hundred and thirty-three houses, one hundred and thirty-three houses were found to be of an infamous character, while in the same area were found upwards of five hundred depraved females, and more than one thousand children, the educational apparatus having been represented by a dame's school kept by a woman who boasted of having held her position for nearly a quarter of a century. When premises were first sought in which to establish a ragged school, great difficulty was experienced; for when a house became empty, a host of tenants were sure to besiege the agent, hoping to win his favour. "Tenants are willing to give almost any price," remarked a writer of 1854, "that they may be in a position to carry on their iniquitous practices."

Other new districts which were then rapidly rising in the near suburbs, such as *Agar Town*, were in an almost equally deplorable condition. "You're as nigh to the middle o' Hagar Town as you vell can be," remarked a dustman to the late Charles Dickens. "It's a rum place, aint it? I am forced to come through it twice a day, for my work lays that way; but I wouldn't if I could help it. It don't much matter to my business a little dirt, but Hagar Town is worse nor I can abear." Another witness showed that there were six hundred and ninety-eight families in four hundred and sixty-four houses, in which houses there were one thousand two hundred children under twelve years of age, and four hundred and forty-five families who never entered any place of worship. A large proportion of the adults were unable to read, and a still larger proportion were destitute of the Scriptures.

(*To be continued.*)

A Hindoo Newspaper on the Bible.

A HINDOO paper, published in Bengal, speaks as follows of the excellence of the Bible: "It is the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instruction. A portion of this book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if anybody studies the English language with a view to gaining wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."



Emancipation Oak.

IT is generally admitted that the scenery around London, including portions of some half-dozen counties, is as fascinating to rambling lovers of nature as very many of the landscapes which tourists travel hundreds of miles to see. The great city and its far-reaching suburbs, however, cover so vast an area that, hitherto, the inhabitants of one side of it have known little or nothing respecting the sunny landscapes and shady lanes on the other side twenty miles distant. People can now explore these fair regions, one at a time, on the Saturday half-holiday which has been given them for the purpose. Many prefer to walk, for the hardy pedestrian enjoys advantages of observation above all other travellers, but others go forth upon tricycles and bicycles; and in order that none shall lack competent guidance, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, 17, Holborn Viaduct, is issuing a series of handy ninepenny handbooks to the more attractive districts around the metropolis, each being supplied with a map, illustrations, and a map for 'cyclists. The books exactly meet the wants of rambling, inquisitive tourists. Our illustration is borrowed from the guide "Round Bromley and Keston," which has just appeared.

Keston itself is one of the most charming of villages, but our space will only allow of our noticing Holwood Park, the favourite residence of William Pitt at the end of the last century. "When I was a boy I used to go bird-nesting in the wood at Holwood," once remarked the great statesman, "and it was always my wish to call it my own." That wish was duly gratified; and Pitt's friend, George Rose, says that "He took the greatest delight in his residence at Holwood, which he enlarged and improved (it may truly be said) with his own hands. Often have I seen him working in his woods and gardens with his labourers for whole days together, undergoing considerable

bodily fatigue, and with so much eagerness and assiduity that you would suppose the cultivation of his estate to be the principal occupation of his life." Wilberforce was accustomed to visit his friend at Holwood, and to share in his favourite recreations. Thus one day, in April, 1790, after breakfast, "We sallied forth armed with bill-hooks," writes the abolitionist, "cutting new walks from one large tree to another, through the thickets of the Holwood copses."

Since those days the estate has been much altered, the house having been rebuilt, and some of Pitt's plantations levelled; but still one rare relic remains in the old tree of our engraving, now called Emancipation Oak.

In Wilberforce's Diary for 1785 we read: "At length, I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the deep descent into the Vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice, on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the Slave Trade." The seat by the side of the tree was erected twenty years ago by Earl Stanhope, by permission of Lord Cranworth, who then owned the estate.

A tree with such associations may certainly claim near relationship with the most celebrated of its species—with that tribe of gospel oaks which dot the surface of England. It was because he had the spirit of Christ in so eminent a degree that Wilberforce acted as he did; and no man, other than a chosen vessel in the Lord's hand, would have been so successful in his life-work. Has not the great Captain of our Salvation other men to whom he will commit other glorious works? Not yet are men delivered from the curse of strong drink, nor from the opium tyranny, nor from the dominion of deadly superstition, or a still more deadly infidelity. Where are the champions? Mayhap our reader is to be one of them. The spot, whether it be beneath a tree or no, will become classic ground whereon a man ordained of heaven shall pledge his life to slay an evil or promote a good. Is there no "oak of the strong resolve" under which a youthful child of God will put on the whole armour of the Spirit, and go forth to war in the name of the Lord?

Cradles for the Baptized.

DOES this paragraph from "Funny Folks" state a matter of fact, or is the writer poking fun?

"The bashful young curate, who endures a living death while engaged in baptizing a refractory infant, sees hope ahead, now that the delicious *Rock* has come to his aid with a suggestion that the victim should be relieved by 'having at hand a convenient receptacle, something in the nature of a small fixed cradle, to place the child in during the ceremony.' The quarter from whence the absurd proposal comes is, at any rate, a singularly appropriate one, since a cradle is always associated with a *Rock*."

Surely this must be a mirthful invention of our facetious cotemporary; and yet we never suspected it of opposing infant baptism.

A Voice from China on the Opium Traffic.*

SOME of us out here cannot read anything about the opium traffic without being stirred up with pity for the Chinese, with sorrow that no change has yet been wrought, and with indignation at the persistent manner in which the Home Government palliates, clings to, and follows the evil trade. Meanwhile, it goes harder with China every year; worse than the fabulous upas tree, opium's roots are deepening, its exhalations are stupefying, and its poison is destroying more and more every year.

But *do* the Chinese suffer through smoking the English-imported drug? Ah, they do indeed. Oh, the harrowing tales we could tell of poverty, of physical suffering, of unnatural crime, and of miserable death, all in the trail of opium. In 1878, in Ganking, on the Yang-tse, I saw an opium-smoker of thirty years' duration lying upon the streets in a bad state of dysentery, very near the grave. With some difficulty I got him into our mission-house, gave him clean clothes, food, and medicine, and nursed him, in the hope that I might save him. It was in vain: he died on the third day. Had a coroner's inquest been held it would have been thus concluded:—"A constitution shattered by thirty years' opium-smoking, eight days' deprivation of the drug (through lack of means to buy), causing dysentery, resulting in death." At Huei-chau-fu a man once came to me imploring me to cure him of opium-smoking. He kneeled down and besought me to help him. He had sold his wife and one of his two boys, and said, "There is nothing before me but to sell the other boy unless I am cured." I had no morphia with me, so with quinine and chlorodyne I sought to cure both him and some others who came at the same time. They were determined to leave off the pipe if they could, and I was anxious to cure them; but how one or two of them suffered! Their eyes watered, their bones ached, they endured insatiable craving, they clenched their fists and writhed about in agony, knelt on their beds, and beat them, and tossed about, finding no relief. It was better after a few days; they conquered, but it was a struggle indeed. With a careful use of morphia suffering may be almost entirely avoided, but without it it is hard work to break off the habit. It is a rare and wonderful thing to find any man who has given up the pipe without foreign medical aid.

I have had a few opium-patients in Kinchau. One man, a poor and pitiable brass-worker, had smoked for twenty-four years, having spent in that time one thousand dollars (£200); another, a tailor, a smoker of twenty-six years' standing, had spent in all seven hundred dollars (£140). To the Chinese working-classes these sums of money are about equivalent to £1,000 and £700 respectively in the hands of an English artisan. A third patient was a wrecked literary man, who at one time daily smoked more than would kill any non-smoker. Poor fellow, he scarcely held body and soul together. I had to discharge him as being both intractable and incurable.

Opium impoverishes China: her poor, hard-working sons earn about sixpence to eightpence a day, and numbers of them not only spend, but

* Thoughts upon reading "Who is responsible for the Opium Trade?" in May number of *China's Millions*.

must spend, three-fourths of it daily in satisfying a craving of which they cannot otherwise get rid. The damage done to the bodies, minds, and souls of the smokers cannot be told; cannot, indeed, be known. The drug forced upon this country intensifies the natural hatred of the Chinese towards foreigners, and makes our position among them, on their part a detested one, and on our part an unpleasant one. It is one of the greatest obstacles to Christianity in this naturally hard-to-Christianize country. In days gone by China doubtless did much to irritate and annoy foreign merchants; her dealings were deceitful and treacherous, her manner contemptuous and insulting. True! very true! Still, the responsibility of the opium-traffic is England's, the sin is England's, *the sin is ours.*

If nations were individuals, and some great magistrate ruled them all according to human and humane laws, England would be arrested and tried upon the charge of poisoning China. Evidence would not be lacking. There would be personal, medical, and other testimony in abundance. The jury would bring her in guilty without a dissentient voice. The great magistrate would sentence England to twenty years' penal servitude, with a severe reprimand, and his justice would be appreciated by all his subjects.

Lamson poisons his brother-in-law for £1,500, England poisons China for £6,500,000 annually. Who hath the greater sin? Lamson stands before an English tribunal, he is condemned to death and executed, and all acknowledge the justice of his sentence. How can England escape the judgment of God? Evil is not wrought with impunity, be it individual or national. If it elude the penalty appointed by man it cannot escape the punishment of God.

One question is continually being asked by those who countenance the traffic, whether it be for political, mercantile, or selfish reasons. It is a very mean one for the most enlightened and most wealthy country in the world to ask. It is this: "How can we make up the deficiency in the Indian Revenue?" *Why, go short,* a thousand times rather than poison China to get the money. It is a little thing to have a deficit in the Indian Revenue; but it is a very serious, a very evil thing, before God and man, to force a deadly drug upon this unwilling and indigent people to make up a balance in the revenue caused (to a large extent) by extravagant expenditure. A man with an income of £300 a year lives at the rate of £450; he soon enters into temptation, gets into trouble, and is ruined—income, character, and home gone. India in like manner, lives beyond her means. Everybody knows life is aristocratic in India, with the Government particularly so. Temptations, difficulties, and troubles of course come, but India surmounts them by sending a destructive and fascinating poison to China, impoverishing her already poor people, and enriching her own already wealthy self. Do you reply that individuals sin, but nations never do? Do they not? Ah, the time will come, and most assuredly draws nigh, when it shall be proved they do; then shall they be delivered to the Judge, and by him to the officer, who will cast into prison, saying, "Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

HORACE A. RANDLE.

Kinchau, Western Chekiang.

Bearing for others.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 482.)

IF the preacher's remarks were shuttlecocks, and men's and women's wills were battledores, what a scene there would be in the sacred (?) edifice!

Yonder is a lady who does so wish Miss Paulina Pry would accept the wholesome truth about interference and meddling, so out comes the battledore of kind concern, and over goes the sentiment in Miss P.'s direction; but just at the same time Paulina becomes impressed with the persuasion that those remarks are wonderfully applicable to the aforesaid lady, so she bats them towards her in imagination, and the consequence is that the shuttlecocks collide midway and come to the ground.

Mrs. Very Particular, who occupies a front seat, is delighted with the plain words about honesty even in little things, and remembering that her washerwoman, who sits right behind (more's the shame she should have to do so), returned the linen last week with a button off, and never offered to replace it, says, in thought, "Now, I do hope the woman will take that to herself, and be more honest and careful in future." Meanwhile, she of the washtub, quite oblivious that the exhortation could have any reference to herself, picks out a portion of the address which ought to suit her exacting employer; but the well-wishers sit too far apart, and, as before, the shuttlecocks miscarry.

All over the consecrated playground the shuttlecocks are flying and fighting and falling. Very few of them reach that destination for which the original batsman intended them; for they have been deflected from their course by kindly-disposed persons who too liberally interpreted the apostle's injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." It is possible to carry even so good a principle too far. The same chapter that tells us to bear one another's burdens announces the solemn fact that each man shall bear his own load. It is truly wonderful how slow we are to recognise our own defects, and with what remarkable accuracy we discover in others that which is a prominent feature in our own characters. We measure other people's corn by our bushel. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, so kind indeed as to cause us to forget our own need in attending to that same lack in another. We readily recognise a screw loose in a friend if there is one loose at home. The pot calls the kettle black. Those who live in glass-houses *should not* throw stones, but they invariably do. The unclean scent impurity sooner than the pure in heart. He who suffers from a certain complaint will easily recognise symptoms of that same disease in another sufferer. Set a thief to catch a thief; there is no better policeman; he knows their haunts, and is up to their tricks, and on their tracks. I have sometimes watched with pleasure the way in which shunters on the railway will run the waggons into sidings, and put a truck there and a carriage here; but the way in which some people shunt truths off the main line is far more surprising than the sharpest work of the best "switchman." One Sunday night the preacher spoke very plainly on

the temperance question, though he was not aware that any in his audience were at all connected with the liquor traffic. After the meeting he was assured by one who, by all accounts, had good cause to look at home, that "there were several hard drinkers there, and some barmaids, and he hoped it would do them good." How easy it is to take the cup in one's hand, and in the distorted features reflected there to fancy another's face, and say, "I'm afraid he takes more than is good for him —he will be a drunkard yet." Look again, my friend, the treacherous liquid misshapes your face, but it is yours; you speak and prophesy about yourself.

The dexterity with which some manage to dodge the truth and turn it elsewhere is truly remarkable. The arrow appears to fly straight at them, and yet just as the Australian native uses a narrow wooden shield to ward off spears, so these uplift a dislike for the truth or interest in a friend, and so turn the shaft. Sometimes these unwilling targets duck their heads in mock humility as much as to say, "He can't mean me; he would never trouble to speak of a poor worm like me!"—then over goes the arrow into the back of the pew. Others there are who by jumping on one side, as it were, allow the missile to fly to some one behind them. They see that the shot was meant for them, but they decline to accept it. Believing that "every bullet has its billet," they are equally sure that theirs is not a bull's-eye. The preacher offers them the gospel loaf, but they exclaim, at least in spirit, "Not to-day, baker; try next door!"

There is another class whose mode of procedure may be described as leaping upwards out of the way of the sharp point, and from their superior position regarding all personal dealing and plain speaking as vulgar and far beneath them. The minister has no right, in their opinion, to aim at anybody, certainly not at those who have a larger income than himself, whatever he may say and do with the common herd. Professor Somebody-or-other, who once on a time performed in London, will serve as an illustration of another set of hearers. He used to stand within a few feet of a loaded piece of ordnance, and seek a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth by catching in his hand the missile fired therefrom. Uninjured, he grasped the bomb with far less difficulty than "Butterfingers" on the cricket-ground secures the leather ball. How he managed it this deponent sayeth not. Equally puzzled am I as to how these hearers, receiving the truth as they do, seem unaffected by it. They will even admit that the sharp rebuke referred to them; in other words, they catch the cannon ball, but are unhurt by it; it is a mere performance, and a very clever one, too. "Didn't he give it to us this morning!" is a remark often passed concerning a faithful preacher; but, alas, the bomb seems as light to them as a bubble; they play with the ball as though it were of india-rubber. One would think that if they catch it at all they would catch it hot; but being themselves as cool as cucumbers they seem to freeze the shell into a snowball before it touches them, and in many cases prolong the game by throwing it back whence it came, or at some unsuspecting friend. "There are none so blind as those who won't see." Let the preacher be as plain as he may, these people will be as blind as he is plain. If the mirror of truth is held close to the man's

face, he will mistake himself for someone else, like him who thought he saw his twin brother approaching him and held out his hand, only to shake hands with himself in a long mirror in a shop front. Such hearers sever all connection with the pulpit when it offers advice or becomes at all personal. A tailor who sent in his little bill to the editor of a newspaper was somewhat astonished to have it returned a day or two after with the following memorandum—"MS. respectfully declined." This was the more astonishing as the editor was constantly assuring his correspondents that he could not undertake to return rejected effusions. But this is always the way. People will go out of their usual beat to rid themselves of an unpleasant charge, and become wonderfully liberal with what they do not care to keep.

As an example of a very high development of the art of shunting I quote the following:—"A minister went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. This barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was somewhat unsteady. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood, whereupon his pastor said, in a tone of solemn severity, 'You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink.' 'Ay,' replied the barber, with the utmost composure, 'it makes the skin very tender.'" How many there are who, though not professors of the razor, shave quite as close to the truth and yet escape it. There is an ingenuity about this which deserves to be put to a better use. Thomas not only avoided the minister's spear, but turned it into a pruning hook wherewith to trim the good man's vineyard.

Another example of this ingenious retaliation is culled from college life. A student was reading to a roomful of "fellows," and came to a long Latin quotation. He read it as it stood, but was interrupted by loud cries of, "Translate, translate." This hue and cry did not in the least disconcert the reader, who quietly eyed his noisy audience, and said, quite patronizingly, "Gentlemen, I would not think of insulting you by offering you a translation." Thus cleverly he turned the joke, and the would-be biters were bitten. For such smart repartee he deserved to get off, though I am not sure but that he would have been the better for attempting a translation. As it was, neither he nor his hearers provided the English rendering, and in some such manner he who refuses to wear the cap and also he on whom he tries to place it both remain hatless. There is a story told of two men, who, walking towards one another (one of them being the proverbial Irishman), fancied they were acquainted, but on nearer approach discovered their mutual mistake. Whereupon Pat exclaimed, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me; an' it's naythur of us." Faulty as the Hibernian logic may have been, it holds good in illustrating our point. So-and-so thought the preacher meant me, and I thought the preacher meant So-and-so, and between the two the attempted exchange is a robbery of both, and the result is just *nil*—"An' it's naythur of us."

There are two most important lessons to be learned from a consideration of this fashionable habit of hearing for others. The first affects hearers. Let us go to every meeting looking for a *personal* blessing, and with the prayer on our lips, "Hast thou not a blessing for me, even

for me also, O my Father"? Let us be content to accept the truth however distasteful, and be ever ready to suffer a word of exhortation. There would be less false prophesying if "smooth things" were less in demand. Those photographers do the best business, I believe, who produce the best-looking pictures, and do the most touching and titivating. Quite wonderful is it how beauty grows on the negative beneath the artist's touch. Eyebrows are forced in no time, freckles fade, wrinkles are smoothed, and cheeks are rounded; every mountain is laid low, the valleys are raised, and the crooked places are made straight in the Studio of Artistic Photography. It is needless to add that the sitter praises the proof, and orders an extra dozen because "they are so good—quite lifelike in fact." Who can blame the photographer? Said one to me, "The public nowadays want *pictures*, not portraits, and we are obliged to provide them." Is it not too true that when from the pulpit a man's portrait is presented, he prefers a picture? He wants it touched and tinted till it flatters him. Then he calls it a speaking likeness. Oh, if it could really speak! If the truth makes us free, let us not reject it.

The other lesson is for speakers and teachers. If hearers are so ready to elude the truth, need we not be plainer still and yet more personal? He who would "catch men" must have his hooks barbed, or the meshes of his net intact. No wonder the hearer fancies someone else is meant when the preacher himself meant no one in particular and would not offend for the world. Perhaps the best way to include all is not to exclude ourselves. If the preacher feels the pressure of the truth himself, it will have the more weight with his congregation. There is a danger of getting into the way of exhorting others and forgetting ourselves, and if we set the example the people will not be slow to follow.

A good old man who used to go about doing good in the Tasmanian "bush" stood, shortly before his death, in a small country place of worship to preach the gospel. In the course of his simple address he pulled out a large watch which had long been his faithful companion. "This watch of mine," said he, "has been going for many years—tick, tick, tick. It is one of the old-fashioned sort and a real trusty one, but it stopped the other day, and has refused to go again. Now, I have lived to old age, healthy and well for the most part: my heart has been beating and my pulse throbbing—tick, tick, tick—very much like the watch; but I shall stop some day, and be numbered with the dead." From the way in which the earnest pastor uttered these words, his little congregation knew he spake as a dying man to dying men, and that he realized that he was as likely to go as any. Hence the power which accompanied the exhortation that followed.

There is one practice which deserves more condemnation than hearing for others, and that is preaching to others, to the entire exclusion of self. The Lord save us from both. We are private individuals, standing on our own footing; living alone, though pressed by crowds; dying alone, though watched by many; to be judged alone, though surrounded by an innumerable multitude. Therefore, "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden."

The Book Fund in the Olden Time.

IF aught were wanted to stimulate our promoting the diffusion of healthy literature, one might profitably take notice of the eagerness with which readers sought after good books in persecuting times, when the acceptance of the gospel carried with it the penalty of death. When religion was proscribed by law, and the possession of the works of the Reformers was forbidden, it happened, in the good providence of God, that one good book exercised a hundredfold greater influence than now; and thus, while persecuting governments little suspected the fact, the fires they sought to quench were still fed by invisible supplies of oil they could not check. Speaking of the period from 1509 to 1518, Foxe declares that, although the preachers of the gospel were almost *nil*, the number of professors was great, and that the devotion of Christians was greater than in our days of unrestricted liberty. This, he goes on to say, may "manifestly appear by their sitting up all night in reading and hearing; also by their expenses and charges in buying of books in English, of whom some gave five marks,* some more, some less, for a book. Some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul in English. In which rarity of books and want of teachers this one thing I greatly marvel and muse at: to note in the registers and to consider how the word of truth, notwithstanding, did multiply so exceedingly as it did amongst them, wherein is to be seen, no doubt, the marvellous working of God's mighty power." The martyrologist adds: "To see their travails, their earnest seekings, their burning zeal, their readings, their watchings, their sweet assemblies, their love and concord, their godly living, their faithful demeaning with the faithful, may make us now, in these days of free profession, to blush for shame."

To come to later times, the testimony of Cotton Mather (1663-1728) is worthy of being carefully noted. Mather attained to considerable celebrity as a preacher in New England, and while he was earnest as a preacher he lived as a model of liberality, and probably gave away more books than any man of his time. According to his prescription, "one of the first contrivances for the glorifying of the Lord" was "to spend much money in buying of books to give away."

Addressing his son, Cotton Mather goes on to say: "How many hundreds, yea, how many thousands of good books I have thus given away I cannot reckon. I suppose I have given away near a thousand in one year. While I gave away *small* books unto others God gave *great* books unto me. I mean that I had a secret and a wondrous blessing of God upon my library. A good library was a thing I much desired and valued; and by the surprising providence of God it came to pass that my library, without my pillaging of your grandfather's, did, by cheap and strange accessions, grow to have I know not how many more than thirty hundred books in it: and I lived so near your grandfather's that his, which was not much less than mine, was also in a manner mine. This was much for a Nonconformist minister. While I was giving away good books written by other men, I had all along a secret persuasion that a time would come when I should have many books

* A mark was 30s.; later it was 13s. 4d.

written by myself likewise to give away. And I have lived since to see this persuasion most remarkably accomplished. All I will say is, that no Nonconformist minister now surviving in the nation hath had so many."

We commend this to the notice of the supporters of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, hoping, in the meantime, that their subscriptions will bear as good interest as the money invested by Cotton Mather in "small books." Given as they are to preachers, Mrs. Spurgeon's books are placed where they must effect an abundant amount of good.

Spoil from the Heathen.

A BEAUTIFUL story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.—*From "Heralds of the Cross."*

We fail to Edify.

WE clergymen sometimes miss the mark in our preaching. Not seldom do we shoot too high, and spin scholastic subtleties, while our hearers are waiting for an edification which they do not receive. What says Tennyson's Northern Farmer?

> "An' I hallus com'd to's church afore moy
> Sally wur dead.
> An' 'eered um a-hummin' away, loike a
> buzzard clock ower my 'ead,
> An' I never knaw'd what a mean'd, but I
> thowt a 'ad summat to saay,
> An' I thowt a said what a owt to a said, an'
> I coom'd away."

And may not this be the experience of some of our own people as well? —listening out of respect to our pulpit utterances, but who, so far as instruction goes, might just as well be listening to a discourse on the value of the Codex Sinaiticus, or the force of the dynamic middle.—*American "Homiletic Monthly."*

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE hope to publish Vol. VI. of "TREASURY OF DAVID" in a week or two. Here is a specimen of our work.

PSALM CXXI.

TITLE, ETC.—*This bears no other title than* "A Song of degrees." *It is several steps in advance of its predecessor, for it tells of the peace of God's house, and the guardian care of the Lord, while Psalm cxx. bemoans the departure of peace from the good man's abode, and his exposure to the venomous assaults of slanderous tongues. In the first instance his eyes looked around with anguish, but here they look up with hope. From the constant recurrence of the word* keep, *we are led to name this song* "a Psalm to the keeper of Israel." *Were it not placed among the Pilgrim Psalms we should regard it as a martial hymn, fitted for the evensong of one who slept upon the tented field. It is a soldier's song as well as a traveller's hymn. There is an ascent in the psalm itself which rises to the greatest elevation of restful confidence.*

EXPOSITION.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help *cometh* from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The LORD *is* thy keeper: the LORD *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

1. "*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*" It is wise to look to the strong for strength. Dwellers in valleys are subject to many disorders for which there is no cure but a sojourn in the uplands, and it is well when they shake off their lethargy and resolve upon a climb. Down below they are the prey of marauders, and to escape from them the surest method is to fly to the strongholds upon the mountains. Often before the actual ascent the sick and plundered people looked towards the hills and longed to be upon their summits. The holy man who here sings a choice sonnet looked away from the slanderers by whom he was tormented to the Lord who saw all from his high places, and was ready to pour down succour for his injured servant. Help comes to saints only from above, they look elsewhere in vain: let us lift up our eyes with hope, expectancy, desire, and confidence. Satan will endeavour to keep our eyes upon our sorrows that we may be disquieted and discouraged; be it ours firmly to resolve that we will look out and look up, for there is good cheer for the

eyes, and they that lift up their eyes to the eternal hills shall soon have their hearts lifted up also. The purposes of God; the divine attributes; the immutable promises; the covenant, ordered in all things and sure; the providence, predestination, and proved faithfulness of the Lord—these are the hills to which we must lift up our eyes, for from these our help must come. It is our resolve that we will not be bandaged and blindfolded, but will lift up our eyes.

Or is the text in the interrogative? Does he ask, "Shall I lift up mine eyes to the hills?" Does he feel that the highest places of the earth can afford him no shelter? Or does he renounce the idea of recruits hastening to his standard from the hardy mountaineers? and hence does he again enquire, "Whence cometh my help?" If so, the next verse answers the question, and shows whence all help must come.

2. "*My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.*" What we need is help,—help powerful, efficient, constant: we need a very present help in trouble. What a mercy that we have it in our God. Our hope is in Jehovah, for our help comes from him. Help is on the road, and will not fail to reach us in due time, for he who sends it to us was never known to be too late. Jehovah who created all things is equal to every emergency; heaven and earth are at the disposal of him who made them, therefore let us be very joyful in our infinite helper. He will sooner destroy heaven and earth than permit his people to be destroyed, and the perpetual hills themselves shall bow rather than he shall fail whose ways are everlasting. We are bound to look beyond heaven and earth to him who made them both: it is vain to trust the creatures: it is wise to trust the Creator.

3. "*He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.*" Though the paths of life are dangerous and difficult, yet we shall stand fast, for Jehovah will not permit our feet to slide; and if he will not suffer it we shall not suffer it. If our foot will be thus kept we may be sure that our head and heart will be preserved also. In the original the words express a wish or prayer,—"May he not suffer thy foot to be moved." Promised preservation should be the subject of perpetual prayer; and we may pray believingly; for those who have God for their keeper shall be safe from all the perils of the way. Among the hills and ravines of Palestine the literal keeping of the feet is a great mercy; but in the slippery ways of a tried and afflicted life, the boon of upholding is of priceless value, for a single false step might cause us a fall fraught with awful danger. To stand erect and pursue the even tenor of our way is a blessing which only God can give, which is worthy of the divine hand, and worthy also of perennial gratitude. Our feet shall move in progress, but they shall not be moved to their overthrow. "*He that keepeth thee will not slumber,*"—or "thy keeper shall not slumber." We should not stand a moment if our keeper were to sleep; we need him by day and by night; not a single step can be safely taken except under his guardian eye. This is a choice stanza in a pilgrim song. God is the convoy and body-guard of his saints. When dangers are awake around us we are safe, for our Preserver is awake also, and will not permit us to be taken unawares. No fatigue or exhaustion can cast our God into sleep; his watchful eyes are never closed.

4. "*Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*" The consoling truth must be repeated: it is too rich to be dismissed in a single line. It were well if we always imitated the sweet singer, and would dwell a little upon a choice doctrine, sucking the honey from it. What a glorious title is in the Hebrew—"*The Keeper of Israel,*" and how delightful to think that no form of unconsciousness ever steals over him, neither the deep slumber nor the lighter sleep. He will never suffer the house to be broken up by the silent thief; he is ever on the watch, and speedily perceives every intruder. This is a subject of wonder, a theme for attentive consideration, therefore the word "*Behold*" is set up as a waymark. Israel

fell asleep, but his God was awake. Jacob had neither walls, nor curtains, nor body-guard around him; but the Lord was in that place though Jacob knew it not, and therefore the defenceless man was safe as in a castle. In after days he mentioned God under this enchanting name—"The God that led me all my life long": perhaps David alludes to that passage in this expression. The word "*keepeth*" is also full of meaning: he keeps us as a rich man keeps his treasures, as a captain keeps a city with a garrison, as a royal guard keeps his monarch's head. If the former verse is in strict accuracy a prayer, this is the answer to it; it affirms the matter thus, "Lo, he shall not slumber nor sleep—the Keeper of Israel." It may also be worthy of mention that in verse three the Lord is spoken of as the personal keeper of one individual, and here of all those who are in his chosen nation, described as Israel: mercy to one saint is the pledge of blessing to them all. Happy are the pilgrims to whom this psalm is a safe-conduct; they may journey all the way to the celestial city without fear.

5. "*The Lord is thy keeper.*" Here the preserving One, who had been spoken of by pronouns in the two previous verses, is distinctly named—Jehovah is thy keeper. What a mint of meaning lies here: the sentence is a mass of bullion, and when coined and stamped with the king's name it will bear all our expenses between our birthplace on earth and our rest in heaven. Here is a glorious person—*Jehovah*, assuming a gracious office and fulfilling it in person,—Jehovah is thy *keeper*, in behalf of a favoured individual—*thy*, and a firm assurance of revelation that it is even so at this hour—Jehovah *is* thy keeper. Can we appropriate the divine declaration? If so, we may journey onward to Jerusalem and know no fear; yea, we may journey through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil. "*The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.*" A shade gives protection from burning heat and glaring light. We cannot bear too much blessing; even divine goodness, which is a right-hand dispensation, must be toned down and shaded to suit our infirmity, and this the Lord will do for us. He will bear a shield before us, and guard the right arm with which we fight the foe. That member which has the most of labour shall have the most of protection. When a blazing sun pours down its burning beams upon our heads the Lord Jehovah himself will interpose to shade us, and that in the most honourable manner, acting as our right-hand attendant, and placing us in comfort and safety. "The Lord at thy right hand shall smite through kings." How different this from the portion of the ungodly ones who have Satan standing at their right hand, and of those of whom Moses said, "their defence has departed from them." God is as near us as our shadow, and we are as safe as angels.

6. "*The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*" None but the Lord could shelter us from these tremendous forces. These two great lights rule the day and the night, and under the lordship of both we shall labour or rest in equal safety. Doubtless there are dangers of the light and of the dark, but in both and from both we shall be preserved—literally from excessive heat and from baneful chills; mystically from any injurious effects which might follow from doctrine bright or dim; spiritually from the evils of prosperity and adversity; eternally from the strain of overpowering glory and from the pressure of terrible events, such as judgment and the burning of the world. Day and night make up all time: thus the ever-present protection never ceases. All evil may be ranked as under the sun or the moon, and if neither of these can smite us we are indeed secure. God has not made a new sun or a fresh moon for his chosen, they exist under the same outward circumstances as others, but the power to *smite* is in their case removed from temporal agencies; saints are enriched, and not injured, by the powers which govern the earth's condition; to them has the Lord given "the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the

precious things put forth by the moon," while at the same moment he has removed from them all bale and curse of heat or damp, of glare or chill.

7. "*The* LORD *shall preserve thee from all evil,*" or *keep* thee from all evil. It is a great pity that our admirable translation did not keep to the word *keep* all through the psalm, for all along it is one. God not only keeps his own in all evil times but from all evil influences and operations, yea, from evils themselves. This is a far-reaching word of covering: it includes everything and excludes nothing: the wings of Jehovah amply guard his own from evils great and small, temporary and eternal. There is a most delightful double personality in this verse: Jehovah keeps the believer, not by agents, but by himself; and the person protected is definitely pointed out by the word *thee*,—it is not our estate or name which is shielded, but the proper personal man. To make this even more intensely real and personal another sentence is added, "*The* LORD *shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul,*"—or Jehovah will keep thy soul. Soul-keeping is the soul of keeping. If the soul be kept all is kept. The preservation of the greater includes that of the less so far as it is essential to the main design: the kernel shall be preserved, and in order thereto the shell shall be preserved also. God is the sole keeper of the soul. Our soul is kept from the dominion of sin, the infection of error, the crush of despondency, the puffing up of pride; kept from the world, the flesh, and the devil; kept for holier and greater things; kept in the love of God; kept unto the eternal kingdom and glory. What can harm a soul that is kept of the Lord?

8. "*The* LORD *shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*" When we go out in the morning to labour, and come home at eventide to rest, Jehovah shall keep us. When we go out in youth to begin life, and come in at the end to die, we shall experience the same keeping. Our exits and our entrances are under one protection. Three times have we the phrase, "Jehovah shall keep," as if the sacred Trinity thus sealed the word to make it sure: ought not all our fears to be slain by such a threefold flight of arrows? What anxiety can survive this triple promise? This keeping is eternal; continuing from this time forth, even for evermore. The whole church is thus assured of everlasting security: the final perseverance of the saints is thus ensured, and the glorious immortality of believers is guaranteed. Under the ægis of such a promise we may go on pilgrimage without trembling, and venture into battle without dread. None are so safe as those whom God keeps; none so much in danger as the self-secure. To goings out and comings in belong peculiar dangers, since every change of position turns a fresh quarter to the foe, and it is for these weak points that an especial security is provided: Jehovah will keep the door when it opens and closes, and this he will perseveringly continue to do so long as there is left a single man that trusteth in him, as long as a danger survives, and, in fact, as long as time endures. Glory be unto the Keeper of Israel, who is endeared to us under that title, since our growing sense of weakness makes us feel more deeply than ever our need of being kept. Over the reader we would breathe a benediction, couched in the verse of Keble.

"God keep thee safe from harm and sin,
Thy spirit keep; the Lord watch o'er
Thy going out, thy coming in,
From this time, evermore."

Saw Mill Science.*

BY STUB PEN.

AN EVOLUTIONIST COMES ALONG.

YESTERDAY a book agent stopped at Jimmy Riggs's hotel. Of course, Jimmy invited him after supper to go to the saw-mill to meet the neighbours. Everybody wanted to hear whether the traveller had any news. He gossiped away for some time, and finally got on the subject of evolution. This is a subject the lumbermen mostly were ignorant of. They were glad to have a chance to learn something about it from one who was a real evolutionist. With one consent they begged him to proceed.

"Well, gentlemen, it certainly is wonderful what science has discovered. Every living creature is made wholly out of one single substance. That substance is called protoplasm, or bioplasm, as some prefer to call it. And they have all developed one out of the other in regular order, just as a chicken develops out of an egg. It is strange, gentlemen, but it is true. Creation began with but a small microscopic nomad. That nomad developed into something higher, and that again into something higher still. And as it continued to develop it ramified off in all directions. That dividing off, in scientific language, is called differentiation. The protoplasm differentiates itself into limbs and members and organs and varieties and species and genera. But—to avoid scientific nomenclature, which some of you may not understand—matter is the father of the insect; the insect is the father of the worm; and the worm is the father of the eel; and the eel is the father of the fish; and the fish is the father of the bird; and the bird is the father of the four-footed beast; and the four-footed beast is the father of the ape; and the ape is the father of the man. This is the genealogy of man according to science. To be sure, this may be a little humiliating, at first sight, as compared with the genealogy of man in the commonly-received Scripture. But then such is science. And it is truly wonderful, gentlemen, what science has discovered. The rectification of the genealogy of man is *the* scientific event of the century. The long procession of animal life, from the mollusk and the tadpole, along the line of invertebrates and vertebrates and mammals, up to the imperial man, who crowns the apex and shows how far the tadpole has got up to the present era, is a discovery of which science may well be proud."

In this way the book agent rattled on for half an hour. The deacon and Stimpson and the schoolmaster appeared to enjoy the thing hugely. Others of the company were dazed by the number of hard words that had been used. There was a silence for some time. The book agent needed to recover his breath, and the lumbermen their wits.

At length, Stimpson asked—

"Do you recognise any creative agency in all this procession of yours?"

"Well, as to that," the man replied, "we are not all quite agreed yet. Some of us concede some sort of creative agency at the beginning; others cannot see their way to acknowledge even that much."

"And why not?" asked Stimpson again.

"Well, because it is considered unscientific," was the response. "We know nothing of any Creator. We deal merely with what we see and handle, and can measure with our calipers and weigh with our scales. It is the proud boast of science that she deals only with things that she can handle."

"Do any of you ever have any suspicion that there can be anything in this universe outside of what you get hold of with your calipers?"

"Well, no," said the man; "we feel confident we are on the right track. We take nothing on tick or trust—or on faith, as the theologians call it."

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* This article from the pen of Dr. Wayland struck us as so telling that we reprint it here. We beg our readers to give it their special attention.—C. H. S.

"Are there any breaks or gaps in the line of development from the tadpole up to the philosopher?" asked Stimpson with increasing dryness.

"Well, as for that," returned the other, "there are a few links wanting; but only a few. A few ditches are yet to be bridged over—only a few, a very few, I assure you, sir. Take my word of honour as a gentleman for that. We are now busy seeking for the lost links, and are sure we shall find them some time or other."

"Meanwhile, you want me to take your conclusions on faith—or, rather, on tick, as the merchants would call it? You rather object to my putting faith in a God or his word on the subject, but think I ought, by all means, to put faith in you and your word? Now, if I must take things 'on tick,' I think I shall stick to the testimony of the old Book."

"But," said the book agent, "science must presuppose some things."

"No, no," said Stimpson; "you must neither presuppose nor assume anything, if you are to be scientific, as you call it. But, to come out with the plain truth, you, who claim to hold strictly to the scientific method, make a greater demand upon people's faith and trust than do all the theologians in the world. The genealogy of the Bible, which traces man's origin up to a living God, is neither irrational nor hard to accept; but to believe that he sprang from a tadpole requires more faith than would be necessary to remove all the mountains of the earth into the midst of the sea. What theologians demand is faith; what you demand is credulity. I mean not to be rude, but I must say—what I think is true—that the credulity of men of science about the origin of man has no counterpart in Christendom; and I doubt if it can be matched even in heathendom."

Matters were getting warm, but here Jimmy Riggs came nobly to the rescue of his guest. He said the subject was very interesting, but, not having much book-learning, he could not understand what was said, because so many hard words were used. He asked the book agent if he could not explain things in a more familiar way, especially such words as differ—something or other—and that protoplasm; for he did want to get hold of the idea.

"With pleasure, Mr. Riggs," said the book agent. "Let me see: how shall I state it?" and he paused to meditate. Presently his face lighted up. "I have it," said he; "I can get an illustration from your own house. Your good wife, Mrs. Riggs, makes so many very nice things for the table. First of all, she prepares a large quantity of dough. Now, the dough, Jimmy, is the protoplasm. All sorts of nice things are made out of that same dough. For instance, one part of it is made into a loaf of bread; another part is made into biscuits, another part is made into doughnuts; another part is made into mince pies. Of course, other things, such as butter and milk and sugar, may be added for some things; but still they all start out with dough of some kind or other as the protoplasm. They are very different from each other when finished, but they start out with essentially the same original substance. Now, that making of the original dough into different things, such as doughnuts and pies, may be called differentiation. They are made to vary in form and outcome."

"Oh, I see," said Jimmy. "Well, well! I never understood it before."

Yet Jimmy's mind was not clear, after all. A confused idea seemed to possess him that something had been left out. So he proceeded to inquire further—

"Yes, but what makes the dough divide up into different things? It don't divide itself up. If my wife didn't make them, the pieces of dough wouldn't differ among themselves, or whatever it is."

"Oh yes," said the book agent, with a sudden cautiousness of manner. "In that case, it is indeed your wife who makes the difference."

"Well, then," asked Jimmy, "is there no hand outside of all these different living beings that makes them differ among themselves?"

"Oh, that's a different matter," said the agent. "Science does not know of

any such power, and therefore declines to recognise any. I did not mean to have my illustration of the dough carried too far. I merely meant to explain what protoplasm and differentiation were."

"That is," continued the stupid Jimmy, who could not see that his inquiries were distasteful to the agent, "you don't recognise that my wife had anything to do with the difference between the pies, the cakes, and the doughnuts?"

"I meant," said the agent, "that for the purpose of pure science such an inquiry was not necessary."

"Well," said Jimmy, "it won't do for us to go home and tell her so. She will feed us on pure dough for the next six months until we could find out the differ—differ—differsomeness."

The schoolmaster here suddenly broke out with an ejaculation in Greek, "*Me genoito!*" apparently quoted from Gal. ii. 17. As he is boarding with Jimmy Riggs at present, he has special reason for wishing to undergo no such half-year's experience.

But here, to the astonishment of everybody, who should start up to the support of the book agent but Jericho Jones? He declared himself a convert; he had become an evolutionist. He could prove the theory to be sound.

JERICHO JONES LECTURES ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE STEAMBOAT.

Jericho Jones declared himself an evolutionist. He was convinced by the book agent's arguments. Already, in his own mind, he had the outline of a lecture which he would prepare on the evolution of the ocean steamer. If the neighbours cared to listen, he would give them a summary in advance. Of course, they were delighted. The gathering storm between Stimpson and the book agent suddenly came to an end. Cries came from every part of the shingle-pile—

"Go ahead, Jerry! Let's have it. We are all ready for revolution."

Jerry started off—

"It's wonderful, neighbours—it is wonderful what discoveries science has made. You have heard from our distinguished visitor the amended genealogy of mankind. It's true, neighbours, every word of it. There, for example, is the immortal Shakespeare. Would you know his origin? Science has traced back his progenitors to the remote ages of the past. Shakespeare was the son of the ape; which was the son of the monkey; which was the son of the four-footed beast; which was the son of the bird; which was the son of the fish; which was the son of the eel; which was the son of the tadpole, as it were. Or, if you choose, you can turn it the other way, after the best form of Hebrew genealogy: The tadpole begat the eel; and the eel begat the fish; and the fish begat the bird; and the bird begat the beast; and the beast begat the monkey; and the monkey begat the ape; and the ape begat the ancestors of Shakespeare. It may seem a little humiliating to you, neighbours, and not equal to the old Bible genealogy you have been accustomed to follow; but then such is science.

"In confirmation of this, I would call your attention to the evolution of the ocean steamer. There you behold it. What a magnificent structure! Consider its powerful machinery. See how it ploughs through the stormy seas. Whence came it? It has been developed. It is a product of growth. Science has now secured many specimens of its ancestral architecture. To find the beginning, we go back to the times of the primeval forest, when this great country we now inhabit was an unbroken wilderness. We have discovered the remains of the original dug-out, or canoe. It must have existed in perfection long before the days of any living inhabitant. The dug-out is the protoplasm of all the ships and steamers in the world. It seems to have floated peacefully on the silent waters of the inland streams. It seems to have been, in its original state, but one single cell. It existed in an invertebrate form. But soon it expanded itself by a natural law within itself. The sides as they lengthened became conscious of a need of greater strength. They corrugated themselves

up into ribs. A keel grew in the bottom of the dug-out, in order to furnish a spinal column for the ribs. Thus, neighbours, the invertebrate developed into the vertebrate. The protoplastic dug-out evolved little paddles on the two sides, by which it could move along. As it grew in length it developed itself into the keel-boat, and the little paddles at the sides developed into long pushing-poles, by which the creature moved itself from place to place on its various errands, whatever they were. Some well-preserved remains of these keel-boats are in the possession of antiquarians living on Western rivers. Soon the creature became conscious of a necessity of other means of getting along. In the centre it shot up a post, from which grew a sail: this was the dorsal-fin. But side-fins were also needed. The pushing-poles differentiated themselves into wheels. In course of time the wheels became smaller, and instead thereof was developed an enormous tail with flanges, by which greater speed was obtained. And to-day that primitive dug-out floats, the pride of the ocean. This is but a meagre outline, neighbours; but you will pardon me, for I have not yet had time to collect and arrange my thoughts."

There was a roar of laughter at Jerry's absurdity. In this the book agent did not join. Jimmy Riggs was a little bewildered. However now came the cross-questioning, which was kept up with the continuous gibing which they would use toward Jerry, but not toward the stranger:

"Where did your protoplastic dug-out come from, Jerry?"

"Where does bioplasm come from?" was Jerry's answer, prompt and self-confident. "Science has not yet penetrated beyond the dug-out."

"How do you know that somebody did not make the dug-out?" said another.

"We do not know of anybody who did make it; therefore we do not inquire in that direction."

"Was there any evidence of design about the dug-out?" asked the third.

"The dug-out was simply a cell—a monad," returned Jerry. "It was so exceedingly simple in its structure that it is not worth while to presuppose any intelligent being having anything to do with it."

"And how do you know, Jerry, that these boats developed themselves one out of another, since there is so much difference between the different kinds?"

"Simply for the reason that we have quite a number of specimens of each species, some in a lower and some in a higher state of development. For instance, the highest variety of the dug-out corresponds so nearly to the lowest variety of the keel-boat that we consider them, scientifically, passing into each other."

"Are you sure, Jerry, that nobody had anything to do with turning a dug-out into a keel-boat?"

"We have seen no one engaged in such a work. We deal simply with the bare fact of the dug-out and the keel-boat being found together side by side."

"Are there no gaps in your line of boats in which the transition from one variety to another is not entirely explained?"

"Well, yes—a few; but only a few, I assure you, neighbours, on the word of a scientist. But we hope soon to have those gaps all snug and tight."

"Would anything convince you, Jerry, that any living being could have had anything to do with the making of the dug-out?"

"Well, yes; science is reasonable in that respect. If anyone of our set had seen him make it, we would believe."

"And so, if one of 'your set' had seen the Almighty create the universe, you would accept it at once?"

"Of course we would, without further inquiry," returned Jerry, with the lofty dignity of a scientist.

"Heigho, Jerry! you are unfortunate. You have been born some thousands of years too late for the one, and many millions of years too late for the other. Since it is too late to see the thing done with your own eyes, would you be willing to take a little verbal testimony of some one who did see it? For instance, suppose we had transmitted to us a written statement or a sworn

affidavit of a man who declared that he was the maker of the dug-out; or that he improved upon the dug-out and made the keel-boat, which was next in order?"

"Not without some guarantee of his credibility," Jerry replied.

"And what guarantee would you want?"

"We should want the endorsement of some member of our association who has been duly voted in."

"Whom, for example, would you accept?"

"Well, Tyndall or Huxley would be considered first-class endorsers; but, in a pinch, we would take some second-hand authority, like Oliver Wendell Holmes."

"And I suppose," continued the inquirer, "that if the Creator of the heavens and the earth were to give you his word that he fashioned them with his own hand, you would want an endorsement from some one of your 'set' before you would believe it?"

"As for that," replied Jerry, "science is inexorable. We take the word of only duly-registered members of our association."

Here another question started up—

"How about the machinery and boilers in the boat? Where did they come from?"

"They all came from the same mass of iron," replied Jerry.

"And did any mechanic or machinist have anything to do with putting them into shape?"

"As for that," returned Jerry, "science does not recognise machinists. The argument from design has no weight with us. Design does not prove a designer. The power to change into different forms resided in the mass of iron itself. A capacity to develop itself and to differentiate itself into all sorts of things was a part of its original constitution. Accordingly, as occasion required, the iron differentiated itself—some into the sides of the boat; some into ribs; some into boiler-plates; some into cylinders and piston-rods; and so on throughout."

Amid peals of laughter the questions and answers continued.

"Here, Jerry!" said Deacon Thresher. "You say the power to differentiate resided in the original mass. Now, supposing that it was there, how did it get there? I was once in a mint where I saw an ingenious scale for testing gold coin. If the coin were a particle too light, the scale automatically pitched it off in one direction; if too heavy, it pitched it off in another; if just right, it dropped it into a box in the centre. It had a power to differentiate between coins; but then that power was given to it by a mechanic. It continued to divide off coins even when the mechanic was away from it. Now, where did your bioplasm get its power to differentiate itself?"

"It got it from itself; it always had it. That's all we know about it."

"Yes," said the Deacon, "that is all you know about it;" and he complimented Jerry upon the vigour of his defence.

It was indeed delightful to see how Jerry stood up for the honour of science, and with what patience he tried to satisfy the doubts and remove the difficulties of these poor illiterate lumbermen. They perhaps did not appreciate all his arguments, but they cheered him with shouts and hurrahs. The cross-examination continued much longer, but we cannot report it all here.

Jerry wound up with a noble burst of eloquence—

"It may cross some of your lifelong prejudices, my honoured neighbours and friends; but science has no doubt of her position. We must accept her conclusions or stultify ourselves. The genealogy of the iron-clad is now definitely settled: the first progenitor of the iron-clad was the primitive 'dug-out' of the antediluvian era; and the dug-out originated from matter, force, and motion; the dug-out begat the keel-boat; the keel-boat begat the schooner; and the schooner begat the ship; and the ship begat the steamer; and the steamer begat the iron-clad."

"Do you mean to say, Jerry," said Jimmy Riggs, "that all iron made itself up into one thing and another without anybody working at it?"

"So far as the demands of science are concerned, I do," said Jerry.

"Well," said Jimmy, with disgust, "if I were to go home and tell my wife that, she would tell me I was an ass, and would put a mustard-plaster on my neck and send me off to bed."

Jerry's countenance fell.

"There, now!" said he, sadly, in an altered tone of voice; "there's what I get for trying to bring science within the reach of common people. I should have stuck to the use of scientific terms. There is Stephen Pearl Andrews, whom Dr. Moss has told us about. He says: 'Evolution is a natural and orderly procession from a unismal to a duismal state of existence, and thence by combination to a trinismal state;' and so on. If I had defined evolution in that way, I would have been called a *savant* and been invited to address country lyceums, stopped at a three-dollar hotel, and would have had a double X given me to boot. But because I have used plain words and spoken of the orderly procession of dough and hackmatack into crullers and ships, I must be called an ass, have a mustard-plaster on the back of my neck, take rhubarb, and be hurried off to bed. Will theology never quit persecuting science?"

STIMPSON AND JIM MANLY EXCHANGE VIEWS.

The notable events of the next evening were three:

First, a preliminary set-to between Jim Manly and Stimpson.

Second, a general charge on Jerry's position.

Third, a supplementary talk between Jimmy Riggs and his wife on the evolution of dough.

Jim Manly complained that Jericho Jones was not wishing to help, but to hinder, the cause of science. The dug-out as an illustration did not represent the case fairly. A dug-out is a senseless piece of wood. But the bioplasm of science has life; and it is the life which enables it to evolve and differentiate.

Stimpson replied—

"Well, Jim, that, instead of making it easier, only makes it harder for you to explain. For instance: on your work-bench you have a screw-driver made out of an old file. Now, it wouldn't do to say that that file had made itself into a screw-driver; it's your business to account for the change. You have also on your work-bench another screw-driver, though a very small one. The top of the handle screws off. Inside are a dozen little implements of one kind and another—a little corkscrew, a bradawl, a punch, a tiny saw—any one of which can be fitted on the end and used. The instrument can punch; it can bore; it can file; it can saw; and what not. Now, it is much harder to explain the origin of that set of tools than of the first one; but suppose, in addition to its being able to do a good many kinds of work, that the bradawl handle had the power of working itself, and, still more, had the power to discern where its work was needed; that it could see where a hole was needed, and could make it; could see where a line was needed, and could mark it; could chisel a little at one time and rasp a little at another; and, without anybody's help or anybody's handling it, could make some ingenious piece of cabinet work. You would certainly have a marvellous tool, and you would have a big job on hand to tell how it came to do all that.

"So about your bioplasm. You say that it has life, and therefore it knows how to do things. You have got a harder question to answer now than you had before. Tell me, what is life? Where does it come from? If I should ask you how the little handle came to do such a piece of cabinet-work, and you shall tell that it was because it had power to do so, you would not be answering my question. I ask you, how is it the bioplasm does this? Before, there were two questions to be put to you:

"*First.* Where did bioplasm come from?

"*Second.* How did it get its power to differentiate?

"And now to these you render necessary the addition of another question:

"*Third.* Where did the bioplasm get its life from?

"It did not always have it; it originated at some time. It must either have originated from an outside source, or it must have originated from itself. You, who boast of your scientific knowledge, do not like to admit that this life came from some independent and outside source, because that would lead you too near to the recognition of a personal God. You prefer to believe that life originated itself. Indeed, you are forced to hold that view if you reject the other. And if you hold that perishable life originates itself, then I don't see that Jericho is so very unscientific when he teaches that his dug-out gradually evolved some sort of intelligence and some sort of differentiating power of its own. It might require myriads and myriads of ages, and a succession of myriads of dug-outs one after the other, each one showing an infinitesimal advance upon the preceding ones, before we reach the period of even the homely Indian canoe which Jerry takes as his bioplasm. His talk is nonsensical, I know; but then, to tell you the honest truth, Jim, so is yours. I can't see that there is any substantial difference between you. You insist upon unlimited time; that's all he wants. Besides, you know, you teach that this world, in its present state, is tens of thousands of years old. Who knows but the ancestors of Jericho's dug-out go 'way back beyond the Carboniferous period? If one atom of matter can originate life, I don't see why another cannot. Your leading scientists aver that the promise and potency of all life was in the fire-mist of the remote ages of the past. Mark you, they say *all* life. Now, do give Jerry's dug-out a little of the benefit of the supposition.

"The fact is, Jim, if anybody else would talk about ordinary matters as scientists talk about their matters, people would set him down as a natural-born fool. Both you and I were at the great Exposition in Philadelphia. You saw the huge Corliss engine. All around it, in every direction, ingenious machines were at work. Some were pumping water; some were weaving; some were printing; some were sewing. You did not see the power that moved all these things: all you saw was matter, force, and motion. Now, suppose I had chosen to deny that there was any intelligence behind all this, would you set me down for a knave or for a fool? Suppose I should say to you, there is nothing here but mechanical law, and 'science is its prophet;' I should be doing just what the worshippers of science are doing every day. I behold the movements of the ponderous engine, and I cry out—'No builder!' I see the looms working out their marvellous patterns of beauty, and I cry out—'No designer!' I see the printing-press throwing off printed sheets faster than I can pick them up, and I cry—'No artificer!' I behold a thousand objects of ingenious handicraft, and I cry—'No maker!'

"Your men of science look at this wondrous earth, with its innumerable adaptations to specific ends, and they cry out—'No Creator!' They behold the wondrous movement of the heavenly bodies, and they cry out—'No God!' 'No Preserver!' 'No Providence!' They say they do not see a Creator at work; they say they have never seen him at work. Why, therefore, should they admit there is one? But because they say they do not see the hand of a Creator, is that evidence that there is no Creator? I might go through a machine-shop where a hundred kinds of work are done; I might possibly, by great care and by dodging this way and that, manage to avoid seeing directly any one at work. Then I might go away and say I saw the engine in process of building, but declare upon my word of honour that I did not see anyone at work on it. To maintain and perpetuate ignorance in such a case must demand consummate tact and skill. Your men of science, while examining and probing the innumerable things that God has made, can never for a single moment escape the evidence of design; and yet they declare themselves ignorant of the existence of a Creator. The achievement of ignorance, under such circumstances, is a greater feat of genius than any of their discoveries has ever been."

WINDING UP, FOR THE PRESENT, THE SCIENCE DISCUSSION.

The neighbours were out in force the following night. Before the evening was over some of them turned upon Jericho Jones. They were determined to finish the battle that had been begun when the book agent was there a fornight ago.

"Come, now, Jerry," said one of them; "we will, for the present, raise no question as to whether your iron-clad was made or was developed. But just tell us where that original dug-out came from which you said formed your protoplasm."

"I told you," said Jerry, "that it originated from matter, force, and motion."

"Yes, but is that all?" said the other.

"Science *knows* of nothing back of that," retorted Jerry.

"Jerry," his inquisitor resumed, "there's that bundle of shingles you are sitting on: it is composed of matter. The shingles were cut by means of force, and the force was attended by motion; but was there no fourth element connected with its manufacture--no mechanic who had a hand in it?"

"Of course, there was," said Jerry.

"Well, then," returned the other, "do you pretend to say that the universe came into existence from matter, force, and motion only without any Creator to wield them all?"

"Nothing but what we scientists call the Unknown and the Unknowable."

"Do you pretend to say, Jerry, that nobody can know anything whatever about that unseen power—whether it is intelligent, or is wise, or has any design or plan or purpose?"

"I do," said Jerry. "I would have you know, neighbours, that I am an Agnostic;" and he folded his arms in proud complacency.

About half the company were familiar with the word; the others were not. The former burst into a roar of merriment; the latter were dazed for a moment.

Jimmy Riggs spoke up—

"An Agnostic! Now, what is that again?"

An appeal was made to the schoolmaster to explain the word.

"An Agnostic," he replied, "Jimmy, is an ignoramus. 'Agnostic' is a Greek word, and means 'one who does not know anything.' 'Ignoramus' is a Latin word, and means about the same thing."

"Do you mean to say," asked Jimmy again, "that an Agnostic is a natural-born fool or a self-made fool?"

"Far from it, Jimmy; he is not so much a natural-born fool as a self-made fool—which is something a great deal worse. However, there is a difference in the use of the words. An ignoramus usually means a poor dolt or dunce who has never had a chance to learn anything; an Agnostic is a lofty term which scientists assume to cover wilful ignorance."

Jimmy lapsed into a profound and silent endeavour to grapple with the new ideas thus sprung upon him.

The schoolmaster continued his remarks for the benefit of the others—

"You see, neighbours, it is just here: there are only three ways possible of finding out the origin and the drift of all things:

"*First*, to be on the spot and see with one's own eyes. Of course, that is out of the question.

"*Second*, to learn by inference, which is an application of the doctrine that a design proves a designer. Many scientists fight against this mode of dealing with the subject. The only real reason for so doing is that they do not like to accept the conclusions to which the evidences of design would lead them—the recognition of an almighty and personal God.

"*Third*, testimony of a witness—that is, of the Creator. The scientists do not like to admit any Creator. They trace the origin of the locomotive up to the machine-shop. There they abruptly stop, saying, 'here is matter, force, and motion.' They refuse to step within the workshop and face the engineer

who built the locomotive. Up to the point of reaching the Creator, sceptical scientists profess to know almost everything; beyond that point they deny that it is possible to know anything. They say, 'It is impossible we should find out anything about the engineer who is alleged to have made this locomotive. We don't know anything, and we don't want to know anything. Let us enjoy the locomotive itself. Eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

When the company dispersed, Jimmy betook himself home. His wife asked him—

"Jimmy, what was all that racket over at the saw-mill about?"

"Well, I don't know that I can exactly tell, Hannah; I am a good deal mixed in my own mind about it. But they say that all the different things in the world made themselves—sort of grew, like."

Dame Riggs opened her eyes and stared at Jimmy, waiting for further information. Jimmy floundered along as best he could.

"And where did all that nonsense start from?"

"It was commenced," Jimmy replied, "by that book agent who was here two weeks ago. He was backed up by Jerry Jones; but I don't think Jerry believed a word of what he was saying. He is always talking some sort of nonsense. The book agent explained it to us by speaking of your dough that you make into biscuits and crullers. He said that dough divided itself up into one thing and another of its own accord."

Dame Riggs's eyes snapped—

"Did he mean to say that I had nothing to do with making those biscuits?"

Jimmy was meek, and took an alarm:

"Well, really, Hannah, I don't exactly know what he did mean."

Just at this moment who should come in but Jerry Jones himself, who wanted to borrow some little thing from Jimmy.

Dame Riggs turned to him—

"Well, Jerry, what is all this nonsense that has been going on over at the saw-mill?"

Jerry went on to explain that all things were evolved, or developed, or made up, out of one simple material—

"Just for instance, Mrs. Riggs, as all your nice bread and biscuits and jumbles came from one original piece of dough."

"Yes, but who made them different, and where did the dough come from?" quickly asked Hannah, who had common sense, if not science.

Jerry made an evasive reply.

The dame put another question—

"And did the heavens and the earth have no Creator, either?"

"Well, we scientists don't know of any Creator."

"And, Jerry, do you make your ignorance the measure of other people's knowledge?" The dame looked at him for a moment or two in silence. Then she said slowly, with a mixture of pity and contempt, "Jerry, if I didn't know that you did have common sense when you choose to use it, I would set you down as an idiot. If that's all you have to talk about over there, you and Jimmy both ought to be at home."

Unwise demands of doubters.

TO reject the evidence of prophecy *till all divines shall agree exactly about it*, argues a conduct as wise in the infidels as if they should decline sitting down to a good dinner, *till all the clocks in London and Westminster struck four together.—From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*

Notices of Books.

A Memorial of the Rev. Edward Steane, D.D., in an account of the Service at Norwood, and a Discourse at Camberwell. By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. 1s. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SMALL but sweet memorial of a good man, who followed peace with all men, and yet held fast to truth. He did not blaze, but he shone. His work in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance was balanced by his secretaryship of the Baptist Union; thus he proved himself to be both a man of peace and a man of principle. He was a greater man than he is as yet thought to have been, and his enduring works will prove it. At eighty-four it was time for him to go home, and he fell asleep and found himself there.

Scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress. By RICHARD BALL RUTTER. Trübner and Co.

WE are told that the ancient Arabs had a very acute sense of justice and propriety. They used to hold poetical contests at Mecca. When the poems gave satisfaction, they hung them up *in the mosque;* and when they didn't give satisfaction, they hung the poets up *outside of it.* In this case we should neither hang the poet outside the mosque, nor the poem inside the building. We delight in any man who reverences honest John; but yet we like Bunyan better in prose than in verse. Such prose as his excels all verse, be the poet who he may, and so we are not censuring Mr. Rutter, who is capable of great things. The paper, typography, and general get-up of the volume are in fine harmony with the subject and style; and the book will be read with interest by many. The hand of a master may be seen in these versified scenes, and we feel sure that the world will hear of Mr. Rutter again and again.

The Postman is one of the cheapest and best of our evangelistic papers. *The Railway Signal* is a new venture, but is well adapted for its special sphere. *The Commonwealth* improves, and promises to become a great power for good. *The Christian Chronicle* displays much ability; we do not wonder when we remember that Dr. Parker edits it. *The Christian World*, always leading the way in talent, has also caused us far less pain of late by looseness of teaching, and of this we are sincerely glad. *The Christian Herald* is very popular, and is to be commended for all but its prophetic maunderings.

Messrs. Cassell's *Quiver* and *Little Folks* keep up to their high level; we cannot see that more is possible. *The Holy Land, from original drawings, by David Roberts*, has now reached Part 37, and it will be a great possession to those who get the whole of it. Time was when none but the wealthy could have owned such an estate.

Ward and Lock proceed with their excellent *Universal Instructor*, a great educational work, worthy of high praise. They are also about half way through with *Adam Clarke's Commentary.* What a mass of type in each shilling part; we do not know how it can be done for the money.

The Sunday School Union continues *The Biblical Treasury*, which every teacher should purchase without fail. *Young England*, the paper for boys, to battle with the penny dreadfuls, is continued and improved.

Good Words, the Sunday Magazine, Sunday at Home, and Leisure Hour, are all of an exceedingly high class, and are so well known that it is sufficient to say that we receive them and value them. *The General Baptist Magazine* continues to be all alive. *The Gospel Magazine* is as sound and experimental as ever, and the *Baptist Messenger* continues its useful career among the multitude.

With the Prophets Joel, Amos, and Jonah, being Church and Home Lessons from three minor Prophets. By ALFRED CLAYTON THISELTON. Nisbet and Co.

BRIEF, striking gospel sermons from texts selected from three of the minor prophecies. The type will suit weak sight, and the truth will cheer faint hearts.

The whole Works of John Bunyan. Edited by GEORGE OFFOR, Esq. Three vols. Blackie and Sons, Paternoster-row.

THIS edition of Bunyan, in three splendid volumes, has long been before the public, and may be regarded as the standard copy of the great dreamer's works. Mr. George Offor has done all for Bunyan that can be done. We can hardly believe in the possibility of a more enthusiastic, careful, and capable editor being found on the face of the earth. In addition to this, the plates are good, and the printing and binding are excellent, so that the edition is in all respects a fine one. The price is £2 17s. for the whole. All Bunyan's books are precious, and some of the least known are the most valuable: there are sixty-two of them, and so the reader has a mass before him. It is wonderful that all these treatises can be reproduced in so correct a form, since they were originally issued for the poor, and were very incorrectly printed and upon the worst of paper. Since the first appearance they have encountered many dangers, and have been altered, interpolated, mutilated, and issued in even coarser forms than at the first. Even eminent publishers have taken upon themselves to amend Bunyan, so that his language might not offend the ears of this polite generation! It is, therefore, a great mercy that one pure edition remains, and Bunyan in pristine beauty is yet among us. It must be nearly twenty years since we first commended Mr. Blackie's edition; we have not altered our mind, but again very heartily wish it a renewed sale. The more "honest John" is read, the more honest Johns there will be. Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!

Lectures by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D.D. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C., and 66, Paternoster Row.

WHO that ever heard one of Mr. Punshon's lectures will ever forget it or him? We felt overdone with good things when we heard his Macaulay. We were then able to understand the primitive's grace when he had dined with the squire: the good brother blessed the Lord that he did not have such a good dinner every day in the week, for if he had been so indulged he would have been ill. Our feeling was just the same when the matchless orator permitted us to rest from his banquet. We had taken in all that our limited capacity allowed. We can hardly realize that the beloved Punshon is gone. A star is eclipsed, a pillar of the temple removed. Surely everybody will be glad to have these grand lectures in one handsome handy book. They form a fit sequel to the first volume, which contains specimen sermons.

The Story of Naaman. By Rev. A. B. MACKAY, author of "The Glory of the Cross." Hodder and Stoughton.

NAAMAN, the Syrian, is a favourite representative of the proud sinner who at length swallows his pride and obeys the simple command of the gospel. Rogers of old discoursed a folio volume upon the Syrian leper and did not exhaust his theme, for here comes Mr. Mackay of Montreal with a much smaller affair, and with something which Rogers did not say. Sympathy with seeking sinners is apparent on every page, and we trust the little book will guide many a sin-sick sinner to that river which cleanses the soul's leprosy.

A Companion for the Lord's-day. By a Devonshire Clergyman. Hatchards.

PLAIN and simple addresses for Sunday reading. Bating their mild *Churchianity*, they are most excellent in tone and spirit. They are like a thousand others; neither better nor worse.

Our Little Willie: a flower from Italy. By ANNIE GUERRITORE.

A MOTHER'S tender, fond memorial of her little child now gone to rest. There is nothing very wonderful to relate, but there is a quiet under-current of sweet submission to affliction which will strike a chord in the Christian's heart. May it help other mourners.

Homewards: or, Rays of Light. Loving words for girls. By A. E. WINTER. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A MONTH'S evening readings for girls. Short, sweet, spiritual—a capital companion to the same authoress's "Havenwards."

The Difficulties of the Soul. By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

We deeply sympathize with the aim of this little book. The great mission-preacher rejoices to see the careless awakened to a sense of their lost estate, and anxious to obtain a knowledge of salvation. The *word* proclaimed from the pulpit has effected this. But now the converts need counsel; they want personal direction; they ought to have pastoral guidance. The whole parish was astir for ten days while the missioner was there: he has moved on; how fares it with those whose hearts have been touched? This is a burning question, or, mayhap, a freezing one. Let us hear what Mr. Aitken himself has to say on the subject out of his large experience. We can only afford space for one paragraph. "It is most necessary that our faith should be brought to some kind of definite expression, otherwise it wastes its energies in mere vague admissions. This end would seem to have been attained in apostolic times by the primitive mode of employing the ordinance of baptism. When an enquirer was really anxious to commit himself to the obedience of faith, he was immediately led to the water of baptism, and in the very act of submitting to this ordinance his faith was, so to speak, brought to a definite focus; and thus, in the act of baptism, early believers saw themselves buried and raised with Christ." Pp. 161, 162. What say our church friends to this? Is there no way by which their practice can be reconciled to the belief of many, and to the plain declaration of Holy Scripture? Does not the world move after all?

The Newer Criticism and the Analogy of the Faith. By Robert Watts, D.D., Belfast. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

Dr. Watts is "professor of systematic theology in the General Assembly's College, Belfast," and he issues this volume as "*a reply to lectures by W. Robertson Smith, M.A., on the Old Testament in the Jewish church.*" With such a controversy we have no wish to meddle. Mr. Robertson Smith enjoys a fair reputation among scholars; but let him be never so intelligent and enthusiastic a student of "mouldering manuscripts raked up from the dust heaps of the Mosques of Cairo," he ought to have understood that his appointment to "*a chair*" in Aberdeen implied an obligation to teach "*the standards*" of the Free Church of Scotland, and not to start any new hypothesis among his pupils. If he diverges from the obvious path of duty it is unfair, and "*the Commission*" dismisses or suspends him as a matter of course. To "the Scottish public" he may appeal in a series of lectures, but he is wrong to suppose that he has a grievance. Were his every oration applauded to the echo it would not convince us that he was morally right in the first instance. Surely our church organizations ought not to be less clearly defined than political clubs, to which members are elected with an understanding. "*The Carlton*" is not for Radicals: "*The Cobden*" is not for Protectionists, and we can hardly imagine that "*The Free Kirk*" was ever intended to nourish free-thinking. Dr. Watts answers his adversary wisely and well. Our readers, however kind, would not thank us very cordially for introducing "*The Newer Criticism*" to their notice. "*The post-exilic date of the Levitical Torah*" would probably puzzle them. At the mere suggestion that Ezra the scribe wrote or compiled the Five Books of Moses after the Babylonish captivity, they might reasonably lift up their hands in blank astonishment, and exclaim — "Well I never! What next?"

The Vision of Patmos. By the Rev. W. R. Stephens, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The reverend gentleman has published nine neat sermonettes on "The Son of man in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." Rev. i. 12—18. They make a nice little book. "The profits of the sale will be applied towards building a new English church at Brussels." Of your charity therefore purchase a copy. Perhaps you will be pleased with yourself for having done so, should you pass through Belgium on your route to the Rhine, and see the proposed edifice completed.

A Maiden's Work. By Lady Hope. Nisbet and Co.

"A simple tale of simple work done for the Master's sake, and beneath his blessing, that is all!" Thus the preface opens. But the simple tale is simply delightful. It is a story of bright, cheerful, Christian labour in village homes and in the "coffee-room," written in a strain of poetic beauty and of abounding life, which shows how thoroughly gaiety and piety can dwell together in the same heart. We could wish nothing better than that Christian maidens should read this charming book, and multiply a hundredfold such labours as are here recorded.

School Girls; or, Life at Montagu Hall. By Annie Carey. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

An excellent book. School girls and teachers alike may glean to advantage in this field. It is the story of a session or two at a ladies' school. The mistress is as attractive as she is wise: the girls are graphically sketched, and great discrimination is shown in the training of their various characters. The book is of high tone, and calculated to do much good. The talented authoress did not live to see its publication.

Hours with Girls. By Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, of New York. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Attractive, chatty, wholesome. If girls want wise and entertaining counsel on the right use of time, self-control, reading the Bible, courtship and marriage, pen, ink, and paper, and a multitude of other such topics, let them get hold of Mrs. Sangster's book.

Girls and their ways. By One who Knows Them. John Hogg, Paternoster-row.

Gossipy, jerky, and confidential; largely made up of quotations from here, there, and everywhere. A rapid, restless book, on very good terms with itself. But how can "our girls," as the writer incessantly calls them, do all that is here set down? We should stand amazed at a girl who should plough through the acres of reading here recommended. The author enumerates about 50 poets, 90 novelists, 76 historians, 92 biographers, 60 travellers, theologians 27, miscellaneous writers 50, scientific writers 21, as the gentle programme of a girl's reading. What other "ways" a girl would find time to indulge in we are at a loss to know. Still, the book is interesting and bright, and many a girl will enjoy it.

On the Early Training of Girls and Boys: an Appeal to Working Women. By Ellice Hopkins. Hatchards. Price 4d.

About some Girls. By E. T. M. Jarrold and Sons, Paternoster-row. The Ladies' Sanitary Association, 22, Berners-street. Price 1d.

The first is a serious and earnest appeal to working women to train their children so as to shield them from degradation in after life. In London alone there are some eighty thousand lost women. Well-meant and well-directed efforts are made for their reclamation; but prevention is better than cure. The evil should be averted by judicious home training. Miss Hopkins has consecrated her life to the rescue of the fallen. God bless her in it.

The second is a pamphlet of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and deals with the hard lot of shop girls. While the British workman restricts his labour to fifty-four hours, the great majority of the delicate shop-girls work seventy-two hours a week, and Saturday is the longest day of all. Why do Christian ladies do their shopping on Saturday afternoons, and even late on Saturday nights?

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as by want of heart."

Arabian Nights' Entertainments. New edition by Ward and Lock. Part I. Sixpence.

The man who called the Falls of Niagara "a Drop of water," was very far gone in punning, and so was he who looked over this book, and exclaimed "Good night to Arabi." This is number one of a capital reproduction of a famous book, which has been read among all nations for many an age, and finds readers still. It is rather out of the track of this magazine, but we cannot refuse to say that the work is bountifully illustrated by Millais, Tenniel, Dalziel, etc.

The Life and Ministry of John the Baptist. By ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THOSE who cannot obtain the great volume of Dr. Reynolds, or read the semi-prophetic writings of Edward Irving, will do very well if they feed upon the wholesome words of Dr. Symington. He has here set forth the marrow of the Forerunner's witness, and nothing that is needful for spiritual nutriment is left out. We are specially pleased to see our author laying great stress upon the value of deep, humbling, self-abasing views of sin. He admires John's thoroughness in the matter of repentance, and so do we. Sometimes we are inclined to think that a very great portion of modern revivalism has been more a curse than a blessing, because it has led thousands to a kind of peace before they have known their misery; restoring the prodigal to the Father's house, and never making him say, "Father, I have sinned." How can he be healed who is not sick? or he be satisfied with the bread of life who is not hungry? The old-fashioned sense of sin is despised, and consequently a religion is run up before the foundations are dug out. Everything in this age is shallow. Deep-sea fishing is almost an extinct business so far as men's souls are concerned. The consequence is that men leap into religion, and then leap out again. Unhumbled they came to the church, unhumbled they remained in it, and unhumbled they go from it. We trust that Dr. Symington's faithful words on this point will be weighed by Christian men.

We elevate this volume to our own shelves for future use, and we wish for the work a wide circulation and great acceptance.

The Student's Concordance to the Revised Version of the New Testament. Bemrose and Sons.

THOSE who are fond of using the Revised Version will value this Concordance. No student needs to be informed of the value of a Concordance; it is to the minister a hammer, a foot-rule, a knife, and all tools in one. Of course, it is as needful for readers of the Revised Version as for those who say "the old is better." Is the old better? We think it is in many respects; but the Revised Version has its advantages, and it is assuredly a great help to the English reader if he uses it by way of reference. We hope we shall never hear the New Version read from the pulpit in place of the old, for it has a foreign, un-English sound about it. Oh, that there had been on the committee one man of pure Saxon speech! Anyhow, the Concordance will be handy.

The Homiletic Magazine. Monthly. James Nisbet and Co.

THERE is always something fresh in *The Homiletic Magazine*, and many of its outlines and articles display remarkable ability. We could not stand security for the unswerving soundness of its teaching; but men who have had their senses exercised cannot fail to own that it contains much that is to edification. The magazine really answers to its title, and is a good shilling's-worth.

Spiritual Life in its Advancing Stages. By G. ROBERT WYNNE, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street, W.

THE charm of this little treatise consists in this, that the writer entertains his readers by interviewing the devotional authors of distant centuries: now Augustine; anon Thomas à Kempis, Francis de Sales, or Fenelon; then Andrews, Ken, and George Herbert are reconnoitred; but Baxter, Bunyan, and Doddridge; Faber, Wilson, and Goulburn, with a multitude of others, come in for passing notice. We presume that Mr. Wynne is himself "*a sound churchman*" (English or Irish?)—not an advanced Ritualist, nor yet an ultra Protestant. He holds a limited view of the inspiration of Holy Scripture (p. 161). The creeds and articles of some catholic church or other temper the authority and enhance the value of the Bible in his estimation. We have no wish to disparage so fair a digest of the sage maxims of the most renowned Christian worthies; but as an educational book we should rather commend it to discreet tutors than to undiscriminating pupils.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1883 will be ready in a few days. Large numbers of friends use the daily texts, and prize them.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1883 may also be had at once, for one penny. It is larger and better illustrated than ever. Friends of temperance and thrift should see it put up in every workshop. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster publish both these cheap pennyworths.

Notes.

This month has been a specially barren one as to help rendered to the various institutions under our care. Friends have been out of town, they have spent their money in other ways, and business has been dull. We reckon that nearly six hundred persons are dependent upon our incomings, and it would be a serious thing to contemplate a time of distress; but we do not contemplate it. On the contrary, we believe that our God will fill up all our need, and the more needs we have, the more room there will be to contain the fulness of his liberality. In undertaking the care of others we have borrowed empty vessels not a few, and we now expect to see them filled by that same hand which multiplied the oil in the olden times. The College, which is our first and chief institution, is the one which seems to be least remembered. Common humanity pleads for orphans; but there must be a love of the gospel to make a man care for students.

It would have greatly delighted us had we obtained large and speedy help for the building of the meeting-house for our son in Auckland. We acknowledge with hearty thanks the amount which we have received, which has now reached £140, but we should like to see it made £500 at the least. Here are some extracts written by one of his deacons to another deacon now in London:—

Extracts from letter, *14th June*, from Auckland (from Mr. Matthews, Church Secretary):—

"Now to that which I expect will interest you most—Church work and school work. The Master continues to give his blessing. On 31st May, nineteen were baptized, sixteen of whom were present to receive the right hand of fellowship on the following Sunday. It made my heart sing with joy to see sixteen, all standing up—the young maiden of twelve, and the aged grandmother of seventy. The service seemed so good, for as we communed with the Lord we had so much to bless and praise him for; besides, Mr. Spurgeon seemed so joyful himself that he *let out*, and, as he spoke, you could recognise the praise of a heart overflowing with joy. We had a large attendance of members.

"At our last church-meeting seven were proposed for membership,—praise the Lord for another seven,—at our next church meeting seven more names will be submitted. On looking over my list I find Mr. Spurgeon has baptized seventy since his coming to us (seven and a-half months), all but ten of whom have joined the church.

"Last Sunday week we had an overflowing congregation at the Choral Hall. We were somewhat astonished at the stream of people coming in, till the gallery was filled, and the orchestra almost so. *Every* chair about the building was placed down the aisles, and occupied. Mr. Spurgeon preached on 'Returning to the Lord' — 'I will heal thy backsliding.' He *was* good, as he always is; but that evening, as well as in the morning, he seemed so full of fire and love to and for souls. The Lord, I feel sure, blessed that sermon to many there; in fact, I know he did, for on Tuesday evening Mr. Spurgeon had some to visit him who acknowledged their backslidings, and came to speak with him.

"Wednesday evening prayer-meetings still continue to draw a large attendance. Last Wednesday, although the evening was very wet, the room was well filled. The evening was cold, but there was a good warm feeling, we had good earnest prayers, a good many, but short and full of the true spirit. Mr. Spurgeon was surprised at the attendance; he expressed his joy that the rain and cold did not damp and cool the spirit of the people to hear of and meet with the Lord. May it ever be so.

"*June 20th.*—On Sunday we had a larger congregation than ever at the Choral Hall. Mr. Spurgeon preached from 'My Lord and my God,' — the exclamation of Thomas when he beheld his Saviour. The lesson was,—The sin of unbelief, the mischief it wrought, and the ruin that goes with it. In the morning, 'By the grace of God I am what I am',—two good, stirring sermons. Mrs. Hampson was with us in the evening, and at the communion service offered a beautiful prayer, and thanksgiving for the poured-out blood.

"*July 14th.*—Last baptism there were twelve, seven of whom were received into fellowship the Sunday following. There are seven names to be submitted next church meeting. Praise the Lord for the seven, but I wish it was seven times seven. Congregations keep up well: Sundays for the last five weeks have been wet and cold, and therefore most uncomfortable; but for all

that the people come to be warmed in their souls. When once inside the chapel and the hall, the doors being shut, and the Holy Spirit warming up the people in their hearts, we then have a good time. The young man wears well, no diminution of 'a new way of telling the old, old story.' The people like him, for he is personal, spares not to tell of God's anger as well as his love; he does not mince matters, yet is so earnest in his appeals to heart and mind. On Sunday evening last he was *good* on 'The soul that *sinneth*, IT SHALL DIE.' In the morning, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate'—prayer-meetings as usual, notwithstanding bad weather, well attended.

"On Thursday next Mr. Spurgeon gives his lecture in the Choral Hall on 'John Ploughman and his Pictures.' We hope for a good attendance, and grand success financially.

"*July 17th.* — Yesterday, Choral Hall filled. Mr. Spurgeon had to ask the friends to sit closer, so as to make room for the people who continued to flock in. Praise the Lord, the people are not tired of hearing the gospel of Christ. He spoke from 'Abide with me,' the story of the walk to Emmaus, the entering in to the disciples' home, the breaking of bread, and his being made known to them. Dear me, what a lot 'T. S.' got out of that text! In the morning we had the continuation of the previous Sabbath's sermon, 'If any man sin, we have an *Advocate* with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' He dwelt specially on Jesus being our *Advocate*. I wish I had time to tell you of the glorious truths he unfolded both morning and evening. When I tell you that he felt *in trim*, you can imagine how he *let out*, filled with power from on high, he preached with boldness 'Christ Jesus.'"

The following note speaks for itself:—

"Auckland, May 30th, 1882.

"My very dear father,—Am I asking too much when I request you to notify in *The Sword and the Trowel* the fact that photos of its Antipodean correspondent are on sale — proceeds to be devoted to the Auckland Tabernacle? The prices are—cartes, 1s.; cabinets, 2s. They may be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings; Mr. G. Brown, 72, Newington Butts; Mr. B. Buckmaster, 46, Newington Butts; or of Mr. H. Driver, Pastors' College, Newington, London, S.E., who will forward copies to any address, post free, on receipt of stamps or postal order. "Your loving son,

"TOM."

TEMPERANCE WORK.—The meetings connected with the Gospel Temperance movement, which have been held in the Tabernacle, have been singularly successful so far as the taking of pledges is concerned, 12,062 persons having signed. We are, however, looking for conversions. Some few have already come forward of a deeply interesting character, but we desire and expect many more. Men who were not attendants at the house of prayer have become sober, and, being so, have come to hear the gospel, and this is no small gain if by hearing they shall be led to Jesus. Mr. R. T. Booth is a thoroughly earnest and efficient worker, and loves not temperance alone, but Jesus also. The temperance work with us is in the hands of Christian men, to whom beyond all things Christ is dear, and they regard anything short of the new birth as short of that for which they live and labour. As for us, it is our joy to help them, but our own work lies in the preaching of the gospel, and by that work all our energies are absorbed.

One of our beloved officers, upon the news of Arabi's defeat, gave us the following hint for an address. It is capital. As it has not been used, and ought not to be lost, we pass it on to our brethren, who will find it highly suggestive:—

"How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment!—they are utterly consumed with terrors."—Ps. lxxiii. 19.

The rebels against God are quickly routed. I. *Their strong confidence.* 1. A popular pretext and a pretentious watchword. "Egypt for the Egyptians!" "The world for the worldly!" 2. A powerful majority, an immense show of numbers on their side. 3. The best modern weapons of warfare. The strong fortifications behind which they can defend themselves in perfect security. 4. The patience with which their possession was left so long unassailed. 5. Their utter ignorance that the day was fixed for their destruction. They are hiding themselves behind earthworks. II. *Their foolish contempt of the forces arrayed against them.* They know that an attack is imminent, they have calculated the strength of the besiegers, and considered their own power of resistance. But—1. The *time* is a surprise. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the night. At day-break. 2. The *point* of *attack* is a surprise: at the best guarded spot: nay, all along the line at once. 3. The *manner* of attack is a still greater surprise. The long-range guns are of no use when they are run in at close quarters. 4. The *collapse* of their confederacy is the greatest surprise of all. The well-disciplined army proves to be only an ill-conditioned mob. They fall slain, or they run for escape, or they are taken prisoners. Not one escapes. "In a moment." Only twenty minutes.

On *Wednesday, the 6th of September*, a ZENANA GARDEN PARTY was given by Mr. and Mrs. Allison at their country residence, Orpington. There were nearly one hundred and fifty present, mostly members of the Tabernacle, and, as the day was very fine, they enjoyed the delightful scenery for which Kent is famous. A meeting was held

in the tent, in which tea had been served, when some interesting particulars of Zenana work were given by Mrs. Rouse and Mr. W. Olney. Mrs. Allison, who has undertaken a Zenana Auxiliary, in conjunction with Mrs. Charles Murrell, also addressed the ladies, and succeeded in securing substantial aid to the funds. Now that the ladies of the Tabernacle have taken up this work in such good earnest we feel quite sure they will not rest until our church is represented by several workers in connection with the Zenana Mission. The only hope for the women of India is in the gospel, and this can only reach them by their Christian sisters, who, out of love to Christ, are willing to devote themselves to such a sacred calling.

The donors of the jewellery presented to the Zenana Mission may be glad to know that the amount realized by its sale was £6 12s. 6d.

On *Monday evening, September* 18, a united communion service of the deacons and elders of the church was held at the Tabernacle, and at the prayer-meeting which followed, the three newly-elected elders, Brethren Cox, Sedcole, and Hill, were specially commended to the Lord in prayer by Mr. Wm. Olney.

At the same meeting Mr. A. W. Wood asked the prayers of the church on leaving the college to become pastor of Havelock church, Agra. Mr. J. C. Parry, a member of the Baptist Missionary Committee, who had long resided in Agra described the position Mr. Wood was going to occupy, and prayer was offered on his behalf by his father, Mr. B. W. Carr, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

College.—Since our last notice Mr. E. B. Carr has accepted the pastorate of "the church of Christ," at Southport, Lancashire; and Mr. W. T. Soper has settled at Hatherleigh, Devon.

Mr. W. Gillard has removed from Appledore to Bideford; and Mr. W. L. Mayo, of Chepstow, who assists in the Hop-pickers' Mission, has decided to devote himself to the villages around Goudhurst, Kent, in the hope of labouring permanently among the people who have hitherto only been visited by our brethren during the hop-picking season.

Mr. J. Coker has removed from Vineyard Haven, Mass., to Belvidere, Illinois, U.S.A.; and Mr. J. Clark, from Yarmouth, to Nictaux, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. Mr. W. Coller has left Newcastle, New South Wales, for Williamstown, Victoria; and Mr. F. Page, of Yorke's Peninsula, has become pastor at South Yarra, Victoria.

Mr. J. A. Soper, who has been pastor of the church at Lordship Lane, Dulwich, for the last two years, has sailed for Australia. Mr. Harry Wood, who has done noble service as an evangelist in various parts of England and Ireland since he returned from Australia, finds that our variable climate will not permit him to remain in this country, and he has therefore arranged to sail for Melbourne, with his wife, on October 19, in the *Chimborazo*. He is prepared to labour wherever the Lord sends him, but his previous experience in the Colonies has taught him that the climate of Victoria is the most suitable for him, so that he will be glad to hear on his arrival of any vacant church or opening for work in that region. We are sorry to have to part with him again, but glad that our loss will be the gain of the church at the Antipodes. Mr. Blaikie has safely reached Melbourne, and we hope by this time he has become pastor of one of the churches in Victoria.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. A. Billington has been obliged to come home from the Congo Mission, in consequence of repeated attacks of fever. He is much better, and hopes to be able to return to Africa early next year. We regret also that our Medical Missionary student, Mr. J. H. Dean, has had to come back from Blantyre invalided.

On *Friday afternoon, August* 25, the half-yearly meeting of the Students' Missionary Association was held at the College. The President and Vice-president were present, and addresses were delivered by Mr. A. H. Baynes, Mr. Gogon Chunder Dutt, and Mr. Q. Y. Thomson, from the Cameroons, West Africa. Mr. Baynes has promised to pay the students another visit in November, and to confer with them on several matters in which he and they are mutually interested.

On *Thursday morning, September* 21, the sad and solemn news was brought to the College that one of our most promising students, Mr. E. Sturge, son of Pastor A. Sturge, of Dartford, had been found in his bed sweetly and calmly sleeping in Jesus. He had been with his brethren on the day before, and had not complained of any illness; but, apparently without warning, his Master called him up to the higher service of the skies.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton hope to commence their south-western tour at Bath on Oct. 1, moving on to Gloucester on Nov. 5.

Mr. Burnham, together with Pastors J. J. Kendon, W. L. Mayo, and M. Mather, have been at work during the past month among the hop-pickers in Kent.

In addition to the amounts acknowledged last month we have received for this Mission from Grace Stevens, 10s.; Messrs. Thomas Salt and Co., £5; H. K., 2s. Up to the 12th ult., including the above amounts, £62 9s. 6d., had been sent to Mr. Burnham or Mr. Kendon, in response to their appeal, for this year's Mission.

Mr. Burnham's engagements for this month are—Oct. 9 to 15, Park-street, Luton; 16 to 22, Collingham, Notts.

Orphanage.—Will all our collectors kindly remember the meeting to be held at the Orphanage on *Friday evening, Oct.*

13, and bring or send in their boxes and books with the amounts they have collected for the support of our large fatherless family? The President hopes to be present, and an attractive programme, consisting of singing, recitations, handbell ringing, and dissolving views, will be arranged for the young folks.

Kind friends are constantly finding out new methods of helping to increase the Orphanage funds. The choir of Wesley Chapel, Harrogate, has recently been giving a service of sacred song in several of the neighbouring Wesleyan Chapels, the proceeds being devoted to the Stockwell Orphanage, and two similar institutions. We have received as our share four guineas, for which we very heartily thank all who helped to raise the amount.

The advice on *John Ploughman's Almanack* for Aug. 24 was, "If the harvest is good think of Mr. Spurgeon's orphans." Several friends did think of the orphans, and thought so much of them that they sent contributions towards their support. Among the rest came the following lines with twenty-four stamps:—

"My friend, I'm an orphan, my father is dead,
And life's brightest sunshine for ever has fled,
Accept my poor pittance, 'tis all I can spare,
For the fatherless children now under your care."

"John Ploughman" is always glad when anything he has written brings help for the orphans, and he hopes his new almanack, which is larger than any that have been issued before, will be even more useful than its predecessors.

COLPORTAGE.—The secretary reports that the only item calling for special mention is that arrangements are completed for starting new districts at Willingham, Cambridgeshire; Sevenoaks, Kent; and Durham. Some other districts are being given up, as the friends on the spot cannot continue to raise the necessary £40 per year, so that the number of men at work will not be increased. Mr. Jones will be glad to hear of districts where a colporteur can be sent, and the amount needed for his support can be guaranteed.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following is an extract from a letter recently received from the honoured widow of the murdered President of the United States:—"It is a choice treasure from my storehouse of beautiful memories that I sat beside General Garfield in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, one bright summer Sunday morning (August 4th, 1867), and listened to your voice. I have this morning re-read from his journal his account of that day. A sentence from it may interest you. After describing very fully his impressions of the great audience, of the preacher, and of the sermon, he closes thus:—'God bless Spurgeon! He is helping to work out the problem of religious and civil freedom for England in a way that he knows not of.'"

Pastor F. H. Newton, of the German Baptist Mission, writes us as follows from *Warschau*:—

"My dear Sir,—I have during the last few weeks been visiting a number of our Baptist Churches in Silesia and Russian Poland; and I think you will be interested to hear of their activity and Christian faith. In almost every town and village one of the first enquiries put to me is, '*And how is Brother Spurgeon?*' In many of the outlying stations, where no stated missionary can be sustained, your printed sermons are regularly made use of; and I am sure you will be thankful to our one Master to learn that here in Poland, and elsewhere, many of the church-members attribute their first religious awakening to hearing some of those sermons read. In the meetings which I have conducted in various towns during this tour, I have frequently taken the opportunity of referring to the work of God which you are carrying on in London and elsewhere; and I have thought it only right to tell you of the warm and frequent salutations that are entrusted to me for yourself from our poor and out-of-the-way Baptist brethren in these parts. They especially rejoice to learn that your sons are also preaching the word, and are particularly interested in the Book Fund established by 'Frau' Spurgeon."

A friend in *South Africa* writes:—"We live many miles from Cape Town, far away amongst the Cannisberg Mountains, and the nearest mission station is twenty-four miles away, so every Sabbath morning the servants who work in the house and on the farm are assembled, and my cousin reads a chapter from the Old Testament, and another from the New, and we have two or three hymns, and prayer, and one of your sermons read aloud, and this is our church. All enjoy 'Mr. Spurgeon's sermons' so much, and they are a blessing and a comfort to us all. We have a second service in the evening, and a second sermon, sometimes yours, and sometimes Dr. Talmage's, from the *Christian Herald*."

Dr. H. Schou, of Copenhagen, is just engaged in translating a number of our sermons into *Danish*. They have been selected with a view to providing an appropriate discourse for all the Sundays, festivals, and holy-days of the Danish ecclesiastical year.

M. Dardier, of the *Société Évangélique* of *Geneva*, informs us that on the occasion of a recent International Musical Competition in that city, he published a translation of our sermon on Matthew. viii. 11, 12 (Heaven and Hell, Nos. 39, 40), and distributed gratuitously 20,000 copies amongst the visitors. He is now anxious to issue to

the whole of the Roman Catholic priests in French-speaking countries the translation of another of our sermons, and asks the prayers and practical sympathy of any of the Lord's people to whom the proposal commends itself. M. Dardier estimates that the total number of sermons required for this purpose would be 40,000, and the cost of printing and postage £160.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 21st, thirteen; August 31st, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Speight	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
G. C., Cheltenham	0	10	0
Two Friends from Aberdeenshire	1	0	0
Mr. Briggs	20	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	0	17	11
Annette	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
E. E., near John o' Groat's	1	0	0
A poor blind sister in Christ	0	3	0
Mr. P. L. Hankin	0	10	6
A friend from Philadelphia	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Middleton	2	10	0
Thankoffering from T. W. & M. S. P.	1	0	0
Mr. R. McFarlane	50	0	0
Mr. G. Norton	5	0	0
Balance of collection at Clay Cross, per Pastor I. A. Ward	0	7	0
A friend at Penzance, per Mr. R. Glendening	0	5	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 20	30	0	0
,, 27	35	3	0
Sept. 3	25	18	7
,, 10	31	8	9
	122	10	4
	£234	16	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Edwin Reynolds	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Half collection on Hospital Sunday at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel	14	1	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
A thankoffering for Christ	0	2	6
A hearer at D.	0	2	0
Mrs. Cage	0	1	0
A. M. D.	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Bainbridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
R. M.	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss Louisa Steer	0	5	0
Mrs. Jee	1	0	0
M. S. C.	0	3	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	1	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	0	0
Rosanna Barker	0	1	0
Cairngorm	0	6	3
Simpson and Susie Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cooper	1	10	0
Stamps with a verse of poetry	0	2	0
A friend	2	0	0
X., Norwich	0	6	0
A. B.	1	0	0
Mr. John Adcock, per Pastor W. Higgins	1	1	0
Friends from Yorkshire	0	1	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. P. L. Hankin	0	10	6
Mr. H. W. Duncan	0	5	0
Mr. J. Henry Parker	50	0	0
A Friend, Newington Bagpath	1	0	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
A. P. T.	0	2	6
Mrs. Ellen Johnson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss R. Dodwell	0	4	2
Mr. W. Pickard	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Maxton	5	0	0
Mr Edward Adam	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Middleton	2	0	0
Thankoffering from T. W. and M. S. P.	3	0	0
Freewill-offerings at Anniversary services at Gravesend, per Pastor Noah Heath	5	15	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	2	6
Scotch note from Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. John Bunker	1	0	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	3	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
One-third of proceeds of Services of Song given by the choir of Wesley Chapel, Harrogate	4	4	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	12	10	0
W. S.	1	0	0
E. C., Ireland	0	10	0
Miss H. Kennedy	1	0	0
Mr. Marsh's twin children	1	0	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Voted from Grange Sunday-school missionary box	1	1	0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	1	0
Postal order from Clapham-road	0	10	0
J. C. R.	0	2	0
Mr. T. Langton	0	2	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	10	0
Mr. James H. Gray	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Dr. H. Schou	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
M. A. K.	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	4	6
Mr. Kitchen, per Mr. Griffiths	0	2	9
A Friend	0	1	0
Collected at Children's Service, Landseer Street Lecture Hall, Battersea, per Mr. G. E. Arkell	0	5	3
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
A Brother, Torquay; instead of inserting plate-glass window	0	12	6
Collected by Miss Larkman	0	4	5
Collected by Mrs. Longley	0	7	7
Psalm xx. 1—5, postal order	0	5	0
Mr. Painter	0	3	0
Mr. John Courtnay	2	2	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hutt	0	8	8
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Booth	2	2	0
Mr. W. Kelloy	0	5	0
An aged Pilgrim; Lovisa, Finland	0	5	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, August 31	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Morgan	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Briginshaw, Wokingham—			
Mrs. Skerritt	1	1	0
Mr. Heelas	1	1	0
Mr. J. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. H. Weeks	1	1	0
Mr. Briginshaw	1	1	0
Mr. John Heelas	1	0	0
Mrs. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Clare	0	5	0
	7	0	0
	£100	8	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to September 15th.—PROVISIONS: 4 Boxes of Raisins, Mr. S. Bayley; 1 Churn of Milk, Messrs. Frocth and Pocock; 1 Bag of Cabbage, Mrs. Walker; 1 Sack of Flour, M. H. A.; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 28lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

CLOTHING (*Girls' Division*):—13 Articles, Anon; 14 Articles, Miss Descroix; 22 Articles, Miss Ashley; 1 Parcel Drapery, Mrs. Wainwright, sen.

CLOTHING (*Boys' Division*):—4 Pairs of Knitted Socks, Mrs. Matthew.

GENERAL:—1 Dial, Mr. Arthur Ross.

SALE ROOM:—1 Article, Mrs. Hancome.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. B.	0	10	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
Mrs. P. A. Blyth	1	0	0
Three sisters and a brother	0	10	0
Mr. John Masters	5	0	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by Miss Nellie Withers, Reading:—			
The late Miss Bissell, per Pastor W. Anderson	100	0	0
A Leamington friend	5	0	0
Miss Nellie Withers	2	10	0
Mr. R. J. Grubb (Oxford)	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Collier	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	1	1	0
Mrs. Chaplin (Southampton)	1	1	0
Mrs. Leach	1	0	0
Mr. E. G. Oakshott	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. E. Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6
Mr. Stainford	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Deane	0	2	6
Mr. James Holmes	0	2	0
Mr. W. Beer, Southampton	0	5	0
	114	10	0
"Freely ye have received, freely give"	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Johnson	1	0	0
Stamps from Ballymena	0	2	6
Mr. Mingins, per Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
W. S., and an aged widow	0	3	6
Mr. T. A. Walker, per Pastor W. L. Mayo	1	1	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
	£128	4	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Grosvenor-square, London	10	0	0
Ludlow District:—			
Quarterly Collection, Rock Lane	1	5	0
Quarterly Collection, Bromfield Cross	1	5	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	0	5	0
	2	15	0
Wilts and E. Somerset Association	30	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
	10	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, Jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, Jun., for Castletown	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
Per Pastor F. A. Jones:—			
For Islington	10	0	0
For Arundel	10	0	0
	20	0	0
A Friend, for Kent	33	18	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
North Wilts, per Mr. W. B. Wearing	5	2	5
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, Fulbourn, for Willingham District	20	0	0
J. H. W., Coombe Bissett, for Bower Chalk	0	1	0
Messrs. Stamp and Gordon, for Sunderland	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£214	6	5

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay (less 2s. 6d. for sermons and postage)	9	17	6
A Highlander	0	2	6
Mr. James Brown	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Middleton	1	0	0
Thankoffering from T. W. and M. S. P.	1	0	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. P. B. Bilbrough	1	1	0
Mr. W. Gale	0	10	0
Mr. W. Swain	0	10	0
Mr. Turner	0	2	6
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mrs. Tucker	0	10	0
Mr. John J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Mr. A. M. Aitken	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. E. Russell	2	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. S. Thomson	1	1	0
	£51	16	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
Thankoffering from T. W. and M. S. P.	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£52	5	0

Mr. Spurgeon begs to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of £20, "for the service of the sanctuary," from a friend in America.

Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund.—Since our last acknowledgment we have received the following amounts:—Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, £2; Miss Hilditch, £5; Miss E. Bickerton Evans, £5; A Thankoffering for wonderful blessings in obeying the Lord in baptism, from a French Canadian, £1; Mr. G. Bantick, £1; A Friend, 5s.; One who wishes to have a brick in the building, 10s.; Mrs. Allen, 5s.; Mr. G. S. Everett, £3 3s.; Mrs. Walker, £1; Thankoffering from an old friend, £1; J. M., Aberdeen, £1; A Christian friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £1; Mrs. Joan White, £1 10s.; Mr. T. Greenwood, £5; M. H., 1s.; A brick, 5s.; A friend, 5s.; Miss M. A. Gilbert, 5s.; Miss Jane Matthews, 5s.; Mrs. Jane Evans, 10s.; Mrs. Shearman, £1; Miss E. C. Spurdens, 2s. 6d.; D. W., 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Finlayson, £1; Mr. Henry Smith, £5; Mr. Charles Carter, £1; Miss E. A. Gilbert, £2; "For Jesu's sake," 7s. 6d.; Mr. F. Warmington, £5; No name, £1; Mr. Hassell, 2s.; Mr. Stubbs, £2 2s.; Miss B. Larkman, 5s.; Mr. R. Hellier, £1 1s.; E. P. H., 5s.; Miss M. H. Greer, 10s.; E. R., 2s. 6d; Mr. T. H. Olney, £25; Mr. W. Olney, £10; Mr. C. F. Allison, £5.

Mrs. Evans has also received for the Auckland Tabernacle Bazaar parcels from "Martha," Miss Parker, Miss Annie Rivers, Miss Botcherby, Miss E. Turner, Mrs. Dawe, Mr. Jas. Trickett, Pastor E. Morley, and Stoney Stratford. These will be sent with the box from the Misses Brown, and the box from the Missionary Working Society. Several additional parcels for the Bazaar have been sent to Mrs. Spurgeon, or given to the Pastor at the Tabernacle. They are now all on their way to Auckland.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



From "John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack."

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

Sweet Variety in the Garden of God.

A HINT BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE plants of the Lord's right-hand planting have many and prominent points of likeness, and yet they differ exceedingly. We shall err from the truth and from love if we look for all the same traits of character in all the children of God: some are constitutionally vigorous, and others are feeble; some are aspiring, and others drooping; many are contemplative, and more are active; many are excitable, while a few are deliberate. Each form of mind has its beauties and its uses. All flowers are so much alike that we rightly place them in one group, and never mistake them either for minerals or animals, and yet their variety is as wide as it is charming. Even so all the regenerate belong to one family, and yet no one is exactly like another. All the Israelites are of the seed of Abraham, and yet Judah is not Dan, nor Issachar Manasseh: why should they be?

Many of God's people are naturally cheerful; in their case the holiness of their joy comes from the Spirit of God, but the joyousness itself is in a measure due to a healthy body and a contented mind. These bright Christians are like the flowers which bathe in the sunlight, and flourish best on a warm border where no biting wind ever makes its way. These joyous people may live out a depression, but they are at their best when they can rejoice in the Lord always, and yet again rejoice. See the crocus fast closed while "the clouds return after the rain," but open and filled with glory when the sun pours its rays into its cup of pure gold like unto transparent glass. At such times did you

ever note the soft golden flame which seems to burn deep down in the cup,—a sort of fiery sheen of liquid light? How like to the raptures and ecstasies which are enjoyed by certain of our Lord's household! A clear, warm, steady sunshine is the element of the crocus; under such influence it throws out a blaze of colour, and as we look within its chalice the golden glory seems to quit the leaf, "and roll like a fiery atmosphere within." Such are the happy hearts that live in full communion with the Lord. Let us not envy them, much less tremble for their joyousness, as though it were a great peril.

On the other hand, there may be in the disposition of other Christians tendencies which naturally incline them to the shady side of life. Such bring forth the choice flowers of patience and resignation, and are seen at their best in a partial gloom; who shall, therefore, condemn them? The evening primrose exhibits nothing better than faded and discoloured flowers all day long, as if it were altogether withering away, for noontide is not the hour of its beauty. Wait till the summer twilight is beginning, and you shall see it gradually open its fragrant blossoms, and display its pale yellow colours. It is the joy of the evening and the night: the garish sun woos it in vain, it loves the fair face of the moon. We all know godly women who would never be seen to advantage among the public activities of our churches, and yet in the sick-room and in the hour of affliction they are full of beauty, and shed a lovely fragrance all around.

We will not excuse a tendency to despondency, for there is abundance of joy in Christ Jesus for all orders of saints; but nevertheless we perceive great beauty in men and women of a sorrowful spirit, whose patience in tribulation is given them of their Lord. No one should utter a syllable against saints whose resemblance is found in the

> "Fair flower that shuns the glare of day,
> Yet loves to open, meekly bold,
> To evening hues of silver gray,
> Its cup of paly gold."

Among the night-blooming flowers are found a few of rare beauty and delicious perfume. Take, for instance, the *Cereus*, or *Cactus grandiflora*. It is a grandee of the floral world, and wears at night a crown which is a foot in diameter, of a splendid yellow within and a dark brown without. Its scent perfumes the air to a considerable distance, and makes night fragrant as Solomon's palace of cedar. A little before midnight this cactus displays its wondrous charms, and is seen to be one of "the precious things put forth by the moon." We think we know believers worthy to be compared to this glorious flower; brilliant in endurance, more than conquerors in tribulation; of whom the world is not worthy.

Let not the evening primrose despise the tulip for its love of the sun; and let not the tulip find fault with the night-blooming flower for its delight in the moon. Each of these has its use, and is beautiful in its season. The bees gather about the beauties of the day, and the moths sip of the blooms of the night. The rejoicing child of God must not grow heady and high-minded, and push his weak and weeping brother; and, on the other hand, the sad and lowly one must not begin to

tyrannize over his joyous friend, by measuring his heavenly experience by the standard which dolorous doubters have set up. God's flowers must be left to bloom in their own way, and the more natural they are the better. Some of them naturally hang down while yet in bud, and yet when they are fully opened they gaze upward with clear vision; is not the drooping posture modestly suitable to the youth of their buds? It would be useless to upbraid them, they are best as they are. The gardener thinks he improves God's handiwork, but a man of pure taste is not of his mind; true, he may gain in one direction, but he loses in several others. The distinctive features of a flower are made less striking by the processes of education, and the tendency is for all such flowers to be globular and like each other. There are eyes that love the child of nature in his own raiment more than the heir of art in his finer and stiffer apparel. Roses and dahlias in their first estate have more expression than when art has given them an aristocratic form and fashion.

You know that in the habit of opening and closing, flowers are so varied that some one or other of them is sure to be opening at each quarter of an hour of the day. The star of Jerusalem is up by three, and the chicory at four: the buttercup opens at six, the water-lily at seven, the pink at eight, and so on till the night comes on. Linnæus made a clock of flowers. If you are well acquainted with the science of botany, you, too, may tell the time without a watch.

> "On upland shores the shepherd marks
> The hour when, as the dial true,
> The chicory to the lowering lark
> Lifts her soft eyes, serenely blue."

God has made everything beautiful in its season, everything lovely in its own order. It were a pity that there should be a battle among the flowers, and a greater trouble still if there should be a conflict among saints as to which state of experience is the better, or as to which is the higher mark of grace.

One thing I have learned from flowers which should be a lesson for us all: it is the dependence of most of them upon the great heavenly light. If you will look on a lawn when it rains, you may at a little distance see nothing but the green grass; but as soon as the shower is over, and the sun shines forth, countless daisies, which have shut themselves up while the sun is away, will open their eyes and look up to him. Well are they called Day's-eyes. The sweet marguerites lie asleep all night, shut up like pearls in their shells; but when brave Sol is up they hide themselves no longer, but come forth to meet the bridegroom. Should we not act according to such sort towards the Well-beloved, whose presence makes our day? When our Lord Christ conceals his face, let us shut up our hearts in sorrow, even "as the closing buds at eve grieve for the departed sunbeams." When Jesus shines upon us with brightness of beauty and warmth of grace, then let our hearts unclasp their folded leaves again, and let them drink in a fulness of light and love. We may all try to be alike in this respect, for we all love Jesus. If we cannot all rejoice in him at this moment, yet we can all refuse to rejoice in aught besides. And there is no mere

fancy in such refusal; for how can the flower of the day be content without the sun, and how can we be happy without our Lord? The poet says,—The tyrant night oppresses the innocent flower until its pure deep eyes are wet with tears; but when the conquering sun appears the flower smiles through its tear-drops. The Pharisees complained that, while they often fasted, the disciples of Jesus did not fast at all. Well did the Master answer them, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." Now, this is true of us all. While Christ is with us we could not be sad if we were to try, and if he be once gone we cannot be glad, however much we may attempt to be so. He is everything to us—our joy, our hope, our all. Our bliss depends, not upon what we are in ourselves, but upon what he is in himself. What a songster sung to a flower may be fitly applied to every believer; he would have it joy in the sun, and so he sings—

"'Tis thine to rest in his embrace,
Nor labour to be sweet and fair;
Do thou but gaze into his face,
And all thy beauty shineth there:
Heaven thee hath made a mirror in whose sheen
The shining of yon sun is in sweet beauty seen."

Here, then, is a clear point of union for all believers of every shape of character. We are one in our need of Jesus, one in our joy in him, one in our growth beneath his heavenly influences. To him we turn as the heliotrope turns to the sun, and towards him we are moving as truly, though as slowly, as the purple orchis moves towards the south, the land of the sun. Oh, to dwell in the unclouded glory of the Sun of righteousness for evermore!

Pliny's Myrtle and Christ's Cross.

THE heathen naturalist, Pliny, tells of a peculiarly fragrant myrtle-tree which grew in great abundance in his own time, and which he represents as possessing a strange and even miraculous virtue. A spray cut from it and carried in the hand could so continuously sustain the body that weariness was impossible, while it exercised such an exhilarating potency over the mind that no feeling approaching the sense of discouragement or despondency could ever be experienced. That fabled tree was a fitting emblem of the efficacy of grace in healing all the soul's diseases, and, in its ultimate result, delivering the body also from every malady which may now afflict or oppress it, raising it up on the resurrection-day in the likeness and loveliness of the glorious body of the Son of God.—*R. W. Forrest.*

Ragged Schools in former days.

(*Concluded from page* 517).

IN a much greater degree than is possible at present, the low lodging-houses, prior to the passing of Lord Shaftesbury's Acts for their regulation, were hotbeds of disease, as well as of depravity, spreading contagion far and wide. In dimly-lighted cellars, alive with vermin, and reeking with the foulest exhalations, human beings herded as thickly as they could lie. In four houses in the notorious Church-lane, St. Giles's, as many as four hundred and thirty-one persons had been known to sleep. One cellar, according to a contemporary description, was "a dark and noisome place," littered with straw, and having its walls infested with vermin. In return for the payment of twopence-halfpenny a night, each lodger was accommodated with a sack for a covering. Many of the inmates were young girls and boys who lived by crime. At the back of a house in Charles-street, Drury-lane, the present Lord Shaftesbury and the late Rev. John Branch found a filthy dilapidated shed furnished with seven beds, each of which was let at fourpence a night. Another plague spot, to the condition of which *The Builder* called attention in 1853, was Charlotte's-buildings, Gray's-inn-lane, where nine hundred persons lived in fourteen crazy houses. "During the day, and particularly in the evening, up to about ten or eleven o'clock, the narrow area is filled with strange-looking and ragged figures, whose dresses and complexion harmonize with the grey, mouldy, and dingy-looking walls of the buildings," it was said. "So wild and haggard is the scene, that few who have not had experience of these places and people would venture to the bottom of the court."

It will not be necessary to multiply illustrations of what the common London lodging-houses were a generation ago. "In these *Inferni* of poverty," said one general description, "thousands, nay, tens of thousands of the community languish, and gasp, and rot, or else riot and brutalize themselves in lairs fitter to be the habitation of hogs than of human beings. There whole families, all ages, both sexes, pig together in a fœtid confraternity. There the drunken father, the haggard mother, the ragged sons, the slatternly daughters, the puling children, the bedridden grandmother, the idiot sister, and perchance the dead baby, are all crowded together in one wretched room, without ventilation, without water, with no separation in sleeping for the sexes, and very frequently no sleeping accommodation at all. There they live, or rather festeringly vegetate, and there they die." In face of all this, there was the anomaly that the poor, in return for such a shelter, actually paid a much higher rent for the space occupied than the aristocratic tenants of well-appointed mansions paid for theirs. What was the cause, and where was a remedy to be found? When the subject was brought before the public consequent on Lord Shaftesbury's appeal to the Legislature, even the newspapers seemed to be bewildered, and unable to give a hopeful prescription. Mendicancy, improvidence, and drunkenness went hand in hand, and the English had something to answer for on account of being the most inveterate encouragers of beggars in the whole world.

We turn to a pleasanter subject when we come to those cases of

reformation which in due time encouraged the ragged-school pioneers. Those cases might truly be called legion. In some instances families were enabled to regain a respectable footing who through folly and improvidence had sacrificed a good social position.

Thus a certain man and his wife, who were conventionally put down as "of the lowest class," because, when singing songs in the street, the one appeared without a coat, and the other without a gown, were subsequently found to be something very different from what they appeared. After some persuasion these people were prevailed upon to allow their children to attend the school, when such was their rapid progress, that they soon learned to read, and Bibles were given them to carry home. As children have often done before under similar circumstances, these scholars read at home from the Word to their fallen parents, until the man—who had been well educated—resolved to abandon his deceptive profession. This he ultimately did, and obtaining a situation as a clerk in a merchant's office, he worked his way back to a respectable position, and became united with a Christian church.

Consider the case of a young thief, who on the day after his liberation from prison was encountered in Duck-lane, Westminster, insufficiently clothed, and without any prospect of honestly supporting himself. On being asked what his intentions were for the future, he replied that his only choice was to return to old ways and profligate associates. He was thereupon admitted to an industrial refuge where he learned to read and write; and one day accidentally meeting in the street with his own sister, whom he had not seen for four years, he learned the whereabouts of the family which he had hitherto been unable to discover. He was received as one risen from the dead, and being now quite a reformed character, he undertook the conduct of the family business, which the father through continued illness was himself unable to manage.

It was becoming more and more pressed upon the authorities that the alternative would have to be school or prison; and they were also becoming enlightened as to what poor results came from the prison. What kind of influence legal punishment exercised on young, susceptible minds was exhibited in the person of a boy eight years of age, who in 1845 was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for stealing. In 1846, at the mature age of nine or less, he was sentenced to seven years' transportation; but taking into consideration his infancy and stature (four feet two inches) the prison authorities rejected him, and he was kept in prison for only three months. After his release he was soon again in the hands of the police, and was condemned to two years' imprisonment. After this he was repeatedly captured, to be whipped, imprisoned, or both, as the wisdom of the law officers might dictate. "He is now only twelve years of age," wrote one who knew the case in 1849, "and not more than four feet two inches in height, so that he will continue his career for two years more, and until he has grown four inches, before he will be qualified for Parkhurst."

The virtue of legal remedies was well tested in the case of another lad named D. F——, who was fourteen years of age in 1850. Motherless, and deserted by a drunken father, he slept in lodging-houses, beneath arches, or on doorsteps, and lived by begging or thieving.

He soon found himself in prison on a bread-and-water diet; but while thus confined he became favourably impressed by the teaching of the chaplain and the schoolmaster. Before leaving the prison, he was "well flogged," and was then discharged barefooted, without shoes, money, or friends. The first penny he received was a penny from a passer-by; and no other opening offering he joined a gang of thieves, and of course developed into a hardened criminal.

Had the ragged school remedy been applied in either of these cases, the result would have been very different, as could be proved by plenty of examples. Thus, J. E., who was about the same age as the last-mentioned cases, was an orphan, and on being turned adrift by a drunken step-father, he found himself reduced to the usual plight of begging or thieving. Instead of being captured by a well-meaning policeman, he was taken in hand by a Westminster ragged-school teacher, who besides introducing the waif to reading, writing, and figures, taught him also the truth of the gospel. The boy was also assisted to occasional work, sometimes a few pence were given him to pay for a lodging, and sometimes he received a little food. He subsequently joined one of the earliest batches of emigrants who were sent to the antipodes; and the first news received from him was, "I am hired for £16 a-year and food. I have more food than I can use. I am a shepherd and have got 2,580 sheep on the plains. We go out at sunrise and come in at sunset." What more grateful transformation could society desire than one like this?

But one of the most telling typical examples of the influence of the ragged-school teacher was related by the late Judge Payne at the annual meeting of the Union in 1851:—"A boy once went to a ragged school and had his face washed; and when he went home, his neighbours looked at him with astonishment: they said, "That looks like Tom Rogers, and yet it can't be, he is so clean." Presently, his mother looked at him, and finding his face so clean, she fancied *her* face was dirty, and forthwith washed it. The father soon came home, and seeing his wife and son clean, thought *his* face was dirty, and soon followed their example. Father, and mother, and son, all being clean, the mother began to think the room looked dirty, and down she went upon her knees, and scrubbed that clean. There was a female lodger in the house, who, seeing such a change in her neighbours, thought *her* face and room looked very dirty, and she speedily betook to the cleansing operation likewise. And very soon the whole house was, as it were, transformed, and made tidy and comfortable simply by the cleansing of one ragged boy." We say this was a typical example, because, in point of fact, the ragged-school reached the parents through the children in more instances than can be chronicled.

Although the tendency of the children on the streets was to lapse into crime, some striking instances of honesty on the part of those received into the schools were not wanting. In the first week of October, 1849, a ragged-scholar picked up a parcel of bank-notes on London Bridge, which he immediately carried to a police-station. When the owner received his property he wished to give £5 to the school which had inculcated such principles of honesty, and also to reward the lad, but we are not aware that either was ever discovered. Parcels and trunks have frequently changed hands in the streets, through the owners

accidently losing sight of the porters. This once occurred at London-bridge Terminus, the missing portmanteau, which was never recovered, containing £100 besides other things. In November, 1854, however, a scholar of the Foster-street school having missed his employer while carrying a pormanteau to the station, duly appeared at the office and delivered up the property. The owner, who doubtless believed that honesty is the best policy, also thought economy to be better still, for he recognised the lad's good principles by the munificent sum of sixpence!

We do not know whether our readers know anything about those fallen stars, who in a sense may be regarded as themselves constituting one of the classes of London; but should any extension of knowledge in this direction be desired, it will readily be found in the ragged schools and in the lodging houses. An example from real life will make clear our meaning.

In or about the year 1841 a surgeon and his wife occupied a large house near Portland-place; but on being laid low by serious illness, two promising little boys were hurriedly brought from a boarding-school to see their mother die. The farewell which this lady took of her children was a very tender one; and on being raised in bed to say what she desired to say, she took the hand of each and told him that he would not have such a mother again. After this the speaker lay down and died, and the welfare of the household appears to have been buried in the mother's grave; the father found all things go wrong with him, and ultimately he was compelled to give up his mansion, and going from bad to worse he was soon among the lowest in the byeways of the town.

While paying a visit to the Golden-lane School on a Sunday evening during the winter of 1848-9, the attention of a certain friend was suddenly arrested by the entrance of two boys, who while presenting an appearance somewhat different from the ordinary run of ragged scholars, were yet in a more than usually woe-begone plight. "They had neither shirts, shoes, nor stockings; their feet were black and swollen, and chapped with the frost. The clothing of each consisted of an old coat and a pair of trousers, filthy and ragged. Of the 300 children then present, they seemed the most destitute, yet in the polite answers of the elder boy there appeared traces of a superior training." Those children were the same that had some years before taken adieu of their dying mother in the fashionable west-end establishment. Instead of being attended by a retinue of servants, the father was the tenant of a miserable room where he lived upon the bounty of others. The younger boy, to whom the mother had spoken so affectionately, sadly realized the truth of what was said to him about missing his best earthly friend's oversight in the world; for having been led away by bad companions, he was taken and lodged in prison. The elder appeared to be more hopeful; but who can now tell what eventually became of either father or children when all disappear from view in the mysterious byeways of London?

To such revelations as these, the annals of ragged schools would supply facts, more or less surprising, about crime and genius. Soon after ragged schools were established in London, there were two boys in the prison at Dundee whose fate was a hard one, if not actually disgraceful to the criminal code of that day. The first was sentenced to

seven years' transportation for stealing a loaf of bread! the other was doomed to banishment for life by way of expiating a crime which it was extremely doubtful whether he ever committed at all. The former, entering prison with the ability to read and write, soon mastered the elementary learning which the prison tutor usually introduced to the prisoners. "I gave him books on algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, and practical mathematics," the teacher in the gaol wrote at the time; "and, with such hints as I gave him in passing, he has become intimately acquainted with all these. I furnished him with books on astronomy, and gave him astronomic tables; he has become such an adept in the calculations of celestial phenomena, that I frequently employ him to verify my own calculations. In countless instances he has verified the Nautical Almanac, and could now almost construct one." He was as well acquainted with the Bible as he was with geometry, he could read French, and seemed to be at his ease both in calculating eclipses and planetary transits, and in making a chronological table to the Scriptures. The other lad inherited a genius for drawing and painting, and also for mechanics. He made a water clock with an old shoemaker's knife, and performed other singular feats. If such had found their way into the ragged school instead of the jail, who can predict what they might have done for society?

Many misinformed people imagine that ragged schools have had their day, and that everything will be done by the School Board; but we are not ourselves quite so sanguine. With street arabs as numerous as they are to-day in London, the ragged-school teacher is not likely just at present to find his occupation gone. It is, at all events, beginning to be seen that, from the purely missionary standpoint, there may be more to be done than ever before, and with more certainty of desirable results. The office of the Ragged-school Union is still open at Exeter Hall, and there Mr. J. Kirk, the secretary, and Mr. R. J. Curtis, the organizing secretary, can still tell of a thriving constituency in the London ragged schools alone of thirty thousand children, and three thousand teachers.

Keep up the Sunday-school.

HERE is a fit place to urge our friends to look well to the Sabbath-school. Our richer people in the town churches live out of town, and so the school loses those who should be its leaders. Cannot the sons and daughters of our well-to-do people try to deny themselves, and stop up in town between the morning and evening services, so as to take classes? How richly would they enjoy a Lord's-day thus spent! If this be thought impracticable, let more of our older friends come to the rescue. We know school after school where there are children in hundreds, but teachers are so few that dozens, if not scores, of children are taught by one person with great labour and little profit. By all the honourable records of the past we plead that the Sabbath-school must not be suffered to go down in any place on any account. Men and brethren, women and sisters, help! Help at once! Keep on helping as long as you live.—C. H. S.

"Higher and Higher."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WHEN the visitor asked how the invalid was, her anxious friends replied, "Oh, she's getting lower and *lower*." But when he grasped her trembling, transparent hand, and enquired if that were so, she said sweetly, "Oh, no; *higher* and *higher!*"

The condition of her poor body may be thus described:—

"Lower and lower the pulse-beats sink,
Lesser and lesser the life-cords shrink,
Looser and looser the vital link,
Little by little she nears the brink."

But she, thinking more of her near approach to glory and to Jesus than of the sinking of her body, would not have it so: not lower and lower, but higher and higher.

"Higher and higher, not lower and lower,
Each pain proves a lever to lift;
Brighter and brighter, not darker and darker,
Each cloud has its light-letting rift!

"Nearer and nearer, not farther and farther,
I'll soon reach the harbour of peace;
Calmer and calmer, not rougher and rougher,
For I'm nearing the happy release!"

And this was not mere fancy, nor the expression of a hope; it was a glorious, bright reality,—

"Nearer and nearer her Saviour drew,
Clearer and clearer the glory grew,
Dearer and dearer the promise true,
Minute by minute, as minutes flew.

"Slighter and slighter her pain she deemed,
Lighter and lighter the burden seemed,
Brighter and brighter the vista gleamed,
Daily and nightly of Jesus she dreamed.

"Deeper and deeper the flow of grace,
Sweeter and sweeter the Lamb-lit face,
Meeter and meeter the heavenly place,
Hourly enjoying her Lord's embrace."

Ere long she fell on sleep. She had been gradually rising "higher and higher": she was suddenly lifted into *the highest.*

"Higher, and nigher, and better,—nay, best!
When Jesus said, 'Friend, come up higher, and rest
Thy poor weary head, like John, on my breast!'
Precious Saviour, vouchsafe we may each thus be blest!"

William Carey.*

IN a cottage belonging to the quaint grey-stone built village of Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire, William Carey first saw the light, 17th August, 1761. He was the eldest of five children. The father was a weaver, but succeeded to the united offices of schoolmaster and parish-clerk when William was six years old. The old man lived to complete his eightieth year in honest repute among his neighbours, a lover of good men and a great reader.

Village life in those days was full of hardship. From an early age children were kept close at work, with little time for school or play. A labourer's pay was under five shillings a week, with his beer and a cup of milk at breakfast-time, and the wives and daughters earned something by spinning and making pillow-lace. Picturesque as was the scenery amidst which they lived, poverty and toil formed a cheerless lot for the villagers of the days of Carey's boyhood.

Of that boyhood the glimpses we obtain reveal the prominent characteristics of the future man. His distinguishing feature was what Robert Hall called "unrelenting industry." He himself said to his nephew: "If anyone give me credit for being a plodder, he will do me justice. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod, I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." Then—as his garden at Serampore, the finest in India, afterwards showed—he was an enthusiast in horticulture; and his acute and vigorous intellect, and his faculty of mastering languages made him, as we know, the first Oriental scholar of his day.

Now, with this knowledge of what he became, watch the relentlessly industrious boy in his village home. He is small and slightly built, has a prepossessing face, eye and brow in particular, and a bright indomitable spirit. He has good physical stamina, too, and is wiry and nimble. We find him busying himself in his father's large orchard-garden, which is cultivated almost entirely by him. In every unproductive spot he plants a tree or shrub, and finds room besides for a variety of choice flowers which he has himself carefully collected. He takes all a boy's delight in frolic and adventure. If a tree is more than ordinarily difficult to climb, that is the reason why he will climb it. In one such attempt, for which a bird's nest was the prize, he came to the ground bruised and half-stunned; but as soon as he was able to leave the house, his first act was to go back and climb that tree. Books are not easy for him to obtain, but he has a hunger for such as fall in his way, especially for those that bear on travel and adventure. His love of nature furnishes for him as much mental training as his reading affords. He never rambles out "nutting" without keeping his eye inquisitively on hedge and bush for "specimens," and his little room at home is crowded with living plants, birds and insects, which he has carefully collected, and whose habits he carefully watches. This love of nature had much to do with the health and spirits which made him known in after-years as "the cheerful old man."

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* Men Worth Remembering. William Carey. By James Culross, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Should be read by everybody.

At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to Mr. Nichols, shoemaker, Hackleton, about nine miles from his home. But while plying the awl and lapstone, his thirst for knowledge continued unabated. Among his master's books was a commentary, the pages of which were sprinkled with Greek words. Fascinated with these he copied them as accurately as he could, and on his visits home took them for translation to Tom Jones, a weaver who had received and misused a classical education. We are not to suppose that any mastery of Greek was thus acquired, but the bent of his mind was shown, and the mental discipline was worth something.

The story goes that he was an indifferent shoemaker, but that was not his own estimate of his proficiency. "I was accounted," says he, "a very good workman;" and he relates that his second employer, Mr. Old, kept on view a pair of shoes made by him as a model of what shoes ought to be. This is in no way inconsistent with his retort in after-years to a general officer in India, who enquired in his hearing, when dining with the Marquis of Hastings, whether Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker? "No, sir," said he, "only a cobbler!"

As became the son of a parish-clerk, he was brought up a strict Churchman, and confirmed; but at eighteen years of age he was still a stranger to the love of Christ. His lips were sometimes polluted with profane language; he told lies, and ran great risk of going down into those depths of gross conduct to be found among the lower classes of neglected villages. Discussions on religious matters with a youth employed at the same shop, aroused his mind, and made him sensible of his sinful condition. He had pride enough for a thousand times his knowledge, and though the argument often went against him, he always had the last word; but he was made uneasy, and began earnestly to study the Scriptures. Long he strove to render himself acceptable to God by religious observances, but at length was brought "to depend wholly on the crucified Saviour for pardon and salvation."

Thomas Scott, the commentator, who had succeeded Newton at Olney, was in the habit of calling occasionally at the house of Mr. Old. On these occasions a "sensible-looking lad," wearing his leathern apron, was wont to enter the room along with Mr. Old, and to listen with marked attention. Struck with the youth, Scott judged he would one day prove no ordinary man. The spiritual change, though gradual, was pronounced and unmistakable. It created great wonder at home. His sister says, "I recollect once his burning a pack of cards he had before purchased. Like Gideon, he wished to throw down all the altars of Baal in one night. I often wished he would not bring his religion home. He asked leave to pray in the family, and one circumstance I well recollect. He always mentioned these words, *that all our righteousness was as filthy rags.* That used to touch my pride and raise my indignation."

In 1781 a small church was formed at Hackleton, consisting of nine members. Carey's name is third on the list. A considerable religious awakening was in progress in the neighbourhood, and he soon became occupied in village preaching. The same year was marked by another notable event, for he married his employer's sister-in-law, Dorothy Plackett, and on Mr. Old's death soon after, he succeeded him in

business. It was an early marriage, for he was not quite twenty, and it proved to be a mistake. His wife was a good woman, but without education, and destitute of nerve or strength for hardship. She could not sympathize in her husband's aspirations, and she had a predisposition to mental disease. He always treated her with respectful tenderness.

His early married life was embarrassed with heavy trial. He was obliged to sell off his stock at a loss, owing to depression of trade; his firstborn child died; and he himself was attacked with fever, which rendered him prematurely bald, and left him so feeble that for more than a year he had the greatest difficulty in providing daily bread for his household.

At the age of twenty-two, having become convinced from Scripture that baptism should not precede, but follow personal faith in the Redeemer, he was baptized by the younger Ryland in the Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel, in Northampton. To Ryland—so he afterwards stated—it was merely the baptism of a poor journeyman shoemaker, and the service attracted no special attention; but the text was prophetic (Matt. xix. 30): "Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first."

Carey, who had meanwhile removed to Moulton, and was preaching both there and at Earls Barton, now joined himself to the church at Olney, a community distinguished for Christian zeal and concord, that he might be appointed to the ministry in a regular way. After preaching several times before that church during a period extending over twelve months, he was formally "called" to the ministry, and sent out from Olney to preach the gospel "wherever God in his providence might determine." He settled at Moulton, and exchanging shoemaking for teaching, he opened school. His income was "about ten pounds per annum" from the church, five pounds from a fund in London, and latterly seven and sixpence a week from his school, in all about £35. The consequence of this inadequate income was a return to his former trade, which yielded him a bare living; and once a fortnight the little man, with a far-away look on his face, might be seen trudging to Northampton with wallet full of shoes for delivery to a government contractor, and then returning home with a burden of leather for the next fortnight's work. All this time, in poverty that would have crushed the spirit out of an ordinary man—borrowing and occasionally buying a book—he went on with his studies, even learned the Dutch language through means of a Dutch quarto belonging to an old woman in the neighbourhood, and carefully read beforehand in the original Hebrew or Greek, as well as in a Latin translation, the portion of Scripture selected for the morning reading to his congregation.

Though sorely pinched by poverty, Carey found his residence at Moulton advantageous in bringing him into contact with a notable circle of ministers, among whom were Dr. Ryland, Mr. Sutcliff, the venerable Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, not inferior in native genius to his illustrious son, and chiefly Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, "a round-headed, rustic-looking" minister, who was beginning to be recognised as a man of singularly powerful and acute intellect and uncommon weight of character. It was at Moulton that Carey's master idea took

definite shape in his mind. It had simmered there before ; but now, as he taught his geography class, or read Cook's "Voyages round the World," he began to be dominated by one great thought of the condition of the heathen. Sydney Smith afterwards ridiculed the "consecrated cobbler," and his idea of converting four hundred and twenty millions of pagans ; but the awakened India of to-day has placed Carey far above the reach of the shafts of ridicule, and even at the beginning there was something that might have extorted the respect of the sarcastic Edinburgh reviewer had he cared to see it. There, for instance, he stands in his little garden motionless for an hour or more in the attitude of intense thought : here, again, at his table in the evening he sits reading the Bible in one or other of four different languages with which he has already made himself familiar. Follow him into the school ; you shall see him with a large leathern globe of his own construction pointing out to the village urchins the different kingdoms of the earth, saying, "These are Christians—these are Mahometans—and these are Pagans, and these are Pagans"; his voice choked by strong emotion as he repeats and repeats again the last mournful words. This toilsome, thoughtful, serious man is anything but a subject for ridicule.

In 1789, Carey removed to the church at Harvey Lane, Leicester, a step which, though it slightly improved his worldly circumstances, left him still under the necessity of supplementing his income by toiling at his trade. In his little house opposite the chapel he used to sit "at work in his leathern apron, his books beside him, and his beautiful flowers in the windows:" the man of "unrelenting industry"—the "plodder"—still ; his books about him—mastering languages while he stitched his shoes ; and, still true to his character, the carefully tended flowers bringing in upon him in his dingy workroom a whiff of the fragrance and a glimpse of the beauty of God's great world outside. By-and-by he opened a school with better results than at Moulton.

The "great thought" was now becoming a passion with Carey. He scarcely talked or preached, and never prayed, without referring to it. It was a fact, significant of a divine impulse upon the churches at that time, that other ministers felt the same awakening of desire for the conversion of the heathen. This had showed itself indeed in 1784 when the Northamptonshire Baptist Association urged prayer for the revival of the churches and for "*the spread of the gospel to the most distant parts of the habitable globe.*" At length, on May 31st, 1792, it devolved on Carey to preach the association sermon at Nottingham. That sermon created the Baptist Missionary Society, and furnished an immortal motto for Christian enterprise. The text was Isa. liv. 2, 3—"Enlarge the place of thy tent," etc. He began by pointing out that the church was addressed as a desolate widow dwelling in a little cottage by herself; that the command to enlarge her tent implied that there should be an enlargement of her family ; that to account for so unexpected and marvellous a change, she was told, "Thy Maker is thy Husband," and that another day he should be called "the God of the whole earth." He then proceeded to establish and illustrate two great principles involved in the text: First, *Expect great things from God;* second, *Attempt great things for God.* It was as if the sluices of his soul were thrown fully open, and the flood that had been accumulating for years

rushed forth in full volume and irresistible power. The impression produced was profound, but as the brethren were about to disperse as usual, Carey seized Fuller's hand and wrung it in an agony of distress, demanding whether they could again separate without doing anything. His imploring appeal arrested the dispersing assembly, and it was resolved, "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering for the establishment of a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen."

At Kettering, on the 2nd October, 1792, twelve men met in the back-parlour of Mrs. Beeby Wallis, widow of a deacon of Kettering church; and after long and earnest deliberation, without experience to guide them, without funds or influence, solemnly pledged themselves to God and to each other to bear their part in an endeavour to send the gospel to some part of the heathen world. The society was constituted; a committee of five was appointed—Andrew Fuller (secretary), John Ryland, John Sutcliff, Reynold Hogg (treasurer), and William Carey, to which number Samuel Pearce was added shortly afterwards; and a subscription was then and there made, amounting to £13 2s. 6d. No sooner was the subscription list completed than Carey—whose name does not appear on that list—contributed himself, declaring his readiness to embark for any part of the world that the society might decide. And so, in that back-parlour in Kettering was first heard a "sound" which has "gone forth into all the earth."

Carey sailed, as we know, to India on his heroic mission, and lived till from his press at Serampore there had issued 212,000 copies of the Scriptures in forty different languages, the vernacular tongues of 380 millions of immortal beings; and till he had seen expended upon that noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than £91,500.

In this sketch we have made free use of Dr. Culross's admirable and compendious Life of Carey, a copy of which ought to be in every home in the kingdom: in a further article we propose to trace the heroic missionary's career in India. C. A. D.

The Spirit of Missionary Adventure.

DURING a visit made, with the sanction of the London Missionary Society, to New Guinea and the adjacent islands, a band of missionaries and native teachers spent a night on Darnley Island, when a project was formed to establish a mission on another of the islands, named Murray Island. Some of the natives of the island in question seemed specially intent on intimidating the teachers, and convincing them that a mission there was perfectly hopeless. "There are alligators there," said they, "and snakes and centipedes." "Hold!" said Tepeso, one of the teachers; "Are there *men* there?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "there are men; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Tepeso. "*Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go.*" A noble reply, worthy of a disciple of him who commands his followers to "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—*Journal of a Missionary Voyage to New Guinea.*

Fragmentary Thoughts on the Minister's Public Prayers.

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

GOD is our Father. God is love. Thence very pleasant lights may be made to fall upon the solemn work of public praying. Is it not sweet to have a necessity which drives us to call upon our heavenly Father with so many errands? So much business keeps the pleaders constantly going to and fro. "These ministers are always coming," say the watching angels. Faces presented so frequently to the light may well catch and bear about with them something of heaven's radiance.

There are things in creation that have an overwhelming grandeur to man, and enslave the master-intellects of every age, till the awe-smitten children of dust are ready to bow and worship: yet these great things are as *nothing* to him whose feet we clasp in prayer. If the head turn giddy at nature's heights; if we start back with a fearful cry from precipice and chasm; if mountain or sea swells the heart almost to bursting with the sense of sublimity; how should we feel before HIM of whose divinity they all together spell out but a broken line or two in the volumes of the ages!

The occupant of the pulpit usually strikes the keynote of the church's praying. The minister's most influential discourses on prayer are the acts and instances he publicly affords, week by week. By them his set discourses on the theme, if not emphasized, will be overwritten and obscured. The harvests of our public pleadings are ever reaping. In the prayer-meeting, where the throbbing machinery of the church is uncovered to view, at every family altar, by sickbeds where church visitors kneel, in secret closets, the effects of the public example are unceasingly developing. Thus a minister of cold, lifeless manner in this exercise may be responsible for fearful evils,—sickness unrefreshed, family religion made distasteful, souls lastingly injured.

Follow John Knox, under cover of the night shadows, and watch him take refuge in a private enclosure. Drawing near, we can hear after a while the stillness broken: "*Oh Lord! give me Scotland, or I die!*" A pause! An awful stillness, during which we seem to listen to the whirring of the bolt shot with such vehemence to heaven. Again he pleads: "*Oh Lord! give me Scotland, or I die!*" Once more a silence, as if the spirit fell back with the force of the recoil. We listen hushed but not breathless. A third time, but now with threefold fervour, and the outrush of his whole being in the cry, he pleads again, "OH LORD! GIVE ME SCOTLAND, OR I DIE!" As we retire, awe-struck, from this lesser Gethsemane, we cease to wonder at the saying of Mary, the Scottish queen—a saying handed on from generation to generation, and enshrined in our Christian literature: "I fear John Knox's prayers more than an army of ten thousand men." . . . The man who can be an Israel in Jabbok's solitude will never stand when the multitude are bowed in devotion, dumb, like Zacharias amid the incense. When the heart of the public pleader is Spirit-kindled, his

prayer becomes a chariot of fire to convey the assembled petitioners to heaven.

"It is not," says Bishop Hall, "the rhetoric of our prayers, how eloquent they be; nor the geometry of our prayers, how long they be; nor the music of our prayers, how sweet our voice may be; nor the logic of our prayers, how argumentative they may be, nor the method of our prayers, how orderly they may be; nor even the divinity of our prayers, how good the doctrine may be, which God cares for. *Fervency of spirit* is that which availeth much."

Ministers are not priests. But it should be matter of concern with them that their round of pleadings, from pulpit and house-to-house, may not be a mere word-sowing. The lover of prayer will not wish his own supplications to form a series of failures. The minister's prayers should be *renowned for their efficacy*. If the term "public worship" be not a misnomer, praying is the most purely legitimate part of each service. While all, from opening word to benediction, breathes the spirit of worship, in the praying congregation we see that worship taking its directest manifestation. Then the place has its Bethel glory. If in song and sermon angels are seen ascending and descending, the prayer should unveil the God of Abraham himself. Or, to change the figure, if the glory of the Lord, in other duties, strikes through the richly clustered trellis-work, and irradiates our spirits, as ravishing glimpses are caught of the King within; in the prayer there should be a more immediate communing with our Royal Master, as he comes forth from his concealment, and sheds uninterrupted brightness upon us.

It is Christly to teach; it is emphatically Christly to teach "how to pray." And herein the mother, with the little one at her knee, may follow Jesus as really as the minister in the great congregation. With a holy burning jealousy should the pastor take the charge of each service, lest it should fail to yield its fullest tribute of homage to the throne. But jealousy for *self* must give place to jealousy for *God*, even as Satan must flee before an angel of light. God sees so many hundred bodies bowed in this earthly house; he looks for as many spirits prone at his footstool; and waits to find each thanksgiving or petition pressed heavily home by the yearnings of all hearts.

If God is *robbed* in the case of each inattentive worshipper, how huge may be their criminality who minister, if negligence characterize their public pleadings! And how will multiplying Sabbaths increase the dread account! Spirituality yielded up, the key of the citadel of prayer is sacrificed. Formalism is the deadly foe of communion. It lies in constant ambush, and the prayer that started forth with keen, bright-eyed, "heaven-pointing" aspirations as its leaders, may bring up a linked train of dead words dragging in their chains—a procession of corpses. With officialism on his right arm and formalism on his left, a minister may be conducted down—not perhaps to hell, but very near it; there are dungeons under Castle Despair that will bear comparison with the abodes of the lost. Dead prayers lying about the chapel, and piled up round the pulpit, create a poisonous

atmosphere, which, carried home, will prove fatal to family devotions, and oozing in through the crevices of the study door to the place of secret wrestling, attacks with virulence the sources of the minister's spiritual life.

The successful conduct of public prayer asks a high ideal; and be it true, it will be high as the heart can hold. The value and usefulness of the prayer in its place depends largely upon the quality of the complete service. When there is a pervading irreverence, the best petition mounts on clogged wings. When the spirit of worship rules, the appeal to heaven has a fit setting. Hallowed influences favour its birth and cherish its life. When the presence of the Divine Majesty is reflected in hundreds of uplifted, awe-lighted faces, it seems no great bound from the pulpit to the burning Throne, whose glow almost tingles in the solitary suppliant's face. Expected with solemnity by the gathered worshippers, followed with watchful attention in felt need of the heavenly blessing, the while the echoes seem heard repeating in the ear of Deity: such a prayer, if God has helped the leader, may be remembered as the very apex of the service, the point nearest heaven; and such a leader may be half thinking he himself went in unto the excellent glory.

The sainted McCheyne jots down in his diary one Sabbath evening of his student days, the following as his experience, after preaching: "It came across me in the pulpit that if spared to be a minister I might enjoy sweet flashes of communion with God in that situation. It is possible that more vivid acts may be gone through when preaching than in quieter moments." He must have had his wish, for Hamilton tells of the charmed atmosphere of his church, which was called St. Peter's, of "its heart-tuned melodies, its deep devotion, and solemn assemblies." "We own," says he, "that in those days we never came in sight of St. Peter's spire without feeling: God is there." Public prayer in such a climate might well attain to a tropical luxuriance.

Convictions breed prayer, and deep convictions regarding divine realities cannot exist apart from an earnest spiritual life. Ah! who shall sound the depths that Jesus indicated and secretly fathomed when he said in the midst of his rapt disciples: "Our Father which art in heaven: HALLOWED be thy name"?

Communion with God is a thing of infinite delicacy. It is the sensitive plant of the soul, and loses not its fragile nature when its occasions are public. This exceeding delicacy is at once its beauty and its snare. In a quiet room a happy family is gathered. Their fellowship is perfect. Each delights in the society of all the rest. The young people presently consult together, and as the outcome, one, the choice of the rest, moves to the father's side. He is about in the name of all to utter certain affectionate sentiments, when the door sharply opens, and a stranger enters. The intruder closes the door clumsily after him, chooses a seat without consideration for anyone's convenience, and begins to stare about him. The fount of affection has sunk back to its secret spring in every breast. For the tender address intended, some cold

commonplace utterances are hastily substituted. The little family has been suddenly deprived of whole leagues of sunlight. And the time for breaking up is welcomed by all. This parable of prayer needs no interpretation.

The rich man of Tarentum who appeared as a competitor at the Pythian games gorgeously apparelled, is said to have borne a harp, of grandeur proportionate to his person. The instrument that was to charm all ears was loaded with jewels, and lavishly decorated with figures of Orpheus, Apollo, and the Muses. But with all this array, the bejewelled harper could produce from his instrument nothing but the vilest discord. Many a grandiose and magniloquent public prayer has made as much show in the eyes of men, and as little music in the ear of God. Those who step forth into the place of public pleaders with the monstrous and miserable end of exhibiting their fineries of speech, deserve, like the rich fool of Tarentum, to be whipped, amid derisive laughter from the assembly. Let our prayer be deep, true, reverent to God, though else unbeautiful. And the plain, uncarved instrument we hold, touching its chords as best we can, God will see glittering all over with jewels.

Like the beacon fires in the days of the Armada, that kindled up from hill to hill, and roused the men of England to expect the foe; from sanctuary to sanctuary as the sun advances to the west, the flame of devotion glows skyward from the earth, and ten thousand congregations in succession cry, "Rise up, O Lord, let thine enemies be scattered, and let all them that hate thee flee before thee. Thy kingdom come." These multitudinous appeals pour not heavenward in vain. Unless the efficacy of prayer be denied, the public prayers of the universal church of Christ must be counted as an important agent in the accomplishment of the world's conversion.

Hamilton says of the departed McCheyne: "Perhaps the heaviest loss to his brethren, his people and the land, *is the loss of his intercessions.*" Lord, teach *us* how to pray.

One Talent.

THE gift or talent which the Lord puts into our hands to use is proportioned to every man's "several ability." He does not require service which we are unfitted to perform. He does not exact day-labour, light being denied; does not require us to cut without an axe, or carve without a chisel; does not load the child with the burden of the man; does not require us to use five talents, having ability to use only one. We may, indeed, in our unwisdom and ambition, attempt many things for which we are unqualified, and which are beyond our strength, but we are not thereby serving the Lord truly; it would be far better that we should do that thing, however lowly, which the Lord lays to our hand—and do it faithfully and well.—*From "The Greatness of Little Things," by James Culross, D.D.*

Expectation in our Work.*

BY PASTOR A. BAX, SALTERS' HALL CHAPEL.

AT the commencement of our paper it may be well clearly to define what we as Christian workers are justified in expecting, and from whom. As a general answer, it will be sufficient to reply, You cannot be too joyously expectant Godward. You can scarcely be too stern in the repression of your anticipations as you contemplate men. I know of no words more strikingly appropriate than those of the Psalmist: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."

Let me here set down a few particulars in which we ought never to be too sanguine. In the first place, *we ought never to expect our work will be easy work.* There is a very general impression that it is so. In some quarters it is considered a great piece of affectation on the part of a minister to complain on Monday morning of feeling tired. Tired! Listen to him. What business has this lily-handed parson to be tired; he only preached three times yesterday—what of that? The fact is, people give you ministers credit for a deal more ability than you really possess. They observe your miraculous fluency on Sunday, and imagine that those profoundly philosophical ideas were conceived then and there on the spot, without conscious effort; that you fling them off spontaneously as the sun its light, or flowers their perfume. What a revelation it would be if your people could quietly open your study-door some Friday evening about half-past eight, when things were not going as satisfactorily as you could wish, and behold the cadaverous-looking inmate with his hair all on end, and his eye with a fine frenzy rolling. But we certainly do convey the impression that what has been wrought for with toil, in comparison with which the work of a navvy is mere child's-play, is the happy inspiration of the moment. In reality, however, under the most favourable circumstances, a true minister's work can never be otherwise than laborious. His own ideal, his love to the souls of men—above all, his devotion to his great Master, will surely make it so.

Again, we should never allow ourselves to anticipate too much encouragement from the hands of men. It is impossible to have been any length of time in the Christian ministry without having experienced many bitter disappointments in this respect. Not because the men were bad men, but simply because they *were* men. And we should remember that if sometimes they have disappointed us, we have times without number disappointed them. But very often the self-importance, the disgusting littleness, or almost entire absence of interest in things on which you have set your heart, in those about you, will tend greatly to cast you down. Perhaps the best way is to reckon very little upon human support. Take gratefully such assistance as men may be able or willing to render you; but "cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm." But while we must not allow ourselves to hope for too much from the hands of our fellows, it is impossible to

* A paper read at the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association. Far too good to be suffered to remain unprinted.

be too joyfully expectant Godward. It is very little short of treason to Christ and his gospel to go into the pulpit in a despairing and desponding spirit, and only possible in faithless and utterly unworthy moods. Our respected brother, Mr. Clifford, in an eloquent passage, has said, "The all-conquering charm of the first preaching was its grand hopefulness. From first to last it was a shout of exultant triumph; it partook of the character of a victor's song, and penetrated men's hearts as an all-suffusing gladness." Nothing more clearly proves the truth of these words than the entire absence of surprise in the apostles, even amid the most startling manifestations of divine power. You never trace anything like great elation or bewildered amazement, as though they had met with some unlooked-for success. Mark the bearing of Peter on the day of Pentecost; it stands in the most striking contrast with the multitude. The outside world was thrown into a panic by the spiritual phenomena they witnessed. They were confounded—amazed; they marvelled, they said one to another, What meaneth this? But Peter, calm, quiet, dignified, has an explanation for everything. His bearing is that of a man fully prepared for all he had witnessed, and ready to behold yet larger things than these. He was so calm because he was so confident; he was in the possession of too much faith to be startled. Where do we find such radiant hopefulness to-day? Dr. Stanford, in his own quaint, beautiful way, said some time ago before the London Baptist Association, "We do indeed sometimes hear the leaders of our prayers ask that the windows of heaven may be opened—ask that mountains might flow down—ask that nations may be born in a day—ask that one person may chase a thousand, and two may put ten thousand to flight—ask for missionaries in the strain of the stanza—

> 'O send ten thousand heralds forth
> From east to west, from south to north.'"

We allow that they often do make requests on a scale of sublime audacity which almost takes our breath away, but they themselves seem all the while as passionless as praying-machines, and calm as if only repeating a paternoster, or saying off the multiplication table. They do not look electric, and although they do ask for a second Pentecost, I think if they had it, and conversions came in the ratio of three thousand in one place, at one time, some of them would be stricken with a panic of surprise as great as if they saw their own familiar river turn round and run uphill, or as if the sun were to rise in the middle of the night. The companions of the apostles, however, looked for such things; and no doubt when a man ran in to his friends and shouted, "Praise be to God, more wonders!" the sentiment of the response would be, "Oh, of course; the only wonder would be if there were no wonder." . . . . They looked for wonders as a matter of course.

I. Let us now CONSIDER SOME OF THOSE GREAT SPIRITUAL FACTS WHICH JUSTIFY IN THE SERVANTS OF GOD A SPIRIT OF RADIANT HOPEFULNESS.

1. I direct your attention to *the stupendous provision God has made for the salvation of men in the spotless sacrifice of his Holy Son.* It becomes us to speak upon this sublime mystery of our faith with the profoundest humility, conscious that the atonement in its relation to

God and the universe lies far beyond the range of all mortal intelligence. But we know this much, that our Saviour in his death presented himself as a sacrificial victim for the sin of man; that the Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all—that his soul was made an offering for sin—that he was made a curse for us; and that, as the reward of those unutterable agonies, he is to receive a spiritual seed gathered out of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues—a great host inconceivable in their numbers, exceeding for multitude the evening stars, the morning dew-drops, or the grains of sand which lie upon the shore. And these are to be gathered to the Redeemer through the instrumentality of the gospel proclaimed by men who themselves have felt the power of the Saviour's blood. It seems little short of blasphemy, then, to cherish any other feeling than one of triumphant expectancy. Go forth, ye anointed victors, not despondingly and sadly, but with eyes gleaming with the fire of hope, with breasts inspired with high anticipations; for God from eternity hath decreed that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ—that all men shall be blessed in him, all nations shall call him blessed.

2. Another thing that should sustain our confidence is *the fact that the Lord Jesus is risen indeed, and, without any figure of speech, is really, literally present with his believing people.* It was their firm, unwavering faith in that fact that made the apostles so calmly confident. Though at first greatly indisposed to believe the fact themselves, their opportunities were so many and so varied, that it was simply impossible further to resist the evidence which proved him to be alive. For forty days he continued to appear in their midst. He ate and drank in their presence. He permitted them to handle him, and by many infallible proofs he showed himself alive. And then, having promised to baptize them with the Holy Ghost not many days hence, he led them out as far as to Bethany, and ascended, a cloud receiving him out of their sight.

In the belief that this parting promise would be fulfilled, they waited with one accord in one place. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, there suddenly came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting, and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Now, the apostles knew perfectly well what this meant—that it was the ascended Jesus keeping faith with them, and fulfilling his promise. From that moment they knew that he was with them, in the presence of his Divine Spirit, in all the energy of his divine power. Clothed in the resurrection power of Jesus, they went forth feeling that they were invincible, that the gates of hell could not prevail against them. This was the great secret of their hopefulness. They attached no importance to the literary composition of their discourses, they did not lean upon the beauty of their diction—this might be all very well for the professional orators of Athens, it had nothing to do with the witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Neither did they expect to cozen men into faith simply by the cogency of their own arguments: it was the power of the living Christ which lay behind their words which was all their confidence. And they were very careful to give this fact as the

sole explanation of all the miracles, and signs, and wonders that the multitude beheld. Did they ask with amazement, "Are not all these which speak Galileans, and how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" or did they run together in Solomon's porch, greatly wondering to see the man lame from his mother's womb walking and leaping and praising God? Peter had but one answer for them. He said in effect, "I can explain it all to you. Jesus is alive, as we told you. You would not have it. You said that we had conveyed his dead body away, that it was somewhere in secret, cold, pallid, powerless. Ah, misguided, deluded men, I tell you he is risen—we saw him after his resurrection—and we knew him well—for forty days we walked and talked with him, and now being by the right hand of God exalted, he hath shed forth this that ye now see and hear. Depend upon it, he is alive, and working as of old most gloriously. Your resistance is just as vain as it is impious. Try to prevent the rising of to-morrow's sun or to sweep back the returning tide of the ocean, and you will not be attempting a more hopeless and impossible task. Seated up there upon his kingly throne, with all power in heaven and in earth, Jesus laughs to scorn the opposition of Caiaphas and all his bands. The kings of the earth may set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against his Christ, but God has made this same Jesus whom ye crucified both Lord and Christ, and he will surely, surely break his enemies with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Bethink yourselves. Behold the utter futility, the utter helplessness, the utter hopelessness of such a struggle. It is nothing but inevitable suicide. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little." No wonder that when the people heard such talk as this they were terrified. What an undeceiving it was—the poor helpless man that they had done to death upon a tree is suddenly invested with all power both in heaven and in earth. We can see how such preaching must have affected the people. They would stand and reason thus with themselves: "Alive is he? then what will become of us all? I cried, 'His blood be on us.'" Another would say, "I was one of those who cried, 'Crucify him! away with him!'—what if he should strike us down for our wickedness—whither shall we flee? Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

My brothers, the question that we have to settle—and it is worth spending all the time of the Conference to decide it once and for ever so far as we are concerned is—Is Jesus yet alive? If he is not, not only have we reason for despondency, but for absolute despair. The forces against the gospel were never more formidable than they are to-day. Men's hearts are failing them through fear. Incipient infidelity is everywhere, it is in the air—our literature is saturated with it. The scientific mind is essentially, and we are told necessarily, atheistic; and if we are left simply to our own resources, I am confident nothing can save us. Let us break up, and go home and die.

But if Jesus lives, what have you to do with despondency even, not to mention despair? You say the outlook is dark—I know it is—and so it was that stormy night upon the sea of Galilee. You say the tendencies of the age are against you: what of that? Christ is against the tendencies of the age. Do you not think that the failure of his cause

would be infinitely more disastrous to him than it would be to you? The fact is, in some important respects we must reverse our thinking. We often think, and feel, and act as though the responsibility of Christ's kingdom were resting upon ourselves, and then we cry out most piteously to Jesus to come and help us. Come and help us! Did you ever hear a glow-worm call out to the harvest-moon to come and help it make the night bright? The truth lies exactly in the contrary direction. The government is upon HIS shoulder, and in infinite condescension and love he permits us, though in a very subordinate position and degree, to *help* him. But the success of the work rests with him. Therefore, whatever may be the mood of the hour, or the craze of the hour, let it be sufficient for us that *Jesus lives.*

3. Another thing that should sustain our confidence is the fact that *the Lord Jesus Christ is himself expecting.*

Even during his earthly ministry, when his adherents were very few in number, and low in social status, when according to all human calculation everything was against him, there were not wanting in him signs of eager and jubilant expectation. It is interesting to observe what small events were sufficient to lead his mind forward to the bright sequel of all his sufferings. Just as a man in early spring will fall down on some mossy bank over a pale primrose, with a keen joy in his heart, not so much for what it is in itself, but as the harbinger of the great glowing summer so surely advancing. As he looks at it, the leaden skies grow into sapphire clearness, the naked woodlands are once more dressed in living green, and the long winter silence is broken by the wild gushes of sweetest bird-music. He knows that behind that tender plant lies God's immutable covenant, that, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter shall not cease"—lie those omnific forces that will soon fulfil all the promise of this prophetic flower. So Christ welcomed each little sign of his advancing victory. A few Samaritans, returning with the woman with whom he had previously conversed at the well of Sychar, drew from him the exultant utterance, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." The faith of one Centurion is regarded at once as the earnest of the whole Gentile world: "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion two or three Greeks express a desire to see him, and that desire fills him with a holy transport. "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." . . . "Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the Prince of this world be cast out." An eloquent expositor has said, "That they were to him as the first-fruits of the great flock of humanity; and their presence as the first stroke of the bell which sounded the fatal but glorious hour." And his attitude to-day upon his throne is still that of calm, quiet, confident expectation. I know nothing more sublime in the inspired writings than that representation of the Lord given us in the epistle to the Hebrews, in which he is depicted as "seated upon his throne at his Father's right hand, *expecting* till his enemies become his footstool." Reflect for a moment upon the sight that must meet that omniscient gaze! A world black with appalling crime and hideous depravity. A

world reeking with drunkenness, and lust, and violence, and bloodshed. A world wrapped in the night of spiritual ignorance and heathen darkness. Angels beholding it, in ignorance of the divine purpose, might well have despaired of it as a world too sunken to raise, too hopeless to deliver. Yet it is upon this sad world that the Saviour's eye is fixed with such confident anticipation. No fear agitates his mind, no doubt breaks his rest. In his view nothing hangs in uncertainty or remains in jeopardy. To him the fulfilment is as sure as though it were already realized. Fixing our eyes upon intervening and secondary things, our heart often fails us; but he looks right on through present conflict to the victory beyond; he knows there can be but *one* result—"His enemies shall lick the dust." "All kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." If, therefore, we cherish such hopes, we are neither extravagant, nor irrational; we do but share them with Christ: if they are dashed for us, he participates in that bitter disappointment; but we never can be disappointed until "omniscience can be wrong in its forecasts, and infallibility mistaken in its predictions."

(*To be continued.*)

The Tower of Babel.

"GO to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top (may reach) unto heaven." Gen. xi. 4. This is an inaccurate translation of the Hebrew, but it has been made use of by a Rationalistic writer in the "Essays and Reviews" as a handle against Scripture; who says, that "the thought of building a tower high enough to escape God's wrath could enter no man's dreams." How anyone professing to believe in Scripture could lend himself to make such a remark (especially a clergyman), while at the same time he has not informed himself of the real meaning of the Hebrew, is inexplicable, and deserving of the strongest reprehension. Even if it meant "may reach unto heaven," it would be nothing more than a usual hyperbole that often occurs in Scripture, and in classical writers, merely implying that it was intended to build it very high; and not literally and actually up to the heavens. It is so used in Deut. i. 28, where "the cities of the Anakims" were said to be "great, and walled up to heaven"; and Deut. ix. 1, "cities great and fenced up to heaven." But in this passage the fact that the words "may reach" are in italics shows they were not in the Hebrew at all. The Targums assert that the tower was built for idolatrous purposes. Graves and others have shown that their object was to build a tower whose top should be consecrated to heaven, or to the elements. Observe that it was from heaven the showers and rain had descended by which the earth had been deluged with a flood. Hence, like all idolaters, the builders of Babel looked with fear and apprehension to the instrument rather than to the divine Author and cause of the deluge. And they intended to raise a temple of idolatry sacred to the elements, rather than a temple sacred to the almighty and true God, who ruled over all nature.—"*Mistranslated Passages in our Bible,*" *by Rev. J. H. Murray.*

The Widow and the Sovereign.

AT a missionary meeting held soon after the accession of our present Queen, one of the speakers related an anecdote concerning the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter, which well illustrates how comfort and profit may attend giving liberally to the Lord. About fifty years ago there was a lighthouse on the southern coast, which was kept by a certain godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid the missionary cause, resolved that during the summer season she would place in the box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers on a particular day was a lady attired as a widow accompanied by a little girl; and it appears that the two widows, drawn together as it were by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving, the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend, and that day was the one set apart for placing all receipts into the missionary-box! The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; poverty seeming to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time, she put half-a-crown in the box; but, on retiring to rest, found conscience sufficiently lively to deprive her of sleep. To obtain relief, she now rose, took back the silver and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids, and in the morning she felt comforted and refreshed. The matter occasioned no further trouble, but a few days afterwards the widow received a franked letter containing £20 from the elder lady above mentioned, and £5 from the younger; the first turning out to have been the Duchess of Kent, and the other the Princess Victoria, who now occupies the British throne.

Miracles.

THREE ways we read our Saviour healed diseases; with means, as the leper (Matthew viii.); without means, as the ten lepers (Luke xvii.); against means, as the blind man (John ix.). His work *by means* is the more ordinary, and suits better with the weakness of our faith and the dimness of our understanding; where we see it not, we are apt to sink and fail. The other method, *without means*, is not to God of greater difficulty. A miracle, when he pleases, is as easy to him as a natural cause. For it was at first by miracle that that cause was natural; and all the miracles that we have heard of in the world are less a miracle than the world itself. . . . It is as easy for God to work without means as with them. It is to him the same whether he say, "*Be clean*," or, "Go wash." And *against means* is equal to either; nay, to him these latter are the nearer ways. To go by his power and omniscience is a far quicker way for him than by the circumflexions of nature and second causes. . . . We ought never so to depend upon his hidden will and power as to neglect the appointed means. He that neglects what he finds commanded hath little reason to expect what is not promised. With means it is fit we should depend upon God; without means, we may hope; against means, we should not despair.—*Owen Feltham, from Vaux's "Preacher's Storehouse."*

John Chamberlain: a Model Missionary.

THOUGH it is more than sixty years since John Chamberlain, at the early age of forty-four, passed away from his loved employ in the mission-field of India, to the rest and higher service of heaven, he is still remembered as a worthy who, in the course of a brief life, did more than the work of a veteran. Mr. Yates published a memoir of his friend in 1824; a briefer narrative, with many new facts added by Mr. C. B. Lewis, has recently appeared at Calcutta.

John Chamberlain, the eldest son of hard-working, but tolerably well-to-do parents in humble life, was born at Welton, Northamptonshire, in July, 1777; and although his constitution was weakly from the first, he early acquired the habit of storing up knowledge as opportunities offered. Having his lot cast in an age when schooling was less thought of than at present, he was found serving on the land of a Market-Harborough farmer at twelve years of ago; and, meanwhile, his fond parents hoped that pure air, liberal fare, and heavy toil would brace his not too robust frame. He appears to have been religiously reared; at all events, he became the subject of religious impressions in childhood, and at eighteen he was actually converted while in service at Braunston.

It is not impossible that in his early childhood young Chamberlain may have come in contact with William Carey, the great pioneer of Indian missions, and if so, this served to stimulate the zest with which he now read the periodical accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society. That was the heroic age of Missions; and while experiencing the joys of his first love to Christ, young Chamberlain caught the enthusiasm reigning in the churches. With the scant education of a field-labourer, his heart still yearned over the heathen; but while he felt a longing to enter the mission-field which eclipsed all other earthly aspirations, he hardly dared to mention a desire such as he thought might seem to savour of presumption. When, however, the genuine missionary spirit has taken hold of a man, it is not readily repressed by those commonplace difficulties which are the lot of all who aspire to any service above the dead level of mediocrity. In 1797 John Chamberlain, at the age of twenty, removed to Naseby, where he entered the service of a farmer named Haddon; and in that district, so intimately associated with one of Cromwell's most signal victories, "he held prayer-meetings, established a prosperous Sunday-school, and as far as time and ability permitted, was busy in every good work open to his co-operation." While working in the field by day, he devoted his leisure to the reading of theology; but finding his strength unequal to the toils of his agricultural calling, the eager student and Christian worker began to think of adopting some other business which would ensure more leisure as well as greater opportunities of effective service. Before long the Committee of the Missionary Society heard of this devoted youth, and being accepted as a probationer, he was sent to Olney to be under the care of Mr. Sutcliff, who then had charge of several candidates.

As a town, or village, in the days we speak of, Olney is described by one writer as having been "dull and miserable"; but the religious associations of the place more than made up for poor shortcomings. Thus, in addition to having been the seat of Sutcliff's missionary school, Olney has in some way or other been connected with a greater number of persons whose names are familiar to the English-speaking race than any other place of the same size to be readily found. Browne, who wrote "Piscatory Eclogues," was once the vicar; Thomas Scott, the commentator, was curate; and it was there that Cowper and Newton wrote "The Olney Hymns," besides other things which have come down to us. The charm of the village to the men we have named was centred in general companionship on the one hand and in opportunities of doing good on the other. It was so likewise with John Chamberlain, who arrived a few days after Daniel Brunsdon, another candidate for the mission field.

Between work and Christian fellowship the days now passed delightfully. Mr. Lewis tells us that a close intimacy sprung up between the students. "They usually prayed together three or four times a day, and very frequently talked together on matters relating to the spread of the gospel. Mr. Sutcliff's instructions, his recommendations as to books, and his other judicious counsels had the happiest effect in enlarging his pupils' minds, and in confirming and developing their religious principles." The young men were going through a discipline which should fit them for foreign service by engaging in the mission-work in and around Olney.

In September, 1799, Mr. Chamberlain left Olney, and proceeded to Bristol Academy, where he remained until the beginning of 1802. He was at first a little disappointed at not being selected earlier for Indian service; but he afterwards saw that all was ordered for the best. At Bristol he was able very greatly to extend his knowledge, although the ardour which prompted his studying eighteen hours a day injured his health, and thus probably tended to the shortening of an eminently useful career. He was at length set apart for mission-work in Dr. Rippon's Chapel, at Little Carter-lane,* in May, 1803; and his after-movements well illustrate the difference between the good old times and these better days. The voyager and his wife were sixty-one days getting to New York, "full of gratitude that they were permitted once more to stand upon dry land"; and then between five and six months more had to be passed on shipboard before they came to the "very slow and somewhat dangerous progress up the Calcutta river." The first night passed on Indian ground was at the house of Mr. Rolt, the latter having married the widow of Mr. Brunsdon, Chamberlain's former fellow-student, who had died at his work some months before.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain joined the missionary band at Serampore at a time when Carey and his colleagues had been about three years at the station. On account of the new-comer's ignorance of Bengali, he was only able to take a subordinate position in the school; in this work, however, he laboured "from seven in the morning till five in the evening" with commendable diligence. The church consisted of thirty-eight members, some of whom, especially Krishna, the first Brahmin convert, were giving trouble. It is possible that sufficient allowance was not made for these poor heathen, who had only just emerged from the horrible night of paganism. Krishna, on whose account such concern was expressed at the time, held on his way, and died in the Lord in 1822.

Though the mission-presses at Serampore were actively at work, they failed to move fast enough to satisfy the eagerness of Mr. Chamberlain to see the Scriptures circulated; and his advice from the first, in favour of printing larger editions, was such as the other brethren could not accept with the limited funds at their command. The readiness of the natives to receive the word delighted him, while he could not but feel distressed at the scant supply. In one of his letters he speaks of a visit to Sangar, "where the sea and the Ganges meet," and a spot which is "esteemed a very holy place by the Hindus." Some two hundred thousand people were congregated from Bengal and other parts. "Multitudes sought our books and papers," remarks the young evangelist. "They had never before heard of Jesus Christ. All we had were distributed in a very little time; and then numbers begged in vain for the Word of Life in the most supplicating manner, and would not believe us when we told them that we had no more." Only two thousand had, at that time, been printed altogether, and more than the whole would have found eager recipients in a single day. The spectacle was quite unique to the young Englishman. He saw myriads of natives, who were naturally timid, willing to risk life itself for the sake of the grovelling superstition they called their religion. Encamped in the

* This chapel occupied a site on ground which is now the entrance to the station-yard of the London Bridge Railways. It was removed to clear the approaches to new London Bridge about fifty years ago.

jungle, some were actually carried off by tigers, while armed sepoys had to be stationed along the river bank to prevent devotees from throwing themselves into the flood to be eaten alive by sharks and alligators.

As it was not desirable for all the brethren to remain at Serampore, Mr. Chamberlain undertook to occupy a station at Cutwa, seventy miles above Calcutta on the Hooghly, in May, 1804, and by the middle of July he and his wife were happily settled in their new home. The natives were described as "self-interested to a proverb. Avaricious, proud, cruel, plunged in the depths of iniquity, delighting and wallowing in the vilest sins; a people, than whom none can be more unpersuadable, fostering self-conceit and the most delusive opinions; accounting wood, stone, mud, straw, trees, flowers, rivers, water, etc., *God;* and so worshipping these things, together with some of the vilest of men and women, as *God!*" And yet, among such society, as a preacher of the gospel he was able to say, "I would not change my situation for any worldly advantage." He and his wife were happy in their work, although he had, apostle-like, to assist in meeting the general expenditure by cloth-selling or coffee-growing.

Affliction now suddenly came down upon him: for, giving birth to a daughter on the 9th of November, 1804, his wife died in five days, leaving the home terribly desolate. The bereaved husband and Mr. Marshman, who happened to be at Cutwa, buried the corpse, all the servants refusing to assist. "Mr. Chamberlain's distress under this affliction was overwhelming," writes Mr. Lewis. "He resolved, however, to return without delay to his work at Cutwa; and having put his little one under the special charge of the missionary widow, Mrs. Grant, at Serampore, he went back, after about ten days' sojourn at that place. Dr. Carey's son, William, accompanied him for a short time to his desolate home, where he vigorously resumed his interrupted labour." At the end of 1805 he married Mrs. Grant; and strange to say, she died on the 17th of the following September, while on the way to Serampore, just after she had given birth to a son. Henry Martyn was with the missionaries at this time, and mentions the calamity in his diary. Chamberlain himself compared himself to a wreck after the storm, with relish for nothing earthly apart from the work of publishing the gospel. While life remained nothing could repress his zeal in spreading abroad among the natives news of the love of Christ, and many converts were given him for his reward. His habit of daily dispensing medicine among the sick gave him more ready access to the natives, thirty or forty of whom would attend his early morning family-worship service. Every day was fully occupied; and on most days, if possible, he preached in some public place in the open air.

In 1807 he began to travel on horseback about the surrounding country to places thirty or forty miles distant. He was ready for service in every kind of weather, neither glowing heat nor sweeping storm being able to hinder his progress. Then the insults and the rabid opposition of the Brahmins must be taken into account. "They sometimes assailed him, as having occasioned drought by some malignant power," we are told. "At others they exulted in his bereavements as proof of the indignation of the gods against him who would subvert their throne. It was not the Hinduism of to-day which Mr. Chamberlain had to encounter, but Hinduism before the restraint of English civilization had been imposed upon it."

In September, 1809, he married, as his third wife, Miss Mary Underwood, of London, and a member of Mr. Ivimey's church, a lady who not only made one of the best of wives, but one who even after her devoted husband's departure to rest rendered eminent service in the mission-field. She appears to have caught Mr. Chamberlain's spirit, and to have been ready, if need had arisen, to make any sacrifice in the grand cause.

Did space permit we might enlarge on what Mr. Chamberlain did for the benefit of soldiers and other Europeans who were stationed in the country. Although the 22nd regiment at Behamporo had a reputedly evangelical

chaplain, who was significantly named Mr. Parson, the men were utterly profligate; but such was the reformation which the gospel preached by Mr. Chamberlain effected, that altogether fifty-three were baptized, and in two years the sum of £100 was invested by the regiment in Bibles and other books. A few fell away, and some unpleasantness was occasioned by the missionary's views on baptism differing from the chaplain's; but otherwise the ingathering to the church was a glorious achievement, the fruit of which remained.

Hoping to secure opportunities of increased usefulness, he left Cutwa in January, 1811, in order to settle at Agra. In company with Mr. H. Peacock he was nearly four months on the road, the journey now being accomplished in less than two days by rail. With a present population of 125,000, Agra was once unparalleled for its splendour in all India; but it is now chiefly remarkable for its imposing ruins, and for a white marble mausoleum ornamented with jewels, which is said to have cost three-quarters of a million sterling. On their way to this station the missionaries preached on every opportunity, and largely distributed Scripture portions and religious tracts. All things seemed to promise success, when one heavy trial after another darkened the devoted preacher's lot. Three of his children were successively carried to the grave; then came tidings of the destruction of the Serampore missionary premises by fire, and these troubles were soon to be supplemented by others hardly less painful to a sensitive and earnest man. It would occupy too much space to fully explain all the circumstances which led to Mr. Chamberlain's expulsion from this interesting sphere. Those were the days of the ignoble ascendency of a Company whose misgovernment of India was a fruitful cause of trouble, until the tyranny was finally put down by the stronger hand of the English Parliament. There was apparently nothing which the magnates of Leadenhall-street and their officious military and civil agents abroad disliked so heartily as the gospel; and the only charge which could be brought against Mr. Chamberlain was the uncommon zeal he showed in visiting the garrison and in preaching to the natives. The vicious opposition of this so-called Honourable, but really self-seeking, Company was everywhere making itself felt. Mr. Chamberlain next proceeded to the Principality of Sirdhana, where he accepted a tutorship in the household of her Highness the Begum Sumroo. While thus employed, however—earning what was sufficient for his own wants, and labouring as assiduously as ever in the gospel cause—the Governor-General obliged the Begum to dismiss from her service a servant whom she highly valued, and from whom she parted with bitter tears.

On being thus driven from the North-Western Provinces, Mr. Chamberlain returned to Serampore to sit down to the work of translation, and to itinerate among villages on either side of the river within fifteen miles of the station. His seniors in the field, who seem to have thought that he had been guilty of some kind of imprudence, advised him to go and settle in some other country, but he had too much good sense to think for a moment of giving up, when that would have meant throwing away twelve years of preparatory labour. "If I am not permitted to reside in Hindustan," he said, "it is my intention to get a convenient boat, for a year at a stretch, in which, if preserved, I may be able to do that which will not be unproductive of good. The gospel must be preached."

In September, 1815, he left Serampore "in search of a new home"; and while going from place to place, his incessant labours in proclaiming the truth and in distributing gospels and tracts were those of an apostle. Within a month he visited forty places, and the people were willing to hear as well as eager to receive the books. At length he was prevailed upon by Captain Page to settle at Monghyr, in the province of Bahar, now a town of forty thousand inhabitants, and the seat of several manufactures. The natural situation is extremely beautiful, but he had to set himself to the mastery of a new dialect, and one "written in a peculiar character." About half of the European residents attended Mr. Chamberlain's ministry; and he remarked, "the non-

attendants are either bitterly prejudiced or profanely proud. 'They cannot come.' The natives are as yet in much confusion about this new way; and are much afraid of it."

Though only thirty-eight, he had come to the closing years of his life, and for the first time since leaving England he had come "to a place of quiet habitation." Though he was an invalid, and destined never to regain his former strength, he held on his way, perseveringly carrying on the regular missionary work in the town, and visiting other places in the surrounding country. The year 1818 was a time of sickness, and in October he went in a boat to Serampore, subsequently spending a month at sea in a schooner, which was of temporary benefit to his health. In the early months of 1819 he resumed work at Monghyr, and soon after organized the church there which still exists. Later in the year his disorder returned; and though able at intervals to resume work, he was never strong again. He preached for the last time on the second Sabbath of September, 1821. He died on the 6th of the following December on board the *Princess Charlotte* while on his way to England for the benefit of his health.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain was a missionary of the apostolic type, and though his life-work may, in a sense, have been marred by the vindictive opposition to which he was subjected, his conduct was none the less heroic throughout. He was worthy of being associated with the pioneer band at Serampore; and being dead he yet speaks by his example to us of these later times.

Two Prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle.

IT has been thought that an account of Tabernacle Prayer-meetings might be useful to those who conduct these holy gatherings elsewhere. It will exhibit the great variety of which such meetings are capable, and may suggest to friends who complain of dull prayer-meetings methods for curing such a grievous ill. We do not set up our prayer-meetings as models, but merely as suggestions. We give only two meetings, but we hope to continue the account next month.

Monday evening, September 25.—The meeting opened by singing hymn 314,

> "He's gone—the Saviour's work on earth,
> His task of love is o'er,"

to a tune which it was desired to introduce into the worship of the Sabbath. By singing the tune to both of the first two hymns the people caught the strain, and are now prepared to recognise it when the tune is used in the great congregation. Prayer was offered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who presided. There was a large attendance, occupying both the area and the first gallery. Again we sang, and prayer was offered by our deacon, Mr. Allison, and by Mr. H. Driver, a student who has come to the College from Auckland, New Zealand. These prayers did not exceed five minutes, and followed without break.

The following request for prayer was then presented before the Lord by Mr. Harrald:—"A lady, who has already lost several children by consumption, asks for special prayer for her daughter, who has been attacked by the same disease. Her mother begs for prayer both for her and for her only son, whom she has long since dedicated *unconditionally* to the Lord. The letter further says,—'*I have no rest in my spirit till these two are brought in.*'" Upon this sentence the Pastor dilated, stating that our anxiety for others is frequently a prophecy of good to their souls. He hoped that many of us would become thus restless till our children are all saved. After Mr. Harrald's intercession we joined in song with the lines:—

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears."

The Pastor read the following notes:—

"A mother requests the prayers of the Lord's people for a daughter once good and kind, but now addicted to drink."

A wife says, "I write these few lines to ask you to pray for my dear husband. He was once a preacher, but his present sin is drink. . . . I cannot bear the thought that after he has preached to others he himself should become a castaway. Do make special prayer for us both."

In calling upon Elder Cox to pray for these two cases, Mr. Spurgeon said—"It is a dreadful thing that so many hopeful spirits, bright spirits, loving spirits, who were beloved by all who knew them, should fall by little and little through the insidious habit of drunkenness. They never meant to take too much; but they were lured on by the appetite. This withering sin touches the character as with a hot iron, and all the beauty and the joy of life fade away. How can this plague be stayed? No one can bear the thought that those who have preached to others should themselves fall short of the kingdom, yet drink has slain its millions; I had almost said it has dragged down men who stood like angels in their brightness, and quenched them into degradation and misery till they were like to devils in wickedness and fury. Alas, alas, for the doings and the undoings wrought by drunkenness! All sins are deadly, but this is a sword with which men play till it cuts them to the heart. God help us to blunt the edge of that sword! Meanwhile we plead for the wounded." Mr. Cox prayed with much earnestness, and the great congregation was stirred with strong desire.

Mr. Wm. Olney, Jun., prayed for several persons in spiritual distress, whose cases were described by the Pastor.

Elder Sedcole and Mr. Perry, one of our students, very touchingly related the way in which they were brought to Christ, and urged sinners to fly to Jesus. This was deeply interesting, and constituted *the feature* of this gathering. The brethren were called upon without notice, but spoke most touchingly, and we believe that their testimonies will be used of God to conversion. Hymn 499, commencing—

"Come, poor sinner, come and see,
All thy strength is found in Me,"

was sung, and then Mr. Dunn pleaded for some who desired to be healed of bodily sickness, and specially for one who was believed to be dying with cancer in the throat, who, if taken away, would leave a wife and ten children behind him. There was much fervour in the meeting at this point.

Pastor Levinsohn, himself of the seed of Israel, next prayed for his own nation, after we had sung that choice hymn—

"Wake, harp of Zion, wake again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.

The hymn shall yet in Zion swell
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And thy loved name, Immanuel!
As once in ancient days.

For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing
With praise in all her gates.

Hasten, O Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice."

Just before the close of the meeting a telegram arrived from Pastor C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich, who was on his way to attend the Christian Convention at Chicago. This was the message:—

"I. Thessalonians v. 25. II. Corinthians xiii. 14."—"Brethren, pray for us." "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

Mr. William Olney, Senr., prayed both for Mr. Charles Spurgeon in his work in America, and for his brother Thomas in New Zealand. The Pastor pronounced the benediction, and as we left the Tabernacle we felt that we had been doing real business at the throne of grace, and that the "Sweet hour of prayer" had passed all too quickly.

Monday evening, *October* 2, was largely devoted to the STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE. The boys and girls marched down to the Tabernacle, and filled up the end of the first gallery. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there was again a large congregation, the greater portion of the area and the first gallery being occupied. The meeting was opened with the hymn, commencing "I feel like singing all the time," sung by the children and the people, after which the Pastor offered prayer. Then followed the hymn, "Art thou weary?" in which the children and adults alternately sang the enquiry and the response. Mr. Gardiner, a city missionary, prayed for a blessing upon the work of the church, and specially mentioned the various agencies for the benefit of children. Many friends, who had arrived during the last prayer, were waiting to take their seats, so one verse was sung, "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare," and then Elder Sedcole pleaded very earnestly for fruit from the services of the preceding day, and also for a blessing upon the sermon to be preached by the Pastor on Wednesday at Liverpool.

The children having sung, "Happy! ever happy!" Mr. Charlesworth asked for special petitions for the orphans. He said that many present could remember the beginning of the institution, when there were six boys in Mrs. Gilbert's house. The first who was received, having passed through the College, has become a successful minister of the gospel. Up to the present time no less than 789 have found a home at Stockwell, of whom 449 have left, leaving 340 now in residence. A few have been "called home," and Mr. Charlesworth was glad to be able to say that every one of them, before they fell asleep, had borne testimony to their acceptance in Jesus Christ. The growing expenses of the institution had been met by constantly increasing contributions, so that the President had not been overweighted with care on account of his large fatherless family. Parents present, who knew the trouble that one child could cause, might estimate the difficulties to be overcome in training three hundred and forty in the way they ought to go. The Sunday-school held at the Orphanage on Sunday afternoons had been the means of leading many of the children to the Saviour. Mr. Charlesworth closed his short address by reading

what Mr. R. T. Booth wrote in the visitors' book after the President conducted him over the institution. This is what he said :—

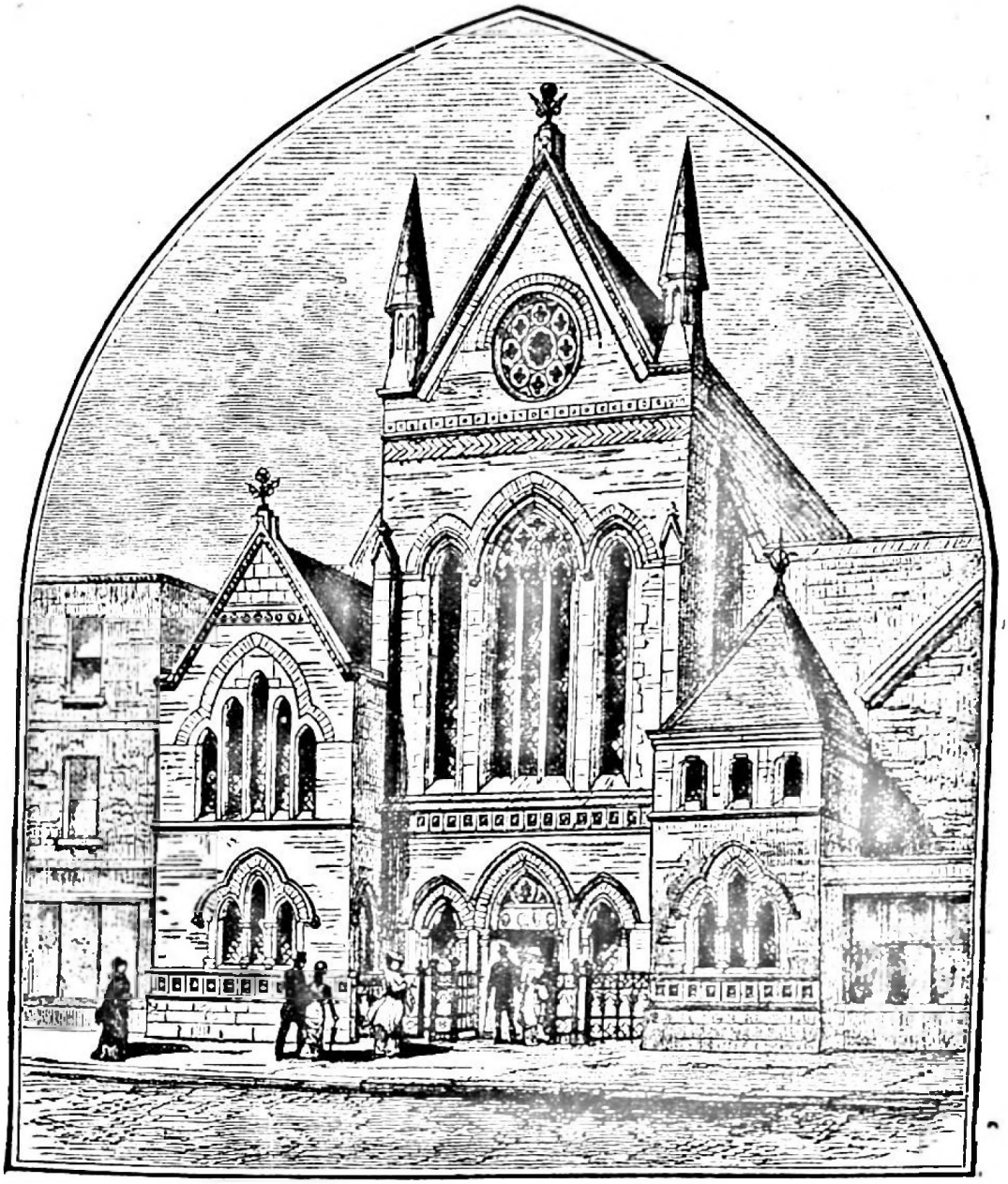
"This is an autumn day in London, dark, and cold, and dreary. For the first time I step into the grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage, and am met by its founder, my friend, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. As I pass through the various buildings I find some 300 little fatherless children sheltered from the storm, and surrounded with every comfort of a happy home, and provided with all that a great loving heart can suggest. As I look into their bright, happy faces, listening to their songs of glee, I observe that no two are dressed alike; the miserable, prison-like custom of uniformity being entirely banished; I find it difficult to persuade myself that these are not little ones just from the firesides of the surrounding homes come together for a childish romp. My whole heart's best love goes out to him who is thus doing for *him* who said, 'Feed my lambs.' My dear wife unites with me in the above."

The children sang, "Always cheerful,"—a most appropriate piece for them; Elder Everett, being called upon by the Pastor on a sudden, described the Sunday afternoon school at the Orphanage; and prayer for all children was offered by Mr. Hoyland and Elder Cox. One of the brethren having prayed "that the Lord would knock all the nonsense out of the pulpits," the Pastor said, "That is a petition in which I very heartily join. It does seem to me surprising that men can preach sermons that have not a bit of Christ in them, sermons that would not save the soul of a mouse. They would be first-rate sermons, capital sermons, if they were good for anything: they are clever to the last degree, but they would never save souls unless the Lord were to make the people misunderstand them. Sometimes that has been the case, as it was with the good woman who was much refreshed by what her minister said about metaphysics. She thought he said that Christ was meat and physic too, and the misunderstanding was a deal more instructive than what he actually said."

The Pastor then read a letter from Pastor C. T. Johnson, of Longton, containing cheering news of Mr. Bouser's work at Fenton; and prayer for the labourers in the Potteries, and other spiritually dark places, was presented by Messrs. Lazenby and Newbat. The children sang "Sound the battle-cry"; and then followed the most impressive scene of the whole evening. The orphan girls alone sang very sweetly the hymn in Mr. Sankey's book, commencing—

"Oh, what a Saviour that he died for me!
From condemnation he hath made me free;
'He that believeth on the Son,' saith he,
'*Hath* everlasting life.'
'Verily, verily, I say unto you!'
'Verily, verily,' message ever new!
'He that believeth on the Son'—'Tis true!
'*Hath* everlasting life!'"

At its close the Pastor had it repeated, in the hope that some might come to Christ while it was being sung. It was like a new song carolled by the angels, and many silent supplications were ascending to God that it might be a season of salvation to many souls. Special requests for prayer were read, and presented by the Pastor, as follow:—For the restoration of a young man in consumption, or for his soul's recovery; and for the blessing of God to rest upon a meeting to be held at Cannon-street Hotel to promote the more widespread preaching of the doctrines of grace. In closing the meeting, the Pastor asked that his brother, who was to be married the following day, might be remembered in prayer, and that the church would plead for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the service he was to conduct at Liverpool on Wednesday, and that all the meetings of the Baptist Union might be productive of much practical good. So ended a session of prayer of quite another order to that of the previous Monday, but equally full of power.



Proposed Baptist Tabernacle, Calverley Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE friends at Tunbridge Wells who were some years ago formed into a church of similar faith and order to that at the Tabernacle are now in urgent need of help. The town is a great health-resort, and we ought to be well represented in it; and therefore this church deserves liberal help.

In April, 1881, Mr. James Smith, of Leeds (formerly of the Pastors' College), commenced his ministry, since which time the church and congregation have greatly increased. The church numbers nearly 100 members, and is self-supporting. *Necessity is laid upon the people to provide a commodious building adapted to the requirements of the congregation.* A freehold property, situated in Calverley-road, the main thoroughfare of the most thickly populated part of

the town, has been purchased for £1,000. It is proposed to erect a chapel to accommodate 630 persons, and a lecture-room, to be used for school purposes, at a total cost of £5,500, inclusive of the site.

Such an undertaking cannot be accomplished without liberal and prompt support from without: the church prayerfully and confidently looks to our great Lord to incline his servants to aid them. About £1,000 have been raised in money and promises; the church members, mostly of the working classes, having liberally contributed. Samuel Barrow, Esq., of Red Hill, is treasurer. Donations will be gladly received by him, or by Pastor James Smith, 47, Upper Stone Street, Tunbridge Wells.

Is it true?

IN our March number we quoted from Mr. Gilberts book, "*Disestablishment from a church point of view*," a statement to the effect that many public-houses had been erected upon church lands. An instance was given in the city of Salisbury. This instance has been questioned, and Chancellor Swayne has declared that "neither the Bishop, nor the Chapter, nor either of the City incumbents, possess one single building here devoted to the sale of strong drink in any form." This statement we accept, and fully exonerate those for whom the Chancellor speaks; and so far as this is an answer to Mr. Gilbert's statement that he counted eighteen public-houses erected upon church lands, we desire to withdraw from any supposed participation in the charge. We only took it from Mr. Gilbert's book, and headed our extract, "Is it true?" and if the Chancellor has proved that it is not true we are glad of it. Mr. Gilbert is a gentleman upon whose veracity and accuracy we place implicit reliance, and he begs us distinctly to say that he personally refuses to admit that he has been in error. We fear that the Chancellor's statement does not meet the charge in all its length and breadth, but concerning this we are at present unable to say more.

Our sole intent in inserting the article was to throw light upon the action of religious and charitable corporations which encourage the liquor-traffic. These bodies cannot help having licensed houses with old leases, which were granted when the public conscience was not aroused; but they can refuse to allow new licenses to be taken out, and as the old ones fall in they can destroy them. We do not so much denounce the past as demand improvement for the future.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman: compiled and arranged as a Service of Song. By JOHN BURNHAM, Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist. Passmore and Alabaster. Price fourpence.

HERE we have an outline of an attractive and instructive entertainment. With an efficient choir to sing the music, and a good reader to give voice to the extracts, an audience would be gathered, and greatly pleased. The issue of these services by Mr. Burnham affords us much pleasure, and we would say the same of those compiled by Mr. Charlesworth, entitled "Fullerton and Smith's Song Services." With a high degree of satisfaction we see members of our staff thus taking the lead in teaching the people by song.

How readest thou? or, Christian baptism as contained in the Word of God. By F. H. WHITE, author of "Christ and the Tabernacle," etc. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS pamphlet is very suitable for inquirers, and we wish it a wide circulation. Mr. White is always clear, interesting, and evangelical, and his writings may therefore with safety be put into the hands of those who love the truth.

George F. Pentecost, D.D. A biographical sketch. With Bible Readings and Experiences with Inquirers. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Pentecost has led a life of usefulness under the influence of an earnest zeal for the Lord and for the good of men. There is hardly enough of remarkable incident in his career to make into a specially readable biography; but yet it is far more interesting than many of the "lives" which are run up with slender materials in these book-making days. We hope that the best half of Mr. Pentecost's service is yet to come, for he is full of vigour both in body and mind, and is now in England with the design of aiding Mr. Moody. He is one of the few American Baptists who have gone in for open communion. Whether he is always wise we should not care to say, but he always desires to be right, and his heart is warm and true. We fear that he is not sufficiently known in this country to make this sketch a success; but possibly his sojourn here may make his name familiar, and then the public will wish to know who he is and whence he came.

The Bristol Nonconformist Sunday Services. The Bristol Nonconformist Week-Evening Prayer Meetings. By Richard Drewett Robjent. Bristol: J. Wright and Co., 10 and 11, Stephen-street.

These two pamphlets contain short descriptions of all the religious gatherings in Bristol both on the Lord's-day and at prayer-meetings. The work is executed courteously and impartially by a worthy man who aims at doing good by his remarks. Such a descriptive work might be useful in all our large towns. If the author had possessed genius, and literary ability, this might have been a highly interesting work; but as the writer's sole qualification is his honesty of purpose, the work is most reliable and dull. A little of the wit which he condemns because he himself labours under the want of it, would have made his books sell, and, what is more, would have secured their being read. As it is, we fear that the excellent gentleman's labour will prove unremunerative.

May Beaufort; or, the True Story of a Hymn. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster-row.

A very touching, tender narrative of filial affection which it would do all our daughters good to read. A Christian lady when suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, finds great comfort from a verse of a hymn which runs thus:—

> "Whom, then, have we to fear—
> What trouble, grief, or care—
> Since Thou art ever near,
> Jesus, our Lord?"

Her young daughter, who loved the Saviour, and felt keenly for her parents in their trials and sorrows, set the sweet hymn to music, her first attempt at such composition, and—but we should mar the reader's interest in this true story if we divulged May's secret. May the author's desire be abundantly fulfilled, that "the perusal of it may be owned of God in leading the reader to look away from the 'vain show' of this changeful scene to Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Portraits of Heroes; being a Practical Exposition of the Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews. By Rev. A. Macarthur. Nisbet and Co.

Yet another little volume on the picture-gallery of faith in the epistle to the Hebrews. Whilst there is nothing very striking or original in these papers, the author has his own angle of vision, and declares what he sees with plainness and power. Good, if not great.

Life of R. S. Candlish, D.D. By Jean L. Watson. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

Our authoress has a facile pen, and tells the story of Dr. Candlish's life with unusual power and charm. The old, yet ever new, incident of the Disruption, when Scotland's ministers nobly suffered on behalf of Christ's supremacy in his church, is described with wondrously dramatic power and force. The little volume is as interesting as it is pithy, as clear as it is strong, and we should like it to be read by thousands, for it must promote a sturdy Nonconformity.

Sermons, Addresses, and Pastoral Letters. By Rev. B. Gregory. Wesleyan Conference Office.

These Sermons and Addresses are all alive and glowing with spiritual power, and cannot but quicken and stimulate. Novelty-hunters will find but little to relish, but lovers of the Master will feel his presence in every page. There is an unusual mingling of the experienced and the fresh, the sternly solid and the tenderly beautiful therein. They shall go on our shelves for use and reference.

Addresses and Sermons. By E. E. Jenkins, M.A. T. Woolmer and Co.

A worthy companion to the above, by a "Master in Israel," whose spirituality and strength, freshness and force are about equally balanced. As we have read we have been both stimulated and subdued, quickened and calmed with the majesty of the gospel, and its certainty of triumph. There is a keenness of sympathy in Mr. Jenkins that makes him play with power on every string of our being. This is *a book* indeed.

The Bethel Flag; or, Sermons to Seamen. By Robert Philip, D.D. Third Edition. George Philip and Son.

We are not surprised to find these sermons in a third edition. They are admirably adapted for the special class they are intended to reach: plain and practical, salt and breezy, thoroughly earnest in style and evangelical in spirit. If our merchant captains would buy the volume, and read a sermon every Sunday to the crew, it would be some compensation for the loss of the ordinary means of worship; and—who can tell?—might result in untold good. This little volume has our sincerest approval.

Thoughts chiefly designed as preparative or persuasive to Private Devotion. By John Sheppard. A new edition, with Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

Nothing could be more timely and helpful than the issue of this book in these busy days, when private devotion is in danger of being jostled out of our lives by the multitude of duties and religious engagements in which Christians are involved. There is an old-world flavour about it that is in itself a charm, and it is pervaded so thoroughly by godly scrutiny and analysis that it must be of service in teaching us to read our own hearts, and then to pour them out in prayer to God. The Religious Tract Society has done well to issue this reprint, and we sincerely hope they will meet with a large demand for the volume.

The Scottish Sanctuary as it was, and as it is. By the Rev. Andrew Duncan. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street.

A pleasing book. One likes to know the manners and customs of the good Scotch folk of the older times. There is a life likeness in Mr. Duncan's descriptions which proves him to have been born and bred where these things are done, or are well remembered. A few very ancient stories are served up again in this compilation, but for the most part the incidents are new to us, and we are right glad to have come across them. The book does not contain too much of a didactic or practical sort, neither does it spin out any one subject, but it is suggestive, easy reading, and will do good. We shall insert an extract in our magazine.

Poems. By Alexander Carruthers. Glasgow: Porteous Bros. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A western paper suggests the following plan for paying off the National Debt in six weeks:—Let the Government levy a light tax on the poetry written in the United States, and let every poet name the value of his own poetry. That will do it. It would not much diminish the income if the Government allowed true poets to escape the tax. In this case we should plead for the exemption of Mr. Carruthers, whose songs have in them "earnests of a better thing." The poetic fire is in him, and only needs stirring and feeding to become a power. There are verses in this little volume which should be better known than they are likely to be through their publication in this form. We have borrowed a verse to enrich our first article, and we have taken the sense of another verse, and written it in prose. We thought this a pleasant and hopeful way of letting Mr. Carruthers speak for himself.

The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D. A Memorial Volume. Edited by his son, the Rev. ALFRED OWEN SMITH, B.A. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street.

OUR Wesleyan friends have sustained many and serious losses of late from the decease of eminent leaders; among these Gervase Smith must be placed in the first rank. He was a fine man, and as gracious as he was gifted. He had special facility in lecturing, and ran Dr. Punshon very hard in that line of things. How we have been moved while reading his "Siege of Londonderry!" We burned with indignation, and might have actually been consumed had it not been for the floods of tears which were forced from us by the heroic sufferings of the Protestants of Derry. Our departed brother had only just passed beyond threescore years, and there seemed hope of much longer service; but his time had come, and he entered heaven close upon the heels of his dear brother Punshon. Although, as one said, "Gervase Smith was predestinated to be an Arminian," we are also assured that he was ordained to serve his Lord below, and then to dwell with him above. His preaching was thoroughly popular—some specimens are given in this volume, and are noteworthy. Altogether we have here an admirable souvenir of an earnest minister, a thorough Methodist, and a lively Christian.

Memoir of Daniel Macmillan. By THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C. Macmillan and Co.

THIS memoir is well written,—that goes without saying; and as it is the life of a sincere and earnest man, it is worth reading. It cannot, however, be expected that we should feel any great pleasure in the processes by which a man swept what he calls "*the Calvinistic cobwebs*" out of his brain, and then gave his mind over to that master spinner of webs, Mr. Maurice. Of the two spinners we know whose webs we would prefer. A man who can deride the grand conceptions which make up the doctrines of grace and call them "cobwebs" has a higher estimate of his own mental developments than we have; for, to say the least, they are masterpieces of thought. This manner of speech is, however, common among our "cultured" friends, who generally develop a little scorn with their other graces. As Boswell was infatuated with Dr. Johnson so was Daniel Macmillan carried away with Maurice, in whose theology we see no charms. So far we are not agreed; but if we cease to look at Daniel Macmillan theologically, but simply see him as a man suffering greatly, dying in fact every day, and yet struggling on till he had seen his publishing house brought into the front rank, we regard him with the utmost admiration. We mark in him the upright publisher fixing his eye upon a lofty goal and reaching it. He was a man of considerable abilities, and unbending faithfulness to his convictions; but he would have been all the better if he had not treated as "cobwebs" those glorious doctrines which have nourished the holiest and bravest men of former generations. If he could not accept them for himself others have done so, and have fulfilled a life course which he would ungrudgingly have admired. Men like Knox, Cromwell, the Puritans, and the New Englanders were as able to judge of the value of great principles as the worthy bookseller of Cambridge, and, to say the least, were every way as great and good as he.

Polished Stones from a Rough Quarry. By Mrs. HUTCHEON. T. Woolmer.

THIS is a royal little book. Delightful in its simple, touching record of Christian work in a low quarter of Aberdeen. Worth a thousand religious fictions. We should like to give a copy to every Sunday-school teacher. It would warm his heart as it has warmed ours, and fill him with confidence and renewed zeal.

Sparks from the Philosopher's Stone. By J. L. BUSFORD. David Bogue.

A STRANGE medley of some things wise, and many otherwise. We almost tremble to write this opinion, since one of the author's aphorisms is, "A well-cultivated mind is always a kindly critic." These "sparks from stones"—whatever that may mean—will never set the world on fire.

The Great Roman Eclipse. An exposition of the viii. and ix. chapters of the Apocalypse. By the author of "The Little Horn of the East." London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This is a volume of very pleasant reading, whether it be or whether it be not a true key to the "*trumpets of the Book of Revelation.*" The glimpses and gleams of authentic history in the dark ages of the Christian era are admirably selected; transcribed in the words of favourite authors; and set in a framework of such heraldic poetry as only the metaphors of the Bible could supply. Thus the principal actors on the busy stage may be surveyed through coloured glass (as it were) which tones down the vulgarity of human passions, and throws up in strong relief the destined course that designing men have unwittingly pursued. There is rather a wide circle of students who accept the historico-prophetic system of interpretation. To such these pages can hardly fail to be instructive as well as entertaining. For our own part we perceive such serious objections to this school of expositors that we can hardly imagine any number of coincidences convincing us that Gregory, Hilbebrand, or Charlemagne were ever contemplated in this revelation of Jesus Christ which God sent and signified to his servant John. Our anonymous author however gives so good an account of his own book and of the title he has adopted to it in a brief preface, that we have much pleasure in making two extracts. "It is *assumed* that the fourth of the great world-powers in the Book of Daniel—following the Greek and continuing till the second advent—is no other than the Roman. With this for our fulcrum the next thing is to take the Apocalyptic visions, thoroughly investigate the meaning of their symbols, and then find out whether anything in the world's history so really corresponds to their intimations as clearly to establish a case of prophecy and fulfilment." So much for the general drift. Now for the special title-page. "Whilst we accept the general English interpretation of the first four trumpets, we differ from it in some important particulars, especially in regard to that fundamental point, the *eclipse* of the Roman sun, in place of which there is so commonly and unceremoniously substituted the idea of an entire extinction." There! we hope this notice is long enough and liberal enough to suit all parties.

The Republic of God, an institute of theology. By Elisha Mulford, L.L.D. London: R. D. Dickinson.

Without much claim to originality on the one hand, or to orthodoxy on the other hand, this treatise is an amalgam of German philosophy on the lines of Hegel, and the Christian system after the school of Coleridge. Such "*theosophy*" enjoys a measure of popularity in the States, but it will find few disciples in the old country. Among students of *positive truth*, there are those who think out hypotheses and try to support them on the principle of induction, and there are those who drink in revelation and rest on the authority of Scripture. The two parties keep aloof. The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. The title that Elisha Mulford has given to his essay is a little pretentious, and to English readers it might appear rather perplexing. We have heard of the Republic of Plato; that was a fiction. We have been assured of the Republic of Washington, for that has developed into a notable fact. But how shall we describe "the Republic of God"? Well, it is the name of a book; and books like babies often owe their names to the caprice of their parents.

Rivers among the Rocks; or, Walking with God. By Anna Shipton. Nisbet and Co.

As a record of personal experiences we think this little volume very admirable; the authoress is a most devout, sweet spirit, and her writing is graciously helpful to devotion. But as a guide to the practical life of others, we are not so sure of its healthiness. It is possible to forget the action of the Holy Spirit through one's own mind, in the endeavour to "walk with God"; and this may lead to a mysticism that is misleading. However, this is a danger likely only to affect a few, whereas with the many the tendency is to neglect altogether personal fellowship with him.

The Reciter. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. George Cauldwell, 60, Old Bailey.

A FIRST-RATE selection, and wonderfully cheap at sixpence. Here, boys, you will know what to recite if you get this "*Reciter*." All sorts of poets are laid under contribution by Mr. Alfred Miles. Here's a capital bit which struck our eye while glancing down the columns :

THE STUBBORN BOOT.

(From "Hearth and Home.")

"Bother!" was all Jack Chatterby said;
His breath came quick, and his cheek was red;
He flourished his elbows and looked absurd,
While over and over his "bother" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked,
The boot half on would dangle and flap—
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed:
He wriggled his heel and tugged at the leather,
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy," said I, with a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem—try the mate of that boot
Or the other foot?" "I'm a goose," laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
Of this busy life
(As that same day
I said to my wife)
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left-hand shoe
On the right-hand foot.

Or, *vice versâ*,
(Meaning reverse, sir,)
To try to force,
As quite of course,
Any wrong foot
In the right shoe
Is the silliest thing
A man can do.

The Pioneer Boy, and How he Became President. The story of the Life of Abraham Lincoln. By W. M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a companion volume to, "From Log-Cabin to White-House," and is written in the same American sensational style. To an ordinary reader the chapters have the appearance of being half fiction and half sober fact; and it is not always easy to sift the wheat from the chaff. Apart from this drawback, the book is interesting, presenting as it does a full length portraiture of a man, who, from his earliest youth, had a wonderfully thorough acquaintance with the Bible, and acted in accordance with its precepts. After all, the life-story of the man who fought and won the great battle which the slave-holders provoked, is an absorbing narrative; and by boys and young men, especially, cannot be read without profit. Mr. Thayer had access to materials exceptionally full and trustworthy, and though he has produced a book which people will read, the result would have been more satisfactory had he not betrayed the weak hand that trusts in invention for effect. People *will* have a Life of Mr. Lincoln; and this one must serve the purpose until we get a better.

The Papers of the Eclectic Discussion Society. Edited by HENRY WALDUCK. Elliot Stock.

WE do not suppose that any such discussions actually took place; but the imaginary record here printed contains much instruction strikingly put. The power of faith here rules that of unbelieving imagination; were all discussion societies permeated with this spirit, they would be a far greater blessing than they now are.

Festival Hymns. Second Series. By A. H. MILES. London: Sunday-school Union.

MR. MILES has turned his knowledge and experience to good account in the production of these musical leaflets for Sunday-school and other anniversaries. His original compositions are musical, and some of them are already favourites with the children. Wherever they are known they are sure to be appreciated.

Wonders under the Earth. By JANE BESEMERES. Religious Tract Society.

INSTRUCTION conveyed in a charming manner. The pill is sugar-coated; indeed it seems to be all sugar. It is long since we could be called a boy, but we could devour all this little volume with boyish eagerness.

The Life and Labours of Charles H. Spurgeon, the faithful Preacher, the devoted Pastor, the noble Philanthropist, the beloved College President, and the voluminous Writer, Author, etc., etc. Compiled and Edited by GEORGE C. NEEDHAM, Evangelist. Boston: D. L. Guernsey.

SIDNEY SMITH thought it better not to read a book which he was to review; reading it might prejudice his judgment. In this case we are prejudiced by the appearance of the volume, by the subject, and by the name of the author, whom we highly esteem. The prejudice is, however, wholly favourable. On opening the book we find all our engravings reproduced, and all that has appeared in our magazine cleverly arranged, made into a consecutive narrative, and flavoured with the most loving esteem. There is, however, nothing in the noble volume which is original: it is made up from our sermons, speeches, books, and magazines. It cannot be admitted into the United Kingdom, for that would be a violation of all copyright; but we are honoured by being so favourably presented to the American public. We are amazed that so great a tome can be compiled from our sayings and doings. If it shall stimulate others we shall be content to have been thus bigly biographed during life.

The Book of Psalms Exegetically and Practically Considered. By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Vol. I. Extending from Psalm I. to LXI. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon-street.

DR. THOMAS is a writer of unquestionable ability, but what kind of commentary is likely to be produced upon his principles the reader can readily judge. He says: "I have not been able to see what most of my predecessors have seen—much moral excellence in the character of David, satisfactory reasons for his awful imprecations, or many, if any, Messianic references in the whole book." He who cannot find Christ in the Psalms, and has a scant esteem for the writer through whom the Holy Spirit gave forth these divine songs, may write cleverly, but he cannot be acceptable to evangelical believers. Of course such an author adopts those modern notions of which many think so much; as, for instance, the idea that David did not write the Fifty-first Psalm. These fancies are as truly criticism as a boy's whittling is wood-carving. A little criticism is a dangerous thing, and its best corrective is found in more grace and riper scholarship. We took up this volume with large hopes, and we put it down in sadness. Alas, that so much which might have been useful is perverted by the evil plan upon which the writer has commenced his book. One portion of the work is entitled *Sermonic Slippings:* we are compelled to say that these are by no means its greatest slippings. Whereabouts Dr. Thomas is may be gathered mysteriously from the following fine-sounding sentences:—"Christ is the Bible, the Word, the Truth. What the Old and New Testament writers have said agreeing with his character and teaching I accept; what they have said not so agreeing, if I do not reject I hold in abeyance." Great is David, great is Isaiah, great is Paul, but greater far is he who authoritatively cries, "I accept," or "I hold in abeyance."

Led by the Spirit. Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Eliza Walker. By E. J. ROBINSON. T. Woolmer and Co.

THE memoirs of this lady are deeply interesting, and worthy of a permanent record, containing, as they do, the history of a soul's struggle with "persecution for the truth's sake," and home associations of a distinctly godless type. The transition from soul-anxiety to peace through believing, the failures to find satisfaction in sacraments or self-righteousness are vividly portrayed, and in such a fashion must be helpful to direct other seekers after salvation. We think, however, the long extracts from the diary a blemish, it has added bulk to the book, but it does not increase the interest; a little judicious pruning would make it far more readable.

Life and Truth; also a Scripture Chart, Life or Death. Bible Christian Book Room.

THIS is a strange medley: theology done into blank verse, and illustrated by an extraordinary diagram. The idea, though novel, is not a very attractive one, and we fear will not succeed in arousing interest in divine truth.

The Girl's Own Annual. The Boy's Own Annual. 1882. "The Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

THESE are marvellous volumes for boys and girls. The editorial skill amazes us; for a continuous freshness is maintained, and everything is kept out which is not suitable for young folks. Frequently such serials grow dull after a time, and the matter becomes more adapted for sober elders than for lively juveniles. If there be any fault it is not in this direction, but in its opposite. These volumes are greatly recreative, and highly instructive, but we hope the editors will try to make them more distinctly religious. A little more might be done in this direction, and yet dulness need not be the consequence; indeed, it should be easy for editors to be both grave and gay. The binding, the illustrations, and the volumes as a whole are enough to make a boy's eyes flash with delight and cause a girl to skip for joy.

Sea Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

INSTEAD of portraying some foreign country the Tract Society's annual this year goes to see the sea. Here we have a fine collection of everything about the rolling ocean. Without the inconvenience of going upon the treacherous element our readers may here behold the sea in poetry, and the sea in history, and learn much of its products and its physical geography. As a work of art the volume is up to the high average of previous years, and is undoubtedly one of the cheapest and best of the high-class Christmas books. Eight shillings thus invested will purchase as brilliant a Christmas present as a princess might wish to send to her sister.

The Human Sympathies of Christ. By A. C. GEIKIE, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A CAPITAL idea, well carried out. Dr. Geikie is a writer of remarkable ability, and whatever he writes is worthy of earnest reading. The heading of his chapters may serve some brother with a hint for a series of discourses. Here they are:—Christ's sympathy with nature. Christ's love for his mother. Christ's sympathy with children. Christ's friendship. Christ's sympathy with human suffering. Christ's sympathy with the poor. Christ's sympathy with doubters. Christ's sympathy with the tempted. Christ's sympathy with the fallen. Christ's sympathy with those who do their best. Christ's sympathy with lost souls.

Notes.

List of preachers at the Tabernacle during Mr. Spurgeon's absence:—Thursday evening, Nov. 9, Joseph Parker, D.D.; Sunday, Nov. 12, E. G. Gange; Thursday evening, Nov. 16, J. T. Wigner; Sunday, Nov. 19, Robert Robinson; Thursday evening, Nov. 23, J. T. Wigner; Sunday, Nov. 26, R. H. Lovell; Thursday, Nov. 30, J. A. Spurgeon; Sunday morning, Dec. 3, James Knaggs, of Stratford; Sunday evening, Dec. 3, J. A. Spurgeon; Thursday evening, Dec. 7, J. A. Spurgeon; Sunday, Dec. 10, W. P. Lockhart.

Publication of the Sixth Volume of "The Treasury of David."—Mrs. Spurgeon wishes us to say that all ministers unable to purchase the new volume, and intending to apply to her for it as a gift, are requested to wait till the new year, as the postage may possibly be cheaper.

On *Friday evening, Sept.* 22, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. S. The room was crowded, and the meeting was of the most enthusiastic character, unusual interest being given to it by the presence of representatives of the various mission stations connected with the Association. Little detachments were introduced to the chairman by Mr. G. E. Elvin, the devoted secretary of the Association, and each in turn sang one of the songs of Zion. It was a delightful gathering, well calculated to cheer and encourage the workers. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Maples, Poulton, Hunt, Eveleigh, Mountain, and Lazenby.

Some slight idea of the usefulness of this society can be formed by a summary of the report presented by Mr. Elvin. Since the last anniversary the members of the Association have conducted 476 Sunday services in the stations that are entirely under their charge, 769 in other mission-stations; they have gone as supplies 136 times, and have

held 79 special services, 151 open-air meetings, and 64 children's services, making a total of 1975 engagements on Sundays during the year. On week nights they have held 341 special evangelistic services, 89 in the open air, and 922 miscellaneous meetings, bringing up the grand total of the twelvemonth's work to 3327 services, at which over 100 members of the Association have either spoken or sung the gospel. We are sure it is *the gospel* that they preach and sing, for, like Paul, they have determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

The cost of all this evangelistic labour has only been about £200, which has been expended for printing, travelling, rent, &c., the workers being all unpaid. We have been glad, with the help of various friends, to find one half of the amount needed during the year, and the balance has been made up by donations, collections at the mission-stations, and contributions from the churches visited. We know of no agency which does so much direct work for the Master with so small an outlay of money. Further particulars may be obtained of Mr. G. E. Elvin, 30, Surrey Square, S.E.

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 9, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall. After tea the chair was taken by C. H. S., the report and balance-sheet were read, and short addresses were delivered. The report stated that 213 boxes had been lent to poor mothers during the year, and that 300 articles of clothing had been given to them. There is need of more helpers at the working meetings, which are held on the second Tuesday after the first Sunday in each month. This society ought to do far more, and it is the Pastor's earnest hope that all the ladies of the Tabernacle will henceforth take a share in its work.

GREEN WALK MISSION, BERMONDSEY.—Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., and his friends have at last secured a suitable site in the Bermondsey New-road for the erection of a mission-hall in which to continue the work of the last twelve years. It is proposed to provide a large hall to seat 700 persons, a school-room for 400 children, and other rooms for Bible-classes, mothers' meetings, and temperance work. The total cost of the premises will be at least £5000, of which about £2000 have been promised already. Mr. Thomas Olney will gratefully receive donations at the Tabernacle. This business is to be carried through with spirit: done at once, and well done, and no debt. Let every true friend take his share of the giving.

A *Bazaar*, in aid of the Building Fund, is to be held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall in the first week of the new year. We shall be most grateful to our faithful friends far and near if they will again come to our aid.

Parcels for the Bazaar should be addressed to Mr. Murrell, or Mr. W. Olney, at the Tabernacle. The annual meeting of the Green Walk Mission is to be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, October* 30, when further particulars of the work will be given.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. Atkinson has accepted an invitation from the church at Southbank, Middlesbrough; and Mr. T. Whittle has settled at Madeley, Salop.

We are happy to learn that the churches at Cavendish Chapel and St. George's Hall, Ramsgate, have become one under the pastoral care of our late student, Mr. R. Wood.

Mr. D. Asquith has removed, from Landport, to Nuneaton; and Mr. H. W. Childs, from Sudbury, to Southend-on-Sea.

Mr. W. Higlett reports his safe arrival at Toowoomba, Queensland, where he has commenced his pastoral work under encouraging circumstances.

The new chapel at *Hornchurch*, for which some of our readers sent us contributions, was opened on September 21st by a sermon from Pastor A. G. Brown, and a public meeting, at which Mr. W. Olney took the chair. Including the amounts received and promised at the opening services, £640 have been raised towards the £740 for which Messrs. Higgs and Hill have erected the building. We are somewhat perplexed about the balance, and wish some one would help us out of the difficulty; £30 more will be required for a temporary school-room, and we have also purchased additional ground for the completion of the whole scheme. The first anniversary of the opening of the school-chapel at *New Brompton* was celebrated on the same day, when the whole of the balance needed to free the building from debt was brought in. The energetic pastor, Mr. Blocksidge, and his friends, will, no doubt, soon start a fund for the enlargement which is already required. The iron chapel at *North Cheam*, erected a year ago, is paid for with the exception of about £13; and we have made arrangements for purchasing the land on which it stands. The large and handsome chapel, built by the church at *Gipsy Road, Lower Norwood*, under the pastoral care of Mr. Hobbs, has been well filled almost from the time it was opened. This fact proves that a new place was needed, and that the work is in the right hands. The erection of a suitable house of prayer was a serious undertaking for such a comparatively weak though active church, and in consequence there is still remaining a debt of over £2000. Any assistance rendered to this work will be wisely bestowed.

We mention these four new places of worship because we have been specially interested in all of them, and have helped them to the utmost of our ability, and it is a great joy to us to see them all prospering, as we are sure it must also be to others who have contributed towards their erection. We have recently bought, at public auction,

a small chapel in *Joseph Street, Woolwich*, where one of our students, Mr. C. S. Medhurst, is preaching with much acceptance. We have received about £100 as the first instalment of the amount collected and promised for a new chapel at *Orpington*, Kent. The project has been taken up very heartily by friends in the neighbourhood, and we hope before long a good building will be erected for the church of which Mr. White is the pastor.

If we only had sufficient funds we might start a dozen new places in the neighbourhood of London alone, and we have the men ready to occupy them, and to do all in their power to make them the centres of much soul-winning work. Is there not somewhere or other one of the Lord's stewards waiting for such a good investment as this opportunity offers?

EVANGELISTS. — Messrs. Smith and Fullerton commenced a month's services at Bath on Sunday, October 1st. The ground had been so well prepared by the earnest and expectant prayers of pastors and people that the meetings were very successful from the beginning. Both our brethren send us most cheering accounts of the work, and in addition we have the following valuable testimony from a venerable servant of Jesus Christ:—

"Bath, October 11th, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Allow me to thank you personally for sending your Evangelists, Fullerton and Smith, to Bath. I am an old man now, and beginning to understand what is meant by the grasshopper being a burden. Meetings are an especial burden to me, not having strength to bear them, and I go to as few as possible, but I have attended several of their meetings, and have been much refreshed and strengthened in spirit. Forty-four years have come and gone since I preached my first sermon, and last night when listening to their simple and earnest statement and enforcement of gospel truth, I was deeply moved with the thought, rather, should I not say the fact, then powerfully presented to my mind, through their simple teaching, that the water of life was not only the same, but seemed fresher, brighter, sweeter than when I first tasted of it, and was privileged to call to the thirsty to come and drink. Devoutly thankful was I to our Living Head that there are men, free from officialism, and the curse of clericalism, going up and down the country proclaiming as they do the glad tidings of great joy to all people. Large congregations gather night after night at every service, and many come forward to enquire more fully after 'this way.' The early morning prayer-meeting, at seven o'clock, is most encouraging, I understand, in the numbers attending, and the spirit of prayer prevailing. Your Evangelists do not spare themselves, their labours are abundant; and they seem to toil without weariness; and my conviction is that the blessing attending them will be great.

"That the Lord may spare them many years, preserve them in their simplicity, and enrich them with his Holy Anointing, is the prayer of

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY QUICK,

"Minister of Percy Chapel."

On November 5 the Evangelists begin work at Gloucester, and on December 3 they move on to Hereford.

During the past month Mr. Burnham has visited Luton and Collingham; and for this month his engagements are as follow:—October 30 to November 5, Knighton, Radnorshire; November 6 to 12, Bristol Road Chapel, Weston-super-Mare; November 20 to 26, Peterchurch, Hereford; November 27 to December 3, Fairford, Glos.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors' meeting on *Friday evening, Oct.* 13, passed off very successfully. There was a large gathering of friends, both young and old, who had brought in the amounts collected since the annual meeting. The children sang several sacred and national airs, the Orphanage Handbell-ringers gave us specimens of their sweet music, some of the boys and girls recited in a very creditable manner, and the programme concluded with an exhibition of the new dissolving views of "John Ploughman's Pictures," photographed from life-models by Mr. York. It was reported that the total amount brought in during the afternoon was £103 14s. 9d., to which must be added about £53, which has been forwarded by collectors who were unable to be at the meeting. We are exceedingly grateful to all who help us in the maintenance of our large fatherless family, and shall be pleased to hear from other friends who are willing to become collectors.

Our good friend, Mr. James Toller, of Waterbeach, has sent us, as the proceeds of "the Orphanage acre," one hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes, and three sacks of flour, the quality of which, we are glad to hear, is much above the average.

PERSONAL NOTES. — The following information and suggestion may be of service to superintendents of Sunday-schools and Mission-work:—

"Hyde, near Manchester,

"Oct. 16, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It has been laid on my mind to inform you that last Christmas our Sunday-school teachers resolved that every one of our scholars should be presented gratuitously with a copy of '*John Ploughman's Almanack*.' About one hundred and fifty were thus placed in the children's hands, and they received them joyfully. Since then, in visiting their homes, I have observed a copy hung up in almost every house, and the parents have frequently referred to the pleasure and profit

they have received from reading its proverbial contents from time to time. Often some amusement, as well as profit, is derived from their children consulting the proverb that John Ploughman gives them on their respective birthdays. One little girl, I was told, found this to be her birthday proverb—'*The lazy begin to be busy when it is time to go to bed*' (December 27th), and as the proverb probably happened to prove a 'cap that fitted,' the perusal of it caused some little laughter. I send this for your 'Personal Notes,' in the hope that it may induce many Sunday-schools to make a present of '*John Ploughman's Almanack*' to their scholars for next year. I am happy to bear my humble testimony to its usefulness personally, and among the so-called 'masses.' I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, and certainly most racy sheet almanack out; and to those who really want to reach *daily* those who either do not, or cannot, go to a place of worship, I can conceive of no wiser or better plan than in this way to get at the parents through the children.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"H. WATTS."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 21st, fourteen; September 28th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	0
Mr. F. N. Charrington	2	2	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	1	1	0
Mrs. and Miss Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fowler, M.P.	50	0	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
A Ross-shire man	0	2	6
Collection at Tilehouse Street Chapel, Hitchin, after sermon by Pastor F. G. Marchant	10	10	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Friends at Midhurst, per Mr. Waddell	4	5	0
Part collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton 10 0 0 Mr. L. Evans 2 2 0	12	2	0
T. H., Landport	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Davies	5	0	0
Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis	11	7	3
Mr. Wm. Johnson	25	0	0
Collection at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor E. Henderson	5	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
T. S.	10	0	0
Collected at Drummond-road Chapel, Bermondsey, per Pastor B. Brigg	6	5	6
Mr. E. Burnett	1	1	0
Mr. Bell	1	0	0
J. S., and friends, Buckie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	10	0	0
Widow Chesterman	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. F. Hinsche, per Pastor C. A. Davis	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Speight	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Postal Order from Northiam	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:— Sept. 17th 36 1 4 „ 24th 10 10 3 Oct. 1st 32 10 0 „ 8th 28 9 2	107	10	9
	£294	10	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Diaper	0	15	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. Bouttell	0	5	0
Miss E. Hill	0	5	0
A. T.	0	5	0
Sermon-readers, Pitsford	0	15	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Collected by E. L. T., at Totness	1	10	0
E. H., Wivenhoe	0	2	0
Miss Ekins' class, and a friend	0	5	4
Mr. Alfred Howell	2	2	0
W. J. v. S.	10	0	0
A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	1	3
A friend	0	3	0
Mrs. James Hamilton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Frame	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. J. E. Hanson	0	5	0
Maria Bent	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Yate	0	2	6
A. M. G.	0	4	0
Haggai ii. 4	0	10	0
Collected by Miss R. Dodwell	0	3	6
Mrs. E. Henry	0	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mulberries	0	5	0
Mrs. Bushby, per Miss Lily Harrald	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	2	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Mr. E. Burnett	1	1	0
A servant girl's presents from visitors	0	6	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	7	0
E. S., per J. W.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	16	8
Mrs. Mary Jones	2	0	0
Mr. Geo. Richmond	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Seivwright	10	0	0
A widow's mite	0	3	9
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. F. Hinsche, per Pastor C. A. Davis	0	10	0
Mr. A. G. Gibbs, per Messrs. Jarrold and Sons	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	16	10
Collected by Mr. S. Felgate	0	15	9
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
Miss Matthews	1	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	8	7
Mr. Hy. Cheetham...	10	0	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. Hengler...	5	5	0
S. Hall	1	0	0
Harty	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	9	0
Providence Baptist Sunday-school, Hounslow	0	15	6
Collected by Master Rowland Hill ...	0	10	9
B. W., Forest Hill...	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Andrew	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	2
One quarter's rent of house, Lincoln ...	4	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Johnson	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Chas. Wood	1	15	0
Mr. T. Powell	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mrs. A. A. Gillmore	1	0	0
Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0
Miss Monnery	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Evelyn Annie Sims' box	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	2	0	0
J. D.	1	0	0
J. and E. Toovey	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. John Robinson ...	1	1	6
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Welford ...	0	10	0
Long Preston Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor W. Giddings . 0 10 7 Sermon-reader 0 2 0	0	12	7
An aged believer	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mary Holmes ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth :—			
A friend 0 2 6			
Mrs. Shepherd 0 2 6			
Mr. Buckmaster 0 2 6			
W. W. Thompson (annual) 1 1 0			
Pocock, Brothers (annual) 2 2 0			
Mrs. Altham (annual) ... 2 2 0			
Mrs. Auckland (annual) . 0 10 0			
Mr. G. R. Smith, Torquay (annual) 1 1 0	7	3	6
Mr. J. Crocker	2	0	0
Miss Alice Yates	0	10	6
Mr. F. Broomhall, per Miss J. E. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nicholas	0	10	6
Mr. J. Battley, Auckland, New Zealand	2	0	0
Mr. C. Bishop	0	10	6
Sale of photographs	0	3	0
Mrs. James	0	1	0
Miss B. Bamber	2	12	6
A silver-wedding offering, per Mr. G. Sparks	5	0	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	0
Harriett Marsden	0	3	0
Collecting-boxes, per Mr. G. Phillips, Plymouth	2	17	5
Collected by Mrs. Taylor	1	7	8
Mr. Collins...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher, Melton Mowbray	10	0	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Mimpress	0	2	10
Collected by Miss Walker, in pence, from friends at New Cross	1	2	0
Mrs. Cocks	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Pickering	0	10	5
Collected by Miss Bartlett	0	4	5
Sale of two deal boxes	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Annan N. B. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs' Chapel, Clapton	2	14	6
A friend, postal order, "Hawick" ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. D. Norman	1	12	1
Mr. C. J. Dossett	0	1	0
Collected by Miss S. J. Johnson ...	0	12	6
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Wade	2	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Weare...	0	10	0
Rosa and Frank Nye, Sunday Collections at the dinner-table	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Farmer	1	7	0
Collected by Miss Pentelow	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Farrall	0	16	1
Chyngton, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
For Christ's sake	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
M. E. H.	1	1	0
Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. Murrell ...	2	0	0
Mr. E. Boustead	25	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, September 30...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Marion and Master Harry Everett	0	4	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Miss Watts	5	5	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0

Received at Collectors' Meeting, Oct. 13th—

Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss	0	5	0
Ashwell, Mrs.	0	15	6
Bonser, Miss	0	5	4
Barratt, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Brook, Mrs.	0	5	0
Baskett, E. (card)	0	10	6
Bowles, Mrs.	0	13	5
Brewer, Mrs.	0	12	0
Brown, Miss	0	14	0
Bantick, Mrs.	1	0	0
Cockrell, Miss	1	10	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	12	6
Cooper, Mr.	1	0	0
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	8	9
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Day, Miss	0	11	0
Eley, Mr. G.	1	0	0
Evans, Mrs. (No. 306) ...	0	16	0
Ellis, Mrs.	2	10	0
Ewen, Mrs.	0	17	0
Fryer, Miss S.	1	15	0
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Hallett, Miss	0	10	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	5	0
Jephs, Miss	1	3	6
Kerridge, Kate, George, and Nellie	1	2	0
Livett, Mrs....	0	11	6
Lewarthy, Miss	0	15	0
Lawson, Mrs.	0	17	0
Mann, Miss	1	5	6
Mc Donald, Mrs.	0	12	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	11	0
Norris, Mrs....	1	4	0
Orridge, Mrs.	1	3	8

	£	s.	d.	
Priestley, Miss	0	10	0	
Parry, Mr. W.	0	8	0	
Ryan, Mrs.	0	7	0	
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	1	0	0	
Sherlock, Mr. W.	2	15	6	
Seacombe, Mrs.	0	12	0	
Turner, Mrs.	1	0	0	
Whitehead, Mrs.	1	13	8	
Willis, Mrs.	1	4	0	
Wells, Miss	0	6	6	
Wire, Miss	1	1	0	
Sale of tea tickets	1	10	0	
				40 14 10
Collecting Boxes:—				
Arnott, Francis	0	4	6	
Ackland, Miss	0	6	6	
Antill, Master W.	0	5	9	
Anderson, Mr. John ...	0	3	3	
Butler, Mrs. (No. 251) ...	0	9	5	
Butler, Miss E.	0	3	1	
Baker, Mrs.	0	19	9	
Buswell, the Misses ...	1	5	0	
Blowers, Miss E.	0	1	0	
Berry, Mrs.	0	13	0	
Butler, Mrs. (No. 86) ...	0	4	8	
Barton, Mrs. W.	2	7	2	
Boulter, Miss Christina ...	0	1	9	
Boyles, Miss	0	7	3	
Bragg, Master W.	0	15	2	
Bates, Miss	0	10	3	
Barnden, Mrs.	0	15	5	
Baskett, Miss	0	5	0	
Boswell, Miss Sarah ...	0	3	6	
Bowden, Miss A. M. ...	0	3	5	
Bartlett, Miss	0	7	0	
Brice, Miss F.	0	1	5	
Bennett, L. and F. ...	0	0	2	
Brewer, Alice and Lily ...	0	8	1	
Betambeau, Miss	0	5	1	
Cox, Master J. E.	0	2	4	
Cox, Miss A.	0	2	8	
Cook, Master E.	0	2	6	
Charlesworth, Miss ...	0	2	5	
Charlesworth, Miss L. ...	0	5	7	
Cowen, Mrs.	0	14	6	
Cook, Miss	0	2	6	
Choat, Miss	0	12	2	
Canning, Master E. ...	0	5	0	
Cozens, Master L.	0	2	9	
Cornforth, Miss J. ...	0	4	5	
Crew, Miss	0	9	2	
Denby, Master Walter ...	0	16	5	
Deamer, Miss	0	9	10	
Durwin, F. W.	0	3	9	
Dodgeon, Master W. ...	0	2	6	
Davis, Mrs.	0	5	11	
Day, Miss H.	0	1	2	
Davis, H.	0	6	8	
Evans, J. D.	0	4	1	
Evans, Miss A.	0	3	4	
Evans, Miss (No. 270) ...	0	0	8	
Evans, Master Sidney H.	0	1	6	
Emery, Mrs.	0	4	3	
Ebury Mission, Pimlico ...	1	17	0	
Ellis, Mrs.	0	18	11	
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	4	7	
Fraser, Miss	0	18	3	
Frisby, Master Isaac ...	0	3	9	
Frisby, Miss F.	0	12	8	
Ferrar, Mrs.	0	13	10	
Franklin, Mr.	0	3	0	
Fielder, Mrs.	0	8	0	
Grey, Master G.	0	9	3	
Grant, Miss C.	0	5	5	
Gillett, Mr., Richmond Street	0	13	0	
Gillett, Mrs., Richmond Street	0	8	6	
Griggs, Miss Annie ...	0	3	11	
Hunt, Miss	1	13	5	
Hall, Miss	0	3	6	
Howlett, Miss	1	0	6	
Hodby, Ernest	0	5	5	
Hoare, Master W. D. ...	0	5	1	
Hoare, Miss L.	0	3	6	
Hollobone, Mrs.	0	4	3	
Humphrey, Miss	0	16	2	
Hayler, Mrs.	0	5	0	
Hancock, Miss	0	10	0	
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	6	6	
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	11	3	
Hockey, Mrs.	0	9	5	
Harbison, Master M. ...	0	2	5	
Harbison, Miss	0	5	0	
Hutchison, Master R. ...	0	2	6	
Hutchison, Mrs. B. ...	0	2	0	
Jones, Miss W.	0	1	11	
James, Mrs.	0	7	1	
Jumpson, Mrs.	0	10	8	
Lucas, Miss Florence (savings)	0	2	8	
Lang, Miss	0	1	2	
Larkman, Miss	0	6	7	
Leaton, Miss M.	0	4	4	
Mc Arthur, Miss	0	14	6	
Merritt, Miss	0	11	2	
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	9	
Messent, W. and A. ...	0	4	0	
Morgan, Mr. (Employés of Messrs. Marshall and Sons)	3	6	7	
Messenger, Miss A. ...	0	2	6	
Monk, Mrs. S.	0	11	6	
Messent, B. and H. ...	0	8	8	
Mackerill, Mrs.	0	0	7	
Martin, G. D.	0	11	4	
Matthews, Miss	0	1	9	
Matthews, Master	0	1	8	
McNeil, Miss E.	0	1	10	
Newman, Mrs.	0	7	6	
Nicholson, Master A. ...	0	16	8	
Nutt Miss S. A. H. ...	0	8	11	
Newbatt, Miss A.	0	1	4	
Nightscales, Mrs.	0	4	7	
Owers, Miss L.	0	4	6	
Owers, Miss F.	0	1	6	
Offer, Mrs.	0	8	8	
Pope, Mrs.	0	9	7	
Pitt, Miss V.	0	6	10	
Poole, Miss A.	0	7	2	
Paine, Miss C.	0	3	3	
Padden, Mrs.	0	2	0	
Perryman, Master H. ...	0	11	11	
Payne, Master C. J. ...	0	1	0	
Prior Mrs.	0	1	7	
Powell, Miss	0	6	7	
Page, Miss Louie	0	6	3	
Richardson, Mrs.	0	6	0	
Ranford, Miss	0	6	4	
Ross, Master J.	0	5	9	
Richards, Mrs.	0	8	5	
Ranson, Miss	0	4	0	
Smith, Mrs. L.	0	3	6	
Smith, Miss G.	0	3	10	
Smith, Miss Ida	0	7	1	
Swift, Miss M.	0	1	0	
Stubbs, Miss O.	0	4	3	
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	7	3	
Scudder, Miss	0	5	9	
Stevens', Mrs., children ...	1	0	3	
Soper, Mrs.	0	10	5	
Sidery, Mrs.	0	10	9	
Swain, Miss	0	14	0	
Short, Mrs. H.	0	0	5	
Skinner, Miss E.	0	7	0	
Skinner, Mrs. E.	0	18	6	
Thomas, Miss A.	0	11	1	
Tuck, Miss K.	0	4	6	
Vero, Miss	2	15	7	
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	5	3	
Weekes, W. and F. ...	1	6	6	
Webb, Miss L.	0	2	6	

	£	s.	d.
Watson, Master W. ...	0	11	6
Willard, Mrs.	0	1	0
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	4	1
Woodcock, Mrs.	1	2	9
Wynn, Master	0	3	9
Wilson, Miss M. A. ...	1	1	0
Wickstead, Miss B. ...	0	6	4
Willis, Mrs.	0	7	0
Wells, Mrs.	0	9	3
Ward, Mr. B. E.	0	4	9
Watkins, Miss A.	0	5	6
Younghusband, Miss ...	0	2	10
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	4	5
			64 17 4
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per list following			54 8 11
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, per list following			26 1 4
			£566 7 3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to October 15th.—PROVISIONS: 1 Bag of Rice, J. L. Potter; 1 Sack of Potatoes, M. H. A.; 1 Barrel of Apples, Mrs. Cocks; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale; 1 Sack of Potatoes, Mr. J. Russell; 3 Sacks of Flour, and 41 Sacks of Potatoes, the yield of the Orphanage Acre, Waterbeach, Mr. J. Toller; 12 Stilton Cheese, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

GENERAL:—Some flowers, etc., Sidcup Sunday-school, per Mr. Stanley; a Pincushion, Miss Bates.

CLOTHING *(Boys' Division)*:—14 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 16 Flannel Shirts, Young Ladies' Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. Harvey; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss Spencer; 30 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 1 Flannel Shirt, Mrs. Chard.

CLOTHING *(Girls' Division)*:—9 Articles, Mrs. Figg; 9 Articles, E. G. P.; 16 Articles, Mrs. Lenny; 6 Articles, Two Friends, Stamford-hill; 73 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. J. Moss.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Atkins, E., 5s 1d; Andrews, F., 16s; Barnes, O., 10s; Barratt, J., 4s 3d; Bailey, F., £1 1s; Baker, F. T., 10s 4d; Belcher, S., 10s.; Bentley, E., 12s 6d; Beable, A., 3s; Bell, H., 5s; Bush, R., 17s; Bishop, E., 8s; Brown, A., 8s; Brown, H. N., £1; Bowles, J. A., 6s 6d; Bivand, C., 4s 6d; Bryant, H., 3s; Croucher, H., £1 2s; Chennell, F., 7s 6d; Clayton, J., 3s 6d; Charter, J., 10s 1d; Crabb, A. J., 6s 2d; Chamberlain, W., 11s; Cartland, F., 3s 4d; Creasey, E., 2s; Clinker, H. T., 6s 1d; Cousins, H., £1 1s 9d; Coxhead, H., 2s 6d; Cornford, R., 8s 1d; Crouch, J., £1 0s 6d; Church, F., 13s; Dodgeon, W., 16s 2d; Dorr, H., £1; Deane, W., 4s; Davis, C., 2s; Dann, A. H., 2s.; Duff, S., 7s; Ellis, H., 2s 10d; Edmonds, C. H., 6s; Eldridge, A., 7s 9d; Edgley, W., 7s 6d; Fitch, E., 12s 6d; Fishbourne, S., 3s; Fletcher, C., 1s 6d; Foster, A., 5s. 6d; Fisher, F. G., 1s; Green, S. T., 9s; Gosling, E. J., 3s 3d; Gardiner, S., 2s 6d; Golding, H., £1; Garvan, W., 1s. 3d; Gardner, A., 11s 9d; Grinter, T., £1 3s; Groves, H., 3s 2d; Hart, L., 5s; Hart, A. H., 7s; Hill, Chas., 2s 6d; Hall, G. S. P., £1; Hunt, C., 2s; Hopcroft, A., 2s 10d; Hewitt, L., 6s 8d; Ireson, E., 4s 2d; Jones, C., 1s 11d; Kemp, G., 2s 6d; Knibb, Chas., 2s 4d; Lloyd, A., 12s; Lamb, E., 4s 8d; Leggo, A., 1s; Lister, V., £1; Miller, R. L., 5s 6d; Maxted, G., 4s 6d; Marendaz, F., 6s 10d; Moore, A., 4s 7d; Messenger, Jno., £1; Martin, A., 1s 6d; Manktelow, R., 3s 6d; Nearn, Jno., 5s; Oakley, W., 6s 6d; Pascall, J. H., 10s; Parker, E. G., 8s; Pearcey, G. F., 8d; Pearce, J., 2s 7d; Part, G., 2s; Phillips, R., £1 0s 1d; Poole, T., 6s; Rees, Jno., £1; Rees, B., 11s; Rouse, F., 1s; Roff, P., 6s.; Richards, W., 15s 2d; Ramell, J., 2s 8d; Ruffhead, F., £1; Spurgeon, C. and A., £3 11s 1d; Smith, E. H., £1 11s; Schulte, A., 4s 6d; Stickland, E., 4s 1d; Smith, Jno., 16s; Small, A. W., 2s 6d; Switzer, E., 3s; Snow, W. J., 3s; Snell, T., 10s; Standley, G., 4s 3d; Stokes, G. S., 1s; Stroud, W. £1; Smith, H., £1 0s 9d; Sully, H., 7s. 1d; Smith, P., 1s 7d; Smale, W., 6s 4d; Simmonds, Y. A., 5s; Scott, F., 3s 8d; Tyler, G. F., 2s 6d; Tilly, T., 17s 3d; Thomas, C., 3s 9d; Talbot, E., 2s 10d; Underwood, E. 2s 2d; Usher, C., £1 7s 10d; Vardill, W. H., 4s 2d; Wills, M., 13s 8d; Wiggins, H., 11s; Willis, W. W., 11s; Willard, A., 3s; Wakerell, H., 6s 1d; Wilkes, A., 1s 6d; Willis, W., 8d; Whiter, H., 4s 8d; Waters, H., 3s.; Willis, W., 4s; Walker, J., 3s.—Total Boys' Cards, £51 8s 11d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Adams, E., 12s; Adams, N. W., 15s; Ainger, K., 4s 4d; Appleyard, A., 7s; Ayling, E., 5s; Aldous, M. E., 3s 7d; Bishop, L. F., 1s 8d; Bloomfield, C., 2s 5d; Bartlett, C., 10s 6d; Beith, A., 9s; Conyard, E., 8s 6d; Cousins, L., £1 8s 11d; Chamberlain, M., 13s 6d; Clink, M. 14s; Donnelly, G., 1s; De Laiche, B., 6s; Epps, F., 3s 1d; Eagle, S., 7s; Eagleton, H., 11d; Fairbank, A., 3s 8d; Foreman, L., £1 3s 6d; Green, G., 18s; Gilmour, C., 4s; Gould, L., 12s; Gray, M. A., 4s; Hill, Agnes, 2s 7d; Hale, G. S., 9s; Hart, Nessie, £1 1s; Howell, L., 4s; Hart, Lizzie, 9s 6d; Howe, R., 2s; Humphrey, E., 9d; Hickey, M., 3s 2d; Haydon, E., 5s; James, E. F., £1; Kingaby, H., 12s; Lugsden, W., 4s; Lamb, A., 2s 8d; Martin, A., 8d; Males, S., 10s 4d; Marshall, M., 5s 3d; Moore, E., 6s 3d; Newton, A., 8s; Nihell, A., 10s; Orridge, A., 7s; Oakey, F., 4s 6d; Pope, L., 15s; Pope, F., 6s; Pack, E., 1s 2d; Poole, A., 1s; Player, E., 5s 9d; Spear, C., 2s 6d; Stevens, M., 3s 6d; Smith, H. J., 8s 10d; Tilly, G., 17s 3d; Tollworthy, E., 3s 4d.; Thompson, L., £1 3s 10d; Unwin, M., 13s; Wellington, M., 5s; Wood, J., 8s 2d; White, A., 7s 2d; White, H. A., 4s 1d; Willis, A., 8s; Williams, A., £1 1s 6d.—Total Girls' Cards, £26 1s 4d.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Collected for "The Reading House," by Miss Englefield, Sindlesham—			
A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. Jabez Metcalfe ...	0	10	0
Mr. William Metcalfe ...	0	2	6
Mr. John Metcalfe	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Metcalfe	0	2	6
Mr. John Englefield ...	0	2	6
Mr. Morris	0	2	0
Mr. Joseph Ford	0	1	0
Mr. Sarney	0	1	0
A Friend	0	1	0
W. S., ...	0	1	0
Small sums	0	4	1
			2 10 1
Mrs. M. Birrell			1 0 0
W. D. K.			2 18 0
E. E.			5 0 0
E. S., per J. W.			1 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Strawberry money	0	9	0
A Friend, per Mr. G. Greenwood ...	0	5	0
Miss Esther Houghton	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cullen	0	15	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
M. D.	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per J. T. D. :—						
Mr. Parr	0	2	6			
Miss M. A. Gilbert	0	2	6			
				0	5	0
				£19	16	1

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Hockey, for Bower Chalke	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. White, Tewkesbury	3	15	0
Mr. Alfred Jackson, Newbury	10	0	0
Eythorne Baptist Church, per Mr. S. Clarke	7	10	0
Ottery District, per Mr. H. J. Lansdown	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle, per Mr. W. J. Lees	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Riddings ...	7	10	0
Glos'ter and Hereford Association, Ross District	15	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District, per Mrs. Wood ...	0	18	0
Church, Gresley and Repton District, E. S.	20	0	0
Mrs. Dix, for Malden	30	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor	30	0	0
Cambridge Association	30	0	0
Mr. J. J. Triston, for Brandon District	10	0	0
High Wycombe District	5	0	0
Southern Association	50	0	0
Tewkesbury District	6	5	0
Perry Bar, per Mr. G. Samuel	2	11	6
	£268	19	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Francies	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. H. Miller, per Mr. G. Kilby ...	0	10	0
The Misses Challoner	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardener	2	0	0
C. and F. Carpenter	0	10	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
M. E. H.	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. J. Olney	2	2	0
H. M. (half-yearly)	20	0	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. J. Mc Hallie	0	5	0
	£58	13	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services at Woolwich ...	13	15	3
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£14	0	3

Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund.—The following additional amounts have been received :—A friend connected with the Missionary Working Meeting, 10s. ; E. D., £1 1s. ; T. H., Landport, £1 ; Mrs. Raybould, £1 ; Mr. W. Gwillim, £1 ; Mrs. Bowes, 10s. ; Mrs. M. L. P., £1 1s. ; The Hon. Mrs. Trotter, £2 ; M. E. H., 10s. 6d. ; Mr., Mrs., and Miss McEwing, £3 ; an old Scotchwoman, 10s. ; Mr. W. Higgs, £21 ; Mr. W. H. Roberts, £5 5s. ; Mr. George Jingey, £5.

Mr. Spurgeon has received, with best thanks, £5 for Indian Missions, from "Merton."

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them ; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1882.

The Soul-winner's Reward.

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

ON my way to this meeting I observed upon the notice-board of the police-station a striking placard, offering a large REWARD to any one who can discover and bring to justice the perpetrators of a great crime. No doubt our legislators know that the hope of a huge reward is the only motive which will have power with the comrades of assassins. The common informer earns so much scorn and hate that few can be induced to stand in his place, even when piles of gold are offered. It is a poor business at best.

It is far more pleasant to remember that there is a reward for bringing men to mercy, and that it is of a higher order than the premium for bringing men to justice; it is, moreover, much more within our reach, and that is a practical point worthy of our notice. We cannot all hunt down criminals, but we may all rescue the perishing. God be thanked that assassins and burglars are comparatively few, but sinners who need to be sought and saved swarm around us in every place. Here is scope for you all; and none need think himself shut out from the rewards which love bestows on all who do her service.

At the mention of the word REWARD some will prick up their ears, and mutter "legality." Yet the reward we speak of is not of debt, but of grace, and it is enjoyed, not with the proud conceit of merit, but with the grateful delight of humility.

Other friends will whisper, "Is not this a low and mercenary motive?" We reply that it is as mercenary as the spirit of Moses, who "had respect unto the recompense of the reward." In that matter all depends upon what the reward is, and if that happens to be the joy of doing good, the comfort of having glorified God, and the bliss of pleasing the Lord Jesus—then the aspiration to be allowed to endeavour to save our fellow-men from going down into the pit is in itself a grace from the Lord; and if we did not succeed in it yet the Lord would say of it, as he did of David's intent to build a temple, "It was well that it was in thine heart." Even if the souls we seek should all persist in unbelief, if they all despise and reject and ridicule us, yet still it will be a divine work to have at least made the attempt. If there comes no rain out of the cloud, yet it has screened off the fierce heat of the sun; all is not lost even if the greater design be not accomplished. What if we only learn how to join the Saviour in his tears, and cry "How often would I have gathered you, but ye would not!" It is sublimity itself to be allowed to stand on the same platform with Jesus, and weep with him. *We* are the better for such sorrows, if no others are.

But, thank God, our labours are not in vain in the Lord. I believe that the most of you who have really tried in the power of the Holy Spirit, by scriptural teaching and by prayer, to bring others to Jesus, have been successful. I may be speaking to a few who have not succeeded; if so, I would recommend them to look steadily over their motive, their spirit, their work, and their prayer, and then begin again. Perhaps they may yet go to work more wisely, more believingly, more humbly, and more in the power of the Holy Spirit. They must act as farmers do who, after a poor harvest, plough again in hope. They ought not to be dispirited, but they ought to be aroused. We should be anxious to find out the reason of failure, if there be any, and we should be ready to learn from all our fellow-labourers; but we must steadfastly set our faces, if by any means we may save some, resolving that whatever happens we will leave no stone unturned to effect the salvation of those around us. How can we bear to go out of the world without sheaves to bear with us rejoicingly? I believe that the most of us who are now assembled to pray have been successful beyond our expectations. God has blessed us, not beyond our desires, but yet beyond our hopes. I have often been surprised at the mercy of God to myself. Poor sermons of mine that I could cry over when I get home have led scores to the Cross; and, more wonderful still, words that I have spoken in ordinary conversation, mere chance sentences, as men call them, have nevertheless been as winged arrows from God, and have pierced men's hearts, and laid them wounded at Jesus' feet. I have often lifted up my hands in astonishment, and said, "How can God bless such a poor and feeble instrumentality?" This is the feeling of most who addict themselves to the blessed craft of fishing for men, and the desire of such success furnishes as pure a motive as could move an angel's heart, as pure, indeed, as that which swayed the Saviour when, for the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame. "Doth Job serve God for nought?" said Satan. If he could have answered the question in the affirmative, if it could have been proved that the perfect and upright man found no reward in his holy living,

then Satan would have cavilled at the justice of God, and urged men to renounce a service so unprofitable. Verily there is a reward to the righteous, and in the lofty pursuits of grace there are recompenses of infinite value. When we endeavour to lead men to God we pursue a business far more profitable than the pearl-fisher's diving or the diamond-hunter's searching. No pursuit of mortal men is to be compared with that of soul-winning. I know what I say when I bid you think of it as men think of entering the cabinet of the nation, or occupying a throne; it is a royal business, and they are true kings who follow it successfully.

The harvest of godly service is not yet: "we do with patience wait for it;" but we have earnests of our wage, refreshing pledges of that which is laid up in heaven for us. Partly

THIS REWARD LIES IN THE WORK ITSELF.

Men go hunting and shooting for mere love of the sport; surely, in an infinitely higher sphere, we may hunt for men's souls for the pleasing indulgence of our benevolence. To some of us it would be an unendurable misery to see men sink to hell, and to be making no effort for their salvation. It is a reward to us to have a vent for our inward fires. It is woe and weariness to us to be shut up from those sacred activities which aim at plucking fire-brands from the flame. We are in deep sympathy with our fellows, and feel that, in a measure, their sin is our sin, their peril our peril.

> If another lose the way,
> My feet also go astray;
> If another downward go,
> In my heart is also woe.

It is therefore a relief to set forth the gospel, that we may save ourselves from that sympathetic misery which echoes in our hearts the crash of soul ruin.

Soul-winning is a service which brings great benefit to the individual who consecrates himself to it. The man who has watched for a soul, prayed for it, laid his plans for it, spoken with much trembling, and endeavoured to make an impression, has been educating himself by the effort. Having been disappointed, he has cried to God more earnestly, has tried again, has looked up the promise to meet the case of the convicted one, has turned to that point of the divine character which seems most likely to encourage trembling faith,—he has in every step been benefiting himself. When he has gone over the old, old story of the Cross to the weeping penitent, and has at last gripped the hand of one who could say,—"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me"; I say he has had a reward in

THE PROCESS THROUGH WHICH HIS OWN MIND HAS GONE.

It has reminded him of his own lost estate; it has shown him the struggles that the Spirit had in bringing him to repentance; it has reminded him of that precious moment when he first looked to Jesus; and it has strengthened him in his firm confidence that Christ will save men. When we see Jesus save another, and see that marvellous transfiguration which passes over the face of the saved one, our own

faith is greatly confirmed. Sceptics and modern-thought men have little to do with converts: those who labour for conversions believe in conversions; those who behold the processes of regeneration see a miracle wrought, and are certain that this is the finger of God. It is the most blessed exercise for a soul, it is the divinest ennobling of the heart, to spend yourself in seeking to bring another to the dear Redeemer's feet. If it ended there you might thank God that ever he called you to a service so comforting, so strengthening, so elevating, so confirming, as that of converting others from their evil ways.

Another precious recompense is found in

THE GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION OF THOSE YOU BRING TO CHRIST.

This is a choice boon—the blessedness of joying in another's joy, the bliss of hearing that you have led a soul to Jesus. Measure the sweetness of this recompense by the bitterness of its opposite. Men of God have brought many to Jesus, and all things have gone well in the church till declining years or changing fashions have thrown the good man into the shade, and then the minister's own spiritual children have been eager to turn him out of doors. The unkindest cut of all has come from those who owed their souls to him. His heart has broken while he has sighed,—"I could have borne it, had not the persons that I brought to the Saviour have turned against me." The pang is not unknown to me. I can never forget a certain household in which the Lord gave me the great joy to bring four employers and several persons engaged by them to Jesus' feet. Snatched from the utmost carelessness of worldliness, these who had previously known nothing of the grace of God were joyful confessors of the faith. After awhile they imbibed certain opinions differing from ours, and from that moment some of them had nothing but hard words for me and my preaching. I had done my best to teach them all the truth I knew, and if they had found out more than I had discovered they might at least have remembered where they learned the elements of the faith. It is years ago now, and I have never said as much as this before; but I felt the wound much. I only mention these sharp pricks to show how very sweet it is to have those about you whom you have brought to the Saviour. A mother feels great delight in her children, for an intense love comes with natural relationships; but there is a still deeper love connected with spiritual kinship, a love which lasts through life and will continue in eternity, for even in heaven each servant of the Lord shall say, "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me." They neither marry nor are given in marriage in the city of our God, but fatherhood and brotherhood in Christ shall still survive. Those sweet and blessed bonds which grace has formed continue for ever, and spiritual relationships are rather developed than dissolved by translation to the better land. If you are eager for real joy, such as you may think over and sleep upon, I am persuaded that no joy of growing wealthy, no joy of increasing knowledge, no joy of influence over your fellow-creatures, no joy of any other sort, can ever be compared with the rapture of saving a soul from death and helping to restore our lost brethren to our great Father's house. Talk of ten thousand pounds reward! It is nothing at all, one might easily spend that amount; but one cannot exhaust the un-

utterable delights which come from the gratitude of souls converted from the error of their ways.

But the richest reward lies in

PLEASING GOD, AND CAUSING THE REDEEMER TO SEE OF THE TRAVAIL OF HIS SOUL.

That Jesus should have his reward, is worthy of the eternal Father; but it is marvellous that we should be employed by the Father to give to Christ the purchase of his agonies. This is a wonder of wonders! O my soul, this is an honour too great for thee! A bliss too deep for words! Listen, dear friends, and answer me. What would you give to cause a thrill of pleasure in the heart of the Well-beloved? Recollect the grief you cost him, and the pangs that shot through him that he might deliver you from your sin and its consequences; do you not long to make him glad? When you bring others to his feet you give him joy, and no small joy either. Is not that a wonderful text,—"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"? What does that mean? Does it mean that the angels have joy? We generally read it so, but it is not the intent of the verse. It says, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God,"—that is, joy in the heart of God, around whose throne the angels stand. It is a joy which angels delight to behold:—what is it? Is the blessed God capable of greater joy than his own boundless happiness? Wondrous language this! The infinite bliss of God is more eminently displayed, if it cannot be increased. Can we be the instruments of this? Can we do anything which will make the Ever-blessed glad? Yes, for we are told that the great Father rejoices above measure when his son that was dead is alive again, and the lost one is found.

If I could say this as I ought to say it, it would make every Christian cry out, "Then I will labour to bring souls to the Saviour"; and it would make those of us who have brought many to Jesus instant, in season and out of season, to bring more to him. It is a great pleasure to be doing a kindness to an earthly friend, but to be doing something distinctly for Jesus, something which will be of all things in the world most pleasing to him is a great delight! It is a good work to build a meeting-house, and give it outright to the cause of God, if it is done with a right and proper motive; but one living stone built upon the sure foundation by our instrumentality will give the Master more pleasure than if we erected a vast pile of natural stones, which might only cumber the ground. Then go, dear friends, and seek to bring your children and your neighbours, your friends and your kinsfolk, to the Saviour's feet, for nothing will give him so much pleasure as to see them turn unto him and live. By your love to Jesus, I beseech you become fishers of men.

Mr. McAll's Mission Work in France.

BY PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON.

WHEN Paul walked through Athens his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given up to idolatry. History repeats itself; and some ten years ago a man of kindred spirit walking amidst the Paris working populace was touched with a feeling of deep concern for this modern city of novelties and idolatry, of pleasures and infidelity. At that time the direct mission-work upon the artizans of Paris was very small. A gallant-spirited sister, Miss de Broen, had commenced her work, happily still flourishing, and giving relief to bodily sickness as well as to the diseases of the soul. Save this, however, the direct mission effort was small indeed, and the Rev. R. W. McAll, struck with a sense of this want, was moved to retire from Christian service in England and to devote himself, at his own expense, to the almost forlorn hope of trying to win over the sceptical and volatile French "*ouvrier*" to the love and reverence of the truth as it is in Jesus. We had heard much of this devoted man's efforts amongst the Paris poor, and resolved to see and hear for ourselves what there might be of worth in the work. We soon found out the headquarters to be in the Rue Pierre-Guérin, Auteuil, a distant part of Paris. We sallied forth to find out the chief and leader of the movement, and discovered him in a very neat, comfortable, unpretentious, model Christian home, and were shown into the room by a manifestly English servant, who promised the speedy appearance of her master. We were soon warmly grasped by the hand, and stood face to face with a brother, fortunately for the good cause, still in the prime of life, with a tall, spare form, and of a most benignant expression of countenance, a true spiritual father in appearance, possessed, we should say, of equal gentleness and strength.

Mr. McAll is evidently well adapted for his post—firm, loving, shrewd, and manifestly most devout and godly—just the man to conciliate and win the confidence of anyone who converses with him; clearly a man who will do genuine work, and may be trusted to do it well, be it small or great. Every tree brings forth fruit after its own kind, and a few hours with our brother will suffice to convince any honest mind that, with such a devoted leader, any work achieved will be solid, and done as unto the Lord. We asked for information, and a small heap of books, circulars, and reports extending over the whole of the time of this admirable mission was produced. We have since read them all with much interest. The first report tells of the opening meeting being held in Belleville on Wednesday, January 17th, 1872. At the close of twelve months' work there were four mission-stations with an average accommodation of one hundred and thirty sittings, and the balance-sheet shows an expenditure of £354. Our esteemed and now departed brother, Dr. Binney, wrote a short note of commendation to it as to the others up to the time of his death. We gather from the last report that there are now in and around Paris thirty-two mission-stations, with accommodation for five thousand nine hundred persons. The mission is now, however, branching out all over France. In some fifteen other towns there are meetings for the gathering in of the lost.

The total number of religious services held was eight thousand five hundred and eight, with an actual attendance of six hundred and forty-two thousand and twenty three; while the balance-sheet shows an expenditure of £8,640. We have, however, no very great belief in mere statistics, and so resolved to see and hear for ourselves. Accordingly, we made our way to a mission-room not far from our hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. We found an ordinary shop with its backroom and passage situated at a corner of the street converted into a fair-sized "Mission Salle," capable of accommodating about one hundred and seventy people. Some seventy persons were there, but a constant change going on, through some leaving and others entering, doubled the numbers present in the course of the evening. We were much delighted to find ourselves pounced upon by two young men standing outside the door, who urged us to go into the "reunion," now being held. We, of course, entered and were at once supplied with a book of hymns not unlike our "Flowers and Fruits," and other similar collections. We recognised at once many an old friend in a new dress, and in the familiar airs, or French ones, sung with life and energy, we realized a new era in French psalmody. We heard two good addresses mainly upon the then approaching visit of our good friends, Messrs. Moody and Sankey; we counted, however, more than twenty times the clear statement of the way of salvation, introduced so well that no one could have been ten minutes in the place without hearing enough to tell him how to escape the wrath to come. The audience was mainly of the working class—postmen or soldiers, and a large proportion of them men. One man challenged the speaker's statement of truth, and urged that if a sinner were treated as just he was nevertheless unjust. The speaker was able all the more forcibly to explain the way of salvation, and exhibited no little tact in doing so. The singing and prayers were lively and short, and the whole service after our own heart. No noise or excitement, but solid, good preaching and teaching of Christ Jesus.

On Sunday afternoon we paid a visit to a Sunday-school, or as we should call it, a Ragged-school, in one of the quarters of Paris not unlike our East End in London. Passing under an archway and court-yard with three separate smells located in each corner, and twice that number on each side of it, we found ourselves in a ceiled enclosure of a very composite order, we should suppose the growth of two or three enlargements and alterations, yet for this £80 a year rent is paid. The number of children was diminished through some *fête* being held not far off, the attractions of which had proved too much for these gutter-youngsters, who have no notion of a Lord's-day save as being especially adapted for such a purpose. We stayed through the teaching which followed the address, which was on "the last passover and the first Lord's Supper," and an examination with black-board lesson closed the afternoon's work. All was well done, with more than average skill on the part of the leaders. We stayed to the teachers' tea, and could have thought ourselves at the Tabernacle underground rooms but for the odours and speech, which were strongly French. All honour to the friends who work so well in such a place, which is in many ways, however, most suitable for the class of children and adults for whom it is

provided. So far as we can judge of the places we have seen, they are very well adapted for the teaching of the masses. A harmonium to lead the singing, and the walls relieved with Scriptural mottoes, take away the bald aspect of the service, and give some such attraction as the people and children can appreciate. We dwell on these details to show the business-like character of the work and its freedom alike from all extravagance and neglect. It is a transplanting of our old forms and methods of work with such slight alterations as the new circumstances have demanded. Our friends work without any appeal for funds, and have thus proved their desire to aid the outcast and ignorant without any suspicion of seeking a return, save in the good achieved. A kindred effort by our Wesleyan brother, the Rev. Mr. Gibson, amongst a higher class, is carried out on the other principle of making an appeal towards the expenses of the place, &c. We think both are wise methods in the different classes addressed and objects contemplated. Two free dispensaries in Paris prove still further the desire to aid the poor and win them to Jesus by an exhibition of practical Christianity. Our friends have suffered a heavy loss in the death of the much-esteemed Rev. G. Theophilus Dodds, who was unfortunately poisoned by eating unwholesome fungi. His place, however, is about to be filled by an excellent brother, who has been engaged in a kindred work at Marseilles, Mr. Reuben Salliens, who is a Baptist, and one of the students from Mr. Grattan Guinness's College. His union with the work means also the junction of the stations previously under his care at Nice, Cannes, and Corsica, raising the total number of mission-stations to seventy-eight, and necessitating a further outlay of money from the central fund.

Over all this evangelical work every true Christian heart must rejoice. We are struck with several aspects of it. Its pre-eminent Catholicity —all sections of the church are aiding in it. It evidently commands the utmost confidence of those who are best able to judge of its worth. "The National Society for the Encouragement of Virtue" has given our brother McAll its medal for his evident desire to do good, and also "The Society for the Promotion of Popular Education," for the benefits conferred upon the young, while the numerous helpers from all the evangelical churches in Paris, including their pastors, and the large sums raised in France, are a combined and decisive proof that the work has the full confidence of all the Christian public here on the Continent. We have seen many of the workers, and if they are, as we believe, a fair sample of the rest, they are worthy of all praise, sympathy, and prayer. We could fill many pages with extracts from the journals of cases of conversion, and of souls saved from utter ruin, but we must not. We were introduced to several who, once profligate or indifferent, are now warmly aiding the work, and not a few of the best helpers in the mission are themselves the fruit of these services. We are convinced that this is an effort honoured of God—another leaf of church history which will be amongst the brightest records of this century's Christian life. All is at present young and undeveloped, but it is the youth of a spiritual giant. Paris is girdled with mission-rooms, and a holy siege is being carried on which will, we think, end in no small victory for King Jesus, and all the more surely, we believe,

because there are none to strive and cry and lift up the voice in the streets.

The kingdom of heaven is coming without roll of drum or clatter of tambourine. The simple exhibition of gospel truth, after the way of our own accustomed methods, is proving its own power, and winning all along the line the battle of the Lord. All this has an aspect of hopefulness, and we feel ourselves bathed in an atmosphere of morning light. The tide is certainly rising, and we watch the progress of wave upon wave with much of confident expectation. There are several kindred works in Paris, amongst the young men, both native and English, for English governesses, and for young women, and the amount of Christian energy put forth is most praiseworthy. Here is a fine field of labour for some of our young or single sisters who have means to support themselves, and who have no stated work for the Lord at home; a hearty welcome will await any who will consecrate themselves to this Evangelical Mission toil, in the spirit of the brave leader, Mr. McAll, and we can testify, from our own personal inspection, that any funds given are well and judiciously expended, and the results manifest that it is a wise outlay of Christian wealth. France is more disgusted with the superstitions of Popery than she is wedded to the alternative infidelity. To strike now for the truth is to seize the moment most favourable to success. The city of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew may yet reap the harvest of the seed sown in the blood of her saints, and the land of revolutions have yet another, its last and noblest, as it shall turn from frivolity and sin unto the Lord, if not with weeping and supplication, then with joy and rejoicing, and find what it pines for but knows not as yet—the true "liberty, equality, and fraternity" of the family of God.

Shining.

OUR business is, not to *talk* about shining, not to have theories about the way of doing it, but by our good works *to shine*, and so to bear testimony to the Lord. This simple thought meets a thousand difficulties. "I am very young; my candlestick is a very little one." "*Let your light shine.*" "I am very poor; my candlestick is tin, instead of silver; if I were richer, I should be of more use." "*Let your light shine.*" "I am feeble in health; half my time is passed within a sick-room; my candlestick is a broken one." *Let your light shine,* even if there is no more candlestick than to hold the candle from falling over. "I am very much out of the way—in a very obscure corner, far off from the general eye and observation; I wish I were in a better position." *Let your light shine;* the Lord knows why he has placed you where you are; be sure he has a purpose worthy of being accomplished.—*From "The Greatness of Little Things," by James Culross, D.D.*

Length of Discourses.

WHEN Paul preached at Troas, in the evening of the first day of the week, in connection with the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, he "continued his speech till midnight, ready to depart on the morrow." "We know some," says Mr. Henry, "who would have reproached him for this, as a long-winded preacher that tired his hearers." As we are not told at what hour the apostle began his sermon, we do not know how long he preached; but there can be no doubt that, on this special occasion, he was longer than usual. An hour, measured by the glass, seems to have been the legitimate length of a discourse in the great preaching days of the Reformation. "It is commonly supposed," says M'Crie, "that the public discourses of the Presbyterians in the days of Melville were protracted to a tedious length. The facts which have come to my knowledge lead to an opposite conclusion, and I have no doubt that the practice referred to was introduced at a later period." "Burnet says that Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh had a strange faculty of preaching five or six hours at a time. But the following extract will show that Forbes's tediousness, even when not carried to this extreme, gave offence to his brethren at an early period. 'Nov. 1, 1605. The said daye, Mr. William Forbes regent exercisit, quha was commended, but censurit because he techit two hours.' Record of the Presbytery of Aberdeen." Bishop Alcock preached "a good and pleasant sermon" at St. Mary's, Cambridge, which lasted from one o'clock till half-past three. Of Dr. Isaac Barrow's sermons we are told that seldom less than an hour and a half was occupied in the delivery. Having occasion to preach a charity sermon before the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half; and when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied, "Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long." John Howe, on public fast-days, which occurred "pretty frequently," used to occupy seven hours, with but one brief interval of fifteen minutes, in praying, expounding, and preaching.

There is nothing like these performances to be witnessed in the present day. I remember, however, hearing the late Dr. John Ritchie of Edinburgh, on the evening of a Communion Sabbath in a country church, preach for an hour and fifty minutes, and administer a severe rebuke to a large number of his hearers, who had been present from the commencement in the forenoon, and, as soon as his discourse was ended, were hastening out of the church to go to their distant homes.

"There is nothing," says Mr. Jay, "against which a preacher should be more guarded than length"; and, having mentioned that Luther, in his enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth, "That he should know when to make an end," and that Boyle has an essay on "Patience under long Preaching," Mr. Jay states that, in the earlier period of his ministry, he never offended in this way, preaching only three-quarters of an hour at most. But now, a sermon occupying this space of time would not be thought to possess the excellence of brevity.—*From "The Scottish Sanctuary." By Rev. Andrew Duncan.*

William Carey.

(*Concluded from page* 569.)

THE newly-formed society met with anything but a sweet reception. The London ministers stood aloof from a movement initiated by a handful of country nobodies, the chief among whom was a shoemaker; and in other quarters the idea of a mission was scouted with contempt. The missionaries, who by-and-by went forth, became a favourite target for wits and satirists, who did not perceive that their shafts were really aimed at a certain manger in Bethlehem.

At the time when the society was formed at Kettering, John Thomas, a ship-surgeon, who had been in India, and had preached to the Hindoos, had just returned to England. He was a warm-hearted, zealous man, but was capricious, moody, ecstatic at times, and indiscreet; in short, as Carey afterwards said, "A man of sterling worth, but perhaps of the most singular make of any man in the world." While in India—without any knowledge of what was passing in Carey's mind—Thomas had opened correspondence with Abraham Booth and Dr. Stennett on the subject of the Indian mission, and now being in England, and hearing of the Northamptonshire movement, had written to Carey. On the 9th January, 1793, the committee met and resolved to unite with Thomas, and send out a fellow-labourer with him. That evening Carey again expressed his willingness to go. While they were deliberating, Thomas entered the room. Carey sprang to meet him, "and they fell on each other's neck and wept."

Carey immediately gave notice to his church in Leicester of his intention to leave them, and they, with mingled sorrow and joy, surrendered one "whom they loved as their own souls."

But now difficulties thickened. Mrs. Carey was absolutely unwilling to go. Carey, however, felt he could not now draw back without guilt on his soul, and resolved to go without her, leaving her to follow. The next difficulty was the want of funds. Carey meant to maintain himself when once in India, but there was not even money enough to pay the passage. They decided to plead the mission cause. Thomas went to Bristol, Carey to the north, falling in by the way with William Ward, printer, to whom he said, "By-and-by we shall want *you*," a remark that Ward never forgot: and Fuller went to London and canvassed from door to door, meeting with much coldness and many rebuffs, but finally succeeding; though the strong, stern, great-souled man was once forced to turn aside into a back lane to weep unseen. The financial difficulty being surmounted, a farewell meeting was held at Leicester; Fuller, his powerful frame trembling with emotion, addressing the missionaries from the words, "Peace be unto you. As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

But how were the missionaries to reach their destination? India was in those days the "preserve" of the East India Company, who feared the promulgation of the gospel as dangerous to their supremacy. They refused to grant a license; the missionaries therefore resolved to go without, and took a passage on board an East Indiaman; but before the captain could sail he received a threatening letter, and Carey and

Thomas were forced to leave the ship and go ashore. An opportunity, however, soon presented itself of sailing in a Danish vessel bound for Serampore. Mrs. Carey now joined her husband with her children and her sister, and the party set sail on the 13th June, 1793, speedily losing sight of the white cliffs of England, which they were nevermore to look upon. It was just at the height of the Reign of Terror in France. A revolution of another colour was dawning for India.

Let us not forget that mission work of a more or less successful character had been already attempted in India. Xavier's work had not come to much. His successors had converted the heathen by becoming heathen themselves. Since 1705 a German mission, emanating from the great pietist, Franke, of Halle, had been working in Southern India. Its greatest missionary, Christian Frederick Schwartz, was still living in the south when Carey landed in the north; and Kiernander, a Swede, had opened a native school and preached the gospel in Calcutta, though with faintest success. But when all was taken into account, little had been done to bring India to Christ. There was truth in Captain Bruce's remark to Southey,—"If our empire in India were overthrown, the only monuments that would remain of us would be broken bottles and corks."

Carey landed in Calcutta in November, 1793, unobstructed, unnoticed. His connection with Thomas, whose defects were better known out there than his excellencies, was not an unmingled blessing, and for the first few years the mission party was subjected to much hardship, Carey's lot being rendered no easier by the bitter upbraidings of his wife. They lived first in Calcutta; then, for economy, in the Portuguese town of Bandel, a few miles down the river; then in Calcutta again, in extreme distress; then on the borders of the malarious, tiger-haunted forest-swamp, called the Sunderbunds, where they must have perished but for timely removal to undertake the management of an indigo-factory at Mudnabatty, offered to Carey through Mr. Thomas. Carey, now able to maintain himself, wrote home to England that he would require no further support, and that the salary destined for him should be devoted to some other effort, while he would still stand in the same relation to them as if he needed supplies. This noble letter was misunderstood at home, and the committee wrote him a letter "of serious and affectionate caution," which pained him, though he was always too magnanimous to enter into self-vindication. And how was he spending his time? During three months of the year his secular employment required pretty close attention; the rest of the year he had more leisure, which was devoted to the translation of the Scriptures into Bengali, and to itinerant preaching through a district of 200 villages scattered amid jungle patches over the monotonous plain. He travelled ten or twenty miles a day, according to his opportunities of preaching, and his gatherings sometimes numbered 500 persons.

Mudnabatty proved to be little more salubrious than the Sunderbunds. Annual floods converted it into a pestiferous marsh. One "dear little boy" died, Carey himself was reduced to the last extremity with fever, and his poor wife was smitten with incurable melancholy, and had to be kept under restraint till her dying day. He had reached India, in November, 1793. It was May, 1795, before his first letters from England arrived, and

they were "as cold waters to a thirsty soul." The journal of the brave man during the first almost solitary years presents a vivid picture of his inner life: there is clear light of patience, devotion, hope, but it is often overcast with dejection and self-upbraiding. These years were of immense value in preparing him for his great work; but so far as gathering men to the Saviour was concerned, they were years of "hope deferred."

In 1795 John Fountain, a young Londoner, had joined the missionary band, and now in 1799 further reinforcements arrived from England, consisting of Ward, Marshman and his wife, Brunsdon and his wife, Grant and his wife, and Miss Tidd, who was to marry Fountain. They had come in an American vessel, commanded by Captain Wickes, a man of notably Christlike spirit. Two of the band speedily fell victims to the climate: Grant died within three weeks, and Brunsdon within twelve months.

Marshman and Ward, whose names are indissolubly linked with that of Carey, were spared for many eventful years. "Never did three men serve together in such close union for so long a space of time, with such unbroken harmony, such unselfishness and loftiness of aim, such thorough practical good sense, and marvellously sustained resolution and enthusiasm, or win such trophies for the Redeemer as did these three—Carey, Marshman, and Ward."

Joshua Marshman was a Wiltshire weaver, so sedulous in cultivating his mind while he wrought at the loom that he was offered the mastership of a school in Bristol. There he was baptized, became a member of the church at Broadmead, and attended the Bristol Baptist Academy. He was a long-headed man, with fair administrative abilities.

William Ward, son of a builder at Derby, was apprenticed to a printer, rose to the position of editor of *The Derby Mercury* and afterwards of a newspaper in Hull; became a church member in 1796, and beginning to preach, went for further training to Dr. Fawcett's institution at Ewood Hall, where he received the missionary inspiration.

But now, as they are in the act of landing at Serampore, one of the Calcutta newspapers blunders into announcing "the arrival of four *Papist* missionaries in a foreign ship." Alas, for the unfortunate perversion of Baptist! A great jealousy prevailed of everything French; the paragraph caught the eye of the authorities, and led to police interference with Captain Wickes, and to the demand that the missionaries should instantly return to England. It was not until by the friendly advice of the Danish Governor of Serampore an explanatory memorial had been presented to Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General (brother of the Iron Duke), that the missionaries were allowed to remain. Carey now gave up the idea of a settlement in the Company's territories, and joined the brethren at Serampore, which was destined to be for years, under the friendly Danish government, a "little sanctuary" to the mission and a centre of spiritual light.

Carrying out the idea of the Pentecostal Church, the missionaries constituted themselves into a single family, threw their earnings into a common stock, and bound themselves by a solemn "agreement" to live entirely for the "unutterably important" cause of the mission. A house was purchased with two acres of ground, which (afterwards increased to

five) became Carey's famous botanical garden; the printing-press he had already used at Mudnabatty was set up, and boarding-schools and a vernacular school for native youths were opened. Ward immediately commenced the printing of Carey's translation of the whole Bible into Bengali, which was nearly complete, and on the 18th of March, 1800, placed in Carey's hands the first sheet of the New Testament, "a treasure more precious than gold." Five months afterwards Fountain, who had become very useful in Bengali preaching, died at the age of thirty-three.

Before the close of the first year in Serampore, God granted the missionaries the desire of their hearts. Krishnu-Pal, a carpenter at Serampore, had heard the gospel from Mr. Fountain, but he kept aloof till, having dislocated his arm, it was set by Mr. Thomas, the surgeon, who seized the opportunity to lay the gospel earnestly before him. Krishnu's heart was penetrated, and on the 28th December, 1800, he, with Carey's eldest son Felix, in the presence of the good old governor and a great concourse of people, was baptized in the Ganges by Carey. Poor Thomas went frantic with joy, and was not allowed to be present, though his wild cries could be heard during the service. Other baptisms soon followed. Krishnu became an admirable preacher of the gospel. His hymn is well known in the translation beginning—

> "Oh thou, my soul, forget no more
> The Friend who all thy misery bore."

Early next year the printing of the New Testament was completed. Carey carried the first copy into the church, and reverently laid it upon the communion-table, while all gathered round and united in fervent thanksgiving to God. "It is worthy of notice," said Fuller, "that the time in which the Lord began to bless his servants was that in which his holy word began to be published in the language of the natives."

The work of God now progressed more rapidly. In the space of ten years mission-stations had been established in several parts of Bengal, at Patna, in Burmah, and on the borders of Bhotan and Orissa, each a fortress held for Christ in the empire of darkness. The native church members exceeded 200, and represented a community much more numerous. The Scriptures had been translated and printed in six languages, and translations in six more were in progress. Contrary to the custom of previous missionaries, caste was absolutely ignored in church-fellowship. At the Lord's-table Krishnu-Prisad the Brahmin received the bread and the cup from the hands of Krishnu-Pal, the Sudra. The Brahmin even married the Sudra's daughter. When the first death occurred among the converts—that of Gokul, a Sudra—the coffin was borne to the grave in presence of an astonished multitude by Marshman, Felix Carey, Bhygrub, a baptized Brahmin, and Peeru, a baptized Mohammedan, who sang as they went a Bengali Christian hymn. So far as the native Christians were concerned, caste was completely broken down.

Lord Wellesley the Governor-General, in view of the necessity of a thorough training of the civil servants, established in 1800, Fort William College, in Calcutta. Carey, as the one man in India best qualified for the office, was appointed teacher of Bengali, Sanskrit, and

Mahratta, with a salary of £600 a year, which was afterwards, upon his being raised to the status of a Professor, increased to £1,500. "This," he said, "*will much help the Mission.*" The account of one of his days in Calcutta will give an idea of the amazing industry and versatility of this extraordinary man. He is making an apology for not writing. "I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God, and then attended family-prayer with the servants in Bengali. While tea was getting ready, I read a little Persian with a Moonshi, who was waiting when I left my bedroom; and also before breakfast a portion of the Scripture in Hindustani. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Ramaynna from Sanskrit, with a Pundit, who was also waiting, and continued this translation until ten o'clock, at which hour I went to the College and continued the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof-sheet of the Bengali translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner-time. After dinner, translated the greatest part of the 8th chapter of Matthew into Sanskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga Pundit to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few previous thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the Puisne Judges. After sermon, I got a subscription from him of 500 rupees (£63 10s.) towards erecting our new place of worship. Preaching was over and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down and translated the 11th of Ezekiel into Bengali, and this lasted till near eleven; and now I sit down to write to you. *The truth is, every letter I write is at the expense of a chapter in the Bible, which would have been translated in that time.*" We emphasize the last sentence: behold the miser whose time is more precious to him than gold; the giant worker, who seems not to know how to pause.

Everyone knows the story of Carey's disappointment at the worldly promotion of his eldest son Felix. Two new missionaries, Chater and Robinson, had arrived, and on account of the Vellore massacre, a Sepoy revolt which occurred in 1806, they were not allowed to remain in the Company's territories. One of them was therefore sent with Felix Carey to Burmah. The great linguistic attainments of this young man (he was only 22) and his medical skill brought him into favour with the King, who ennobled him and sent him as Ambassador to the supreme Government in Calcutta. His father was deeply pained. "Felix," said he, "is shrivelled from a missionary to an ambassador."

The Vellore massacre, which was occasioned by the substitution of a leather shako for the turban, interfering with the susceptibilities of caste, gave rise to a bitter attack in England upon the missionaries, to whose indirect influence the massacre was absurdly attributed. The attack was carried on with all the resources of wit and invective, and even unscrupulous misrepresentation; Sydney Smith being one of its leaders; while Fuller and others (quite equal to the work) made a sturdy defence. The discussions closed with a powerful article in *The Quarterly Review* from the pen of Southey, in favour of the missionaries. "These low-born and low-bred mechanics," said he, "have translated

the whole Bible into Bengali, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, the Orissa, the Mahratta, Hindostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Karnata, Chinese, and the language of the Sieks and of the Burmans; and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible." "In fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than has been accomplished or even attempted by all the world besides." "The plan which they have laid down for their own proceedings is perfectly prudent and unexceptionable, and there is as little fear of their provoking martyrdom, as there would be of their shrinking from it, if the cause of God and man required it."

Poor Mrs. Carey died in 1807, having been under restraint for twelve years, and in the following year Carey married Charlotte Amelia Rhumohr, sister-in-law of the Chamberlain to the King of Denmark. "She was about his own age, richly endowed in mind, highly accomplished, with a beautiful soul, and above all characterized by deep piety and thorough sympathy with the missionary enterprise, being indeed one of the converts." It proved a most happy union.

And now, on the 11th March, 1812, a heavy disaster fell on the mission. About six in the evening, a fire broke out on the premises at Serampore, and in a few hours destroyed the labours of twelve years. By midnight the roof fell in, and a great column of fire shot aloft to the sky. Within the blazing premises were sets of types for fourteen Eastern languages, 1,200 reams of paper, and many copies of the Scriptures, and, crowning all, many valuable manuscripts, which no money could replace. Everything that could burn or melt was destroyed. What did these magnificent men do? As soon as the glowing ruins were cool enough, Ward began to clear them, and found to his great joy many of the punches and moulds used in making type uninjured. Wasting no time, he kept type-casters at work in relays day and night, and in six weeks six languages were in the press. Carey addressed himself to the twelve months' hard labour required in his department, and soon had the whole begun again in every language. The calamity everywhere evoked generous sympathy, and in three months England contributed the whole money loss.

The same year the final struggle began, which should determine whether the gospel was to be allowed "free course" by the Government of India. Adoniram Judson (glorious missionary name) and Samuel Newell with their wives arrived in Calcutta from America, and were instantly ordered to quit the country. The result is well-known. Judson became the apostle of Burmah. But Carey saw that the Government officials in Calcutta were determined to clear the country of missionaries and bolt the door against them, and he felt that the battle of religious freedom for India must now be fought on English ground. The time had come for renewing the Company's charter, and Carey urged on Fuller, that in concert with other societies everything should be done to secure this liberty *by a distinct clause in the charter.* He responded with his whole soul and strength, as did also all the missionary bodies in the country. Fuller waited on Lord Castlereagh, leader of the Commons, and stated the missionaries' case with clear and

comprehensive mastery. Castlereagh remarked, "We shall probably give your missionaries liberty to proceed to India, where they may profess their own faith." Fuller replied in his gruffest tone, "Thank you for nothing, my lord. *That* is a degree of liberty we can get any day in Constantinople." The country was roused; week after week petitions poured in upon Parliament. It was not a shower; it was a set rain. Wilberforce led the missionaries' cause in the debates in the House. The Company made a strenuous resistance to the new clause, but the missionaries carried the day, and the clause was inserted in the charter.

It was a sad day for the mission when Andrew Fuller died. The strong man who had so faithfully "held the ropes" for the missionaries, the man "of stern integrity and native grandeur of mind" passed to his rest on the 7th May, 1815. For more than twenty years he had guided the mission with vast courage and sagacity. He had lived to see the spark kindle to a great fire. The missionaries had baptized 700 native converts; their native schools had instructed 10,000 native children; they had preached the gospel far and wide in the land; translations of the Bible were going forward in twenty-seven languages.

After Fuller's death, misunderstandings set in. The Society began to be groundlessly jealous of the heroes at Serampore, who were devoting the whole earnings of their herculean labours to the work of the mission, reserving to themselves nothing but what they ate and put on. About £58,000, for example, had been spent since the commencement, and with the exception of about £10,000 the whole had been contributed by these men. Ten years of increasing tension in their relations issued in the separation of Serampore from the Baptist Missionary Society in 1827,—an act which was not reversed till many years after. Meanwhile Carey had instituted Serampore College for the training of native preachers. Ward came to England to beg money, but found to his dismay the atmosphere changed, and the current setting against Serampore. Carey and his coadjutors, however, made their appeal in India, where they were better known, and succeeded in rearing a noble building, at a cost of £15,000. This college was the first of its kind in India.

In 1821, the old man (for he was now sixty) was seized with a fever which threatened his life. Soon after his recovery he was called to suffer one of his sorest trials, in the death of his accomplished and devoted wife, who had cheered him for now thirteen years, the happiest period of his life. This grievous sorrow was followed by another no less severe in the death of Ward, the youngest of the Serampore triumvirate, which happened in 1823. The grief of the two survivors was overpowering. One dark night in October of the same year, when returning to Serampore after preaching in Calcutta, Carey slipped in getting out of the boat, and was severely injured by the fall. Excruciating pain and fever laid him very low, and he was obliged to go on crutches for many months.

The year 1829 is memorable in Indian annals for the abolition of suttee. Carey had been instrumental in the suppression of infanticide during Lord Wellesley's government, and had all but accomplished the prohibition of suttee, or widow-burning; but that great administrator's departure from India interrupted his plans, and it was reserved for

Lord William Bentinck to proscribe suttee. That the decree might be published in Bengali, it was sent to Carey for translation. It reached him on Sunday morning as he was preparing for service. Throwing off his quaint black coat, he exclaimed, "No church for me to-day. If I delay an hour to translate and publish this, many a widow's life may be sacrificed." The translation was completed before night, and for the first time for 2,000 years

"The Ganges flowed unblooded to the sea."

Alexander Duff, who went to India in 1830, visited Carey at Serampore. The tall Scotchman strode up the college steps, and sought Carey in the simple study, where the greatest of missionary scholars sat, still working for India. A little, yellow, old man, in a white jacket, tottered forward to the visitor, and with outstretched hands solemnly blessed him. The young Scotchman, who was destined to be one of the greatest of Indian educators, never lost the impression of that interview with the scholar who had created the best college at that time in the country, and the vernacularist who had preached to the people for half-a-century.

The old man was not to labour many years longer. Increasing feebleness exposed him to almost incessant attacks of fever. In his last illness Lady Bentinck, wife of the Governor-General, visited him frequently. Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, came to ask his blessing. Alexander Duff also went to see him, and talked some time about his work. The dying man whispered, "*Pray.*" Duff knelt and prayed, and then said Good-bye. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name. He stepped back, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey,—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.

Carey devoted his life to the task of giving the Word of God to India. God had spared him to see the Scriptures sent out under his direction in forty different languages; and now the work of the Wycliff of India was done. The eternal gates were opened for him at sunrise on June 9th, 1834. He was buried in the Mission burial-ground at Serampore, to the left of the entrance-gate. A tall square block, supported by pillars, marks his grave. In obedience to the direction in his will, it is inscribed—

WILLIAM CAREY,
Born August 17th, 1761,
Died [June 9th, 1834].

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

C. A. D.

Expectation in our Work.

BY PASTOR A. BAX, SALTERS' HALL CHAPEL.

(*Concluded from page* 579.)

FOURTHLY. Another consideration that should sustain our confidence as to the success of our holy work is the fact that *the gospel is the heaven-appointed instrument for the salvation of the race.* In an earnest and well-intentioned little book published some time since by an American evangelist, the author says, "If God had told me to go into your graveyard and sing the Old Hundredth among the graves, and by this means the dead would be raised, I would come to one and another of you and ask if you had any friends in that graveyard, and, if so, to get ready to receive them, they were going to be raised. . . . . I should expect to see the graves open and the dead come forth." Now, if the writer wishes to imply that anything approaching this happens when we go forth to preach the gospel, I have this objection to the illustration; in the one case I see no adaptation of means to an end—nothing beyond a purely arbitrary arrangement; in the other, I see no haphazard arrangement, but a system of means conceived with a most minute and wonderful regard to the nature with which it has to grapple. It is a system not merely displaying the love of God, but also in like measure *the wisdom of God.*

"We speak the *wisdom* of God in a mystery." In its planning and execution it is designed to lay siege to the whole of man's mental and moral nature. It appeals to the understanding of a man, to his conscience. his hopes, his fears, his love, his self-interest, his consciousness of vacuity and want: there is no system of means that could be devised more perfectly adapted to arrest men than the gospel. Now, this is a view of the truth that needs to be brought forward prominently at this time; because, perhaps, one of the most fruitful sources of the spiritual impotence which is undeniably around us is the Church's loss of faith in its own message. Where are the men to-day who hold the truth with such an intensity of belief as to be kindled into a holy fire of enthusiasm about it? men who have got it wrought deeply down into their consciousness that the thing the world wants supremely is the gospel of God's dear Son, that it is *the only thing* to present to the scowling infidelity of this age, to the luxurious effeminacy of this age, to the callous indifference of this age, to the drunkenness and the uncleanness of this age, to the mummery and superstition of this age? Oh, sirs, do I bear false witness when I say, there are men in our pulpits to-day who have not faith enough in the truth they profess to teach, to bring it out boldly and simply as God's answer to man's cry of sorrow and sin? It is their *creed,* but not a *burning conviction.*

We are continually being counselled in some quarters to adapt and adjust our message to the changed requirements and conditions of the age. Amid all this stir and noise about the changed aspect of things, it may not be out of place to pause and ask, What is changed? What is this strange and wonderful revolution which necessitates something very much like a brand-new evangel to meet its requirements? Is the human heart, with its imperious longings, its clasping needs, its melting

sorrow, changed? Does it no longer love and hope and fear, as once it did? Does not a bereaved parent feel a throb of sympathy come across the waste of the ages as he reads David's bitter lamentation over his slaughtered child: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son"? Is this kind of thing gone out? Does it belong to the very remote history of the race for a man to feel so weary, so disheartened, so sad as to throw himself down and say, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest"? How long is it since you last were in that mood? Is human life so changed that the heart is never weighted with a load of care so that the tender meaning and music has died out of such counsel as this, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee"? Brothers, until the heart ceases to sin, to suffer, to hope, to fear; until it is never more in an agony nor an ecstasy; in a word, until a man ceases to be a man, we must say of the old, old, new gospel which has been efficacious enough to satisfy the needs, and calm the fears of the millions who have crossed the mystic river before us, what David said to Ahimelech concerning Goliath's sword, "There is none like that, give it me." But you say, What of the Agnosticism, the Pantheism, the Materialism of this age? I answer, You have to meet exactly what God designed the gospel should meet—the *unregeneracy* of man. All these things are mere symptoms of that disease.

5. Another thing that should sustain our confidence is the fact that *the church is able to look back upon a history of nineteen centuries of triumphant success.* To prove this, we have but to take up any church history and learn what was the state of the world prior to the introduction of Christianity. Dr. Geikie says. "The religions of antiquity had lost their vitality, and become effete forms, without influence on the heart. Philosophy was the consolation of a few, the amusement or fashion of others; but of no weight as a moral force among men at large. Faith in the great truths of natural religion was well-nigh extinct. Sixty-three years before the birth of Christ, Julius Cæsar, at that time the chief pontiff of Rome, and as such the highest functionary of the state religion, and the official authority in religious questions, openly proclaimed that there was no such thing as a future life, no immortality of the soul; and Cicero, who was also present, did not care to give either assent or dissent, but left the question open as one which might be decided at pleasure. Morality was entirely divorced from religion, as may readily be judged by the fact that the most licentious rites had their temples, and male and female ministrants. . . . . The advent of Christ was the breaking of the day-spring from on high through a gloom that had been gathering for ages; a great light dawning on a world which lay in darkness and in the shadow of death."

Another learned author says: "With the introduction of Christianity another spirit went forth over the earth. It was the visitation of a new life. . . . . Institutions of the most elaborate skill and most colossal firmness dissolved before its holy charm. The swords of thirty legions shrunk to their scabbards before its prowess. It marched on, conquering and to conquer. The world beheld it with amazement. The doctrine was strange and improbable. The instrumentality was

the rude and the imbecile. Yet, with a world against it, it was superior to the world; little checked it, nothing withstood it."

Now, in view of its past victories, who will question its power to meet present necessities? It will never have to meet an ignorance more dense, an enmity more virulent, a superstition more degrading, or a sensuality more gross, than it has already met and overcome. What it was, it is. It has the dew of its youth upon it. It can in the hands of believing men repeat, ay, and transcend, all its former wonders.

II. We now hasten to enquire IN WHAT RESPECTS THE INDULGENCE OF A BRIGHT, HOPEFUL SPIRIT WILL AFFECT THE CHARACTER OF OUR MINISTRY.

1. One effect will be *to lead us to the selection of the most vital themes as the subjects of our discourses.* Looking for the blessing, we shall be anxious to use the best known means of securing it. We know that God can bless anything, only he does not. There is a type of sermon which would be a great miracle of all miracles if it converted anyone. If it did so it would do it by mistake; for certainly it was furthest from the thoughts of the preacher—he never intended anything of the sort. When he wrote it he thought the subject rather new—he thought it would prove interesting, and afford an opportunity of expressing some rather original and exceedingly pretty thoughts, and his sermon did exactly what he expected it to do. It pleased many of his people; strolling out of the chapel to the strains of solemn organ-music they exchanged kindly greetings, and remarked on the exceedingly interesting sermon they had just heard. But it converted no one—how could it? That long descriptive passage of Ruth standing amid the rustling golden corn in the sultry noontide heat; the scarlet and blue anemones trembling in the gentle breeze, the great fleecy clouds hanging motionless in the vault of stainless blue, the tinkle of the brook, the low sweet notes of the mowers' song mellowed by the distance; oh, it was exquisitely done, most graphically put; but knowing what you do of the constitution of the human mind, of the relation of cause and effect, would it not have surprised you beyond expression if anyone had been roused by it to an agony of remorse, and had cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall I do?" Now, let me not be misunderstood. I am not condemning beauty of style. I believe it has important uses—it may attract people to your ministry—it will secure an interested attention—and, more than that, it is the natural bent of some minds, and they would have to unmake themselves in order to be different; but all this must be sternly subordinated to the one great end of plucking men out of the fire. Our chief business is not to pursue a subject, but to pursue men. We may chase them with a sword with a jewelled hilt, or with a more homely weapon; but the value of the instrument must be judged by its effectiveness in striking home. I am sure a spirit of expectation will help us here. There is little fear that we shall be unduly toying with mere prettinesses when we mean business.

2. One other result will be *to lighten our work of much of its laboriousness.* As I have previously remarked, our work cannot under any circumstances be other than exhausting to both body and mind. But it will be wonderfully lightened if we work in the sunny, genial atmosphere of hope. We do not mind work when we expect it to be

richly remunerative. I am not likely to forget a sight I saw a year or two ago at Brighton. Standing one beautiful morning on the beach, I noticed an unusual excitement among the boatmen—men not, I believe, usually to be censured for undue alacrity. But on this particular occasion they were all talking and shouting at once. Running and stumbling up the beach, rushing and tumbling down the beach. Stones flying in showers in all directions. Some lugging great armfuls of nets, others dragging immense balks of greased timber, another performing some occult duty at the bottom of the boat, which divided his person so impartially, and exactly in the middle, that the most practised of London busmen would have had a difficulty in deciding whether he was an inside or an outside passenger. Well, after some more shouting, which certainly seemed in excess of any visible necessity, the boat was thrust off, and went curtseying over the waves. When I thought that the solitary man left on the shore was sufficiently master of his emotions, I ventured to enquire the cause of the remarkable demonstration I had just witnessed. My friend was a man of few words: waving his hand over the sea in a fine general manner which might have indicated any point between Worthing and Eastbourne; he blurted out the secret in a word—Pilchards!

Ah, even a Brighton fisherman can be lively when pilchards are in question. It will be very much thus with ministers. It will take a great deal to wear out a happy, successful minister. It will be a joy to preach, to visit, to talk, to pray, when we are expecting that every cast of the net will fill it even to breaking-point.

3. One other result will be that *it will make a minister's eye sharper than a hawk's to detect the slightest indication of blessing.* Very few things will escape the observation of the minister who is on the look-out for results. There is a man who has taken to coming out twice a day instead of once. There is a person wiping her eyes in a very furtive manner. No, it is not a cold. By a strange sort of intuition you will know the state of your people's minds, and from time to time bring forth truths suited to their cases. As closely as an angler watches his dancing float upon the stream, ready at any moment to give the little snatch that will strike the hook into his finny prey, will the expectant minister watch the result of every sermon and effort.

As we begin to work under the inspiration of hope, experience will make it easier so to do. We shall soon learn that it is a spiritual law as ascertainable and invariable that believing labour shall be fruitful labour, as it is a natural law that seed sown generously shall rise again in ample fruitage. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

"WHAT'S THE CLOCK?"

"Behold now is the accepted time."



"It is time to seek the Lord."

STANDING on the summit of a hill in Greenwich Park is the Royal Observatory, and near it the Magnetic Clock. Overhearing the observations of some gathered in front of the latter, I learn one is "Too fast," while another complains of being "Too slow." "Oh!" cries the third "I'm just right." Shall I judge the persons by their utterances? Well, I do know some people who are a great deal

"Too Fast."

Among this class are to be found gossips. The thunder of their talk goes before the flash of fact, and so they reverse the Divine order of things. Kindly watch your words and set them to the correct time of truth.

"Too Slow,"

was an observation of a second; and he but represents another company, *Catch them in a hurry? Never!* They say 'time flies,' and therefore, as they have no wings it is too fast for them; the truth is they let it fly by wasting so much of it. Heartily do I wish some one would turn the key and put them on a little so that they could say

"We are just Right."

Now is the best time, for all that is good. If you are 'too slow,' you will be 'too late,' so now do the right. How important it is to avail ourselves of the '*now*' in time. God lays special stress upon his spiritual punctuality; for He saith: "behold *now* is the accepted time, behold *now* is the day of salvation." Unless you have trusted Jesus as your Saviour, you cannot say "I'm just right," for all is wrong. Do it *now* and throughout all time, and in eternity it will be well with thee.

No. 8.—"The Observatory Tract Series," by Pastor C. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 3 stamps.
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The Prize-Fighter and the Methodist;

OR, THE RESULT OF GETTING INTO WRONG COMPANY.

BY JOHN CURRIE.

"And being let go they went to their own company."—Acts iv. 23.
"Judas by transgression fell that he might go to his own place."—Acts i. 25.

THE following incident was told in my hearing in one of the villages of Canada to illustrate the truth, which so many ignore at the present day, that there *must* be a change of heart if we are ever permitted to enjoy "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"Some years ago there was to be a prize-fight at a certain place in England, and a party of men chartered a steam-boat to take them to the place at the time appointed. Another steamer was engaged to take a party of Christians to a different kind of fight—a fight against wrong-doing, that every soldier of Christ is called to engage in under the 'Captain of his salvation.' The place of the last-named conflict was a Methodist camp-ground. Just as the last bell rang on each steamer (both were chartered to leave at the same hour—half-past two p.m.) two men were seen running towards the steamers as they were moving out from the wharf, and both sprang into what each one thought to be his own company. But, oh! what a mistake; the Methodist saw that he was among prize-fighters, and the prize-fighter found that he was among Christians. Do you suppose those men were contented and happy in their different company? Is a fish happy out of water? 'No, not happy but miserable,' you say. So each of those men were miserable because they were out of their element.

"The Methodist came to the captain, and said, 'Captain, I have got into the wrong steamer, and I am not going to stay here; it is like hell to be among these men who are cursing and swearing; take the steamer back and let me get out. I intended to go to a camp-meeting; yonder is the steamer I ought to be in.' But his trying to get himself righted after he saw he was wrong was fruitless.

"Well, what about the other man? 'Oh,' you say, 'he was all right and happy among those good Methodist people.' But you are mistaken, for he was in a worse dilemma than the Christian man. He went to the captain and asked him to take the steamer back, as he said he must go to the prize-fight. But the captain said 'No; our orders are to keep on our course as long as there is nothing wrong with the steamer, and we *must* obey.' Then the man offered the captain money if he would turn back, but the captain was as determined to go on his voyage. By this time the Methodists thought they would 'show their faith by their works,' by talking to the prize-fighter about his soul; but the prize-fighter could not endure it, so he went to the captain again and begged of him to bring the steamer a little nearer to the shore and he would jump into the water and swim to land."

Now, reader, you can readily see that neither one of these men was happy because both of them were away from their own company. So would it be in THE GREAT HEREAFTER; a sinner unchanged could not be happy in the company of Christ and his redeemed ones, and as some one has said, if he got in among them as that prize-fighter got into

that company of godly persons by mistake, he would want to run down to hell for shelter.

Jesus shows us the folly of thinking we should feel at home in the glorious company that surrounds the throne of God without having the wedding garment on, in his parable on the marriage of the king's son. Matt. xxii. 11—13.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man who had *not* on a wedding garment; and he said, 'Friend, how comest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' And HE WAS SPEECHLESS."

Then came the orders from the king to "bind him hand and foot and take him away and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

This ought to close every self-righteous sinner's mouth and bring him down to the dust crying, like Job, "I AM VILE, I repent in dust and ashes." Job xl. 4, and xlii. 5, 6. Surely if Job, the man of whom God said "there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man," needed to come down and confess before God his sinfulness, how much more do ordinary persons need to confess their guilt before God. The Holy Ghost tells us the righteousness that alone is fit for God's presence, when he says, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," Rom. x. 4.

Our Lord said to Nicodemus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN;" for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," John iii. 6, 7. You see the two natures set forth in these two men. The prize-fighter's nature was not changed, and consequently he hated to hear those Christians talking about Christ and the Word of God. For Rom. viii. 6—8 says "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." "In Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by THE BLOOD OF CHRIST," Eph. ii. 13. But "the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," "so then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." There must be a change if a sinner is to be happy in the presence of Christ and the glorious company of those who stand before the throne, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Creeds.

CREEDS are, 1, due to *ourselves,* (1) that we may honour the blessed God by open profession of faith; for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation"; due to ourselves, (2) that we may be fortified in the faith by that obligation which open and undeniable profession lays upon us, "witnessing a good profession before many witnesses." 2. They are also due to *others,* whom we desire to draw to us, (1) that we may approach them in our real characters, and, as it were, with our principles pinned upon our breast;—due to others, who deny our faith, (2) that we may warn them of their errors, and exhibit the truth upon which we seriously believe the salvation of their soul depends. This was, in fact, the origin of creeds, even in the days of the apostles.—*Walter Chamberlain.*

Two more Tabernacle Prayer-meetings.

MONDAY *evening, Oct.* 9, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair, and before the meeting was over the area and first gallery of the Tabernacle were nearly filled. What a pleasure to see such numbers gathering to pray! Hymn 281, commencing—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,"

was sung, and the Pastor said that *the cross* was to furnish the key-note for the whole meeting. Prayers would be offered for a revival of the pure doctrine of the cross, for the exhibition of the pure life of cross-bearing, and for a revival of that earnestness and consecration which are the true outgrowth of the cross of Christ. One of the elders prayed, and especially pleaded for those workers for Jesus who were depressed because they did not see success attending their labours. This led the Pastor to mention an interesting incident, which is described more fully in this month's "Personal Notes," and to ask those who had derived benefit from the preaching of pastors or evangelists to encourage the preachers by telling them of the usefulness of their words. We still kept near the cross while we sang hymn 275—

"O sacred head, once wounded,"

and also while prayer was presented by Mr. Mountain, the Secretary of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, and Elder Hill, whose supplications were steeped in a sweet sympathy with the crucified Lord.

Hymn 303—

"Once it was mine, the cup of wrath,"

having been sung, the Pastor read the following requests for prayer:—One of the ministers educated in the College had arranged for an evangelizing brother to hold special services in his chapel, and desired that the work might be remembered at the throne of grace. Within about nine months he had lost twenty per cent. of his members, and most of the officers of his church, by removal, and he felt that he needed special help from above. Another friend wished for prayer for a youth who was undecided, and for himself that he might be guided aright in an important matter. These letters the Pastor asked Mr. Harrald to spread before the Lord, together with one from Suffolk which had been put into his hands. Before praying, Mr. Harrald explained that on the previous day, while preaching at Bury St. Edmund's, he had referred to a remarkable instance of the immediate answer of a mother's prayers for one of her children. At the close of the service a good woman came to him, and asked him to join her in prayer for her son, the only unsaved one out of a family of thirteen. Much sympathy was felt as the particulars of the case were made known, and many joined in the petition that the promise might be fulfilled in this instance as it has often been before, "*All* thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Meditating upon the cross, our thoughts had gradually mounted to the throne, so that the subject of the next hymn was "the glory of Christ in heaven," No. 337—

"Oh the delights, the heavenly joys,"

which was followed by a prayer from the Pastor, who pleaded that fresh glory might be brought to Christ by the salvation of sinners, and the fuller sanctification of saints. At its close, mention was made of the sore sickness of two beloved officers of the church, Deacons Higgs and Mills; and in the name of the whole assembly earnest supplication on their behalf was offered by one of their fellow-deacons, Mr. Allison. We then passed from our Lord in glory to the grand doctrine of his second coming and glorious reign. Hymn 353—

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed,"

was sung, and the Pastor delivered a short address upon certain matters that he had occasionally found troubling many of the Lord's people. One of these was the difficulty that Christians experienced in their endeavours to be always thinking of God, and things divine. It was pointed out that it was quite possible to be really giving all our thoughts to God even while it was needful to think upon other things, just as a man making a journey for a friend has to consider his horse, and the road, and the inn, and yet in doing all this for his friend he is really thinking of him only. "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," is thus a command which may be obeyed. Some friends are a great deal troubled because they are not absolutely perfect, but these were assured that such perfection is not seen among men. The speaker declared that, of all the professedly perfect people whom he had met in his life, there had never been one who had a right to make such a profession, but they had all been most questionable persons; while amongst those whom he considered to be as nearly perfect as well could be, he had never found one who did not mourn over imperfection, and lament that he fell so far short of what he ought to be. All ought, however, to aspire after perfection, and to hate sin, and seek to destroy it. We are not to do as the Israelites did with the kings when they shut them up in the cave, but as Joshua did when he dragged them out, and hanged them up to die. Sin is not only to be imprisoned by self-denial, but to be executed through death with Christ. The Pastor then offered a few words of direction to those who seek the Saviour. Prayer for the conversion of sinners was offered by Brethren Healy and Watkins; the Pastor pleaded for some sick friends who were believed to be near death, and for others whose cases had not been specially described; and so concluded another most hallowed season of fellowship with one another, and with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Eight brethren had spoken with the Lord on our behalf, five hymns had been sung, and several short addresses given, and the hour and a-half was gone, all too quickly.

Monday evening, October 16, was the time set apart by the Sunday-school Union and other allied organizations for special universal prayer on behalf of Sabbath-school work. Additional interest was given to the meeting at the Tabernacle by the attendance of many Ragged-school teachers, who had been invited to listen to an address from Mr. Spurgeon. It was a very wet night, and consequently the gathering was smaller than usual. There were, however, several hundreds present, and as most of them were earnest Christian workers they probably made up in quality what they lacked in numbers. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and in opening the meeting explained the special object for which prayer would be presented. Wesley's joyous hymn,

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

was sung to a jubilant tune, and gave a happy key-note to the evening's proceedings. Prayer was then presented by Elder Pearce, the Superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, and by Mr. John Kirk, the Secretary of the Ragged-school Union. As representative men they brought us into sympathy with the two classes of teachers present, and led us in supplication for the children committed to the care of their fellow-labourers. We next sang the first and last verses of hymn 983—

"Met again in Jesu's name,"

and prayer was offered by the Pastor, and Mr. Wigney, the conductor of the separate services for children on Sunday mornings.

At the Pastor's request Mr. Pearce then gave an account of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, in order that the friends present might understand the nature and extent of the work, and so pray the more intelligently for a blessing to rest upon it. He said that there were upon the books of the home school the

names of about one thousand five hundred scholars, and one hundred and ten teachers and officers. After the teaching on Sunday mornings Mr. Wigney conducts a children's service, and in the evening Mr. Waters has a similar meeting in the College. On Monday evenings, at the close of the prayer-meetings in the Tabernacle, the teachers assemble to plead for guidance and success in their work; Tuesday evenings are devoted to working-meetings, at which clothes are made for poor children, when there is not a Bazaar to be helped. On Wednesday evenings the Young Christians' Association meets for the purpose of helping the young converts in Christian life. The school collects funds for the support of missionaries in China, India, and Africa, maintains a colporteur of its own, contributes to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and carries on quite extensive home mission operations, and so does more than many regularly-organized churches. At the close of Mr. Pearce's remarks the Pastor read the list of the schools connected with the Tabernacle, and Mr. Newman Hall's church. In the schools connected with the Tabernacle there are about seven thousand children.

At this stage of the meeting Mr. Chamberlain sang that touching solo, "Show me thy face," the rendering of which always brings us to a brighter vision of the face of our ever-blessed Lord. Where there are godly men with good voices, a holy song, psalm, or hymn, sung as a solo, greatly adds to the charm of the meeting.

Mr. Kirk then read the following kind letter explaining the absence of the noble and venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, who had hoped to be at the meeting:

"24, Grosvenor-square, W.

"October 13th, 1882.

"Dear Kirk,—If you have an opportunity, pray read this letter to the meeting to be held at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Monday, 16th. I am much grieved that I am unable to be present—my attendance at the Quarter Sessions for the County of Dorset is required on the following day; and it is an official duty that I cannot well set aside. I am grieved because there is no man in the country, whose opinion and support in such matters I prize more highly than those of my friend, Mr. Spurgeon. It would give me singular pleasure, after nearly forty years of work in the Ragged-school cause, to have the testimony and counsel of so valuable a man. Few men have preached so much, and so well; and few ever have combined so practically their words and their actions. I deeply admire and love him, because I do not believe that there lives anywhere a more sincere and simple servant of our blessed Lord. Great talents have been rightly used; and, under God's grace, have led to great issues.

"Yours truly,

"SHAFTESBURY."

Speaking of the present position of Ragged-school work in London, Mr. Kirk stated that on Sundays two hundred and three afternoon or evening schools were held, at which thirty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-four children were taught by three thousand one hundred and fifty-seven volunteer teachers. On week-nights, about five thousand boys and girls above the School Board age are gathered into one hundred and fifty-five schools; nearly the same number meet in the day ragged-schools; while two thousand seven hundred and thirty-three are cared for in sixty-three industrial schools. Altogether it is calculated that at least three hundred thousand children have been taken off the streets of London through the agency of the Ragged-school Union.

In delivering the address that had been announced, the Pastor urged the necessity for the continuance of Sunday and Ragged-schools, because of the irreligion, poverty, wretchedness, sin, superstition, and evil literature that still remain to injure vast masses of the population of London. Instead of there being any cause for discouragement at the apparent results, it was pointed out that a great change for the better had been wrought in the moral habits of the people, and a large share of this was to be attributed to the influence of the teach-

ing imparted to the young in Sunday and Ragged-schools. The teachers were, however, exhorted to improve the character of the instruction given to their scholars, to look after them during the week, and to make such entertainments as they prepared for the children subservient to the great end of the salvation of the children's souls. In closing, the Pastor referred to what had been a mystery to him in his childish days, namely, the presence in a bottle of an apple much larger than the neck through which it must have passed. The riddle was solved when he saw a bottle in which was a very tiny apple still growing on the tree. So if we mean to secure the working men and women of London as attendants at the house of prayer, we must get them in while they are little, and one way of doing that will be to make our Sunday and Ragged-school teaching so bright and cheerful that the children will be attracted to Christ by the loving, winning, happy way in which his gospel is set before them as the one thing they need for the life that now is, and for that which is to come.

The time for departing having arrived, the Pastor offered a short petition; and so brought to a close a meeting which must have refreshed and benefited many weary workers. The plan of having prayer for some special part of church work is a ready method for securing interest and variety. On the following Monday the praying people heard about the Loan Tract Society, and then pleaded for a blessing on it; and on the next they had the Green Walk Mission before them, and, after being interested with its details, the godly were all the better able to invoke a blessing upon it. Many a church would revive its prayer-meeting by this method. Alas! that any prayer-meeting should need reviving.

Notices of Books.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. BEET has at once taken up a foremost place among expositors. He is to the manner born. All those elements of character which are needful to an interpreter, one of a thousand, are apparent in him. We cannot say that we have read through this bulky half-guinea's worth of Commentary, but we are rejoiced to declare that wherever we have picked upon a selected passage we have found our author full, painstaking, and suggestive. Few can beat Mr. Beet. We sincerely hope that he will live to accomplish the ambitious programme which he has sketched for himself, and give us all the epistles after the manner in which he has now annotated the Romans and Corinthians.

Memoir of Israel Atkinson. By R. HODDY. W. Willman, 34, Bouverie-street.

MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON was the honoured pastor of a Baptist church in Brighton, of the Strict Communion order. His holy character and consistency won for him high esteem, both in the church of God and from those who are without. Many of those who sat at his feet in Brighton became pastors of Baptist churches, and this alone proves how edifying and stimulating his ministry must have been. The good man never departed from beaten paths, and greatly deprecated new methods of attracting congregations: his mode of addressing the sinner was not that which is now common in our churches, and his whole theology was of the high Calvinistic order; but he was a man full of grace and faith, and a lover of souls. By divine help he forced his way from the poverty and ignorance of his childhood to scholarship and usefulness, so that he became foremost among the leaders of a section of our Israel. The earlier part of his memoir is more interesting than the latter portion, because it contains more striking incidents. For the rest, the run of a prosperous minister's life is like the history of a nation which dwells at peace, more pleasant to experience than to read about. Mr. Atkinson's friends will value this biography, which is most creditably put together by the author of the *Gospel Herald*.

Infant Baptism Demonstrated to be Reasonable, Historical, and Scriptural. By JAMES MALCOLM. London: Houlston and Sons.

WHAT a singular man is Mr. Malcolm! He tells us that the more he has discussed the question of baptism with Baptist ministers and laymen, and the more he has read our works (though we must say that his own book shows that he has read little beyond two pamphlets, one of which was published at *one penny*), the more he has been convinced that we are in error. This is a most unusual experience, but Mr. Malcolm is clearly an unusual man; for unlike most other Pedobaptists he has found out that our arguments are but "assumptions" and a "hollow sound." He thinks he has succeeded in revealing their "barrenness" and "naked deformity." He has failed to elicit even a "shadow of proof" from any of our authorities, and no wonder, for all the candid admissions made by standard Pedobaptist authors he disposes of by a wave of his mighty hand! Each admission is but a *gratis dictum*. All that they assert in favour of Pedobaptism, Mr. Malcolm regards as utterly "shattering our position," and in this way Mr. Malcolm keeps his conscience easy. Awkward questions are silenced by the oracular dictum, "a child might see that there is not an atom of argument in this question;" an able exposition is but "a shallow caricature"—"a parasite foisted upon it (the text) from a biassed judgment." One of our arguments is but "fitted to catch ignorant or shallow individuals," such as the great Pedobaptists who have joined our ranks and the great scholars who one and all admit the strength of our position, though they do not join our communion. Altogether Mr. Malcolm finds that ours is but "surface work." All this quite prepares us for the statement, "I do not recollect one either minister or private person but has in little more than a quarter of an hour entirely given up the argument." Mr. Malcolm has surely met with some ill-informed Baptists, or else he has an estimate of his own achievements which few will endorse. He thinks, however, that he has not only been successful, but he can teach the "trick" to the youngest, and then woe betide the Baptists. "Any person has it in his power to quiet him (the Baptist) almost in an instant." If the Pedobaptists share Mr. Malcolm's opinion of the strength of his arguments, there will be a greater demand for his book than we could otherwise dare to expect. He has written the book, so he tells us, "to aid them (the Baptists) in coming to our position," and he assures us that "I have thus made a sufficient exposure of the Baptists' erroneous statements."

After all these heroic achievements we need not be surprised to find that Mr. Malcolm designates his book a "demonstration." What less could it be? What more can anyone ask? No weaker word than "demonstration," such as satisfied and perhaps more than satisfied the really great and able champions of Pedobaptism on this side of the Tweed, will do for this Scottish missionary. He must have words powerful as his own prejudice, and hence he has chosen terms which strangely and even ludicrously contrast with the feebleness of the arguments they embody.

What is Mr. Malcolm's demonstration? The weaker brother need not fear to hear it. Mr. Malcolm actually brings before us as a demonstration two arguments which have been long slain and buried out of sight in England, though now and again we have met with a sort of fossil controversialists who like Rip Van Winkle have slept a long sleep and know not that many things have happened since they first dozed off. The first part of Mr. Malcolm's demonstration is? that in as much as we Baptists permit females to sit at the Lord's table, and yet we have no express command to do so, we have forsaken our main position. Mr. Malcolm forgets that we do not sit at the Lord's table as either males or females, but as disciples of Jesus Christ. In Christ there is neither male or female—all are one.

Mr. Malcolm, however, mainly relies on the argument from the ancient rite of circumcision. He even admits that "apart from circumcision there would be no sufficient proof for infant baptism," and yet the world-renowned Biblical scholar, Dr. William Lindsay Alexander, says, "If baptism is to be regarded as having come in the place of circumcision the argument from the

Abrahamic covenant lies *altogether* with the Baptists." The doctor actually makes this remark in his life of the celebrated Dr. Wardlaw whose Pedobaptist sheet-anchor was this argument which Dr. Alexander firmly and resolutely throws away. The same argument was hopelessly shattered on this side of the Tweed also by the ablest champion of Padobaptism, the erudite Dr. Halley. He has given the circumcision argument its quietus for ever, though some smaller men still amuse us by urging it.

The Pedobaptists, we fear, will hardly thank Mr. Malcolm for really demonstrating that their cause is indefensible, and that our position is simply impregnable. The more the subject is agitated the better for us.

The book abounds in inconsistencies and loose expositions, but these we do not stay to notice—perhaps we have already given the book more notice than it deserves. If Mr. Malcolm would "suffer a word of exhortation." we would urge him to leave controversy to those who are called and qualified to exercise their powers in that direction, and would persuade him to continue in his useful labours and visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.

From Sin to Salvation. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

IN a kind of philosophic treatise on the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans, the worthy author attempts to exhibit what he terms "the Pauline picture of the Redemptive Process." "The Apostle Paul," says he, "paints the convert first as lying in a state of insensibility to sin; next, as waking up into a state of conflict with sin; and finally, as landed in a state of triumph over sin. In the first stage the animal life is predominant, in the second, the intellectual life. Not till the third stage is there begotten that spiritual life which works out righteousness, and this spiritual life is derived entirely from Christ—from our participation in his death, his resurrection, his Spirit, and our thus being made citizens of that higher world in which he lives and reigns," p. 125. Mr. Griffith's part is, we presume, to show that pure faith is consistent with sound philosophy. Some four centuries separate Plato and Paul in our chronicles. But we occasionally meet with men of culture who seem to be equally charmed with the dialogues of the one and the epistles of the other. At least, they like by a freak of fancy to bridge the distance of their time and training, and imagine a grove or a cloister in which these twain, the academician and the apostle, might come together in social converse, and discover with glad surprise that, in the school of nature and the school of grace, they had learnt the same lessons, though they had not used the same books. Our author happily steers clear of any such conceit. He sees that the philosophy of facts is at variance with the Rationalism of the age. Thus, by way of sample, the recognition of "birth-sin." Are we born like sheets of pure white paper, to be written on by the hand of our schoolmasters? or are we ushered into the world like palimpsests, scored and confused by cross superscriptions? We are survivals defiled by the deposits of ancestorial savages, animals, and molluscs. Brain development, which is a matter of heredity, determines our character. So true is the apostle's assertion that in us, that is, in our flesh (derived from our forefathers) "dwelleth no good thing."

Has Man a Future? Materialism and Christianity Contrasted. By J. TYLER. W. Poole, 12A, Paternoster-row.

A PAMPHLET of one hundred and thirty-six pages. In fourteen sections, "The Materialist" states his case first, and "The Christian" states his case afterwards, upon the various topics suggested. There is no attempt at dialogue. The plan may be well conceived, but we do not think that it is as well carried out. "Materialist" is rather racy, and "Christian" is very prosy. It is a great pity that it should ever be so.

The Dying Martyr's Testament to the Town and University of Cambridge. Written in prison in 1555. By JOHN BRADFORD.

THIS earnest epistle should interest our Cambridge friends. It is to be bought for a penny of Mr. Coe, 69, Eden Street.

The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations, English and Latin: with an Appendix of Proverbs, &c., &c., and Copious Indexes. By J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. R. D. Dickinson.

Printed from the American plates. A very useful book for a literary man, to whom the copious indices will be a great boon. Its production has cost much labour, and it will, in consequence, greatly save labour to those who use it. It is deservedly called "practical," since it is not for show, but for real work. In this respect it excels all other quotation books which have hitherto come under our notice. Mr. Dickinson ought to have his edition cleared out speedily.

The Infant's Magazine. The Children's Friend. The Friendly Visitor. Volumes for 1882. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

The two magazines for the little ones stand in a high position in juvenile literature, and *The Friendly Visitor* is as good as good can be. The yearly volumes make splendid Christmas presents: they are gorgeously arrayed, and worthy of their fine raiment.

Until the Day-break: Birthday Mottoes for the Homeward Way. By G. M. and E. St. B. Holland. *Sketches of Christmas. Light and Love. Living Water. Royal Gifts. Christmas Greetings for the Children.* 1s. and 1s. 6d. per packet. Deaconess House, Mildmay Park.

Exquisite taste is apparent in this album and in these Christmas cards. Moreover, there is an originality and freshness about them which we greatly prize. It was time that there should be some little variety in birthday albums, and here we have it. The cards are all that the daintiest lady ought to desire, and the texts upon them are wisely selected. Mildmay Park may have great joy in the issue of such thoroughly excellent things.

The Band of Hope Review. The British Workman. The Family Friend. The Band of Mercy Advocate. Volumes for 1882. Partridge and Co.

We can only repeat our praises of these incomparable serials. We believe them to be the means of vast good. They are thoroughly well executed in all respects, and their large sale proves that the working people like good things, and do not care to buy the cheap and nasty prints upon which an unwise philanthropy spends its energies. Anything which is intended for the elevation of the masses should be of the very best in teaching, in taste, and in workmanship. This Mr. Smithies has always recognised, and hence his success.

Lectures on Disestablishment delivered in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, in February and March, 1882. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street, and also the Liberation Society, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street.

The first lecture in this pamphlet is on "The sufficiency of the voluntary principle," by the Rev. Principal Cairns, D.D. The second is on "Church and State," by James Carmet, Esq., LL.D., S.S.C. The third is on "National Religion, its true conception, and the best means of realizing it," by the Rev. Alex. Oliver, B.A., and the fourth is on "The ecclesiastical endowments of Scotland," by Thomas Shaw, Esq., M.A., LL.B., advocate.

These lectures are of the very highest order of merit. They are clear and concise, calm and convincing. Principal Cairns' vindication of the voluntary principle leaves nothing to be desired, and his arguments are as suitable for this side of the Tweed as the other. The lectures were given under the auspices of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Presbytery, and are well worthy of the projectors of the movement. Scotland gets her best sons to advocate the separation of religion from state patronage and control, and the result is a literature of which any country may be proud.

The presbytery promises us another course of lectures this winter, "in which the Scriptural and other important aspect of the question will be treated with greater fulness." This volume we will look forward to with a lively interest, for the Scotch divines know how to handle this subject with fulness and force. The work before us ought to be read by all who desire to understand the great question discussed. We hope the land will be well salted with it.

We have received such a quantity of books from the *Religious Tract Society* that we cannot do more than briefly mention a selection of them at this time. At a later date we may notice the others. The following list will be a guide to those who are choosing presents for the season.

Katie Brightside, and how She made the Best of Everything. By Ruth Lamb. Large type, fine engravings, splendid binding, and all for half-a-crown. Just the book for Miss Nellie and her sister, aged ten and eight.

Hid in the Cevennes; or, the Mountain Refuge. 3s. A fine book for reading during winter evenings.

The Old Worcester Jug; or, John Griffin's Little Maid. By Eglanton Thorne. 1s. 6d. Capital. If we must have tales let them be of this order.

Jacob Witherby; or, Need of Patience." By Agnes Giberne. 1s. 6d. Gracious and taking.

Across the Water. By Mrs. Payne. A story working out life in America to excellent purpose. An elegant book for 2s. 6d.

Under the Old Roof. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer." This authoress needs no introduction. Her little shilling book is, no doubt, excellent, but we cannot afford to cry just now. The weather is quite damp enough without our tears, so we shall not read it, but leave our young readers to do so.

The Parallel New Testament; also The Parallel New Testament, Greek and English, with space for Manuscript Notes. Oxford Editions. H. Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, 7, Paternoster-row.

An exceedingly practical use to which to put the Revised New Version: it is printed in parallel columns with the authorized text, and so, at a glance, the alterations are apparent. He who spends eighteenpence on this arrangement will be a poor creature if he does not get far more than his money's worth in a few days of careful reading. Nicely bound editions in morocco can be had for 5s. and 7s. The student is still better served by an edition in good type containing the two versions, the original Greek, and the Readings displaced by the Revisers. This in cloth boards is 12s. 6d. It is an essential part of the apparatus of a student of the New Testament, and it is as useful as it is indispensable.

The Scripture Pocket-book for 1883. Religious Tract Society.

A pocket-book which we have much pleasure in recommending. It contains much general information, and is well arranged as a book for short memoranda, such as most persons find the need of.

Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Dr. Gottlieb Lunemann. *The General Epistles of James and John.* By J. E. Huther, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Dr. Meyer's commentaries are supplemented and completed by Thessalonians and Hebrews by Dr. Lunemann, and Timothy and Titus, and Peter and Jude, and James and John, by Dr. Huther. They are said to be invaluable for accurate scholarship. Dr. Schaff styles Meyer "the ablest grammatical exegete of the age." No learned library can be perfect without Meyer's Commentaries, which are complete in twenty vols. for £5 5s. To the mass of our readers Meyer will be unintelligible, but to students of the Greek tongue, who want to know definitely the precise text, he will be an indispensable guide. When such a man as Ellicott confesses his obligations to an author we may be sure that he is the first in his class. All educated ministers are grateful to the Messrs. Clark for putting such learned work within their reach.

Little Dot and her Friends. Sixty-four coloured Plates and Vignettes. Religious Tract Society.

A grand Christmas book for little Dot, containing "Little Dot's Daisies," "The Story of Jack and Nell," "The Story of Little Pippin," and "The Little Lamb."

The whole are bound in a gorgeous cover, and constitute a volume which may well make the eyes of many little ones to twinkle. "The Little Lamb" is, to our taste, *the* story of the whole; every child ought to read it. The coloured pictures are something to look upon with delight again and again.

Seven Reasons for Believers' Baptism. By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. Grattan and Co., 3, Amen Corner.

This is an excellent little pamphlet of twelve pages, and is published at one halfpenny, or 3s. 6d. per hundred. Send for a hundred, and enclose a copy in all your letters to your friends, it will do them all good. We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Meyer again on this subject, which he handles so clearly and kindly.

The Church Standard. One penny weekly. *Forty Winks.* "The Fireside" Christmas number (6d.) *A Christmas Wedding.* "Home Words" for Christmas. (1d.) "Home Words" Office, 1 Paternoster Buildings.

Mr. Bullock is a genius at magazine-making, and a man for whom to thank God every day. In his *Church Standard* we note his bold words as to the *Christian World*: we are deeply sorry that there should be need for them. In another article upon Disestablishment we are pleased to note the fairness and candour of the Editor, though we do not for a moment endorse his opinions. The two Christmas numbers are really about Christmas, and are as good as good can be in their own line.

Christian Ethics. First Division: Individual Ethics. Second Division: Social Ethics. By Dr. H. Martensen, Bishop of Seeland. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Certainly a very able work upon morals; but altogether Lutheran in religion, and continental in tone. We are continually differing from the author; now upon his fancied intermediate state and the rightfulness of prayers for the dead, anon upon the duty of the state to the church, and then again upon the character of the theatre. The work is a masterpiece of learning, but whether the objectionable parts of it are not likely to do as much harm as the rest of it can do good, we cannot say. He who reads this author should exercise clear discernment, and then he will find thought suggested and knowledge increased. Our respect for the author's reasoning is not great when he can justify prayer for the departed by Paul's exhortation that prayers be made for all men, and even by the petition in the Lord's prayer—"Thy kingdom come." There are throughout the work abundant proofs that learned men are capable of far greater folly than more ordinary people. Upon baptism our author is a sacramentarian. This importation does not give us a very high idea of the orthodoxy or spirituality of the Danish Church; but we are glad to find our author sound on the Sabbath and vivisection questions. Much good dashed with much error.

The Truth about Opium-smoking. With Illustrations of the Manufacture of Opium, etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dounters as to the guilt of the opium traffic, read this! Warriors for right, who contend against this terrible evil, here is a storehouse of arguments for you! The work is trenchant, and were not men's consciences asleep, it would cause them to banish the enormity from the face of the earth. Alas, that our country should sin against the light, and gain a revenue for India out of the blood of Chinamen!

The Elder and his friends: Christian friendship delineated in the private letters of John. By Alexander Macleod Symington, D.D. Nisbet.

We are always glad to meet with a book from Dr. Symington's pen, for he is a man after our own heart. He here discourses upon John's private epistles most soundly and sweetly. Placing this little but weighty work among our expositors, we breathe a prayer that thousands may read it to their lasting profit, for it deals most faithfully with men's souls, and does not shrink from the unpopular side of divine truth.

A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament. By W. G. Humphry, B.D. Cassell and Co.

Notes upon the passages altered in the revision. It is a good idea, but ought to be carried out in a fuller style. We do not set much store by this work: better will be sure to follow. The short history of the English Bible which is placed in the introduction, is remarkably well condensed. The author is one of the Revisers, and therefore well qualified to tell why alterations were made by the New Testament company; this alone is interesting.

The Interpreter's House, and What I learnt there; or, New Lessons from an Old School. By the Rev. JAMES E. ARNOLD. Religious Tract Society.

IF this is meant for an imitation of Bunyan's manner, it is an utter failure. Our author has not got the Saxon tone and idiom, although he uses many Saxon words. Moreover, there are too many Latinized words to allow us to think of honest John except by contrast. Bunyan would never have talked of "subsisting in concord," nor of "scenes that have been for the most part those of life and action." These are not in the old tongue; the last quoted is Saxon in letter, but foreign in spirit, and so are many of our author's expressions. Apart from this, the book is excellent. Forgetting Bunyan, we have no fault to find, but much praise to bestow. Arnold is good alone; but after Bunyan he is nowhere.

Notes.

WE call attention to the series of handbills by our son Charles, of Greenwich. We have inserted a specimen that our friends may know what they are like. Our son has had a happy and useful time in the United States, and is now on his way home. During his absence the chapel in South-street has been renovated. It is impossible to enlarge the meeting-house, though increased accommodation is greatly needed.

We write this paragraph in France, to which we have gone for rest. Will our friends kindly know that we are not taking a holiday because we *are* ill, but to prevent illness? The mind was growing weary with all the care of many ministries, and it needed to lie fallow for awhile that better fruit might come of it by-and-by. One year we stayed at home, and then had some sixteen weeks of sickness: we believe it to be a truer economy of life-force to pull up in time, and refresh. Years are beginning to sow our hair with grey, loosen the teeth, and dim the eye, and we must with care obey the warnings of prudence, lest we aid in cutting short our own career below.

The editor has left home as free from care as well can be; for the large donations of Y. Z., and other items, place nearly every work in a good position as to finances for a few weeks, and after that the subscription season begins, when many friends of the more constant class send in their aid with loving regularity. The Lord himself has given to his servant this rest. To be concerned about money matters would be to lose the benefit sought by the vacation.

On *Monday evening, October* 23, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting, at which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided. From the report presented by Mr. G. Woods, the secretary, we learn that during the past year about four thousand families have been visited by the distributors, who every week leave the printed sermons as loan tracts; and that twenty-four cases of conversion have been reported, while many aged saints and invalids have been blessed through reading the sermons. The visitors found so many cases of poverty and distress in the houses where they called that they started a *Relief and Sick Fund*, without which the leaving of a tract would have often seemed almost a mockery. A *Mothers' Meeting* and *Maternal Society* have been for some time in operation, and under Miss Miller's able leadership have contributed largely to the comfort and edification of the poor women in the district. The balance-sheet was presented by Mr. Harrald, the treasurer, who reported that the year's expenditure had been about £36, and the balance in hand was under £5. He also read the accounts of the Mothers' Meeting, which was nearly £10 in debt, and of the Maternal Society, which had £3 in hand.

In referring to the various agencies that had grown out of the tract-distribution, the Pastor spoke of the many ways in which the people visited were likely to be benefited. The visitor's call at the house, the opportunity afforded for personal testimony for Christ, the sermon left for those who pleased to read it, the invitation to children to attend the Sunday-school, and to parents to the worship of the sanctuary, the relief afforded to those in great need, and the temperance and evangelistic and mothers' meetings all helped to exercise an influence for the permanent good of the neighbourhood.

Just before the close of the meeting the Pastor mentioned the pleasing fact that the sons of Pastors T. W. Medhurst and C. Chambers, who had in years gone by been students, had been received into the College, and he called upon them to pray; and when they had done so he gave thanks for the fulfilment to Messrs. Medhurst and Chambers, and many other parents, of the promise, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children." He then pleaded for increased blessings to rest upon all the ministers educated in the College, and upon the students now in the institution.

Many instances of conversion through the tracts left in the houses are known to the visitors, and some have come under the Pastor's own notice. The general report is

that people say they are tired of tracts, but they will read the sermons.

On *Monday evening, October* 30, prayers of faith and works of love were again blended by the union of the regular prayer-meeting with the annual gathering of the workers connected with the GREEN WALK MISSION, Bermondsey. Mr. William Olney, jun., the leader of the mission, gave some interesting particulars of the success already achieved, and proved the sad and urgent necessity which exists for the continuance and extension of the work. Mr. William Olney, sen., and Mr. E. Crisp testified to the need of the new mission premises that are to be erected shortly, and the Pastor heartily commended the scheme to all present. We have a fine site in Bermondsey, and the plans are now ready for the building, of which we hope to give an engraving very speedily.

The following evening, *Oct.* 31, the annual meeting of the COLLEGE was held in the Tabernacle. The President, C. H. Spurgeon, presided, and spoke briefly of the history and work of the institution; the Vice-president, J. A. Spurgeon, read the list of brethren who have settled since the Conference; and addresses were delivered by Pastors W. Williams (Upton Chapel, Lambeth), and E. G. Everett (Dorking); Mr. C. Cole, who has been preaching at the Presbyterian Church, at Amsterdam, for the last eighteen months; and Mr. T. Perry, a student still in the College. Although the assemblage of friends was not quite as large as usual, the proceedings were of a very enthusiastic character, and the speeches of the brethren were most heartily received.

The second part of the programme consisted of readings from "John Ploughman's Pictures," illustrated by dissolving-views photographed from life-models by Mr. York, Lancaster-road, Notting-hill, and exhibited, free of cost, by Mr. Oakley, 202, Grange-road, Bermondsey. At the close of the meeting "John Ploughman," in the name of the whole church, spoke a few words of loving welcome to the junior pastor and his bride, and then on his own account said "good-bye," and asked the prayers of all that his season of rest might be a time of blessing.

Special prayer was offered for the senior Pastor at the Communion on *Nov.* 5, which prayer has been already answered in a remarkable manner. Loving people find a joy in the outpouring of their heart for one who is very dear to them for his work's sake.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. Trotman has accepted the pastorate of the church at Blisworth; Mr. R. J. Beecliff, late of Bradford, has gone to Castle Donington; Mr. W. L. Mayo, late of Chepstow, has settled at Bury, Lanc.; Mr. E. S. Neale has removed from Exeter to Stanningley, Yorkshire; and Mr. Jesse Gibson, of Plattsville, Canada, has become pastor at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. Mr. J. Wilkins, who went from Maidenhead to the United States, has returned to England in the hope of settling down on this side of the Atlantic. He is a brother worthy of the notice of any church seeking a pastor.

The Surrey and Middlesex Association having accepted our offer of help towards the support of an evangelist to labour in the two counties, Mr. Frank Russell has been selected for the work, for which we believe him to be eminently suited.

Our brethren continue to leave the old country to serve the Lord in the regions beyond the sea, and thus the College becomes increasingly a training-school for foreign missionaries. Mr. R. Wallace, whose health has not been very good for some time, has gone to Canada in the hope that in the bracing air of the Dominion he may be fitted for his life-work of preaching the gospel. Mr. J. S. Harrison, who, during his stay in England, has been greatly blessed of God in the winning of souls, has resolved to return to Australia by the S.S. *Sorata*, which leaves London on Nov. 30, as he cannot keep in health in our changeable climate. We feel sure that many friends at the Antipodes will give him a warm welcome, and find him opportunities of exercising his gifts as an evangelist or pastor. Mr. M. Morris, who has won a high position in the esteem of his brethren during his twelve years' labour in the north of England, sails from Glasgow on November 29, with his wife and family, in the S.S. *Warrawera*, which is bound for Melbourne. We trust that some vacant church will speedily secure our brother's services as pastor, and that the colonies will be all the better for every man from the College who goes out to labour for the Lord at the other side of the globe.

We are continually cheered by reports of our brethren's progress in all quarters of the earth. Mr. C. Dallaston has sent us a photograph and descripton of the fine new "church" that he and his friends have erected at Christchurch, New Zealand. During his five-and-a-half years' ministry there four hundred and twenty-seven persons have joined the church, and the congregations have increased so much that the new building, which will accommodate eight hundred persons, was greatly needed. Mr. J. Blaikie writes that he has quite recovered his strength since he landed in Australia. He has accepted the pastorate of the church of which our late Brother Marsden was the pastor, at Kew, near Melbourne.

EVANGELISTS.—Later reports of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Bath are even more encouraging than those we published last month. Mr. Baillie, the Pastor of Manvers-street Baptist Church, writes:

"We are indeed grateful for the visit of these two brethren. Mr. Smith inspires our enthusiasm with his rousing music, and his buoyant confidence. It is, indeed, a

means of grace to see him, and to hear his remarks on Christianity in home-life. I had an opportunity of hearing him at the meeting for women last Wednesday afternoon, and I am sure his words were very refreshing to the hundreds of mothers who were gathered to listen.

"The simple force and the striking pointedness of Mr. Fullerton's gospel addresses make some of them quite models for regular ministers. I have heard him each evening, and I could pray so earnestly, 'Lord, let that shaft strike!' and many were praying in like manner. With such clear, simple, yet faithful preaching, backed up by earnest prayer. I was not surprised when I saw so many anxious souls at our after-meetings."

Our brother Hamilton, who invited the Evangelists to Bath, writes just as hopefully; and Mr. Tarrant, the minister of Argyle Chapel, where Mr. Jay used to preach, gives similar testimony. He says: "They have left a sweet savour behind them in this city. Last night about one hundred and fifty of their converts met for thanksgiving and testimony. Very joyous was the assembly. . . . I believe among the results of their mission will be the elevation of the spiritual temperature, and the increase of unity in the churches."

During the past month the Evangelists have been labouring at Gloucester, and this month they are to be at Hereford.

Mr. Burnham's visit to Luton was blessed to the conversion of many souls, but his services at Collingham were even more greatly owned of God. The Primitive Methodists were holding special meetings at the same time, so Mr. Burnham united heartily with their Evangelist, and the result was that both churches were much profited. The whole village seems to have been stirred to an unusual extent by the public services, but many were met with and led to the Saviour during Mr. Burnham's house-to-house visitation. He says the Sunday's work was the hardest and happiest he has ever had; and everyone seemed to regret that he could not remain longer. Mr. Burnham's work in Knighton and Weston-super-Mare has also resulted in much blessing to many souls.

ORPHANAGE.—We scarcely need to remind our friends that Christmas is coming, and that we always try to make the orphans more than usually merry at that festive season. We shall be glad, therefore, to receive the good things in which the little ones delight, or special contributions that we can lay out on their behalf without touching the general funds of the institution. The President expects to spend Christmas day at the Orphanage, but whether he is present or absent the children must not go short, so please help, kind people, as you have done in former years: only remember, that we shall need more than ever this year, as our family has been so largely increased. Do not let the girls and boys go without their plum-pudding. Each little boy says, "Please remember Christmas, sir. It comes but once a year." All moneys should be addressed to C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood; other gifts to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

A good example.—A friend writes as follows:—"The president of a Bible-class consisting of fifty or sixty members has taken up the cause of the orphans, and has set his young men collecting for its funds. Having secured a collecting-book, it is supplied to each member of the class in turn for a period of one week, and there is a very laudable rivalry as to which shall secure the largest amount. The book, with the money collected, is brought in at each meeting, and the progress duly reported. At the end of the year it is proposed to call a meeting, and hand over the money to Mr. Spurgeon. The example is such a good one that I thought if it were mentioned in *The Sword and the Trowel* others might be led to initiate a similar movement, and thus augment the funds of the Institution."

[With the ever-increasing demand for the maintenance and education of our orphan family, we are thankful for every new method by which the sympathy and co-operation of our friends are manifested. —ED.]

Here is another note just to hand with seventeen penny postage-stamps: —"For Stockwell Orphanage, seventeen hasty tempers at a penny—1s. 5d. Dear at that rate." If all "hasty tempers" were thus taxed, and the impost sent to us for the Orphanage, we should have a large income.

Several friends carried out the suggestion contained in *John Ploughman's Almanack* for November 1st,—*The Orphans remember the first of November*, and amongst others a poetical friend sent a contribution with the following lines:—

"I am asked to remember, this first of November,
The case of the Orphan once more;
I send my subscription to those in affliction,
The same as I've sent it before."

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans desires us to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of one dozen jackets from "old stock." Applications for clothing come in from poor ministers as numerously as ever, and contributions of money or material will still be acceptable. Surely there should be found an overflowing supply of raiment for the Lord's own servants. What is "old stock" to many a draper would be new apparel for a poor family.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Just as we were going in to a recent meeting at the Tabernacle, two gentlemen came up to speak to us, and one of them told us the following interesting narrative. He said that at a certain place on the *Amazon River* there was a Liverpool Irishman who had committed a murder, for which he was condemned to death. Our

informant stated that he visited the poor man in prison, and on one occasion he found him deeply penitent, and afterwards very happy. On enquiring what had brought about the change in his manner, he replied, "I have found mercy through the blood of Christ, *through this*," holding up one of Spurgeon's printed sermons. He was not executed, but is now living a truly godly life.

The morning after the meeting above mentioned, we received a note from *Buenos Ayres*, stating that the writer had derived great benefit from reading our sermons, and wished for information as to believers' baptism. He wanted to know whether God required him to give up his business, and come to England to be baptized, as he was not acquainted with any Baptists in Buenos Ayres. He was evidently quite prepared to make the sacrifice, if we could show it to be necessary. We informed him of a nearer place where he could obey his Master's command. What a lesson this should teach to some Christians at home who allow slight obstacles to prevent them from obeying their Lord's commands!

A letter signed "Pro Bono Publico" appeared in *The Statesman and Friend of India*, of September 7th, suggesting the desirability of "adopting the Australian custom of publishing Spurgeon's Sermons as advertisements in newspapers . . . . as a counterblast against the injurious consequences of the visit of the Salvation Army to India." In proof of his sincerity the writer enclosed the money to pay for the insertion of one of our sermons as an advertisement, and accordingly in the paper that contained his letter there appeared a full reprint of No. 1642, "Verily, verily." Without expressing any opinion of the reason he assigns for his action, we heartily thank our unknown friend, and unite with him in the hope that others will follow the good example he has set them. The publication of the sermons in the Australian papers has produced very pleasing results. Oh, that like blessings may attend them in India!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 26, twenty-three; October 30, sixteen; November 2, twenty-four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Catford Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Thos. Greenwood	2	17	1
An old member of the evening-classes	0	5	0
Jessie Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Smith	0	10	0
Rev. B. Smith	0	5	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	6
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. John Cameron	6	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	5	0	0
Mrs. H. S. Pledge	2	10	0
Mr. John Downing	20	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. K. G. G. Kornetzky	5	0	0
From Y. Z.	500	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	5	0
Mr. Essex	0	10	0
The Misses Kirtley	1	0	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	3	1
Executors of the late Mrs. Young, Lochee	31	11	3
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Grant	2	0	0
S. V.	1	1	0
Mr. E. Fletcher	0	10	6
S. D.	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ladbrook	1	0	0
A friend in Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. J. Flather	5	0	0
Mr. Fredk. Howard	2	2	0
Miss M. A. Scott, per Mr. Gwyer	1	0	0
Miss Jane M. Laug	1	0	0
Mrs. Mc Intyre	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Willis, Q.C.	5	0	0
A Well-wisher	0	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 15th	31	13	3
„ 22nd	10	0	0
„ 29th	102	9	1
Nov. 5th	30	16	8
„ 12th	65	0	0
	239	19	0
	£901	14	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Keys	3	1	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Burleton	0	5	0
Miss Wilkie	0	5	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	7	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	10	0	0
Mr. Young, Senr.	2	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Emma Bowden	0	5	0
J. F., Woodborough	0	10	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Seventeen hasty tempers at one penny.	0	1	5
From a boy and girl	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering	2	0	0
Miss M. A. Jones	0	5	0
The Birds from Paradise	1	10	0
The Fairchild Committee, per Pastor J. Bradford	10	0	0
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. D. Stewart	0	5	0
Stamps from Aylesbury	0	1	0
W. M., Peckham	0	1	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Caleb Senior	5	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. E. Morris	5	0	0
Part Collection at Hanover Chapel, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley	10	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	1	0	0
Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, at Esher, per Pastor J. L. Thompson	5	7	6
Mrs. Sands	2	0	0
Stamps from Lewes	0	2	6
Mrs. Sporey	0	2	6
Lizzie	0	2	0
Mr. A. R. Tisan	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Cammack	5	0	0
Mrs. Barker	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	5	2
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
E. Keys	0	2	6
Proceeds of Circulating Library at Hawick, per Mr. W. D. Fisher	2	0	0
Stamps received with poetry	0	2	0
Mrs. Webb	2	0	0
Miss Anne Whatley	0	10	0
Mr. John Green	1	1	0
Mr. R. Purser	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. R. Caldwell	1	2	6
Mr. C. C. Harris	4	4	0
J. G. J.	10	0	0
Collection at Hengler's Circus, Liverpool, after sermon by Mr. Spurgeon (less cost of hall)	131	5	6
Mr. J. S. White	0	2	6
Miss E. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Browne	0	5	0
Executors of the late Sarah Barnjum	9	0	0
Master W. Oakley	0	2	0
"S," proceeds of sale of Leaflets	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. J. Collier	10	0	0
Mr. Parsons	0	5	0
Collected by Miss W. K. Perkins	0	4	0
M. Emil Jorde, and Friend, visiting the Orphanage	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. William Keep	179	10	0
Horley Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor B. Marshall:—			
Miss Roberts' Class 0 3 7			
Miss Woodman's Class 0 2 8			
Miss Wood's Class 0 0 7			
Mrs. Huggett's Class 0 2 3			
Miss Strudwick's Class 0 2 7			
Mr. C. Nye's Class 0 5 10			
Mr. Wood's Class 0 2 9			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-Class 1 0 11			
Odd farthings 0 0 2			
	2	1	4
James and Mercy McAlley	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mrs. Tout, Townsville, Queensland	0	5	0
J. W., Exeter, per Registered Letter	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Upton	0	5	6
A Friend, per Miss Cockshaw	4	0	0
Per Mr. T. Hughes, Bridgend:—			
Mr. Tutton 1 1 0			
Mr. Yorath 0 10 0			
	1	11	0
Mr. J. T. Waugh	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. C. Kemp	0	3	0
A Friend, for S. O. Tracts	0	1	0
Box at Orphanage Gates	3	5	6
Per Mr. Murrell:—			
Box at Tabernacle gates 4 3 0			
Mr. Goddard 1 1 0			
Mr. Balls, at Goddard's 1 1 0			
	6	5	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ward	0	10	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Oct. 31	2	2	0
Mr. R. M. Fell	0	5	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Andrews, per Mr. J. Bignell	0	5	0
H. A. S.	0	3	0
Mr. Robert Ellis	1	0	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Mr. John Best	1	0	0
M. R.	1	1	0
Anon, per Pastor A. A. Rees	5	0	0
Miss Fanny Collis	0	1	6
Mr. J. B. Neilson Mc Bride	0	2	6
Mr. F. Patterson	1	0	0
P. H.	1	0	0
"Sixty-two"	2	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Mr. A. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Per Rev. James Stalker	5	0	0
Mr. T. Thomson	3	0	0
Anon	0	1	0
F. J. P., a thankoffering	0	5	0
Miss Jane M. Lang	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Thos. Rogers:—			
Mr. Jno. Allen 0 1 0			
Mr. David Rogers 0 2 6			
Mrs. Pantan 0 2 6			
Miss Cameron 0 1 6			
Mr. Best 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Rahntean 0 2 0			
Mr. Thos. Rogers 0 7 6			
	1	17	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
H. J. K. 1 0 0			
Mr. John Jones (quarterly) 0 5 0			
Miss Arkell (quarterly) 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
"Upwards of eighty"	0	10	0
Mr. Charles W. Elam	3	3	0
"From a friend, Notts."	1	0	0
Mrs. Mc Intyre	0	2	6
Christmas Fund:—			
Mr. S. Cornborough	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Jas. Ward, Jun.	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Cowan	1	1	0
Mrs. C. J. Barton	2	0	0
Mrs. Bagster	0	10	0
	£504	14	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, to November 14th.—PROVISIONS: 1 Sack of Turnips, M. H. A.; 2 Pigs, Mr. Thomas; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 1 Sack of Peas and 1 Sack of Oatmeal, A Friend; 1 Box of Bacon, and 2 Cheeses, Mr. S. Newton; 2 Sacks of Flour, Mr. J. Clover; 10 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. J. Howard; 2 Bags of Rice, per Messrs. Borwick and Sons.

GENERAL:—500 Leaflets, "S."; 8 Sugg's Gas-burners and globes, for Science Class, Mr. J. Stiff.

CLOTHING (*Boys' Division*):—3 Rolls of Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.; 10 Dozen Pairs of Socks, Mrs. Cunningham; 24 Flannel Shirts, Mr. E. Marsh.

CLOTHING (*Girls' Division*):—12 Articles, Girls' Bible-class, Stoney Stratford, per Miss Woollard; 48 Articles, Mr. E. Marsh.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Harriden	0	10	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	5	0
Mrs. A. M. Miller	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Bampton ...	90	0	0
From Y. Z.	500	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Howard	1	0	0
Mrs. Ord, per Rev. Thomas Newlands	1	0	0
Annie	0	2	0
"A friend in Cardiff"	10	0	0
	£609	17	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous, per Mrs. Whiting ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Messrs. Stratton and Flower	0	1	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	0	0
Mr. K. G. G. Kornetzky	3	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	1	0	0
Miss Mizen	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. G. Tomkins	5	0	0
Mr. William Grant	2	0	0
M. R.	0	10	6
"Sixty-two"	1	0	0
Mrs. Durham	0	10	0
Miss J. M. Lang	0	10	0
"The Widow's Mite"	1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. C. Waters	1	1	0
	£27	17	6

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sevenoaks, per Pastor J. Field (omitted last month)	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association .	30	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Sellindge District	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Kettering District, per Mr. T. Jones ...	5	0	0
Ringwood District	12	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring District	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Thornbury District, by Mr. Child ...	5	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington District	10	0	0
	£132	10	0

ERRATA.—In November magazine, instead of Mr. Hockey, it should have been Mr. Martin, for Bower Chalk, 10s.; M. E. H., 10s. 6d., instead of 10s.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Park-street, Luton	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Collingham	2	0	0
Mrs. Cook, Senr.	1	0	0
M. R.	0	10	6
Miss Jane M. Lang	1	0	0
	£10	10	6

Additional contributions for Auckland Tabernacle:—Jessie Taylor, 5s.; Mrs. Penstone, £2; Mr. Hammerton, 10s.; Miss Heath, £1; Mr. J. Pentelow, £1; Mr. Wm. Evans, £10; Mr. W. Mills, £5; Singapore, £5.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.